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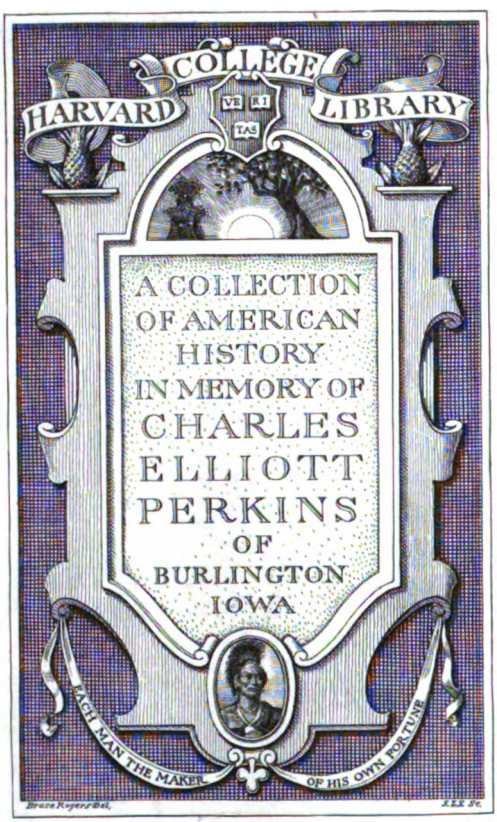

THE GIFT OF HIS DAUGHTER

ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER

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"The Glory of God is Intelligence."

• THE •

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On a Road through the Jungle, I traveled by many a pleasant League towards Delhi.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. NOVEMBER, 1893. No. 1.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

VII.

DESCENDING the Himalayas the thin air of which can tire even the flight of the condor, the traveler comes to the district of Nepaul. Torrents dash foaming down the slopes, their position indicated by clouds of spray floating above the tree tops. Far away to the south the plain stretches like a sea, overhung by vapors wafted from the Indian Ocean, many leagues distant.

The bridle-path winds through ravines covered with dense jungle, peopled with giant ants, and vocal with the ceaseless hum of the shrill cicadæ. Elephants, tigers, leopards, wild boars and rhinoceroses inhabit the jungle, though in no great numbers. The paths trodden through the forest by the elephants are the most available roads. At the edge of the jungle we come to a modest Hindoo temple with the usual Buddhist formula painted on the walls *Om Mani Padmi om*—'Hail to him of the lotus flower and the jewel." Changing our jaded horses for fresh ones, the girths are tightened once more and, trending south-west, we ford the Ganges and enter Benares, the sacred city of India, and one of the holiest sites of the Hindoo religion, a city so ancient that its origin is lost in the mist of ages. It stretches for several miles along the banks of the Ganges from which ascend numerous flights of stone steps.

The houses are of stone, close together, and frequently fantastically painted in gaudy colors with groups of mythological figures from the Hindoo pantheon, with roof terraces and small windows, the latter to prevent glare, and what is more important to a Hindoo household, inspection from the street; their thoroughfares as a rule are very narrow, the opposite sides of a street in some instances approaching so near as to be united by galleries; through these tortuous lanes no carriage can pass. You walk in the wake of your guide, who warns the people, that they may stand aside and not be defiled by your touch, for that is the real secret of the apparent respect paid to foreigners; but sacred bulls, celestial cows and holy monkeys with their attendant priests are so numerous in the narrow, filthy passages that one must perforce, at times, contaminate them by contact. Phew! how the rank odors of those reeking streets float across the memory. The city contains over a thousand Hindoo temples, and upwards of three hundred Mohammedan mosques, exclusive of numberless small shrines in and out of the houses or wherever a hole in the rock or cave in the earth exists. There are monasteries and some of the monks cut off their hair, while others preserve a tuft or scalp-lock upon the crown of their head, go naked, and are destitute of any kind of clothing. Some, as in Calcutta, smear their bodies with ashes, and practice severe austerities, in

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order to obtain release from death. Devotees and pilgrims, separated or in groups, are seen entering or departing from the city constantly throughout the year. They come from all parts of India. Many carry with them on their return, the sacred water of the Ganges in small bottles hermetically sealed, placed in baskets hanging from the extremity of poles, borne upon their shoulders. The poor deluded sensualist, or the usurious *Mahajan*, or native banker, enriched by a long cruise of grinding extortion, or the fanatical devotee, simple as a babe, yet guilty perhaps of the foulest crimes, still come as they came long ago, from the remotest corners of India, as the sands of life are slowly ebbing away; and fearful lest the last golden grains should escape before their journey's end, make pitiful efforts to hold on their course, till at length, arriving at the sacred city and touching its hallowed soil, their restless spirits become suddenly calm, a strange sense of relief spreads over their tired frames and they are at once cheered and comforted with the treacherous lie that their sins are forgiven and their souls are saved.

One of the Hindoo temples on the banks of the river is known as the Napalese temple, and is altogether unlike the other shrines erected by them for the practice of their religion. On its frieze many stone figures are sculptured so vile in attitude and design as to preclude description; on my asking the attendant priest why the builders had been permitted to so debase their art, he replied "in order to keep away the lightning." Aside from the many mosques, temples and minarets, the city is celebrated for the manufacture of cloth of gold and silver brocades, and for peculiarly elegant designs in brass and copper ware, lavishly carved or beaten. Many of the textile fabrics are rich and exquisite beyond description, and as costly as they are beautiful, some designs being held at four hundred and fifty dollars the square yard.

Benares is thought by Anglo-Indians to be the most magnificent and the most strictly oriental in appearance of all the cities of India. Domes and minarets, palaces with lofty, fretted verandahs, palm trees and oriental skies form a picture that is a marvel and a wonder. The city is best seen from boats on the river; its most massive structures have their foundations laid in the stream itself, and rise up to one hundred feet by terraces or *ghats*, and broad stone stairways, thus many palaces which princes have built, that they may live and die in sight of the holy stream, and mosques and temples as well, overhang the yellow, rolling river, until time itself, never halting elsewhere, seems to have lingered here.

At times a Mohammedan mosque and a Hindoo temple are found close together; this formerly occasioned many conflicts between the sects, but thanks to the liberality of the British rule which sanctions the undisturbed propagation of religious opinions where they involve no crime and occasion no damage to society, the disputes have ceased to exist.

In the early morning hours the *ghats* are crowded with hundreds of persons of both sexes, indifferent to each other's presence, engaged in their religious baths. It certainly does not speak well for the liberality of the wealthy Hindoos of Benares, that there is not a single *ghat* where their females might bathe secluded from the gaze of the other sex.

A couple of miles below the city on the opposite side of the river, stands the palace of his highness, the Maharajah of Benares; it is furnished in European style and foreigners, properly introduced, are permitted to visit the palace and grounds; the structure is pretentious and rambling as viewed from the river, and its walls are curiously in-

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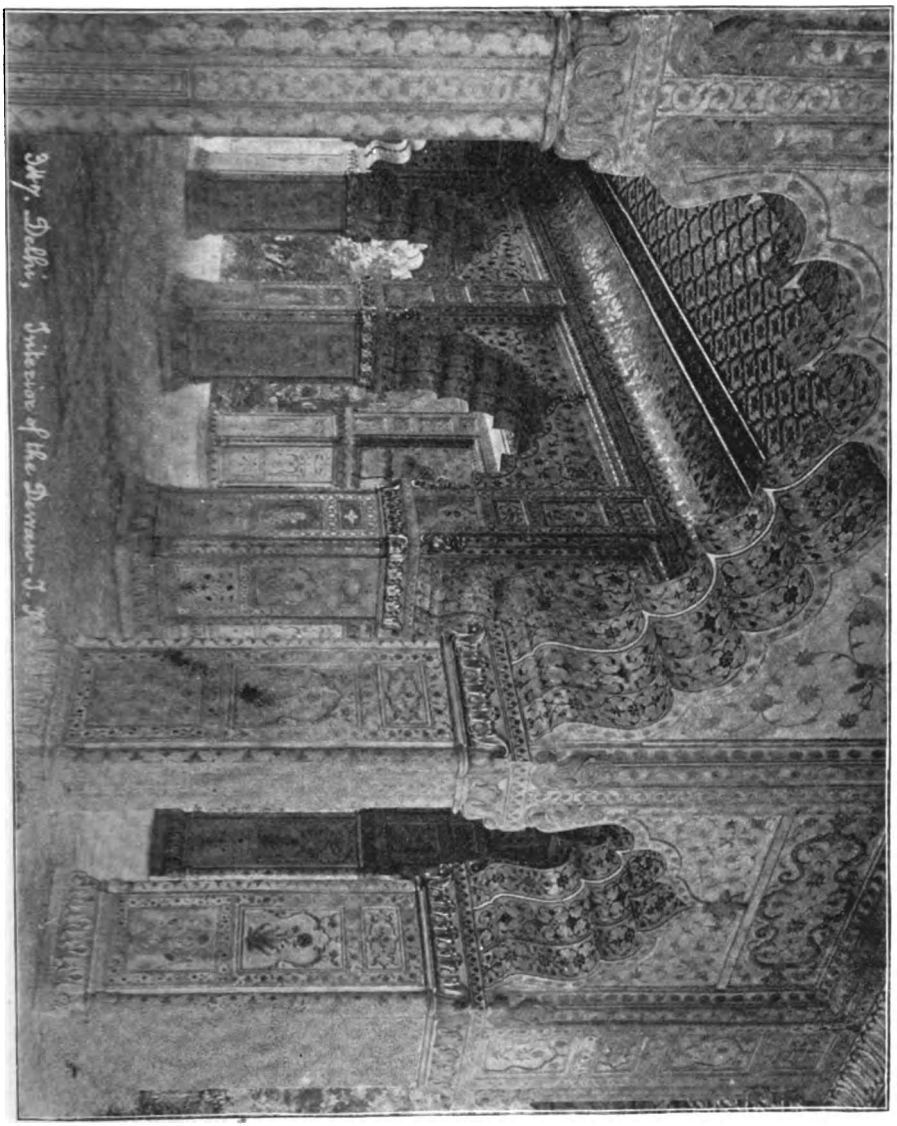

MARBLE PALACE AT DELHI (INDIA).

termingled with sculptured marble of ivory whiteness, common plaster and cheap cement. In the picture gallery I saw gaudy wood cuts belonging to the prize candy or cigar box era of decorative art, framed and hanging side by side with rare miniature portraits on ivory of the Maharajah's ancestors, the latter unquestionably executed by foreign artists of the highest eminence.

Cawnpore was the next city at which a halt was made, and its objects of interest center around the "Massacre." The wholesale butcheries there committed are unequaled for foul atrocity and treachery by any of the other fearful slaughters by the rebels during the horrors of the never-to-be-forgotten great Indian mutiny. The individual facts are matters of history, and have been published an endless number of times, generally to the detriment of the native troops,

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and of course to the native character. The British oppressors never dreamed of a revolt of the native soldiery. Individual cases of vengeance occurred at intervals; but the idea of anything like a great uprising was as absurd as an insurrection among the beasts of burden. And so, perhaps, it might have remained, had the conquerors abstained from touching the one sensitive point of *caste*. No one but a Hindoo can appreciate what is involved in this word. To him to lose caste is to be outlawed in this life, and to be cursed in all life to come throughout the endless ages of eternity. In Lower India the recruits generally belonged to the inferior castes. In Bengal they belonged mainly to the higher castes, among whom the usages of the Hindoo religion were faithfully guarded. More than once the English government had touched this one sensitive point, but had taken timely warning and refrained. Later, the time came when, grown bold by success, they thought they might ignore this last concession to Hindoo feeling. It had been resolved to introduce the Enfield rifle into the native service. The change involved the use of greased cartridges, the ends of which must be bitten off by the soldier. Now, among the means by which caste is forfeited in India, one of the most notable is the tasting of animal fat. The greased cartridges were furnished by contractors and the sepoys believed, not unreasonably, that the fat of cows and swine were employed in their manufacture. Every sepoy who used one of these was thus liable to all the horrors implied in the loss of caste. The whole difficulty might have been avoided by allowing them to prepare their own cartridges with vegetable oils or butter. But the British commander-in-chief declared that no concession should be made to the "beastly prejudices of the natives." He afterwards rescinded his decision; but it was too late; the great Indian mutiny had broken out, and the whole Bengal army had disbanded or was in open revolt.

When the troops at Cawnpore mutinied, Nana Sahib the Maharajah of Bithoor was placed at their head. Nine hundred persons of whom seven hundred and fifty were Europeans, more than two hundred being women and children, were besieged in an intrenched camp near the city. After a bitter struggle in which the besieged suffered the extremes of hunger and thirst they capitulated under promise of being safely conducted to Allahabad. The men were placed in boats, where they were shot down almost to a man, only four escaping. The women were taken into Cawnpore where the Nana had them cut down in cold blood. The floor of the room in which they were slaughtered was found next day by English troops who had come up, ankle-deep in blood.

Today the city has a memorial garden in an enclosure beautifully laid out and tastefully kept in order; within its bounds are the sites where some of the most frightful scenes were enacted. A monument built over the fatal "well," is on an octagonal space of ground, enclosed by a stone wall with richly carved panels, in the center of which stands the marble figure of a sorrowing angel; an inscription informs the visitor that it was raised to the perpetual memory of two hundred or more men, women and children who were slain by order of the Nana Sahib, and their bodies, the dying with the dead, thrown into the well beneath. At the subsequent defeat of the rebels the Nana escaped and strange to relate it is not known to this day in India whether the monster is alive or not, so well has the secret been kept.

An admirable trait in the character of Hindoo princes, maharajahs, rajahs, baboos and other wealthy East Indians, is that of hospitality, and the writer was fortunate enough to experience an instance of it on the evening of the day he left Cawnpore. The sole

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occupant of a carriage with nothing to do and four hours in which to do it, while waiting for a belated train I was driving listlessly about the streets and finally came to a small open square, facing a large, handsome bungalow surrounded by a low stone wall with gilded iron gates. In an open space on the lawn sat the lord of the manor and a group of friends with the usual retinue of servants filling in the background; the party was being entertained by native musicians keeping time to the lithe, graceful swaying movements of a group of Nautch girls; the carriage was stopped at a retired spot in the little square under some pomegranate trees, and its occupant settled back among the cushions, prepared to enjoy a performance he had frequently heard about but never witnessed; a few moments later a swarthy attendant in livery crossed the square, came to the carriage door and enquired "if the gentleman would honor his master by joining the group on the lawn?" The gentleman would and did, the invitation was accepted as promptly and courteously as given; the company were all natives except the writer, and, after introductions had followed, a seat was arranged for him beside the host; the dancing of the Nautch girls continued almost without interruption during the three hours that he remained, one girl succeeding another and never more than one dancing at a time. The movements were languid but always graceful, and sometimes accompanied by a low voiced singing, a species of chant that at times was indescribably sad; during lulls in the undulating dances and half-weird vibrating music, refreshments were served to the belated guest, and he was introduced to three bright little boys, children of the host, but not to the *zernani*, nor did he see any member of the harem, although their presence was more than suspected behind a perforated marble screen facing a summer house. The refreshments were as peculiar as the music and the deportment of the dancers; first cardamon seeds were brought in on small silver trays, then came hydromel, a mixture of honey and water in gold lined goblets; this was followed by small salvers of sweetmeats, laid on fresh lotos leaves, and finally three cut glass phials of peculiar shape containing heavy essential oils of rare and unusual scent, which can be likened only to a mingled odor of musk and camphor, not the musk of commerce, but that which makes the air heavy around large serpents in confinement. The perfumes were poured together, drop by drop, on a small ivory disc, mixed and with the tips of the fingers each guest was lightly touched on the arms, breast and shoulders; the redolence clung to the attire for days afterwards and would come and go, sometimes strong and clear, at others faint and far.

From Cawnpore, on a road through the jungle, I traveled by many a pleasant league towards Delhi, a beautiful city which the Hindoo chroniclers place the founding of as far back as B. C. 1400. It has been possessed and governed often by the Hindoos, Mohammedans, Tartars, Afghans and Moguls. Thirty-five years ago the British wrested it from the rebel troops, and since then, under the English rule, it has advanced in prosperity. The thrilling scenes at its capture, when some of their most valiant men fought and fell, are matters of history; and their deeds of daring and endurance, both at Delhi and Lucknow, will never be forgotten, at least among English speaking races. The fort and palace of the Moguls are very interesting; in the latter's hall of audience once stood that celebrated "peacock throne," composed of jasper, malachite, gold and precious stones, and said to have cost three million dollars. It was finally demolished and the material taken away as plunder by Nadir Shah of Persia.

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HINDOO GIRLS (INDIA).

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In going through the native bazars, one finds that the people, in features, dress, character and habits differ entirely from those of Madras and some of the other presidencies of India. Of the many mendicant lepers who appeared interested in my arrival at Delhi, the most repulsive was encountered on the first day; his distorted hands, most of the fingers gone, clutched the fragment of a soiled sheet about the hips and shoulders, but as he appeared suddenly before me with the usual appeal, a gust of wind displaced his scant covering momentarily and I saw with horror that he was entirely white. Noting at once my repellant look, he immediately cried, "O Effendi, me white man." I hurriedly threw some coppers towards him and carefully avoided that neighborhood during the rest of my stay.

The principal hotel of Delhi, containing thirteen rooms, is built against an ancient city wall, on the opposite side of which a small running stream separates the wall from the jungle; most of the bedroom windows overlook the space beyond, and every night after the guests have retired, come myriads of jackals to this opening and commence their plaintive, unmelodious howling; the large Indian moon seems to vex them; when the landlord is appealed to, remonstrated with, or sworn at, he replies that animal life is sacred in India. Oriental hotel keepers can lie in any position and their rest is rarely broken; not so the stranger within the gates; that poor devil, defrauded of rest, begins to move about as the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the east, and half an hour later can be seen at the Cashmere gate, seated near the old ruined fane of an old ruined god, watching intently the glittering Oriental life which swarms in and out of the great covered bridge which leads to the Vale of Cashmere in the north. A closed carriage, resembling a hearse, but heavily latticed against wanton glances from without, conveys a Mohammedan lady and her daughter out for an airing. Hindoo girls, with bare limbs, ankles, and wrists, laden with bangles, the flowing outlines of their forms revealed by bright colored raiment which swathes them tightly, chatter gaily at stone tanks while drawing water, or in groups walk to their huts, their pliant, yielding figures swaying as they go, with brazen water vessels poised on their shapely heads. A dozen or twenty Hindoo women and girls brush by me, pass down to the river bank forty yards below and commence to disrobe for their religious baths. They will wade in, drink in, and pray in the sacred river for an hour to come, and my attention is willingly drawn to a caravan of seventy or eighty laden camels now crossing the bridge; as there is a dispute on hand about the toll to be paid, it gives one of the camel drivers an opportunity to sit down by me and ask for a light, on receiving which he grows communicative and offers to sell me his camel for ninety rupees, about thirty dollars; on my complaining that the price is too high, he offers another for forty rupees, the latter beast is ailing somewhat but will be all right in a few days, he swears it by Mohammed: on being further told that if the writer decided to purchase a camel at Delhi, some grievous malady would be its chief merit, the sicker the better, in hopes that its spirit would take its flight before the writer took his, the child of the plain becomes puzzled and then abusive, on which he is politely requested in good Hindoostanee, to *jehandum cojow*, which means—well, no matter, he did not go there, but untying his ship of the desert led it away toward the bazars. *G. H. Snell.*

Appetite maketh the food sweet.

Authors, like coins, grow dearer as they grow older.

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SCIENCE AND MORMONISM.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a perceptible wave passing through the thoughts of the leaders of religion today warning them that in religious matters, dogmatism has seen its last days.

A feeling of unrest, of scepticism, of aching void, a yearning of the soul of man for truth is there present. At the same time one can perceive, dimly, a similar and equally solicitous feeling gradually asserting itself in the breasts of the leaders of scientific thought. The cause of this is, at bottom, doubtless, the desire which these men have to obtain the truth. Science is usually defined as "classified knowledge;" but it is something more than this. It is in a word THE TRUTH. That which is untrue is *ipso facto* unscientific. Theory or hypothesis is not science unless it can reasonably be demonstrated to be true. Then and then only can it be said to become scientific. On the other hand it is equally true and equally apparent, that all religion is not true. In its literal sense, religion is a "binding back" presumably of the soul of man to its Maker. And as God is the source of all truth, (and the only source,) it follows that religion is only true to the extent it inculcates principles enabling the soul to find its way back to God, which are themselves true. This must be self-evident. It were, indeed, folly to suppose that anything that is in itself misleading could enable us to find the truth, much less the source of all truth. Consequently that which is true in science and religion cannot be contradictory of one another, since error alone can contradict or be contradicted by the truth.

It will thus be conceded that a religion to be true must not violate any principle of science that has been demonstrated, neither must it contravene any of the observed laws of nature, since in the historic words of Avogadro "the laws of nature are the thoughts of God."

"The problem of our age," says Archdeacon Hare, "is to reconcile faith with knowledge, philosophy with religion. The men of our age will not believe you unless you prove to them that what they are called upon to believe does not contradict the laws of their minds, and that it rests upon a solid and unshaken foundation."

It shall be the aim of the writer to show that Mormonism is the only system of religion that answers all the tests that the most rigid scientific investigation can apply. Further than this that per contra those scientific hypotheses which do not respond to the laws of the Gospel can by them be demonstrated to be untrue.

These articles are designed mainly for the use of Elders who are abroad preaching the Gospel. It is hereby respectfully urged that there is a large portion of the most intelligent and brainy classes in the world today who cannot be approached on the well-beaten ground of Biblical and Book of Mormon criticism. As yet little or no attempt has been made to approach the youths engaged studying at the colleges and universities of the world. Most of these young men are extremely honest-hearted, and if they were approached in the right direction the writer is confident that many converts could be made. It is high time to repel the allegation so often urged, that it is only the "ignorant and superstitious" the Mormon Elder "tries to beguile." On the grounds of the highest scientific criticism we can demonstrate the beauty of the Gospel and its perfect harmony with the good, the beautiful and the true.

The writer was until recently, a student for many years of one of the most noted European universities, and is aware of the feelings existing there. "Give us the truth, we are sick of the cant and hypocrisy of so-called religion. If your religion conforms to the concepts of science,

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well and good, but where is it, gentlemen?" These words represent the thoughts of the educated portion of the rising generation in the world.

With regard to the claim of "Mormonism" it must be conceded that it offers all and more, that the most exacting scientist can demand, as witness the following from the last section of our declaration of faith: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men. . . . IF THERE IS ANYTHING VIRTUOUS, LOVELY, OR OF GOOD REPORT OR PRAISEWORTHY WE SEEK AFTER THESE THINGS."

The only question that arises is "can it be demonstrated that the principles of Mormonism are true?" What scientific grounds can be advanced, for instance, for the Mormon concept of faith, repentance, baptism by immersion, laying on of hands, etc., etc.?

The writer shall take up these as well as other principles of the Gospel seriatim and apply the test of demonstrated science (not theory) and it will be found that the most perfect harmony and coincidence prevail.

Geo. F. Phillips, M. A.
Principal Weber Stake Academy,
Ogden.

He who pampers his appetite is the enemy of his own body.—*Cæcilianus.*

Fleets and armies are not always the strongest bulwarks.—*Tacitus.*

A LOST SOUL'S LAMENT

AT THE GATE OF DEATH.

O Death! grim Death! and must I meet thy frown,
And pass thy dismal gates, and wander down
Through endless time, an outcast from on high?
Is this my fate? My only destiny?
Oh, darkly frowning portals, must I go
Through thy dread entrance to the shades below
To swell the hosts, innumerable now,
That writhe within with torture graven brow?
Gape not so widely, all devouring shade;
Less fiercely gleam on this poor soul, betray'd
By sinful pleasure to thy darksome gate,
And forced to pass thee to an unknown fate!

Oh, dark, how dark! thy great beyond appears
To me all burdened with my sinful fears!
No shade of hope have I to bear me past
Thy dismal portals, from whence comes a blast
Of freezing terror on my sweating brow,
And shakes my being with its horrors now!
Back, back I gaze along my checkered past,
With darksome deeds and sinful acts o'ercast;
Deeds, damning deeds, is all that greets my eye,
So vainly searching in the long gone by
For one small deed or virtuous action done
Along the course of my existence run.

Oh, God! how black, how dismal black appears
The sin-stained record of my mortal years!
Oh, sentient clay, that forms my earthly home,
Must I from thee into oblivion roam,
A soul unknown, to heavenly pleasures lost,
And on the waves of endless torments toss'd?
Sad fate indeed! Yet why bemoan that fate,
When all is lost and my repentance late!
Ah! light grows dim; my earthly vision fades
As Death's dark gloom enwraps me in its shades;
Its gaping portal opes its cavern'd jaw,
Prepared to hurl me to its torturing maw!

Behold! behold! yon beams of golden light
Stream from afar upon my fading sight;
See those bright gates through which an angel throng,
With hallelujahs and seraphic song,
Come forth to meet a soul from earth arisen,
And welcomed thus into the realms of heaven!
Shut out the sight! Shut out the glowing scene!
Nor rack me more with what I might have been!

'Tis past! 'Tis past! The golden hour is gone;
My doom is sealed; hell the reward I've won;
Eternal torment in yon gaping grave!
Oh, would that I could sink 'neath Lethe's wave
To rise no more; to know no further woe,
But that, alas! is not my fate; ah, no!
Death, unrelentless Death! thy gateways swing,
And their harsh gratings on my senses ring!
The moment's past; the pang of death is o'er;
Life's cares are past; its sorrows are no more;
I downward sink into thy dreadful gloom,
While darkness rolls across my endless tomb!

F. W. Jackson.

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PREACHING AND PREACHING.

I.

OUGHT PREACHING TO BE MADE A FORMAL STUDY?

IN opening this discussion, dear reader, I do not feel sufficient self-confidence to proceed without first halting to make your personal acquaintance, to feel the warmth of your sympathy, and to hear you wish God's blessings on this humble endeavor. How would the young Elder—your own son or brother—feel; with what heart and courage would he enter upon the duties of a foreign mission, so new and strange to him, if sent from home with no loving farewell; if, instead of the encouraging words ringing in his ears, and the group of warm, sympathetic faces locked in the album of his heart—he must look back for two or three years upon a leave-taking of the coolest business formality? And yet a foreign mission is now so common that it need excite neither novelty nor dread; but here I stand before a mental mission unopened hitherto, so far as I am aware, among the Latter-day Saints; how much greater my need of your sympathy and prayer!

Preaching is what we all do and have done almost from the beginning. Both sexes, and all ages, participate in public speaking in some one or more of the numerous meetings of the Church organization. Elders, venerable with age and good works, whose lives are half within the veil; babes in the Primary Associations, whom the angels still hold by the hand, alike stand up and give vent to the spirit.

"Who then are you, that presume to discuss this subject?" Who am I, indeed, if God does not bless my thoughts! But, surely, what concerns us so generally, it must be profitable to be called to reflect upon. If preaching, or public speaking, be so prominent a part of our spiritual food, can this food be *improved*—in seasonableness, in flavor and nutritiveness—by thinking about how to prepare it and how to serve it? I shall proceed in this work, guided at every step by the conviction that it can be; that preaching, like praying, like teaching, like farming—in short like any activity of mind or muscle, is clearly capable of improvement even as they are capable of improvement—by studying carefully the *why* and the *how*.

But many Elders do not agree with me in this. These I desire also to carry with me from the start. It is only just therefore that I stop briefly to consider this objection.

Whenever it is urged that due attention be given to the manner of preaching, these at once cry: "Prepared sermons! Sectarianism! that's what we left the world to get away from. No, 'take no thought about what ye shall say'—that is the only kind of preaching God is pleased with."

One gray-haired father in Israel whom I approached for ideas, intimating the purpose I had in view, answered quickly and with great warmth: "There is nothing to discuss: the word of God says that he who would preach, must do so by the Holy Ghost, and if he have not the Holy Ghost, he should not preach. Now that is the beginning and the end of the whole matter; for if a man have the Spirit to dictate him, all the rules and discussions in the world won't help him, and if he doesn't, he will not need them for he is not permitted to preach."

Now these answers are certainly discouraging enough, especially to the young and inexperienced who may be feebly thinking about self-improvement in this important matter. The objection carries enough truth and authority so that to minds unaccustomed to keen discrimination, it appears to be a leveling argument. It is, in fact, only a great Shibboleth,

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that gets away with the reasoning by killing the reasoner, so to speak.

It is related of one dogmatic Elder, who generally carried his weapons loaded to the muzzle with single conclusive shots, that he once held up a well-dressed citizen on the public highway, and demanded,—eying him sternly :

"Do you believe Joseph Smith to be a Prophet of the Lord?"

"No, sir, I do not," replied the man indignantly.

"Well I wouldn't give much for your skin, then. Good-day, sir."

Now in like manner all the work of the Elders might be concluded with a blow : "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not, shall be damned." But would this conclusion conclude? And if men acted thereby, would it be faith or fear that moved them?

Now of such a kind is the dogmatic argument against studying preaching as an art. But let us examine it more closely.

Observe first how admirably this argument is adapted to justify our indolence and flatter our holiness. The gray-haired Elder in our Sabbath meeting, the young man before the Improvement Association, the Seventy before his quorum theological class—all stand up and claim a a merit for not being prepared. Their mind, they start in by saying, is utterly vacant. Now, if they would sit down after making this confession, they might count on, if not the sympathy. at least the pity of the audience. But alas ! it is not so : they go on exhibiting this vacancy.

When we strike a barrel and it gives us an hollow sound, this first stroke is a pleasure because it conveys some information to us, viz : that the barrel is empty. The second stroke does not even excite curiosity, and the third if we are compelled to bend our attention upon it, becomes painful. Try to sense the cumulative pain then of having to listen attentively and expectantly to one hour of this beating. Of course, if we pay only the dreamy attention that we do to a waterfall, allowing the mind to busy itself elsewhere, we can sit through such drumming, without getting nervous. The agony begins when one bends his mind for ideas, and gets sounds. This pain is evidently caused by the conflict of duty and knowledge : the duty one feels of paying strict attention to the speaker, and the conviction by the first stroke that the barrel is empty. When such a speaker arises and announces that he has nothing on his mind to say, we contemplate the fact in connection with the man and the occasion. But when he proceeds to take a whole hour of our time in saying it, one of three things happens : we sleep—blessed escape ! —we wander, or we are mentally tortured.

Would that for three consecutive Sundays there was but one channel—the last—for the mind of every Latter-day Saint! How eagerly we should then turn to the Scriptures to see if God has really promised to put thoughts and ideas into vacant heads; to discover if infinite wisdom may really be expected to rest upon the man who virtually says: "Here I am, Lord; I have a mouth and a good pair of lungs, which I will loan you for a brief season; fill me up, and start me going."

Right here, kind reader, I ask your indulgence while we understand each other, on another point. My habit of putting things strongly, a habit I can scarce control at times, is, I observe manifesting itself. Do not be offended thereby. My only apology for touching this subject at all, is the laudable hope of improving—reforming.

To lay bare defects and abuses is at best but clearing off the brush and preparing the soil. The work is profitless if it stop here. But to remedy those defects, to reform those abuses—this is the harvest which alone can reward the laborer.

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Now my experience as a teacher convinces me that where a truth has reached the point in expression where we may say it is plain, there is still something needed—some force or energy, to carry it home. Truth, it seems to me, is effective only when in motion; at rest, or feebly moving, it needs apologizing for. To use only enough powder to bring out the charge is idle firing; it serves only to befog the air.

If my illustrations are harsh or extreme, the seeming so to you indicates that they were intended for sensibilities less keen than your own. If I resort occasionally to satire and ridicule, when you think I should excite emulation by praise, it is because I believe human nature to be so constructed that every man accepts greedily the praise for himself—and recommends the emulation to his neighbor.

Praise, while it is the natural stimulus of healthy growth, is a poor reformer. Let a certain complexion be praised by every tongue and one girl will go to the gymnasium and ten to the drug store. Praises, like balms and healing ointments, serve frequently only to "film the ulcerous space." But ridicule probes. Satire cauterizes—burns away the proud flesh. Let us not, then, despise these merciless instruments. He who refuses heroic treatment must often live and die a cripple.

If the reader, now, will pardon this personal digression, and let it be my standing apology throughout this discussion, I will proceed where I left off.

We were considering the objection of certain Elders against the study of preaching for preaching's sake. It was pointed out that the summary manner of firing a single quotation of Scripture assumed to be conclusive at your opponent, and then refusing to listen further, is a disposition of the question that does not dispose of it. As well cut out your adversary's tongue, and then boast that you have silenced him effectually. The Elders, by the by, who have been refused a night's lodging on the authority of a certain text in John about heretics will appreciate the force of this truth.

Yet in spite of this, the argument it was pointed out, generally obtains, or rather is not generally opposed, because it furnishes in fact a convenient Jonah's gourd under which to *shirk*. If for no other purpose than to take away this shield of idleness, this flattery of saintliness, it is to be hoped that the worm is at work to tumble the argument on the heads of those that confide in it.

But aside from this view, is it common sense to hold it sacrilege to *prepare* for preaching? Take any other activity that engages the human mind, and what is the measure of success? Not energy, nor much energy, but much *wisely-directed* energy. Hercules' mighty labors—a babe can do mightier today by merely touching a button. Wisely-directed means scientifically directed, and this again means directed according to law.

What do you think of the man that builds a mill exactly as his father and grandfather did? He thereby gets only five per cent. of the power of the stream, while the latest turbine would give him ninety-five. He obstinately refuses to open his eyes to "new-fangled notions." What is he? You are ready to call him bad names.

Let us not be too hasty. We might strike too near home. He is simply a gentleman who prefers to follow his "innate good sense and God-given intelligence," to adopting the results of the experience of mankind.

If he could thus "go it blind" for a thousand years, the rude shocks of experience might bring him eventually to the turbine. Thus, also, in all other avocations: we may shut our eyes, and with all the glorious(?) independence(?) of following the bent

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of our natural intelligence, we shall not fail to be harnessed, like blind Samson, to the prison mills of a bygone age; or we may open them, and become the heirs of six thousand years' thought and experience. Not understood, the forces of nature make slaves of men. Understood, the reverse is true. It is not a question of greater energy in modern times, but of greater wisely-directed energy, that makes one man's effort count against the efforts of a thousand in ancient times. The difference is traceable to a careful study of the *why* and the *how*.

These thoughts are so elementary and familiar to all that they can scarcely be put tersely enough to relieve their triteness. The marvel is that there should be any unwilling to concede them to be applicable to preaching. What is preaching but one of many methods of teaching—one of many avenues to reach and influence the human mind? Now, the human mind and the means of influencing it, have been studied by the wisest men of every age since the days of Aristotle. No field of investigation shows greater activity today than does this one; all which indicates that much still is unknown. But shall we on this account refuse to avail ourselves of the many truths that *are* known? Shall the farmer refuse to give up his crude methods because all is not yet known in the science of agriculture?

"But it is different with preaching," urges the objector, "preaching is from God."

So is farming, yea, digging canals, hauling wood, and building bridges. Who shall rise up and say of the very least agency which contributes toward making man like his Father, that it is not of God? This distinction between things as human and divine is a sectarian notion, unworthy the enlightenment of a Latter-day Saint. All truths are divine. We live upon a divine earth, breathe a divine atmosphere, refresh ourselves at divine fountains, admire the beauties of a divine environment, draw our very life's blood from divine elements. What different men and women we shall become when we learn to reverence all God's gifts as we do the single gifts of His word! Brigham Young never preached a more eloquent sermon than when he said to Brother Maeser: "Do not attempt to teach even the multiplication table without the Spirit of God."

But, it is urged, inspiration levels all. The humblest mind inspired, becomes the mightiest power for good.

True; but inspiration is modified in affectiveness by the medium through which it works, nevertheless. For instance, without humility the most cultured mind is a non-conductor, if I may use so material an expression. Of two equally humble and God-fearing men that set out to till the soil, he is blest with the better harvest that has the greater skill. It is no whit different with preaching, else why should one preacher be more effective than another? He has a greater talent, you urge. That merely shifts the question, but enables me to exhibit another phase. If a man be born with the talent of preaching developed, it argues a careful cultivation of it during pre-existence. If not well-developed it argues indifferent cultivation. Again, if preaching be a talent, may it lie buried in the ground, save only as it is dug up weekly, or occasionally, simply because it is the preaching talent? Again, shall he who has the greater talent wait contentedly the slow growth of the lesser? Or shall he that has the lesser gift refuse to cultivate it till God make it equal to the greater?

There is another argument—that drawn from necessity. Strictly speaking, the doing a thing pre-supposes the having learned how. He that plays by ear cannot claim that he has not studied. Attention he must have

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paid to his art but not wisely directed attention, since he refuses to avail himself of laws which are the heritage of the race. In like manner all, or nearly all studies may be undertaken either logically or empirically. Those who pursue a study logically stand in a comparatively short time on the shoulders of their predecessors; or to vary the figure, reach the frontier of investigation, and may themselves become discoverers and inventors. Those who follow the other method seldom pass the dead level of mediocrity. The Elder that preaches, be that preaching good, bad, or indifferent, must have given attention to it even if it be only the attention of imitation. But imitation is only an echo, which rarely succeeds in reproducing the force and clearness of the thing imitated. Besides, when applied to preaching, imitation becomes a peculiarly unfortunate process: what is a merit in the original often changes to a defect in the copyist.

But why pursue this argument further? The objection against a careful study of preaching as an art can come, it seems to me, only from thoughtlessness, or at least from immature reflection. Pages ago I felt, as no doubt has also the reader, that I was beating the air, there being no opposition. If, then, the general principle is conceded, which I now assume, that preaching, like any other activity, can be improved, both as to matter and manner, by a careful study of its underlying laws, the question then arises, is there need that we as Latter-day Saint Elders pursue this study. Let me answer this question by a parable:

A certain rich man desired to make for himself a spacious garden. Straightway he sent to every land for laborers whom he could trust. He enquired neither as to their skill nor their experience, but only if they were honest men. When he had thus gathered a goodly number he led them to a wide field and said: "Behold, here I have planted trees and vines and flowers of every variety that delight the eye or furnish food for man. In the richest spot thereof I have planted a tree choice above all other trees; for whereas these do but satisfy a mortal appetite, the fruit of this tree ministers to the soul of man. Again, it is choice, because it is the only tree of its kind in the world, albeit there are in every garden many wild varieties of it. This garden I now leave to your care till my return: see that ye betray not this trust."

Now the soil was virgin and the laborers industrious and willing to learn: so the garden throve exceedingly. Especially did the sacred tree (for so they called it) grow and thrive, almost, it seemed, without the thought or care of the laborers; so that long ere the other trees began to bear, this tree put forth its fruit; and great was the harvest, luscious the flavor, and many the people that came to partake of it.

Now after many years when the other trees began to bear abundantly, each laborer betook himself to some part of the garden, and soon became burdened with the much fruit thereof. And the sacred tree became no one's care. The weeds grew rank about its trunk, and many of its limbs began to show dry ends, for the life-giving stream was used elsewhere. On stated days the laborers assembled about the tree, and many were sorrowful when they looked upon it. Nevertheless they went back again to their burdensome labors, and forgot all about it.

At length there arose a man with a cunningly devised speech: "Behold," said he, "is not this tree sacred? and doth not its fruit fit men for heaven? What then are *we* that we should presume to dig about it and prune it? Hath the divine any need of the human? Are not the wild trees of this kind in other gardens thus cultivated by human hands? May not this become like unto them if culti-

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vated according to our poor finite skill?"

Now the saying pleased some of the laborers and satisfied others. But many of the people came no more to eat of the fruit, for they said it was become dry and tasteless; and they that came often ate in bitterness of soul, being roundly upbraided the while because of them that staid away. Some of the laborers stoutly declared that the fault was not in the fruit, but in the taste, and they pointed to many slack things beside to prove this. But the wise among them saw that it was both in the fruit and in the taste, and they saw also that the first was largely the cause of the second. But these discreetly held their peace, lest they should be accounted malcontents, and so it is even unto this day.

What now will the master say when he doth return? Will he not say: "Is not this the most precious tree in the garden? and, behold, how ye have neglected it! The trees on all sides of it ye have labored with—even the trees whose fruit is worldly—so that their tops do overshadow, and almost shut out the sunlight of heaven from it. Go to, now, cut down those trees and spare not. Then dig about and water and prune this choice tree, till it stretch forth its glad arms toward heaven, and again bare fruit that is luscious, so that multitudes shall flock hither as to a feast."

This, my brethren and sisters, I believe to be the solemn duty of the hour. In my next I shall consider what God has said to guide us with reference to the subject of preaching.

N. L. Nelson.

COLUMBIANA.

SOME PRINCIPAL PALACES OF THE EXPOSITION.

OF the group of magnificent buildings surrounding the Court of Honor in the World's Fair Grounds, the most noted perhaps is the beautiful structure known as the Administration Building.

The edifice occupies the most conspicuous position on the grounds, being placed at the head of the Court of Honor, and facing the Peristyle, which is the chief entrance and gateway to the Exposition. Its gilded dome is the first object which attracts one upon approaching the grounds from whatever direction, and is especially commanding from the waters of Lake Michigan, where it can be seen from a distance of many miles.

Its architecture is appropriate and imposing, its design being in four pavilions eighty-four feet square, one at each of the four angles of a square, and connected by a great central rotunda and dome, one hundred and twenty feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet high. Its design consists of three stages or stories, rising and developing one from another with beautiful and imposing effect. The first stage or story corresponds in height with the pavilions around it, which are about sixty-five feet high. In the center of each facade is a deep recess, thirty-two feet wide, in which is a grand entrance to the building—each being fifty feet in height. This stage is surmounted by a balustrade which bounds the spacious porticos which circle the building.

The second story is a continuation of the central rotunda, one hundred and seventy-five feet square, surrounded on all sides by a lofty and open colonnade, which gives a majestic and classic effect to the structure. The third stage consists of the artistically designed base of the great dome, ornamented with beautiful architectural devices and groups of

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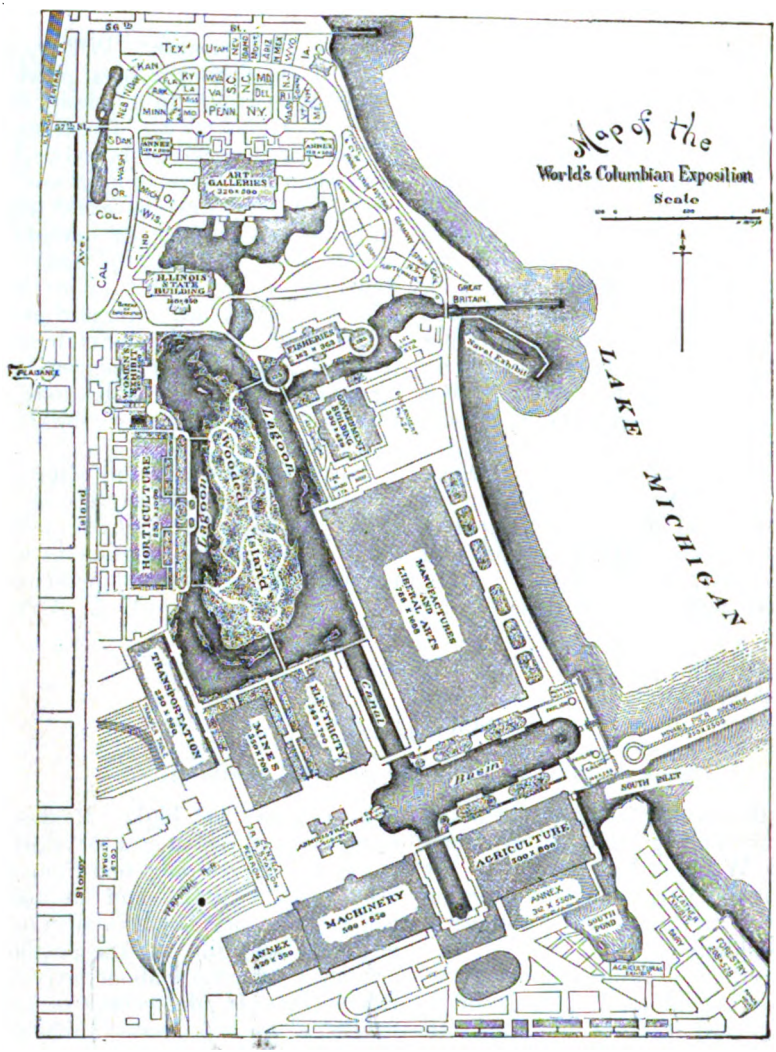

statuary—and the splendid dome itself rising gracefully from its architectural pedestal against the sky, outlined with curved ribs and inlaid with sculptured panels.

The interior of the building is octagonal, with eight splendid arches designating the deeply recessed openings. In the four corner pavilions, which are four stories high, are the offices of the Fair administration, chiefs of the various departments, etc., an elevator in each of the pavilions making the location eminently convenient.

The height of the dome from the floor is two hundred feet, and an opening fifty feet wide at its top, admits sufficient light into the building. The underside of the dome is ornamented with panels containing sculptures and paintings representing emblematic subjects.

Upon the upper dome is a splendid painting representing the "Glorification of the Arts and Sciences." It shows Apollo, seated on a lofty throne, conferring honors upon the victors in war and the leaders in science and art.

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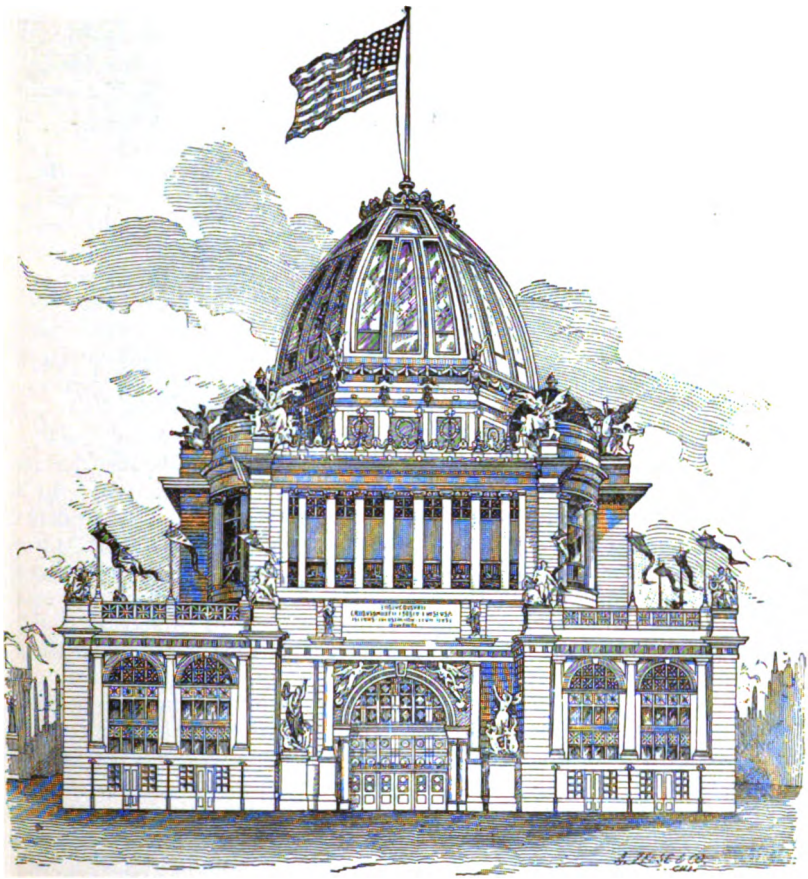

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

A procession of figures representing music, poetry, art, etc., surround the throne, and at the feet of Apollo kneels a young warrior, bending gracefully to the reception of his laurels. Winged figures are in the background holding aside the curtains that drape the walls of the Parthenon, which is the scene of the representation.

Below this at the top of the first dome are eight panels, each having a group of statuary done in plaster of paris. The central figure in all is that of a woman with outstretched arms, and holding in each hand a wreath with which to crown some of the figures before her. The central figure is the genius of the World's Columbian Exposition, the kneeling figures in front representing literature, the sciences, arts and industries, upon which recognition and honor are being bestowed.

Below these a row of medallions show the types of the women of different nations of earth, and beneath on a strip of white moulding are printed the names of men whose inventions and discoveries have been of importance in aiding the progress of the world. Above the arches which mark the ending of the first dome are eight panels, each with a gilt slate supported by two winged figures, and on each slate is the record of some great discovery or event in the history of the world's development.

The whole is a triumph of artistic

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and emblematic design and makes up an interior which is justifiably considered as rivaling the most noted structures of the kind in the world. The cost of the building is four hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars.

A portico at the base of the dome provides a spendid vantage spot of observation for the entire Fair Grounds and as it is reached by the elevators which are in each of the arches of the rotunda, numbers of people avail themselves of the opportunity of viewing the superb sight. Directly in front of the building is the lagoon with its square of blue water dotted with gondolas and other picturesque pleasure boats, its head crowned with the splendid Columbian Fountain, and the further end with the great statue of liberty, and the classic Peristyle, with its groups of beautiful statues and glimpses of the blue waters of the lake showing through the white columns. While to the north, west and south stretch the enchanting vistas made up of majestic buildings, beautiful lagoons, and picturesque bridges spanning in graceful arches the waters of the winding canals, a scene which once beheld is not easily forgotten.

Next to the Administration Building, the structure whose beauty of architecture most attracts attention is the Palace of Agriculture, its royal cognomen being eminently appropriate for the splendid work and design belonging to the edifice. The structure is composed of a main hall or building five hundred by eight hundred feet, and an annex three hundred by five hundred feet —the total cost being six hundred and eighteen thousand dollars. On each corner and in the center of the building are graceful pavilions which break the long line of the facade and give a beautiful effect to the design.

The building is longest from east to west, its main entrance facing the central lagoon on the right, and its length stretching from one end of the grand court to the other. The entrance is an opening sixty-four feet wide with lofty Corinthian columns fifty feet high and five feet in diameter on either side.

Over the entrance, upon the towers of the pavilions and along the entire length of the outside cornice, are groups of beautiful statuary, representing the mythical gods and goddesses of agriculture, the seasons, signs of the Zodiac, "Abundance," "Fertility," etc., and above the central dome is the statue of Diana, the work of the noted sculptor Augustus St. Gaudens, of New York, and which for a time adorned the tower of Madison Square gardens in New York. The statue is of heroic size being eighteen feet in height. Groups of oxen and horses representing "agriculture," help to make up the grand procession of statues standing out in majestic relief against the sky from the top of the building.

Underneath the cornice a frieze of delicately traced grasses and sheaves of wheat decorate the walls, and with its statuary, pavilions, and beautiful colonnades, make it one, if not the most beautiful of the buildings in the Exposition grounds.

Standing within the entrance beneath the great glass dome that rises one hundred and thirty feet from the floor, one looks around upon a great city of pavilions, of myriad designs, each built with the purpose of doing special credit to the agricultural products of the locality represented and all lending brilliant and charming effect with their fantastic and beautiful designs. Temples and tents, palaces and pagodas, caves and kiosks, and every kind of structure where design might be imagined as obtaining some picturesque or imposing effect, throng the great space of the building, their brilliant decorations and unique forms producing strange and beautiful pictures upon which one gazes with somewhat dazzled eyes.

Of the larger countries America takes precedence in her agricultural

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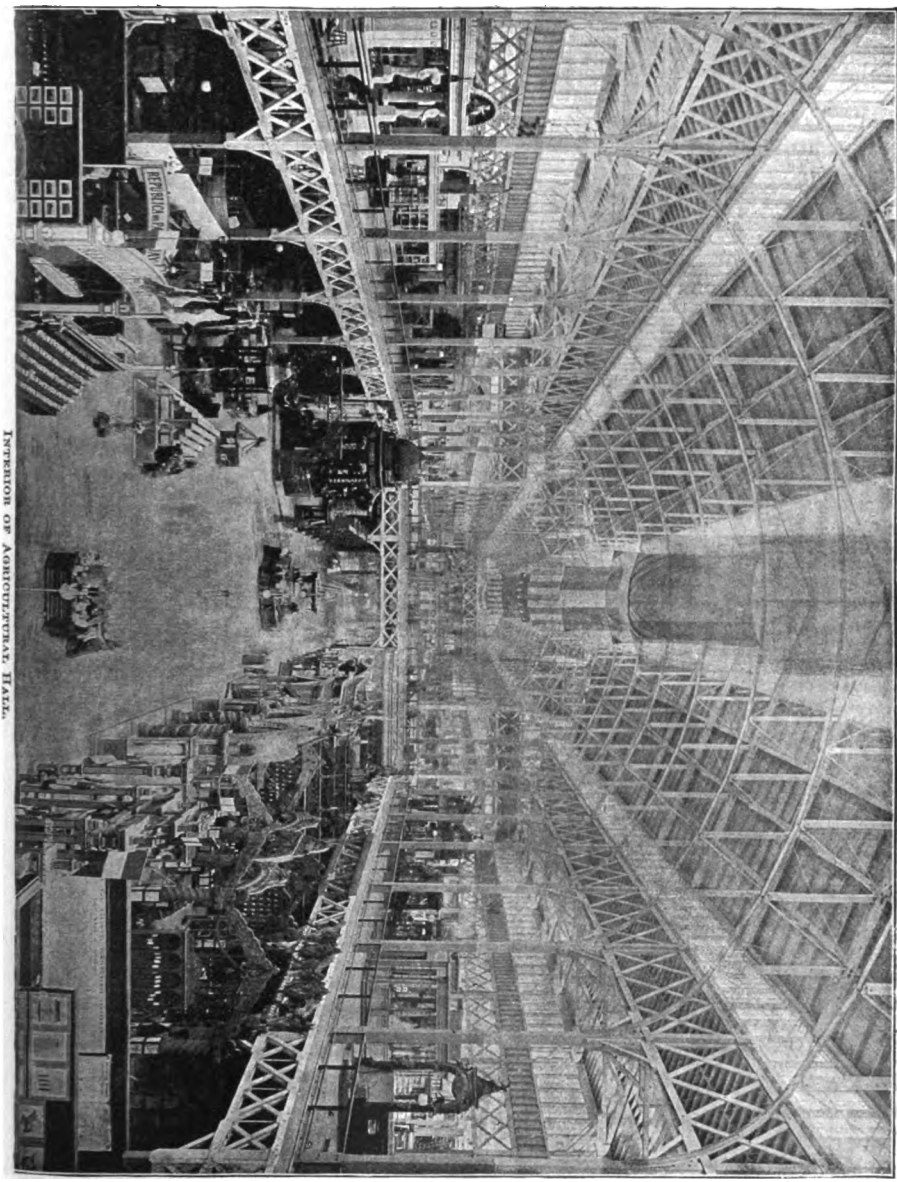

INTERIOR OF AGRICULTURAL HALL.

display, each of the separate States and Territories having vied with each other in doing honor to the occasion. Illinois, who has aimed and in many cases succeeded in outdoing her sister States in the matter of display, has a splendid palace with walls, partitions, arches, etc., constructed entirely of grains, the different kinds of shelled corn being used with artistic effect in the body of the whole, and the sheaves of wheat and barley, together with different kinds of grasses helping to make up a handsome decoration. Inside are great glass jars made in unique designs, and filled with native cereals, showing the various agricultural products of the State.

Rivaling the Illinois palace pavilion

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are the Kansas and Pennsylvania structures, each solid and substantial-looking enough to be imagined the palatial residence of a president or king, with beautiful arched entrances,

GROUP IN THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

deeply recessed windows, and permanent looking partitions, all decorated and made up of corn and other shelled grains, and with interiors artistically ornamented with glass jars in the shape of vases, pyramids, urns, etc., filled with the native products of the State. Canada must also be mentioned with these royal pavilions —her structure and interior display being among the most magnificent in the building.

Iowa has perhaps the most graceful pavilion in the building—a wide circular colonnade with slender Greek columns made of shelled corn, and arches decorated with wheat and other grains in natural clusters and sheaves, the interior filled like the others with cereals held in jars of unique design. Walking down the aisle a short space away we come upon Ohio's pavilion, a Greek temple with a classic cone roof resting upon seventy-five glass Ionic columns filled with native grains and cereals, and further along and upon all sides show the unique and beautiful structures built by the various States to advertise their resources, and which we fear it would require too much space to describe in detail.

France, with her stately pavilion conspicuous with pyramids and towers constructed of chocolate and other native manufactures; Germany with a conspicuous display of cereals and native mineral waters in huge glass tanks and jars; Spain with the products of the country proper and her provinces arrayed in a succession of princely pavilions reaching nearly from one end of the building to the other; Liberia, the West Indies, Paraguay, Hungary, British Guiana and Brazil, with their native tropical growths exhibited side by side with the products of Russia, Norway and countries of the colder zones, all contribute to make the place an interesting region, providing as it does, an opportunity for the study of the products of every clime upon the globe, from the equator to the known regions of the poles.

Besides the cereal and other agricultural exhibits shown in the building, are also several other important exhibits connected with the department, among them being the display of farming or agricultural machines and implements—the newest devices in reapers, mowers, threshing-machines, etc., being shown and the display of various systems and methods of irrigation, each of which is a study of special interest and importance to the farmer.

A bureau of information connected

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with the building furnishes knowledge upon every subject of importance connected with the department, and the inquirer may acquaint himself with the latest and most successful methods of agriculture, and with the result of the researches made by the various colleges and institutions whose labors have been devoted to the highest development of the important science.

If to the general visitor the building furnishes material for interesting and fascinating study, what must it be to the farmer with its accumulation of varied agricultural exhibits, its ingenious mechanical inventions, and its store of practical and scientific knowledge one can easily imagine, since it easily provides within the space of its walls, and the limit of a few weeks' time, information, experience and knowledge, which it might take years of application and study to obtain in any other way.

Opposite the Agricultural Building on the west and across the canal which runs from north to south through the Fair Grounds, intersecting the central lagoon at the head of the Court of Honor stands a building which is second in importance to none of the princely structures surrounding the Administration Building. It is the building known as Machinery Hall — a structure which with its main hall, machinery annex, power house, pumping house and machine shop covers in all about thirty acres, a greater area than is occupied by many thriving towns.

Entering the main hall of the building one is deafened by the whirr and buzz of countless pieces of machinery, busy with the process of turning out their myriad articles of manufacture, looms of every variety, producing silk, cotton, and woolen fabrics, wood carving machines, turning out statuettes in artistic and difficult grouping, and beautiful traceries of intricate design—a labor once thought to be capable only of being done by hand, a single group occupying months which is now completed in a few minutes time.

In one department a machine for measuring and weighing coffee shows the brown grains run through the hopper, slide into one pound paper bags, and seals them at so rapid a rate that it is estimated that several tons of coffee can be manipulated per day.

Another machine for the manufacture of labels, tags, etc., takes the paper from the roll, cuts the tags, prints the labels, punches the eyelets, and inserts the wire for the fastenings. Another converts a broad bar of steel into a thin net work which takes the place of lath now in constructing buildings. Stopping in front of the various booths, with their looms, machines and skilled hands at work, we see banners and badges of silk with pictures of the World's Fair buildings woven in the texture, strips of silver pressed and cut from heated masses, and moulded into dainty thimbles; papers printed and pictures painted in lithograph, and a hundred other difficult and

GROUP IN THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

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clever things, done by the huge iron engines all working with a seeming intelligence and perfect method that have something superhuman in the suggestion.

The force which converts these inert masses of iron into intelligent factors ministering to the ease and convenience of mankind is supplied by the huge system of engines and dynamos located in the power house which forms a part of the building. There are over forty steam engines, with an estimated total of from eighteen to twenty thousand horse power. These operate one hundred and twenty-seven dynamos, which in turn produce electric light and power for all the other Exposition buildings. It is said that for the power in Machinery Hall alone there are twelve engines representing a total of about three thousand horse power—a force which proclaims in itself something of the immense activity and marvellous achievement which makes up the scene witnessed daily in the great main hall of the building.

As the Agricultural is the farmer's, so is Machinery Hall the manufacturer's and mechanic's typical paradise — for every wonder of invention and industry is represented in perfect detail and method within its walls.

Josephine Spencer.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearls,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold
Shakespeare.

THE wedding bells were ringing merrily. The lads and lasses of the little village of La Brede, in the province of Guienne, Western France, had assembled on the village green in front of the church, to participate in the festivities attendant upon the wedding of Claude Duruy. Five years before this time, or, to be more exact, on June 8th, 1764, Duruy had come into the village, a young man just turned twenty-one. He had taken charge of the village school, and occupied himself, in addition to his pedagogical labors, in the duties of pastor of the little church. He was a man of steady habits and thrifty disposition, and had been able from the somewhat meager proceeds of his calling, to provide himself with a snug little competency in the five years of his residence in La Brede. His work in the school room and in the pulpit had been performed to the fullest satisfaction of all the people of the village, and he had endeared himself to the poorer classes by his heart-felt philanthropy, manifested not only in the bestowal of his goods upon the poor, but also in offering them comfort and consolation in his frequent visits to their hovels.

His courtship had been as unromantic as often falls to the lot of a man, and the girl of his choice was matter-of-fact and prosaic, practical in her thoughts and their execution, constant and devoted in her love for him, and fitted by these qualities and by her industry and thrift to assist him in making himself independent in finance; nor was she at all careless in the matter of alleviating the suffering then too common among the lower classes of the villagers.

And now, on the eighth of June, 1769, he was leading to the altar this young lady, Mlle. Jeanne Vosier. The day was balmy. The birds were singing in the salubrious atmosphere, and the trees and vines seemed to

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wave a welcome to the young lovers as they came arm in arm toward the church, where an aged man, the pastor of a neighboring village, was to perform the important ceremony. As has been said, the villagers were out in force. Claude Duruy had always been popular among them. Young and old had treated him with a respect which was not by any means marred by its cordiality. He had mingled with the boys in their sports, and with the old men in their serious conversations, and had impressed all with a sense of his buoyancy of disposition, and the depth of his research and reasoning. There was no wonder that this important day was made a gala occasion.

"Here they come!" shouted one of the group, as the happy pair approached. "Long live Claude Duruy and his bride!" shouted another, and the cry was taken up and echoed through the crowd, "Long live Claude Duruy and La belle Jeanne!"

The pair acknowledged the hearty salute with a graceful bow, and entered the church amid the shouts and acclamations of the genial peasants.

While the short and simple ceremony was in progress, a stranger approached the group and stood a short distance away, contemplating the scene with interest. It was so picturesque as to deserve a close scrutiny. The vari-colored dresses of the maids and matrons, fluttering with ribbons; the attractive costumes of the men; the kaleidoscopic effect produced as the wearers of the colors flitted about, indulging in converse; the lively and gay tones of the voices, borne to the listener's ears by the light breeze from the sea, were all calculated to impress the spectator with a sense of utter beauty and harmony.

Presently the man approached the group and inquired the cause of the rejoicing. Receiving his answer, he carelessly inquired concerning the character of the man over whose marriage so much jollity was engaged in. An old man answered him: "Claude Duruy is a man of noble character. There are none among us who have not received assistance from him. When the hand of oppression has weighed us down, he has ever been ready to comfort and console us, to resist the encroachment of tyranny, and to speak for the equal rights of the noble and the peasant."

"A paragon of men! A friend of Jacques Bonhomme!" said the stranger, laughing superciliously.

"A paragon of men because a friend of Jacques Bonhomme!" exclaimed a bright young man. "Such paragons are few indeed in this nation. How many are there in your station who consider Jacques Bonhomme, as you contemptuously call the peasant, as much a man as the noble, or even as the king himself? Are you crying out against the crimes of Louis XV., who is staining the royal robes with the grossest possible debaucheries? Who in the face of opposition and threats, will stand before king, noble, and clergy, and claim for the *tiers etat* the rights enjoyed by the other orders? Such men are rare, and Claude Duruy is one of them. All that I am and have I owe to him. He has educated me; he has trained me to habits of diligence and frugality; he has placed before me an example of integrity and self-sacrifice for the good of others."

"I cannot understand your feelings or comprehend your ideas," answered the other. "You peasants are of use only as you contribute to the pleasure and benefit of the higher classes. Your wine, your fruits, your grain, your vegetables, the products of your labor in all lines, are to be used merely for our comfort. Your existence is as necessary as that of our animals, but not more important."

"Have we not souls as you have?" haughtily cried the peasant. "Is

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there not a God who loves us and respects us as well as you?"

Again the supercilious laugh and elevation of the eyebrows. "As to your first question I will only say that baseness and servility link you to the animals and remove you far from our level. Try as you will, you can never reach our high plane. You were born only for our convenience. To your second question: If there is a God, He has made Himself manifest only through the king, His representative on earth, and the clergy. His communications to you must come through them, and you should be thankful you are not visited with dire punishments for your complaints against this proper authority."

At this moment a shout announced the appearance of the bridal party at the church door. "Long life and happiness to Claude Duruy and his bride!" cried one in the crowd. The shout was echoed with a will by the others, and the objects of this manifestation of good feeling came from the church, smiling and bowing in response to the salutations of their friends.

Duruy was a man of striking appearance. He was of middle height with a slight inclination to stoop forward in walking. His face wore a thoughtful expression, inclined almost to sadness. One could well perceive, upon seeing him even in the realization of newly found and exquisite happiness, that he felt deeply the wrongs of his humble countrymen, and sympathized with the poorer classes in their troubles. His brow bore the scholar's cast, but the severity usually accompanying the expression of an intellectual face was softened and the countenance beautified by kindly eyes and a sensitive mouth.

His bride was rather short in stature, with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Her face bore a gracious expression, and betrayed a light heart and a lack of appreciation of the seriousness of the condition of the French people of her own station. She seemed so supremely happy in her marriage with the man of her choice, that all else was forgotten in the joy of the present.

"Long life and happiness to Claude Duruy and his bride!" shouted the crowd again, and by this time the newly wedded pair had joined their friends and were receiving their hearty congratulations.

"So this is the man who forsakes the party of the nobility, of which he no doubt was a worthy representative, to try to better the condition of these peasants," soliloquized the stranger before referred to. "A noble fellow he appears, but the mark of his servility is upon him in the stooping shoulders and care-worn face. How different his appearance from the care-free, handsome looks of the nobility! *Mon Dieu*! How they idolize him!" This exclamation was caused by a concerted movement of the crowd in forming a circle around the bride and groom, and singing the following song:

"Winter's cheer and autumn's plenty, summer's warmth and vernal green,
Day's warm glow and night's sweet quiet, sun's bright light and cynthia's sheen;
May these ever seem the brighter for the happiness you've won,
May your path be strewn with roses for the deeds of love you've done!

Sing aloud, ye lads and lasses,
Bring the flowers and the grasses
To adorn the bridal bed
Of the pair so happily wed!

Bring the flowers and the grasses, strew the path of bride and groom,
Let the joy of this bright moment guard their way from withering gloom;
May the summer never blight them, may the winter's frost fall light;
May the autumn never fade them, may their vernal days be bright!

As the flowers are pure and holy, may your thoughts and wishes be;
As the moisture of the mountain meets the waters of the sea,
May the sunlight kiss your foreheads and the flowers caress your feet,—
Sunlight with its warmth effulgent, flowers with their fragrance sweet!"

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At the close of the second stanza of this simple song, several young people, who had previously separated themselves from the main crowd, returned, bearing mosses, grasses, and flowers,—roses, hyacinths, lillies of the valley. As they approached, the crowd formed two lines, between which the flower bearers approached the bridal pair, and threw the burdens at the feet of bride and groom. This was done during the singing of the last stanza, and formed a singularly beautiful and apt accompaniment to the words.

The bride could no longer hide her joyous emotions. She leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, and tears of joy gushed from her eyes. His eyes were dim with moisture, and a happy smile played on his lips as he placed his arm about her and pressed her to his side. In the supreme joy of the moment, neither spoke, but the silence was deeply expressive of gratitude and happiness.

"Long life and happiness to Claude Duruy and his bride, La belle Jeanne!" was the parting shout of the throng, as the youths and maidens dispersed and went their several ways. The newly wedded pair betook themselves to the home where Duruy had been living for some time, and which he had fitted up for his wife. The church-yard green was soon cleared of all but two, the aristocrat and a young peasant.

CHAPTER II.

O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free?

Shakespeare.

As the former turned to depart, he saw the young man looking earnestly at him. Pausing, he signed for the youth to follow him, and together they walked along the road.

"My friend," said the aristocrat, intensifying his air of superiority, "I would have a word with you. I would know the entire history of this man Duruy, before and since his arrival in your village. I wish you to hold nothing from me. Be open, and I may find a way to reward your candor. His name is Claude Duruy, I believe."

"Claude Duruy, Monsieur," returned his companion.

"He is of noble birth, is he not?"

"I know not what you mean by noble birth," answered the other, doggedly. "He was born among the aristocrats, and they call themselves the nobility of France, though they live on the labor of others." This was uttered in a tone of obstinate conviction, and with an air almost of savage hatred.

"You dislike the aristocracy?"

"Almost as I hate Claude Duruy?"

"Almost as you hate him! Yet not so much?"

"No! my hatred for him is equaled by nothing else. As much as I loath and detest those who rob us of our scanty earnings and leave us nothing for our toil, Claude Duruy is beneath even these."

"So, so!" thought the stranger; "These doctrines of democracy are being taught too widely here, and I think through the influence of Duruy. And these animals are capable of hate and a desire for revenge. I would hardly have thought it possible. May I not use this feeling to my advantage? As the king's confidential minister I have full power over the lives and property of these peasant asses, and I will neglect no opportunity for enriching myself at their expense. I will pursue this line farther." Then turning again to the peasant; "Tell me your name, my good fellow."

"Pierre Lemoyne."

"Pierre; a stone. Can you be as firm as a rock in your hatred of Claude Duruy?"

"As enduring as the solid cliff."

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"Yet why do you hate him? Has he not trained you, educated you, given you the benefit of his higher —more fortunate birth and superior learning? Has he not taught you to aspire to better things than you are now permitted to enjoy? Has he not taught you the fierce hatred you feel toward the nobility? And why, after deriving all these benefits from him, do you hate him?"

Lemoyne thought for a moment, and then answered: "True, he has taught me these things. Had it not been for him, these thoughts and feelings might never have come to me. I might have remained like the cattle in yonder meadow, thinking only of today, though the shambles await me tomorrow. He has given me thoughts and desires far above what I would otherwise have known. For this I thank him. But he has robbed me of that which is of far more value than all these benefits, and without which they are as nothing."

"In what has he so deeply wronged you?" asked the aristocrat.

"That maiden he has led in triumph to the altar was my playmate. In her girlhood days she knew no other companion. Together we enjoyed our childish sports, and as children will, looked with pleasant anticipations to the future. She said she would live with me in a cottage near the river Gironde, where it empties into the sea. There she would live for me alone, and I for her. We would live in peace, without a thought of our slavery, without a desire to better our condition. Contentment would be ours, for we should know nothing better than we were permitted to enjoy. We should envy not the powerful and the wealthy, for they would be in their proper position and we in ours. We should be like the brute that does his master's bidding, contented, not because our condition was happy, but because we had known no better one. Why should we not be contented? Our ancestors had lived so for centuries, and surely, we thought, we are no better than they. We were willing to surrender ourselves, body and soul, to the king, and yet be happy in our bondage. This was the condition in which Claude Duruy found us.

"He was of the higher class, the nobles, as you call them.

"I do not know why he came here. I think it was his intention to become familiar with the condition of the peasants, and try to ameliorate it. It may have been his design to arouse us to opposition to the cruelties and wrongs suffered at the hands of the higher orders. This, I know—he has implanted within us hopes and aspirations of which we formerly knew nothing. Instead of the old stolid indifference and contentment, the villagers are filled with thoughts of social equality and a sense of injustice. They are suspicious of the actions of their masters. Having been made acquainted with the enjoyments and ease of their oppressors, they have become dissatisfied with their own condition of comparative misery. This has all been accomplished through the efforts of Claude Duruy. Many think they are made happier through the change he has wrought in them, but I feel that in destroying my contentment, and presenting to me no way of bettering my condition, he has increased my misery."

The young man paused thoughtfully for a few moments, and then continued. "I know you think we have no souls. You consider us animals, incapable of the higher emotions. You deem us too dull for ambition, almost too unfeeling for suffering. But we can suffer. We have ambition. When our hopes have been raised to their pinnacle, and then dashed to the ground, be assured we feel the sting as keenly as the king on his throne, or the noble in his castle."

"Did Claude Duruy teach you this also?" asked the other, in order

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to keep up the conversation, which Lemoyne seemed not anxious to continue.

The hands of the peasant were tightly clenched for a time, and an angry scowl crossed his face. With an effort he mastered his passion and replied, "Yes, by a demonstration which will never be forgotten." He cried aloud in his anguish, "O Jeanne, Jeanne, the pride of the village and of my heart! How devoted a slave was I to you, and how blind to the truth! I would have taught you to love the ways of a peasant husband and a life of contented toil. But he—"again the menacing look of passion, mastered with greater difficulty—"He stole you from me, and left my life a blank!"

The other was not slow to follow up his advantage. "Would you be revenged upon him for the wrong?" he asked in a low tone, glancing warily around.

"Would I eat when I am hungry, drink when I thirst, rest when I am weary?"

"Then listen to me. My name is one that has stricken terror to the hearts of hundreds in your station. Mothers hush their unruly children by uttering it. The mere mention of it has done more to strengthen the king's authority than the issuance of royal edicts. He who even imagines rebellion trembles when he hears it. I am Paul Levon."

A very perceptible start on the part of the other followed the mention of the name, and this action was not lost upon the speaker.

"I see you have heard of me. Now we can understand each other better. I think you will permit me to talk to you with a degree of confidence which you will find it to your interest not to betray. Do we understand each other?"

Lemoyne nodded.

Levon continued. "You know as well as I do that such men as Duruy are a menace to the authority of the king. They would break down established customs and usages, level all ranks, form the government without kings and nobles, and place the power in the hands of the ignorant people. It is therefore to my interest to destroy them."

"I understand your position," said Lemoyne.

"Then if I, who never saw Duruy until today, can desire his destruction, how much more should you, who have suffered so grievously from him?"

For the first time Lemoyne understood the plan of Levon, in which he was expected to take part. "I comprehend your design," he said scornfully, "but do not think for a moment that I will consent to act in a plot which will give me satisfaction at the destruction of one in whose fall I must share. I am not ready, like Samson, even in my despair, to throw down the house upon myself and perish with my enemy. What would be my gain, though I saw him in the dust, if I were there with him, and such as you looking down in contempt upon us both? No; though my hatred of Claude Duruy is great, my detestation of the ruling classes is such that rather than help to build them up at his expense, I would assist in bettering his condition to increase their chagrin."

"I see you do not understand my design at all," said Levon. "My plan aims not only at his destruction, but at the betterment of your condition. Do you not think that Paul Levon, who has counseled with the king himself, whose plans have been adopted by the wise men of the nation, whose word is worth more than that of hundreds of vaunting nobles—do you not think that he is able to reward one who faithfully serves him? The king has created counts, dukes, barons at my pleasure, and yet the sun of my power is but beginning to appear above the horizon. France shall yet acknowledge my influence as a potent factor in her history. Therefore, consider wisely.

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You may not only see him whom you detest humbled in the dust, but you may be raised to a point of fame and fortune which you have not reached in your highest flights of fancy."

"Yet my interests are with the people," returned Lemoyne. "Every blow struck against them falls upon myself, and I see not the gain in losing their confidence for the accomplishment of private revenge."

"Listen," replied Levon, in the same cautious tone. "These fierce questions are the very ones on which I intended speaking to you. Heretofore the king has not acted in these matters. All the trouble brought upon you, which you feel to attribute to him, has been the work of others. He has done nothing. He has merely given the royal permission for others to do the work. When papers, authorizing arrests, imprisonments, executions, forfeitures, have been brought to him, he has signed without reading them. He has not taken enough interest in this work to assist in it, except in removing obstacles from our way. This *has been* the case. How is it now? The utterances of such men as Duruy, treasonable, revolutionary, tending toward the demand for equal rights for all classes, have not failed to reach the royal ear, even in the midst of his pleasures. He listened to them, first with incredulity, then with alarm and anger. He now sees that the time for action on his part has come. What he has before permitted to be done, he will now do himself, and if I am familiar with the character of Louis XV. the work will not lose any of its harshness by being entrusted to his hands. He has emissaries around him who are ready, willing, nay, anxious, to do his bidding. They have done much under the royal sanction; will they not do more under command? Be assured, that where one heart bled before, hundreds now shall be trampled in the dust. Where one life has gone out in public, with the full knowledge of friends of the victim, hundreds will be taken with no one as witness but the mute performer of the royal will. What is your answer now?"

"If I take part for the king and against the people, how may I be protected against their fury when they attempt to avenge their wrongs upon my head?"

"They need never know that you are following this course. Let it be done in secret; therein will consist your safety."

Perceiving that his listener was almost persuaded, Levon saw that his last argument could be used to advantage. "I am working among the wealthy. The property of him who is declared guilty of treasonable utterances against the king, and executed or banished, falls to the one who proves the treason against him. I have gained much wealth by this means. You will work among the poor, but your opportunities for securing evidence will be much more frequent than mine, and your rewards will surely reach my aggregate. What do you say now?"

"I am yours!" shouted Lemoyne ecstatically; "I am yours against Claude Duruy!"

"And for yourself," interrupted Levon with a smile.

"Yes, for myself," answered Lemoyne.

"Then your oath." The two grasped hands. "You swear that you will use every effort to destroy sedition among the people of France and punish those who speak against the king. That your truest friend or nearest relative shall be treated as your enemy if guilty of treasonable thoughts. That your whole power shall be used in the service of your king and the nobility. That neither age nor sex shall influence you in the performance of your duty. And if you break this oath you invite upon yourself all the calamities you have brought upon others. You swear this?"

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"I swear it," replied Lemoyne.

"Now remember this. When you see me in public, make no sign that you know me. I will see you often in private, and give you necessary instructions. Listen to the words of all. Let no treasonable utterances escape you. Give me the names of those who speak disrespectfully of the king or the nobility, with a report of the words used. This is all that you need do. Convictions must follow your testimony in every case but that of Claude Duruy. He must be reserved for a fate of which you know nothing. Let him be brought up on a specific charge of violence. His offence must be great, for his punishment will be heavy. Remember my instructions. Be wise and secret. Farewell!"

The two clasped hands and separated. *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

A LUCKY RESEMBLANCE.

On a certain occasion Lord Kingsdale was overtaken by a sudden rainstorm in the city of London which caused him to hasten to a cab for the purpose of riding home. The driver seeing him approach, jumped from his seat to open the door of the vehicle, but was greeted by the shout of his expected patron, "At last I have found you! What is your name?"

"Bill Tomkins."

"Necessity compels you to do this unpleasant labor?"

"Yes, sir, I have a large family to support."

"Ahem, and if I were to give you sufficient to enable you to live comfortably with your family, would you abandon this labor?"

"O, my lord is fooling with me."

"Not at all. How much would you need yearly?"

The coachman's face extended into a broad grin but he did not reply.

"Come—speak out! Would two hundred pounds every year be sufficient?"

"That is scarcely enough for one who does nothing but idle away his time," replied the driver, "for I do not understand any other business."

"Well, then, four hundred pounds?"

"Yes, with that amount I can get along."

Lord Kingsdale entered the cab drew from his pocket a piece of paper and addressed a note to his banker:

"Invest for the bearer a sufficient sum in stocks to bring an annual income of £400. For this sum he binds himself to dress nicely, to no longer drive a cab and to really appear at all times as a gentleman.

"*Lord Kingsdale.*"

This paper was handed to the astonished coachman as Lord Kingsdale descended from the vehicle on reaching his destination.

Bill Tompkins read the note and doubtfully examined it from both sides, put it in his pocket only to draw it out again for further examination. Unbelieving as he was he decided to search for the banking house to which it was addressed, and immediately proceeded to the place.

He was astonished beyond measure when the banker accepted without question the note he presented, and told him to call the next day and receive his first installment of money, and to sign the agreement concerning his future conduct.

The next day Bill Tompkins was on time at the appointed place where he attached his autograph to the paper which had been prepared, and received in return his first year's payment of £400. He then hastened

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to the hotel where his benefactor lived to express to him his unbounded thanks for the unexpected kindness.

Lord Kingsdale was sitting at the dinner table with a friend when the former coachman entered. He did not even permit the latter to speak, but rejecting the thanks which he knew were about to be expressed, said, "Very good, very good, my dear fellow!"

Happy Bill Tompkins therefore withdrew with humble bows, and every expression of gratitude on his countenance.

After his withdrawal Lord Kingsdale turned to his table companion and said: "That fellow's face has decreased my yearly income to the extent of £400."

"You are joking?"

"Not by any means; it is true."

"Then how?"

"Because I cannot longer be compromised by his business. I have looked for him for a long time, for he resembles my runaway brother so much that I have often heard it remarked that I have forced my younger brother to the necessity of driving a cab for a living. Now people will at least believe I treat my own brother with kindness."

B. F. A.

STRICT SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

THE strictest observance of the Sabbath day was in early times required in Scotland. In their extraordinary zeal the Scotch sectarians went so far as to require also certain observances on Saturday and Monday. It was then considered a sin to hold a fair on Saturday or Monday, because both days were too near to Sunday to be suitable for such employment. It was a sin to go on Sunday from one city or village to another, no matter how important such action might seem to be. It was also sinful to visit a friend on Sunday; to turn water into the garden; to cut the beard or shave; and even to sit by the door and enjoy the pleasant weather was wrong.

A woman in Edinburgh, Margaret Brotherstone, poured some water, on Sunday, on her cabbage in the garden and, being observed, was summoned before the authorities. It being shown that she was guilty of watering her cabbage on the Sabbath day, she was required, as evidence of her repentance, to acknowledge her sin and seek forgiveness in the meeting of the following Sunday. Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century many priests were accused of committing sin in that they shaved themselves on the Lord's day.

C. A.

ALL IS RIGHT.

IF we knew that death would finish,
End the strife, annul the pain;
If from out this earthly struggle
Comes no thought of future gain,
Would we waste the day in wishing,
And upon our sorrows brood?
Would there be within the vanguard
Leaders that are true and good?

If beyond this vale there lieth
Nothing but the earthly tomb;
If within the darkened future
We will sink to endless gloom,
Would we care to form those friendships
Which now make our life so dear?
Would these few short years repay us,
If all love-ties ended here?

If beyond this day's rough journey
We shall meet our loved no more;
If with those our souls have cherished,
We shall mingle never more,
Would our life be worth the living,
If beyond life's little span,
There was not such perfect rhythm
In love's every little plan?

Let us, then, take up life's burden,
Taking bitter with the sweet;
In the end we shall discover
Nature's plans are all complete;
And our souls from out the shadow
Shall emerge in perfect light,
To find there is a God above us,
And that He doeth all things right.

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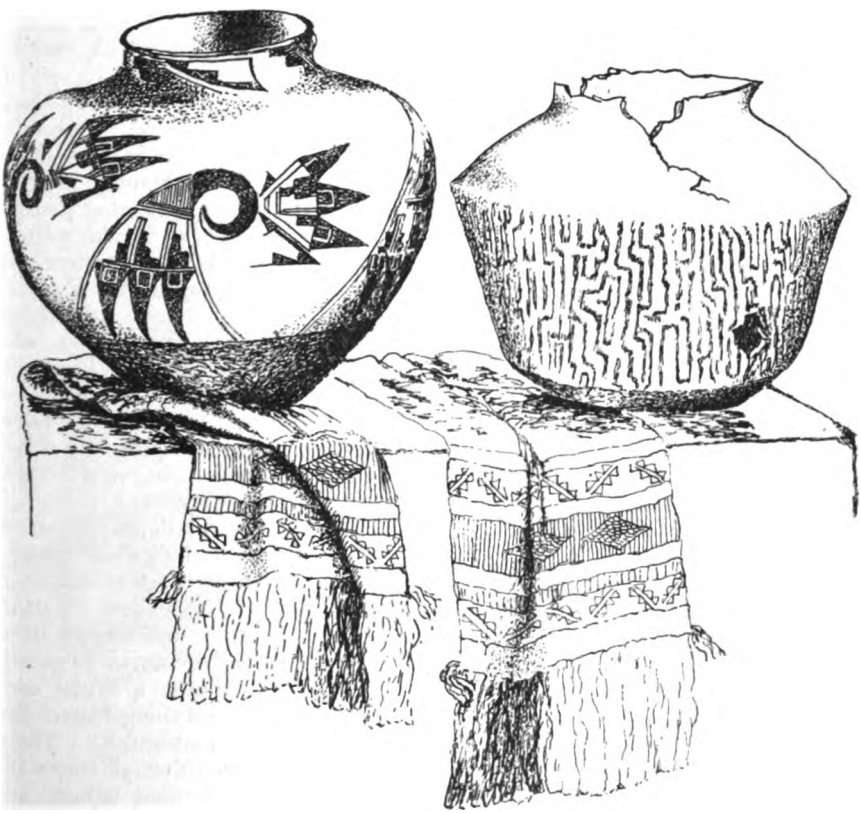
ANCIENT ARIZONA AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

I.

ARIZONA and New Mexico furnish a field for exploration more attractive to the ethnologist and antiquarian than any other section of the United States. This is not only true of its unique and queer civilization, but also of the remains and ruins of a people who have long since ceased to animate the mouldering walls which stand as monuments of a lost and forgotten past.

Several distinct tribes or peoples known as the Pueblos, whose languages have nothing in common, still dwell in the circumscribed valleys or amid the almost inaccessible rocks of northern Arizona and New Mexico. Their ancestry have lived where they now dwell, or in the crumbling ruins of villages hard by, far longer than most, if not all of them, have any trace of. Their traditions, except the Zuni, are totally barren of any rational origin of their race, abounding only in the legendary and supernatural.

Three and a half centuries ago the Spanish marauders who subdued Old Mexico were allured to this section by fabulous stories of gold,



OLLAS, USED FOR BURIAL.

which was reported to be so common that it was used for household purposes. They were then mysteriously designated as the "Seven cities of Sibolo." These were doubtless the center of their little empire which at that time comprised seventy fair sized towns and contained a population of some hundred thousand souls. They occupied what is now northeastern Arizona, northwestern

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New Mexico and southeastern Colorado. But the many stories of enormous wealth proved to be fabrications. The inhabitants were then, as now, a poor but sensible, intelligent and industrious people, and were not given to drunkenness or cruelty. Indeed they possessed many of the traits and characteristics of the Nephites. They never ate human flesh or made human sacrifices. They cultivated the soil and their diet was almost wholly vegetable, such as maize, beans, pumpkins and the mesquite bean, a wild tree fruit resembling our cultivated bean. It is still common in Arizona. This fact indicates that they were not given to the chase, as they are not now, and affords a striking contrast to the habits of the race surrounding them. They also cultivated cotton and wove it into fabric. The inhabitants of one large town presented the Spaniards upon one occasion with 40,000 mantles made of that material. But they cared little for the precious metals. The Spaniards were disappointed in not finding gold and silver among them. They knew, however, where rich mines were located and directed their conquerors to them.

Such pursuits and traits, so far as the records enlighten us, did not exist among the Lamanites at any time in their history save when under the reformatory influence of the gospel.

Their architecture may, however, be supposed to have greatly modified or altogether changed, through the long period in which they were forced to dwell in a constant state of defense. The village of Acoma (a pueblo still inhabited) was described at the time of the conquest as being, "a place of six thousand inhabitants and situated on a rock one hundred and fifty feet high, having no entrance but by stairs hewn in the rock." Many of their pueblos (or villages) were, and some are still, planted on elevations almost inaccessible and reached only by steps cut in the solid rock or by artificial grades, while some are situated in the more open valleys. Often a town is but a single block of buildings, sometimes elliptical and sometimes square, the building being from two to seven stories high, each story in the ascent made smaller than the one upon which it stands, forming a succession of terraces. All the doors and windows are on the inside opening toward the court. Access is had to the different stories by means of ladders which may be drawn up after entering, to cut off pursuit. The outside walls are thick and solid and have no openings. The Pueblos take pride in the solidity of their masonry, claiming that as fortifications they have ever proven impregnable. Says an ancient writer: "To wall out black barbarism and be let alone was what the Pueblos wanted." Also their places of worship and amusement give evidence of their ceaseless vigilance which was not only the price of liberty with them but life itself. They were built almost entirely under ground, the roofs being nearly on a level with the surface.

These fortress dwellings, castles of the feudal age and citadels of defense point to the extreme precaution, unparalleled in history, save by their own early ancestors, under which they have lived through centuries to guard precious lives against a brutal and bloody foe, whose burning hatred the ages could not extinguish. They also attest the fact that all traces of the architecture of their fathers, an evidence usually of great value in tracing the prehistoric course of a lost race, has been utterly obliterated. And it seems to us a vain speculation to attempt, as some writers have done, to trace them into Mexico or Central America by their architecture.

There is but little change between the Pueblos of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. They are now fewer in number, but have added somewhat to their domestic pursuits.

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They have droves of horses, mules, donkeys, cattle, sheep and goats, also large numbers of chickens, turkeys and dogs about their houses. They make both woolen and cotton fabrics and are good weavers. Their pottery is fairly good, and elaborately decorated though not artistic, and of a form and use in striking resemblance to those found in the ruins of the extinct civilization of Arizona, and the ancient Mound-Builders of the East, evidencing probably a common origin. The Spanish conquest, and the influence of European ceramic art, introduced by the Franciscan monks and priests, undoubtedly modified the forms and decoration of the Pueblo pottery; and it has undergone still another evolution by contact with America's modern utilitarian arts. But aside from these influences, and in the farce of them, the general similarity of the ceramic attainments of the Zuni and the relics found in the ruins of Southern Arizona are striking.

The Pueblo Indians were once unquestionably disposed to a better and higher life, but dwelling in the midst and largely at the mercy of vast hordes of wandering savages, it has been with them a ceaseless struggle for existence. The Lamanites, true to the early marauding spirit with which their fathers were impregnated, have preyed upon these people, whoever they are, who loved peace and

EFFIGY VESSELS.

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the better ways of domestic life, for hundreds of years as they did upon the Nephites of old. Their long and sorrowful career must have been a down grade under the circumstances. Driven into almost inaccessible retreats, forced to cramp their civilization into the most confined limits and subjected to the heaviest deprivations, the hand of industry and skill must have been paralized, and in the passage of a few centuries the higher arts which they may have known, faded from the knowledge of the race.

Indeed, does it not appear, from the unconquerable tenacity with which they have clung to the ways of settled life and domestic husbandry, in the face of an untiring foe to civilization, from the way they have avoided the habits of the barbarous tribes and resisted the nomadic spirit that surged about them for ages, refusing in the least degree to assimilate, and above all the way in which, even under these conditions, they have sought to avoid the shedding of blood, I say does it not appear probable that they may have Nephite blood in their veins? To suppose it possible for them to have advanced from a more barbarous condition to their present state is to ignore the indisputable fact that no race of men ever moved towards a higher life without laying the broad foundation of their progress in the cultivation of the soil, to which end political tranquility is indispensable. And where these people have existed, I will not say lived, for hundreds of years, the soil has been so scanty that they have probably never been able to feed a population of more than a hundred thousand souls, and have never felt the progressive impulse of a guaranteed peace.

They have never, so far as we can learn, affiliated with the Red Man, and they themselves deny ever having been associated in any way with him. From time "beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," the Red Man has been the thorn in their flesh as he was of the ancient Nephites. Their color, too, is lighter than that of the American Indian. The complexion of the Zuni woman is fully as light as that of the Chinese, while the man is but a shade darker. An important fact also is that their religion is esoteric, and is governed by various orders of the priesthood.

If then, the Zuni people are not Indian, or of Lamanite extraction, but of a higher and more civilized type of the race, there is but one other people which it is possible for them to be. True, several shiploads of Welsh, under Prince Madoc, colonized on the Atlantic coast in the latter part of the twelfth century, whose fate was entirely lost to the European world. But they were not equal to the conflict against barbarism, and fell to the dead level of their surroundings.

They were successfully traced by the Rev. Morgan Jones and others to the Doeg Indians of Virginia, near the close of the seventeenth century. Those Indians after five hundred years still spoke passable Welsh, and were then preached to in that language. Also I make the first reference in print to a tribe of Indians using a mutilated Welsh dialect, that now live in Arizona. They were visited eight years ago by a Welsh miner, who reported that he suddenly came upon some small peach trees in a little valley of the Colorado, and thereby knew that he was near a tribe of Indians, and passing further up the valley soon found them. Upon speaking he was astonished to find that they understood some of his Welsh words, and after further investigation, found that several hundred words in their language were the purest Welsh. This statement will doubtless be verified in the future. Those who heard the story declare that he could not, from the manner of its telling, and his utter loss to explain it, have known anything of Prince Madoc's Welsh settlement.

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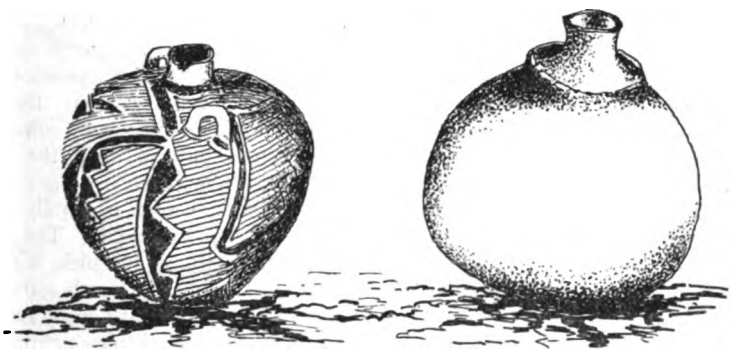
Again, the traditions of the Zuni reach back fully eight hundred years, and show that they came to their present location that long ago, which would be a century before Prince Madoc landed on the Atlantic shore, say nothing of the years it would take for them to have crossed the continent.



WATER VESSELS.

As to how it is possible that these people may be a degenerated and benighted fragment of the Nephite race and still not conflict with the statements of Mormon and Moroni, concerning the utter destruction of their army and people, is a matter that will be duly considered in another place.

The more open country of southern Arizona and New Mexico is covered with the ruins of a former people which bear marks of great antiquity. They consist at present of heaps of earth rising from the level valleys beneath the surface of which may be found adobe walls of most perfect concretion revealing very correct plans of their construction, at least of the ground floors. Further to the north in the more rugged and broken regions of the Colorado, and throughout the region surrounding the Pueblo settlements, are many and extensive ruins of stone structures, while in the almost impenetrable canyons and rocky defiles of the Colorado and its tributaries are the remains of the Cliff Dwellers and the Cave Dwellers, the latter being scattered through a somewhat wider range of country and even into southern Arizona. This entire region, extending from the extreme northern part of Old Mexico, northward through Arizona and New Mexico and some distance in a fragmentary way into Colorado and Utah, has its past enveloped in an almost impenetrable cloud of mystery.

Some writers have sought to disassociate the living Pueblos of this region from those whose deserted and crumbling habitations tell but so faint a story of their origin or fate. It is difficult, however, to find any substantial ground upon which to rest such a conclusion, and the preponderance of opinion is not with it. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has given this prehistoric field much study, and agrees with the general opinion on this point, as does also Mr. F. H. Cushing of the Smithsonian Institute, who has spent many years among the Pueblos, especially with the Zuni, and whose extensive researches and study in this particular field must entitle his opinions to considerable weight.

It is an easy and natural transition from the adobe ruins in the southern part of this section to the stone ones further north and thence to the living Pueblos. There is much to indicate that the adobe buildings were terraced in the same manner as the stone ones and as the Pueblo build-

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ings of today. They were built large, had a court upon one side, and were designed to harbor whole communities of people as is evidenced by the immense number of very small rooms they appear to have contained; a custom undoubtedly enforced upon the entire race through the perpetual menace of their foe. The buildings located out in the wide valleys of the open country were made of adobe and bound together with a very superior cement which is still found to be exceedingly hard. Here the adobe material was doubtless used because most readily obtained and when afterwards driven north into the rocky gorges of the Colorado basin, they of course used rock instead. As one travels northward up the valley of the Rio Verde he crosses a line at which either and both of the two materials were used in constructing their buildings, according to the convenience afforded in the immediate locality.

Says Mr. R. J. Hinton, the author of a work on Arizona, "After leaving the Salt River and traveling

WICKERWORK POTTERY.

north, there is a change in the character of the materials used. Stone rather than concrete and adobe, is found in walls, and there is a decided tendency to utilizing the cliffs and other inaccessible (to an assailant) positions. This would indicate quite clearly that the inhabitants were in peril and under stress of defense." He also says: "The Casa Grande, as well as the ruins of Rio Verde, Caco, Canon Chelly, and other points show the same rectangular form, and are all located true to the points of the compass, as in the case of the Colorado ruins, models of which are now in Washington, and were exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition."

In the adobe regions are found many, and in the stone some, large enclosures surrounding the largest buildings which were at one time of high, thick walls, generally square but sometimes circular. The present country of these Pueblos, it may be said, lies upon the northeastern border of these desolate stone ruins and some of their traditions acknowledge that their ancestors occupied certain ones of them (doubtless those abandoned at the time of and since the Spanish conquest, for now there are but about a dozen pueblos in place of the seventy then reported), but they deny that their ancestors built or occupied the others, except in the case of the Zuni who claim that the rock and adobe dwellers all came to the country at the same time, and lived there for a period contemporaneously, and were, indeed, of common stock.

The Zuni have many gods, one for almost everything. The god of the whirlwind is represented by a spiral circle cut on the rock. This figure is found in many places in the adobe region of Arizona and New Mexico, as well as in Colorado and Utah. Such a character was also reported to have been found by the Spaniards on the walls of the Casa Grande, three hundred years ago. The Zuni also have an ancient custom of making secret deposits of all sorts of trinkets and household utensils in their caves as sacrifices to their gods. A similar cave containing six hundred pieces has been found at the Twin Butt Mountains, a few miles east of Phœnix. The pieces were shown

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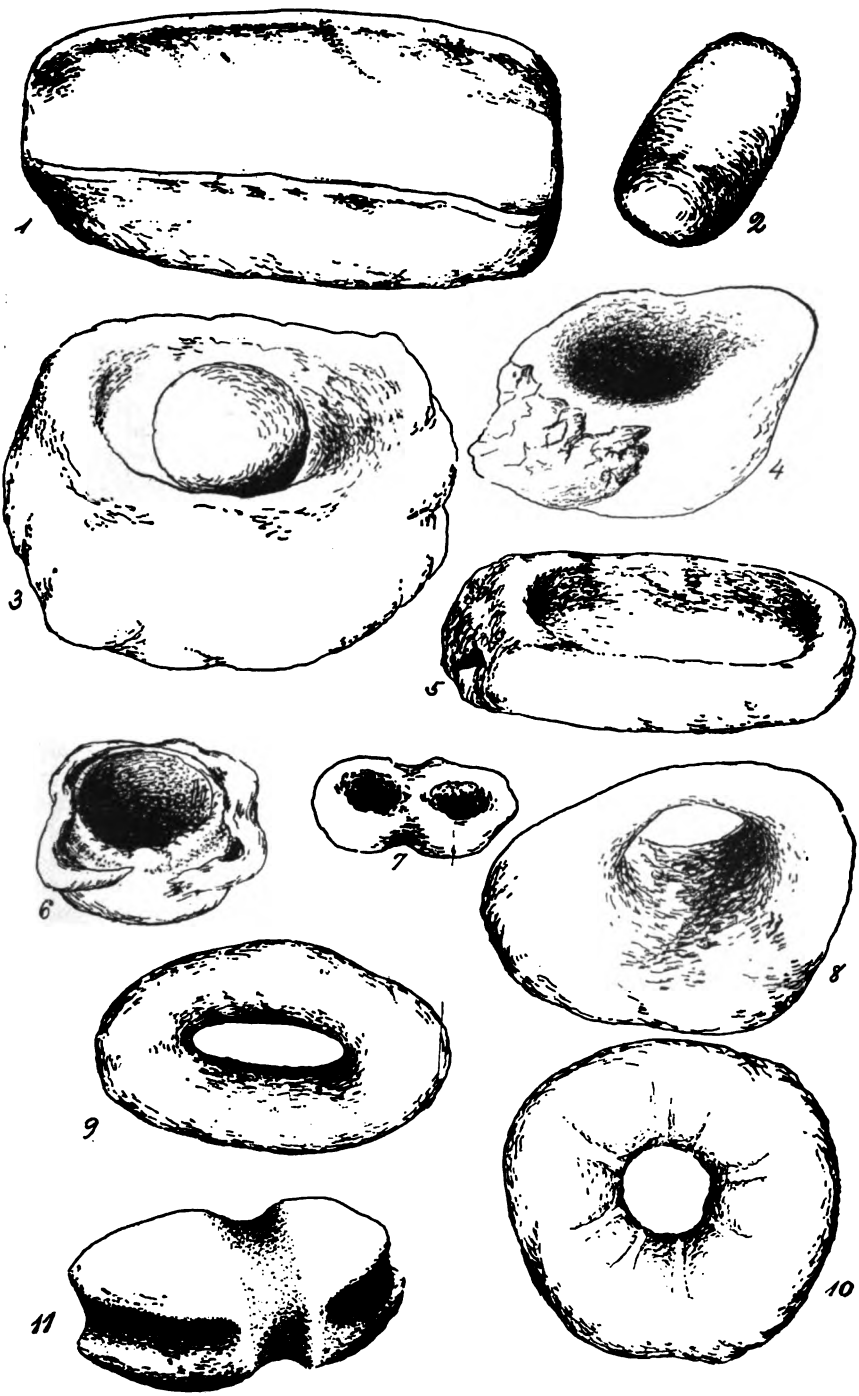

STONE IMPLEMENTS.

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to some Zuni who declared that they had been stolen out of their country.

But aside from the similarity of architecture and military tactics employed, and the contiguity and geographical evidences that the stone and adobe builders were the same people, the pottery ware, stone implements and utensils found in great abundance at the adobe, and more or less so among the stone ruins, shows that they were the same.

In the adobe regions, broken stone implements and bits of pottery cover the surface of the ground for many miles, extending wherever the ruins of buildings are found, and in some places are so thick that it is impossible to walk without stepping upon them. In excavating the ruins many of these relics have been found whole and perfect, the age of which must be many hundreds of years.

Mr. C. J. Dyer of Phœnix, Arizona, (a city built upon ancient ruins and surrounded by many more) has collected a great variety of them, and his museum, numbering several thousand pieces, is of great value and interest to the antiquarian. They have been taken mainly from the adobe ruins and in a few instances from the occasional cave dwellings of that vicinity. Through the courtesy of Mr. Dyer, I have had access to the collection for the purpose of making sketches, so that the characteristics of the civilization now under consideration may be placed more clearly before the readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR.

The two large Ollas, (pronounced o-ye) which appear in the first illustration, resting on an ornamented Navajo scarf, were used for burial purposes, the body being cremated and its ashes deposited in the olla and buried in the earth. Hundreds of these vessels containing the remains of the dead have been exhumed in Arizona. It was evidently the burial custom of those who dwelt in the adobe ruins, and they are also found in the stone ruins to the north.

The ornate pottery ware of this ancient people reached a fair degree of perfection. The olla in the left of the illustration so exquisitely decorated with what seems to be a purely Egyptian ornamentation is an exceptionally interesting piece of their ceramic art, and leads some to a strong belief in an Egyptian origin of the people. The second illustration represents three effigy vessels resting upon one of the famous Navajo blankets. These pieces all have large openings in the tops, as have all of the effigy vessels found in Arizona, utility being far more strongly indicated than idolatry. There are a few rude stone images in Mr. Dyer's collection, however, which taken in connection with the ceramic effigies, point rather vaguely to idolatry. But if idolatry existed, these two classes of vessels must be traced to two distinct peoples, one idolatrous and one not, and not to a difference in the skill and workmanship of one people; for none of the finer vessels bear evidences of idolatry, and none of the idolatrous work is even well executed. The effigy vessels are of the crudest sort throughout, and the stone images are so inferior that it is questionable whether they were designed to be images, and gives rise to the probability that they may have been intended for toys, since none of them exceed six or eight inches in length.

Vessels such as appear in the third illustration, used for water and other purposes, are very abundant and of extensive variety, both in shape and decoration. Some are far superior in style and finish, and I have selected specimens of the better and poorer classes to show this difference. The symmetry of many pieces is surprisingly accurate considering the fact that the wheel was not used in their manufacture.

The wicker-work or fabric moulded pottery, as shown in the next illustration, is abundant in the Eastern States but rarely found here, and

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appears to be very ancient. Mr. Holmes in the Third Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, presents a cut of a vessel found in Pennsylvania almost exactly similar to the one here shown both in shape and configuration. Mr. Dyer has four valuable pieces of this class, two small mugs and a pitcher-shaped vessel seven inches high with handle, besides the jar presented in the cut which is twelve inches high. These vessels were moulded in some coarse wicker-work material, such as nicely cut willow strips, though in the East they are more often found impressed with a fabric of coarse threads or cords. A similar class of pottery was used by the ancient Britons and many other peoples besides those of this continent. We found many fragments at the ruins of Paragoonah, Utah, of incised pottery made in very fair imitation of this moulded pattern belonging to Mr. Dyer, and I believe it is to be found among the Pueblos and throughout all the ruins of which we are writing, while the really moulded specimens are exceedingly scarce. *H. E. Baker.*

THE CULTURE OF MIND LIFE.

MIND FUNCTIONS.

"O my Father . . . .
For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth."

THE saintly poetess of these far western valleys realized distinctly the truth of our spiritual nature—the mind to her was indeed that of a heavenly visitant to an earthly temple; and it was a matter of gladdening joy when for the first time the world so largely listened to our dear Zion's sweetest symphony at Chicago. The whole hymn is as brave as it is sweet—a fearless expression of a priceless truth—it is the gospel in song in relation to the divine *origin*, *nature* and *purpose* of our mind life.

In this paper we shall confine ourselves to the last of these—the "wise and glorious purpose" of our mind life—the daily unfolding and exercise of mind functions for the accomplishment of life's purpose. The purpose is indeed emphatically wise and glorious, and for the attainment thereof our mind endowments are rich and commensurate.

For convenience of treatment it will be better to follow some method or classification of mind attributes, such as may be found in any ordinary text book on psychology. Speaking in the most general terms, we may define our mind life as having three broad sides. The intellectual, the emotional and the volitional—the knowing functions, the feeling functions and the willing functions. For the present we will confine ourselves to the purely intellectual side of our mind life; and here again classification will aid us. All the forms of our mental activity are on the lines of perception, memory, imagination, understanding and intuition.

When first we breathe in this sphere of our earthly life we begin the exercise of the perceptive function, which continuously enlarges its operations in all our subsequent experiences. We naturally start with this mind function we call perception for the reason that it is the first and most continuous one. The nature of it has been an old time puzzle to mental philosophers, but the puzzle after all is not so much in the nature of the thing as the theories of its explanations.

In agreement with mind nature as we have endeavored to explain, perception is simply soul seeing, or mind seeing. John Ruskin says: "The longer I live the more certain I am

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that the greatest difference between one man and another is the power to see well." This is really so both literally and metaphorically, for whether we note the difference between persons, either as to bodily sight or mental vision, we find that their power to see well or their want of sight, largely determines the strength or weakness of all the other capacities of their mind life. It is daily on our lips to say—yes! yes! the experience will be good for him or her, as the case may be, it will teach him a good lesson, or she will gain a testimony by such an experience. What is it that we really mean by such expressions? It is nothing more or less surely than that our young friend will be brought to an intelligent exercise of some one or more or of all the functions of mind life in relation to some phase of our Father's wise and glorious purpose. In other words, our friend will be led to see well the meaning of life in such and such a position: will perceive clearly the lesson intended under the given circumstance.

We desire, therefore, strongly to emphasize a careful and continuous culture of perception. *To see well* should become a habit in our mind life. The gravest charge ever made against ancient Israel, and repeated by Christ against the Jews of His day, was that they had eyes but saw not, ears but heard not, hearts but conceived not. The patriarch Job observed with regret the general insensibility of his time to the wondrous phenomena of the providence of God. "Men," says he, "*see* not the bright light which is in the clouds." That is, they do not observe, they perceive neither the wisdom nor the goodness of the Divine government when called upon to pass beneath some cloud of adverse fortune. It is said in scripture that "there are many kinds of voices in the world and none of them is without signification," but how few comparatively there are who perceive either the music or instruction of these voices. The outlying creation is one great volume of endlessly varied facts, and facts they are of ceaseless interest, but the interest is really felt by those alone who make an effort to perceive their beauties or to listen to the harmonies of their songs.

Longfellow, in his tribute to Agassiz, says,

> "Then nature, the old nurse, took
> The boy upon her knee,
> Saying, 'Here is a story book
> Thy Father hath written for thee!'"

Agassiz we know and cheerfully recognize as one of the greatest scientists of the age; and the secret of his greatness was his power to see well—the accuracy of his observations—the well trained exercise and culture of his *perception*. No scientist from the book of nature ever read more, and few so much, of the story of divine wisdom as he did.

Perception is indeed the very basis and glory of the inductive sciences, and the whole army of scientific workers are just so many observers—they start out with individual facts and rise to unified classification. Thoughtful perception may fitly be called the master builder in the realms of science, and the records of careful observations are the raw material from which there is being built up the one grand temple of knowledge, lofty, beneficent, beautiful and sublime.

In the fields of literature and art perception is an equally essential factor, whether in poetry or painting, the power to see well, must precede the making of the verse or the portrayal of the picture. All our literary men of the first rank, from Homer to Whitman, have every written page lit up by the clearness and vividness of their perceptions. They have manifestly read both nature and events at first hand and have given in their writing the very warmth, life and vividness of their own first glowing PERCEPTS. These are they who live near to the heart of creation, and they listen for and

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hear the manifold ministry of nature's songs—they see through the endlessly varied complexities of human life, and oft they catch the meaning and give solutions to the problems of human destiny. So the public speaker, who most effectually shapes and colors contemporary thought and action—is in the language of Emerson, "the orator bred in the woods whose senses have been nurtured by their fair and pleasing changes, year after year, without design or heed, shall not lose their lessons in the roar of cities and the broil of politics. Long hereafter, amid agitation and terror in national councils, these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre as fit symbols for the language of the hour. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, putting the spells of persuasion, the keys of power, into his hands."

As an instance of this early training in the bosom of nature's simplicity and beauty, stands above all others, our Master Christ, "who spake as never man spake," and the power of His speech lay largely in the use He made of the pictures, scenes and parables of rural beauty. In His first charge before the beauty and fragrance of nature, He said—"Consider the lilies of the field"—that is, let your mind so rest upon their beauty, their structure, the sweetness and simplicity of their life—observe their restful contentment of life—"And yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Here are great and fruitful principles that lie to our view and for our consideration, if we have eyes to see them—if the vision of our mind life can and will but steadily fix itself not only upon the objective beauty and fruitfulness of nature, but also upon the objective lessons our Father has written here for our instruction.

If therefore, mind life is to be growingly an intelligent life, careful attention must be given to the function of perception; and as exercise is the universal law of culture—the perceptive power, which is really the great feeder of knowledge, must be thoughtfully trained and regularly exercised in the outlying fields of objective realities and in the ceaseless march of transpiring events.

We, with the world, in our time period, are a part of life's great drama; the world's a stage and we are actors in its shifting scenes, but the moral value, and the educative force of the part we play, are dependent upon our realization of the wise and glorious purpose for which we are stationed here: We must be close observers to see clearly life's great meaning, and from early life the *habit* of observation should be formed and even at the cost of repetition, we must again and again urge both the value and the necessity of "seeing well," not only for the taking in of the object lessons of progressive science, but also for the understanding of the object lessons of advancing providence: He who best perceives the daily unfolding of the purposes of Heaven, we justly and rightly call a *Seer*.

This was the glory and beneficent service of our young Prophet Joseph, to whose vision lay open the heavens and the earth—the past, present and the future, to a degree that increasingly astonishes us. Whatever of earthly learning he may have lacked, the whole perceptive force of his soul was highly cultured. Ruskin's dictum finds in him its best illustration—for that which distinguishes the Prophet Joseph from other men more than aught besides was precisely, his power to "*see well.*"

He perceived with even a painful and burdening vividness, the divisions, contentions and unrealities of the world's religions of his day, and found the cause thereof in the apostasy and traditional dogma of

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the whole of Christendom. He saw as clearly the revolutionary forces that in a few years would seriously threaten the very life of the American nation, and located the very spot and point from which the war blaze should burst forth. He perceived and prophesied with literal truthfulness the growing and culminating persecutions, exodus, mountain settlement and ultimate triumph of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He perceived in the very highest form of scientific accuracy and of philosophic breadth and completeness of unified thought the eternal principles of eternal life. He was justly and wisely a "*Seer.*"

And again, none more than the Prophet Joseph could ever in his time perceive and discern so well in the fields of those subtler forces of life's mystery, where the powers of darkness insidiously play in and upon human souls. He read the spirits of men as an open book. He sometime before his martyrdom perceived the qualifying capacities of both mind and heart of his successor in the person of Brigham Young, whose great and eventful life fulfilled the wisdom of the prophet's forecast and bore his mantle with dignity, power and practical goodness. And it may be said in simple truthfulness to the broad daylight facts of Utah's present and prospective greatness, that history affords no brighter example of a leader, whose whole soul spent its life's best energy in watching for the *best* in *times, places, persons and things.* It belongs to the historian to show Utah's indebtedness to President Young, but it is strictly in our province to affirm that under the favor of heaven, the secret of President Young's power and usefulness ; yea, that the entire wisdom and practical goodness of his administration lay in the far-reaching clearness and thoroughness of his perceptions. He must have been emphatically a keen observer of all that passed before his cultured vision.

Also the succeeding "Seers" in this Divine Kingdom have found both wisdom and safety in the thoughtful exercise of this fruitful function of mind life—perception.

We have purposely illustrated our theme by these exalted instances of mind life, for the special encouragment of our young students of the Mutual Improvement Associations, rather than use the space allowed us for a more technical treatment of mind functions, as our aim is practical rather than theoretical. And we confine ourselves in this paper to perception, for the reason that it is so fundamental and enters into every other function of mind life, and yet until very recently the proper culture of perception has been seriously neglected.

Only ten years ago a prominent American scholar and educator, principal of a State normal school, wrote as follows: "The culture of the perceptive powers is largely neglected. The powers of observation are not trained as they should be. In fact, hardly any faculty is more neglected in our systems of education than the faculty of observation. The result of this neglect is that the people of the present day are poor observers. Indeed, we perceive distinctly comparatively few of the facts and phenomena of the natural world around us."

J. Whiteley.

B. Y. Academy, Provo.

He's a slave who would not be
In the right with two or three,
He's a slave who would not choose
Hatred, slander and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth he needs must think.

Lowell.

He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.—*Dryden.*

Arguments out of a pretty mouth are unanswerable.—*Addison.*

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THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SINCE we have included within our present research, a scrutiny into the beginnings of things, though not always strictly within the chronology of the middle ages, so we will take the liberty of receding briefly in our present study and glance at the progress of the Church after it was left by its great Head to the management of its earthly affairs by the disciples.

Octavius Augustus had united the whole civilized world under one scepter to a degree anomalous in the history of the world. For once since the days of Adam the nations of the earth were gathered into one. Already the pagan gods were weakened; for, brought face to face by the unity of nations, men's natural sympathy for each other had almost shattered their faith in so multiform a worship. The Jews, subjected to the Romans, were looking for their Messiah to come and break the tyranny of the empire and establish a temporal kingdom. Christ (signifying the Anointed One) made His appearance among men at this time, but the humility of His life and teachings was not what the haughty Jews looked for in the Redeemer. When the resurrected Christ departed into heaven He left no great potentate at the head of His disciples. The few who believed in Him were a spiritual fraternal band to whom He gave, as a parting injunction, the mission to preach the gospel to all nations, for henceforth that precious boon was no longer to be reserved to one particular race. The injunction was obeyed; missionaries went abroad, conspicuous among whom was Paul. The followers of Jesus who remained at home formed a nucleus or brotherhood which they termed a Church, signifying "the house of the Lord." The missionaries were vigorous and successful. Within a few years Christianity had made proselytes among the greater part of the Roman provinces and a church was formed in the imperial city herself—a germ, growing silently beneath the shadow of the palace of the Cæsars, whose tall branches were one day to overshadow that mighty throne.

Many Jews had left their native Judea and established themselves, for purposes of traffic, in various cities of the empire. It was in their synagogues that Paul and his co-missionaries preached the doctrine of a risen Redeemer whose kingdom would be the dominion of the heart, the nurture of good, the subjugation of evil, and not the extinction of the Roman yoke or the establishment of a visible, earthly empire. Generally rejected by his countrymen, the preacher turned to the Gentiles, the pagan idolaters whose divinity was, mayhap, Jupiter, Minerva, or Zeus. Here was soil more virgin and the seed was nurtured to the production of conversion. The Jews, implacable in their hatred of the new innovation, were, in their turn, hated by the people among whom they lived, for their morose unsociability. The Christians were confounded with the Jews, in the minds of the pagans, and thus came in for a share of the persecutions heaped upon that race as well as upon themselves. The Roman law was intolerant of the introduction of any new worship among the citizens of the empire. Its boasted toleration merely extended to permitting each conquered nation to retain its own religion, but proselytism was not allowed. The worship of gods unadopted by the public was unlawful and punishable with death (or otherwise). Jealous of the unity of the Christians, fearful of an empire secretly forming within the empire, the Roman emperors in alarm instituted at times persecutions that became cruel as they advanced. The Christians, breakers of their laws by the introduction of a new religion, by the zealous proselytism, by their monotheism which the pagans

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misinterpreted as atheism, and by their isolation from society, drew upon themselves the hatred of their neighbors to such an extent that, as Tertullian said, "If the Tiber has overflowed its banks; or the Nile has not overflowed, if heaven has refused its rain; if the earth has been shaken; if famine or plague has spread its ravages, the cry is immediately raised, 'To the lions with the Christians!'"

The numbers of martyrs have, however, been variously estimated and generally greatly exaggerated. It is a fact, we believe, that the lives destroyed afterward in the persecution of heretics by the church herself, far outnumbered those in the early persecutions by the Romans, and out-vied them likewise in the ingenuity and cruelty of its tortures.

Morality was perhaps at this time at as low an ebb as it has ever been in the history of the world; and this grossness of morals was accompanied by its usual concomitant—extreme ignorance; liberty was extinguished; the example from the throne was bestial and arrogant; shall we wonder that our early co-believers yielded to a great extent to the influence around them, even while their own higher efforts raised the tone of their contemporaries? Heresies were not long in creeping into the simple creed of the New Testament. Men became anxious to reconcile the new with the old beliefs. The Alexandrian school of the philosophy of Plato became the fashion of the time, and learned Christians studied assiduously to amalgamate its doctrines with their religion. We find these foreign sprigs beginning to spread as early as in the days of the Apostolic Fathers, who were contemporary with the companions of Jesus. Scholarly preachers attempted to ford deep waters—too deep for human comprehension and the mysteries of existence, of God and creation—obscurities unlighted by revelation—became subjects of sharp discussion and mythological belief. Chief of the early heresies which became really formidable was the sect known as Gnostics. Their tenets were deeply imbued with the mysticism of Plato and the doctrines of Zoroaster and multitudes became its converts. Other schisms followed, each one in time becoming divided into schisms within itself. One of the great evils of these innovations was the pagan idea, that all matter is evil and must be subjugated by the soul who would attain to celestial salvation in the end. From this idea sprang that intolerable evil known as asceticism which gained such immense ground after the establishment of the church had been accomplished by the emperors Constantine and Theodosius. The east was filled with a miserable set of human beings of both sexes who dwelt in solitary or wretched huts in the desert, some like the beasts of the field, lying down wherever night overtook them; lazy, dirty, wretched in every sense of the word—except one—the hope of the crown of glory which they were to grasp when this wretched life was over! From this idea of celibacy, penance, the subjugation of the flesh, afterward sprang monasticism (signifying solitude) with all its attendant evils and misery. This was first established by St. Anthony of Egypt in the third century. Image-worship formed another evil, which gradually encroached upon the simple tenets of the gospel. Anxious to make proselytes, the fathers permitted the worship of the images of the Virgin Mary, the Apostles and thousands of the saints and martyrs, in imitation of the worship of ancient idols. It was on this point that a rupture occurred in the ninth century between the Eastern and Western Church, resulting in the establishment of the independence from each other of the Pope of Rome in the west, and the Patriarch of Constantinople in the east.

Indeed the different heresies that

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gradually crept into the church as tenets of doctrine became too numerous to be recounted here, and they were as insidious and aggressive as a cancer, preying upon the originally healthy body, and eating away its tissues of life; so that, long before the actual establishment of the church by the Emperor Constantine (313 A. D.) the body of Christ was practically destroyed by the cancer of apostasy and in its place a loathsome, diseased heresy was set up to be worshiped by the ignorant, blind-folded, superstitious multitude.

In the beginning of Christianity, each community or congregation of believers, was a separate, independent church. Thus, for instance, we notice that in the Revelation St. John introduces himself to "the seven churches which are in Asia," to "the churches of Ephesus" and "the church of Sardis." Each church was presided over by a bishop and presbyters, and its affairs were decided by popular vote. The churches were at first confined to cities and towns, and afterward spread to the smaller country villages. By degrees those of a province formed themselves into an association, and met in conventions for the discussion of matters of moment or of common interest. In these conventions the people were represented by the bishops, who soon began to arrogate to themselves undue dignity and authority. They claimed a legal inheritance of authority as having descended to them from the Apostles, and drew an analogy between their high position and the prerogatives of the Hebrew priesthood. Thus the office of bishop, they claimed, was analogous with that of the Jewish high priest, the presbyters corresponded with the priests, and the deacons with the Levites.

Human nature can seldom bear elevation with becoming meekness. Rarely indeed do we find men who have been exalted above their brethren, continuing in humility of spirit and sympathy with their less fortunate fellows. The Christian clergy, destitute of the Holy Spirit, which they had offended by senseless, superstitious heresies, a departure from the simple tenets of the Gospel of Jesus, and the criminal immorality which followed in the wake of asceticism and celibacy, soon became greedy of honor, position, power and gain. Christ was on their lips but not in their hearts, and the punishment that was too often their own just dues were showered liberally on the poor and helpless.

The episcopal office was eagerly sought for its emoluments, and he who presided over the greatest see was, in consequence, the greatest man. Each bishop was originally perfectly independent in his see and all were equal. The associations which were formed in each political province, as above remarked, gradually changed this state of things. When in convention a president was naturally required, and this position was bestowed upon the bishop of the principal town or city of the province, and that city chosen as the seat of holding council. The laws and regulations evolved in these assemblies were called canons (rules). The honored bishop was not slow to demand as a right, that which was at first merely an expression of respect and thus the dignity, title and authority of metropolitan bishop came into being.

There existed five of these organizations known as Ecumenical Councils and a tacit superiority was thus conceded to the bishops of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem. By degrees these (such as survived the Mahommedan conquest) were absorbed into the two former and the awe with which men had been accustomed to regard Rome as the empress of the world and Constantinople her sister queen inspired this reverential precedence. Rome had dictated to the world through a

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whole millennium; why should she not continue to do so through the new channel into which the world was directing its footsteps.

"*One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren.*" But the spiritual kingdom which Christ had come to establish in the hearts of His people was already divorced, after the second century, from the visible organized church, and ambitious men had found out other inventions.

Unholy rivalry divided the patriarchs, as the superior bishops were called. In time the see of Constantinople separated itself from that of Rome, and, aided by the ignorance and superstition of the people, the adoration traditionally accorded the "eternal city," the pomp and wealth already in her hands and the precarious fortunes of princes who proposed an alliance for mutual aid and protection, she became the mistress of the minds of men as she had formerly been of their political fortunes. Many of the churches raised a voice of remonstrance against her tyrannous oppressions and her heretical doctrines, protesting their rightful independence to govern themselves. It was in vain; their cries were lost as a feeble wail in an overwhelming tempest and for another millennium the scepter of Rome ruled the western world with a power and definiteness that was crushing and astounding.

It is true that the unsettled condition of things in the last days of the Roman empire and its final overthrow presented a plausible pretext for the usurpation of authority by any power that could prove itself fittest by surviving. It was also no slight argument used by the church that as she governed the hearts of men and led them into paths whereby they might regain heaven, it was only right that, as earthly things are typical of heavenly, she should direct their temporal affairs. This would be unquestionable in a true theocracy of Christ, but the Pope of Rome made sad havoc among his helpless subjects as we shall see in a future chapter. Nevertheless, during the barbarian invasions some good was accomplished by this Catholic church. In the tumult and confusion, the darkness, ignorance, superstition and wickedness that followed in the disruption of the empire, and the total lack of law and order, the lay schools had quite disappeared and the monasteries became the asylums of manuscripts, the schools wherein mental culture was rescued from the general ruin and havoc. And though the monks degenerated into self-indulgence and neglect, becoming, indeed, too slothful to study the Scriptures which they affected to teach, many of the valuable works of ancient learning were nevertheless preserved from the general destruction. While, also, the barbarians overwhelmed the empire with their wild, fierce, violent passions, absorbing also the fraud and perfidy and sensuality of the softer south, the church spoke to them the gentle words of the Messiah; of mercy and humanity; of sympathy between man and man. The generous nature of the north was touched and yielded to the gentle plea, and thus was conquered by them whom they had conquered.

D'Aubigne says: "The barbarians, who had invaded the West, and there fixed their abode, after intoxicating themselves with blood and rapine behoved to lower their fierce sword before the intellectual power which they encountered. Altogether new to Christianity, ignorant of the spiritual nature of the church, and requiring in religion a certain external show, they prostrated themselves half savages, half pagans before the High Priest of Rome. With them the West was at his feet—first the Vandals, then the Ostrogoths, a little later the Burgundians, afterwards the Visigoths, lastly the Lombarbs and An-

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glo-Saxons, came to do obeisance to the Roman Pontiff. It was the robust shoulders of the sons of the idolatrous North which finished the work of placing a pastor of the banks of the Tiber on the supreme throne of Christendom."

Ruby Lamont.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

IT IS often remarked that this is an uncharitable and hard-hearted world, but occasionally there is an incident comes to light which shows that there is much of human kindness still in existence among mankind in all parts of the earth. Apostle Brigham Young narrates a very pleasing incident which occurred in his experience while he was upon his late mission in England. He had just arrived in London from a trip upon the continent and was standing by the ticket window of the Euston Street Railway Station purchasing tickets for himself and three companions for Liverpool. He was not in good health, and through fatigue as well as illness, was quite nervous, so that he forgot to examine his purse to see if he had sufficient means before attempting to make the purchase. The agent stamped the tickets and passed them to him, naming the amount necessary to be paid for the same, when to his great chagrin and astonishment Brother Young discovered that he lacked money with which to meet the obligation.

He stood for a moment wondering what to do, when immediately behind him a gentleman quickly inquired: "How much do you need? What are you lacking?" Brother Brigham was so confused that he really did not know, and replied: "I do not know; ask the ticket agent."

The latter gentleman responded that seven shillings were lacking, whereupon the gentleman, whom Brother Young had never seen before to his knowledge, and did not know whether he should ever see again, threw down the seven shillings, and thus enabled Brother Young to proceed on his way.

Hastening along to the railway conveyance with his three companions, Brother Young got them comfortably located, when an Elder whom he had sent to exchange some French for some English money, but whose return he scarcely expected before the train left, came rushing into the station with the money, whereupon Brother Young sought out his benefactor and repaid the amount which had been provided.

In talking with him concerning his kindness, the gentleman stated, in response to an inquiry why he had been so generous, that some years ago he found himself in a similar predicament, and some unknown gentleman gave him a sovereign with which to make up the amount to enable him to proceed on his journey and when he expressed his desire for the address of his unexpected friend that he might return to him as soon as possible the amount loaned, the gentleman declined to give him this information, and said, "You will doubtless see other people in similar circumstances, and when you do so, please remember this act, and repay it by extending kindness to those who are thus situated."

The gentleman replied that on many occasions he had found opportunity of extending to others the kindness which had so unexpectedly and gratifyingly been shown to him.

M. A.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts up his eyes.—*Cato.*

A well-governed appetite is the greater part of liberty.—*Seneca.*

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THE CONTRIBUTOR

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A GRATIFYING PROMISE.

IT WAS a source of very great satisfaction to Latter-day Saints to have the promise made them which was given during the late October Conference, concerning their financial affairs. From various causes a very large number of the Latter-day Saints have become involved in debt, from which the recent money stringency seemed to make it impossible for them to escape. They have consequently looked into the future with great dread at the prospect of losing their credit, and thereby becoming in a measure disgraced.

The people have felt to suffer almost any hardship rather than to lose their honor in financial matters. As one prominent and influential brother engaged largely in financial affairs recently expressed it: "I have prayed that the Lord will enable me to meet all my obligations, and promised if He would do so that I would willingly make any personal sacrifice which He might require of me." This has been the feeling of the majority of the Latter-day Saints, and the result has been that those who were largely involved, have endured mental anxiety for which no amount of money would compensate, during the past few months; hence, the great gratification which all such persons experienced in the prophecy which was uttered and which the Spirit of the Lord confirmed, that if the Saints would keep up their courage and faith in the Lord and use due diligence, they would be assisted out of their present financial difficulties without any loss of credit. They would also be in a better financial situation than they ever had been.

This promise, it was stated, applied not only to the Church as a whole, but to individuals, and is consequently one to which all of the Saints can cling with faith that it will be fulfilled, providing the people will merit, through their actions and their confidence, the promised results.

When the people once escape from their present bondage, the lesson they have learned will doubtless be so deeply impressed upon them as to prevent their ever placing themselves in a similar position. They will be more ready to sacrifice personal desires for the sake of avoiding debt than they have ever done, and the result will be greater economy in households as well as in communities. Another result which we may expect will be that home industries in our midst will be instituted and sustained with more carefulness than has been the case heretofore, and we may hope that such an impetus will be given to home industries that it will be possible for them to prosper in our midst as they never have done before. Indeed we can hope for permanent prosperity, and a very great increase in wealth in our community. We should soon have factories in which nearly every article we need for home consumption are produced.

It is an axiom patent to all, that so long as a community imports from abroad more than it produces, it will be continually inviting poverty, and must sooner or later become bankrupt. This is just as evident as the truth that a man who continually expends more than he earns will become poorer every day of his life. We have in Utah Territory all the elements necessary to make of us a very wealthy people. The land is fertile and abundant at the present time for the needs of a far more numerous people than those who now occupy this Territory, as well as the adjoining States and Territories where the Latter-day Saints are lo-

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cated. We have minerals in abundance and of almost endless variety. We have skilled workmen in our midst acquainted with almost every branch of industry, and the materials are here for their employment. We have streams flowing from our mountains, the enormous power of which might be utilized for the turning of the wheels of industry, but these forces are as yet unemployed.

It only needs the determination of the people to succeed in manufactures to make of the Saints the thriftiest people in the United States, if not in the world, for God has so abundantly supplied them with the facilities for acquiring wealth, that they have no one but themselves to blame if they fail in this respect.

We urge every reader of the CONTRIBUTOR to use home manufactured products, wherever and whenever any article is needed which is produced at home, and then each individual should use his influence to extend this desire among his acquaintances and friends, so that we may be indeed a people sustaining each other in every respect. By pursuiug such a course it will not be long before the prediction made in our late conference will be verified with regard to the people, and in the prosperity which our beautiful country will see each member of the Church will share. The Lord will thus bring His people out of their bondage, and make of them, as He has promised they should some day be, lenders and not borrowers.

DECEIVING SPIRITS.

ONE of the dangers against which the scriptures warn the people of God, is that of being deceived by the evil spirits which are to be permitted to visit the earth. We are told that Satan sometimes appears even as an angel of light, and thus practices deception upon those who know not how to detect his true character. The adversary has various devices by which to mislead the inhabitants of the earth, and in order to escape his wiles it is necessary for every person to be on his guard, otherwise, when least expected, each person is likely to fall into error and lose the Spirit of the Lord. In fact there are none but what are subject to evil, but to those who are truly desirous of working righteousness, the spirit of discernment will be given, by which they may discover their weaknesses, as also the spirits which exist around them, and be better prepared to resist them in the future.

One of the evils against which we are warned of late is that of yielding to the sometimes fascinating false doctrines which are now so largely advocated in the world. These ideas are sometimes presented under the guise of religion, and are alleged to be revelations from the Lord. By this means some unwary persons, even members of this Church, are misled and go into darkness. Every person has the privilege of knowing for himself or herself concerning every matter of doctrine that may be advanced. The Spirit of the Lord, which each Latter-day Saint should possess, is fully capable of imparting information upon every matter of this character. The rule which has been adopted by President Joseph F. Smith, as expressed frequently by him, is one which all can profitably adopt. He says: "Whenever any new doctrine or idea is presented to me, I carefully examine it and measure it by the revelations of God, which He has given for the guidance of His Church, and if these doctrines or ideas do not agree with the word of the Lord, I immediately reject them, knowing that they come from beneath and not from above." This is a safe guide for every Latter-day Saint. Isaiah also says: 'To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

As the end approaches we may expect increased exertion on the part

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of the evil one to lead into darkness the children of men, and he will send into the world such marvelous deceptions, that only those who stand in close communion with God will be able to discern the destructive plans and devices which he will present. Consequently how necessary it is that we remain in the knowledge of God and in the favor of His Holy Spirit, that whenever doubts arise in our minds we may be able to appeal for decision to that great Source of wisdom which never fails, and from which Source no wrong counsel never issues.

MAN AS HE IS.

MANY attempts have been made and many more will be, to give a satisfactory answer to this problem of all problems relating to the life of man, the development of his natural, moral and spiritual capacities, and the laws by which they may be developed.

I may not offer anything new in this feeble attempt to express cherished views, but I may be led to express them in a manner and in such relation to each other as shall have a tendency to awaken investigation in other minds; which, if expressed, will have a tendency to aid and properly direct the rising generation in their researches after man's true relation to both God and nature.

Some writers claim there is vital importance attached to the distinction between the two; the one producing what St. Paul termed the *carnal* mind, according to the flesh; the other the *spiritual* mind, according to the spirit. Man evidently has a three-fold nature—three distinct classes of capacities, susceptibilities or powers. The first in point of time in their development are those which come in contact with the outward, material world, and may be termed his sensational nature, and includes all those powers which are brought into exercise, and are developed by sensation.

This sensational nature man has in common with all animals. A nature adapted to the action of matter upon it, and by means of which he is enabled to become conscious of an external world of matter. Much of intellectual philosophy is founded upon this fact.

Man also possesses a moral or spiritual nature, with moral or spiritual susceptibilities, capacities or powers, which must also be developed before his moral or spiritual life can begin. He is not conscious of the existence of these powers as early as he is of the possession of his sensational nature or powers. This shows that the spiritual life is not begun or developed as early as the animal life; hence must follow that the spiritual or moral nature is not developed through sensation, by coming in contact with the material world, but must be by other means.

This part of man's nature is adapted for the reception of law, of truth, of ideas of duty. Man's moral powers are affected only by the presentation of moral truth—by the conception in the mind of a law by which man ought to act. Moral consciousness is not developed until an age is reached when a child can form or receive moral laws which he regards as obligatory, as rules of action. He must have the idea that some things ought to be done by him, and that other things ought not to be done, before moral consciousness is developed, or the power of duty felt—the pangs of a wounded or the joys of an approving conscience, emotions of moral approbation and of disapprobation, and these must be communicated from some other source than sensation.

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Two things are here involved; first, the reception in the mind of the *ideas* of rectitude, of the law of right and wrong, of duty and obligation; and secondly, the effect which these ideas exert upon these moral powers of humanity. These ideas may be formed by one's own mind, or be received from other minds which have formed them. If the mind receiving these ideas adopt them as true, as obligatory, they become true to that mind, and will exert all the influence on the moral powers that absolute verity is designed to exert. Man's moral or spiritual nature can be developed only in this way: by the communication of moral truths or ideas to the mind. As innate ideas are no longer recognized, all ideas in the mind must originate outside of the mind, either by means of sensation, or in some other way. As the doctrine of transformed sensations is not now recognized, they must be received by the infant mind from another mind which has already formed them. And if so, then man's moral powers are developed in a mode entirely different from that by which his sensational nature is developed; and the law which prevails in the one cannot possibly govern the other.

The third class of powers is that of *knowledge*. Man is not only capable of having his natural and spiritual powers developed, brought into action, but he is also capable of studying and comprehending these powers, and the mode of their development. When the mind studies a sensation, there arises an act of *perception*. The man not only feels —he knows.

Knowledge thus acquired enables us to study and verify ideas; these moral judgments, these laws of right and wrong, and their influence in developing our moral or spiritual powers, and out of this knowledge the mind constructs a science of mind and morals. A science of matter and motion may be constructed out of perception and sensations, but a science of morality must be constructed out of ideas. To construct a science of morality the intellect must have the *facts* on which our moral ideas rest, and these are very different from those obtained by the *understanding*, that faculty which judges according to *sense*.

All animals have the power to study their sensations so as to attain to a *perception;* they recognize an external world. Man is endowed with this faculty in a much higher degree; he can construct sciences of matter from the facts of the understanding, far beyond the mere animal in its study for that only which is necessary for the preservation of its animal life.

Man studies these facts of the understanding, in the light of the facts of *reason*, and by it attains to a more exalted idea of the power, and wisdom, and goodness of that GREAT FACT—without which a morality is impossible—the existence and character of God.

Some inferences may be suggested as following these views. They show the vital importance of the distinction stated by St. Paul between the *carnal* mind, or the mind according to the *flesh;* and the *spiritual* mind, or the mind according to the *spirit*. There is a wide, impassable difference between the two, and they are governed by very different laws. There seems to be a *carnal* and a *spiritual* perception requiring the exercise of a distinct set of capacities. Paul explained spiritual things to spiritual men, because the *natural* man rejects the teachings of God's Spirit. "For they who live after the *flesh* mind *fleshly* things; but they who live after the *spirit* mind *spiritual* things. The fleshly mind is death, but the spiritual mind is life and peace." These and numerous other passages indicate a wide difference between the sensational and spiritual nature of man. There is a *natural* and a *spiritual* perception. The *understanding* and the *reason*

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deal each with a distinct set of facts, and develop separate and distinct faculties.

This view of the human mind being correct, then all our moral ideas and truths must be received by *revelation*; and if we cannot obtain these facts and ideas but in this way —by *revelation*, no other human mind could which has preceded us in the long march of humanity; hence the original man, must have obtained his knowledge directly from his Creator, whereby divine revelation necessarily becomes the source of all our moral facts and ideas. The fact that we have the facts and ideas from which morality is drawn, and upon which it is founded, is proof positive of a *divine revelation* from God to man.

The spirit or reason has its own laws; and it is in the light of the spirit that all our other capacities are to be studied. They are all subordinate to the spirit, appointed to be means for its development and culture.

A morality involving the idea of obligation cannot be constructed except upon the assumption of a God, the Creator and Moral Governor of humanity—MAN.

S. W. Richards.

DANCING OVER A VOLCANO.

AN incident occurred about fifty years ago in Hamburg, which placed a large company of people in a position where, unknown to themselves, they were in the greatest danger of being utterly blown to pieces, and were only delivered from a terrible fate by the merest chance.

A resident merchant, Mr. L——, issued invitations for the celebration at his home of the engagement of his daughter, and over a hundred persons were present. They danced and enjoyed themselves in various ways, little dreaming that there was stored in the room below them a sufficient number of kegs of powder to demolish the mansion and hurl its occupants into eternity. The merchant was aware of this dangerous material being in his house, but did not think of it in the midst of the enjoyment, in which he with the others passed the time. Suddenly, however, as if by inspiration, the remembrance of this powder flashed through his mind, but he tried to satisfy himself with the thought that nothing could happen, as the cellar was well secured, and the powder certainly would not explode except by coming in contact with fire.

Notwithstanding these suppositions, he became restless, and finally went into the hall, where he met a maid who had recently been taken into his service. She was just returning from the cellar, and in her arms were several bottles of wine for the refreshment of the guests. He immediately inquired: "Have you been in the cellar?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You obeyed my command, and took no light with you, did you?" he asked.

The girl replied in the negative to this question. She had taken a candle with her, and having several bottles in her arms, had left it burning.

This reply startled the merchant, and his heart began to beat faster. Without saying another word he rushed to the cellar to obtain the light which he feared might be near the barrels of powder, one of which was opened, and thus exposed to sparks. The next moment he was in the basement, but the sight which greeted his eye far exceeded what he had feared. The candle, which was of tallow and without any holder, was burning, not only near the powder, but was standing up in the

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middle of the open barrel, the maid having supposed, as she afterwards testified, that the material was only ordinary sand. The candle had already burned down considerably, and part of the wick threatened every moment to fall among the powder.

The sight so astounded the gentleman that for a moment it was impossible for him to move, and he stood as one dead. He was aroused from this stupor by the happy laughter of the company in the hall above, and then by the waltz music, which just started. The dance began again. The floor shook, and the bottles against the wall sounded a dismal dirge, but the candle in the powder did not tremble. Yes, the merchant thought he saw it move. Now it was about to fall, and as it did so, with a terrible explosion, the house was thrown into the air, and where a few moments ago happiness and mirth reigned supreme, nothing was now to be seen but smoking ruins and bloody corpses. The merchant felt his hair raise on end, as the panorama of this occurrence passed before his mind's eye, and with an unspeakable horror he rushed to the light, seized it, as though it were a deadly enemy, with both hands, and pulled it, with the light extinguished, out of the barrel. Then, as if in a dream, he passed from the cellar.

The company was saved, but he who had done the work, sank senseless to the floor as he reached the head of the stairs. A fever set in, which it required many long weeks to overcome. *A. Gh.*

INTELLIGENCE.

Intelligence is the watch word grand
That echoes all along the line
Of human progress, moving on
To realms of light and bliss divine.
Man is the peer of angels blest,
Who shine in heaven's full-orbed day;
His spirit with divine unrest
Is filled while bound to mortal clay.

Is he in truth but "half divine"
Who claims for purest Omniscient God,
Within whose soul the spirit life
Shines to light earth's baser clod?
Ah! when God's spirit stirs the heart
It wakens in the quickened soul
Thoughts too deep for finite mind
To wholly grasp as on they roll.

We know in part, in part we see,
And knowing, seeing, fain would scan
The mysterious eternity,
And view at once life's complete plan.
But the vail is drawn and only faith
May pierce the clouds that roll between
Man's shrouded vision and the life
That is to come—the life that's been.

The barriers by earth are raised,
And the soul must e'en be content
With the gleams which Heaven be praised
To strengthen its valor are sent.
Little by little, from faith to faith,
Onward and upward leads the way
Not all at once from the depths of night
Breaks the sun in full-orbed day.

M. E. P.

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M. I. WORK AND METHODS.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG made provision for the organization of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association in every ward in Zion.

President Wilford Woodruff has declared it the duty of every young man in Zion to be a member of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

Young men are continually adding testimony to testimony of the scholastic and spiritual benefits derived from M. I. work. It follows therefore that these organizations are permanent, and as such, should be kept in perfect working order.

The term "reorganization" is often misapplied to the annual sustaining of officers and filling of vacancies.

Those who have paid proper attention to the circulars of instruction sent out by the General Superintendency need not be reminded that when a man accepts an office in the M. I. ranks he is *responsible* for that office and calling until he is released, and the responsibility taken by some one else. An officer can not throw off responsibility by any amount of inactivity or neglect.

There seems to be a lack of understanding among some of our officers, in regard to the resuming of the association work in each year. The M. I. *Student's* year, i. e., the regular working school year, begins the *first week in September*, and its report closes April 30th (see Roll and Record), but the officers of the associations are not in any way exempt from duty at any time. There is no dissolution of any association, no expiration of any term of office, no termination of membership obligations, no entire discontinuance of meetings, as the joint council meeting, and monthly joint sessions should be continued during the summer; in fact, the Association influence and interest should be kept up, and class work only suspended, and that should be so planned that it is ready to be taken up at the first meeting held in the following September.

The presidency should realize that they have been called and sustained to lead in this matter, under the direction of the Bishop and Stake officers; and they should not wait for either the Bishop or the Stake Superintendent to tell them when to begin the work.

Neither should the beginning of class work be delayed by waiting for a large number to commence with, the work should begin if there be but five and they all officers.

Meetings should be called on circular time, first week in September, by the president; if the president be away the first counselor should call the meeting, and if neither the president nor the first counselor be at home then the second counselor should attend to the work. All the young men in the ward should be especially invited to attend this first meeting. The roll should be called and the names of all the members present and also the names of those having sent written or verbal requests for continuance of membership, should be entered on the new roll first, then the names of new members.

The plan of work should then be submitted as outlined and appointments made for next meeting, thus the class work is begun with an energy that is never generated by waiting and wasting time.

Having thus started on time the Stake Superintendent can be notified of the active condition of the association and can set a time for the holding of the annual meeting for the sustaining of officers and the filling of vacancies, as it is desirable that the Bishop of the ward and the Stake Superintendent be present at this meeting. In case a change of officers is desired, the incumbent should hand in his resignation which should be acted upon by the association, that

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a record of the release of officers may be kept. In the selection of new officers the Bishop should always be consulted, as the nominating prerogative is his, which, however, he may delegate.

Officers should be sustained by the vote, influence and efforts of the members and also by the vote of the Saints in the ward.

"*Each member will find that happiness in this world mainly depends on the work he does and the way in which he does it.*" These are the words of Brigham Young and Daniel H. Wells, First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in their letter of appointment dated November 6th, 1875.

This individual work on the principle of divinely-directed self-effort is the key, foundation, structure and capstone of true education. In order that individual work may be related and progressive, the Ward Association work must be continuous and progressive; and in order that the Ward Association shall be progressive and related, the Stake work must be intensified and pushed as a working unit. *M. H. Hardy.*
G. H. Brimhall.

M. I. MANUAL PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 1.

TITHING.

Subdivisions:—A principle of the Gospel. — A standing law to the people. — Its antiquity (*a*) in the days of Abraham; (*b*) in the days of Jacob; (*c*) in the days of Moses. —Its restoration (*a*) by covenant; (*b*) by revelation.—Object (1) individual blessing, (*a*) spiritual; (*b*) temporal or physical: (2) public benefit. References: Doc. and Cov. Sec. 119; Gen. xiv, xviii; Lev. xxvii; Malachi iii; Matt. xxviii; Heb. vii; Comp. pp. 161–163; Life of Joseph Smith pp. 180–181.

Self-review:—1. What is the law of Tithing? 2. What can you say of the antiquity of this law? 3. When and by whom was the covenant relating to the law made? 4. When and how was the law restored? 5. Who are tithe-payers? 6. What blessing is predicated upon keeping this law? 7. What is the consequence of disregarding this law?

LECTURE 2.

PRAYER.

Subdivisions:—Prayer, a principle of the Gospel.—A priceless privilege. —Kinds of prayer, (*a*) secret prayer, (*b*) family prayer, (*c*) public opening prayer, (*d*) public closing prayer, (*e*) prayer with the sick, (*f*) dedicatory prayer.—Essential qualities, (*a*) faith, (*b*) humility, (*c*) fervency, (*d*) propriety.—The power of prayer, (*a*) in obtaining pardon, (*b*) in securing protection, (*c*) in getting guidance, (*d*) in gaining power. — Results of neglecting prayer. Ref. Doc. and Cov., sec. 61, 68, 121; Matt. xxi; Mark xi; Matt. vi; Hymn Book p. 358.

Self-review:—1. Give Scriptural proof that prayer is commanded by the Lord. 2. Show that prayer is a sacred principle of individual right. 3. What is the most consistent order of procedure and arrangement for family prayer? 4. What should propriety in prayer suggest on all occasions? Which of the four objects or powers named in the subdivisions was specially sought in prayer by Solomon and Joseph the Prophet?

LECTURE 3.

FASTING.

Subdivisions:—A principle of the Gospel.—What proper fasting is.—The objects of fasting.—Effects of

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fasting, (*a*) physical, (*b*) spiritual.—Typical illustrations, (*a*) Moses' (*b*) the Savior's. Ref. Deut. ix; Matt. vi; Matt. iv; Doc. and Cov. sec. 95.

Self-review:—1. What constitutes a proper fast? 2. Name the objects of our regular or monthly fast. 3. Name three special fasts with which you have been acquainted. 4. Show that consistent fasting is a physical benefit. 5. Give evidence that spiritual strength follows proper fasting.

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 1.

JOURNEY OF THE ISRAELITES FROM SINAI TO ZION.

Subdivisions:—The census.—Arrangement of the families and order of march.—The inordinate desire for animal food.—The sojourn at Hazeroth on account of Miriam's punishment for presumptuously criticising Moses.—Reconnoitering the land of Canaan with a view to possessing their rightful inheritances. — The Lord's rejection of the generation.—The rebellion of Korah.—The supremacy of the Melchizedek over the Levitical authority which at that time was changed to the Aaronic. Time, 1490–1471, B. C. Ref. Numbers chapters i–xx; Josephus, Book IV, chapters i–iv.

Self-review:—1. What was the order of arrangement and of march from Sinai to Zion? 2. What great lesson was taught by the punishment of the fault-finders at Hazeroth? 3. On what grounds could the Israelites claim the right to possess Palestine? 4. State the cause and effect of the rebellion. 5. Why was the Levitical authority changed to the Aaronic?

LECTURE 2.

THE LAST DAYS OF MOSES.

Subdivisions:—His victorious leadership.—His discourse at the end of forty years.—His song.—His prophecy.—His blessing of the twelve tribes.—His death and burial. Time, 1452, B. C. Ref. Numbers chapters xxi to end, Book of Deut., Josephus, Book IV, chapters iv–viii.

Self-review:—1. What was the source of Moses' success as a victorious leader? 2. Mention five definite points of his great discourse. 3. Give a choice selection from the songs of Moses. 4. What was the special blessing pronounced upon the tribe of Levi by Moses. 5. Give circumstances recorded concerning the death of Moses.

LECTURE 3.

THE ENTRANCE OF ISRAEL INTO THE LAND OF THEIR FOREFATHERS.

Subdivisions:—The keys of authority given to Joshua: See Deut. 34.—Revelation in regard to the completion of the exodus.—The miraculous passage through Jordan; (*a*) the special preparation; (*b*) the passage; (*c*) the two sets of stone memorials—one at the bed of the river, and the one at Gilgal, near Jericho, the first encampment of the Israelites in Palestine. Time 1451, B. C. Ref., Joshua, i–vi; Josephus, Book V, chapter i.

Self-review:—1. To whom were the keys of authority given at the death of Moses? 2. What lesson was taught by the terrible fate of the man who undertook to steady the ark? 3. What was the object of the setting up of the two sets of stones? 4. What principle was illustrated by stopping the manna-supply? 5. Describe the visit of the angel.

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

The Reign of the Judges.

LECTURE 1.

THE GENERAL REFORMATION.

Subdivisions:—The work at Zarahemla; (*a*) Alma's discourse to the Saints; (*b*) ordination of Priests and Elders to preside; (*c*) new record of membership — The administrative work at Gideon; (*a*) his sermon;

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(*b*) setting in order this branch of the church. Ref. Alma iv–viii.

Self-review:—1. Describe the social and financial conditions of the people of Zarahemla in the sixth year of the reign of the Judges. 2. From what necessity was the office of High Priest and Chief Judge filled by different persons? 3. What was the chief, direct aim of Alma's discourse? 4. What special regulations were established in the church by Alma at Zarahemla? 5. Give Alma's prophecy concerning the Savior as revealed at Gideon.

LECTURE 2.

ALMA'S MISSION IN THE WEST.

Subdivisions:—His kind reception and good work at Melek.—His labors at Ammonihah; (*a*) the people reject him and the Gospel message he brought them; (*b*) the ministration of the angel; (*c*) his return to Ammonihah by the command of the angel; (*d*) Amulek, the favored polygamous Nephite, receives and entertains Alma; (*e*) Alma's prophetic warning, and Amulek's powerful testimony; (*f*) the conversion of Zeezrom, the lawyer, and others; (*g*) the stoning and banishing of converts, and the burning of their families and the Scriptural records; (*h*) the barbarous imprisonment and mobbing of Alma and Amulek; (*i*) their deliverance by divine interposition, terrible death of the mob leaders, and dismay of the infidel multitude. Ref. Alma viii–xv.

Self-review:—1. Name three of the most important things done by Alma at Melek. 2. In obedience to the command of whom did Alma return to Ammonihah? 3. What special power of protection was given to Alma and Amulek? 4. What was the *unit* of measure among the people? (See Alma, chapter xi.)

LECTURE 3.

THE INVASION OF ZARAHEMLA BY THE LAMANITES.

Subdivisions:—The war-cry.—The surprise and capture of the city of Ammonihah—General Zoram's conference with the High Priest, Alma.—The appeal to the Lord for instructions.—The revealed plan of operations.—The rout and ruin of the Nehor invaders. Ref. Alma xvi.

Self-review:—1. Show that safety even in war attends divine direction. 2. What illustration is here given that prophecy must be fulfilled? 3. What was the profession of Nehor? 4. What evidence does this lesson give of the United Order among the Nephites? 5. What was the doctrine preached by the priests appointed by Alma?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Times continued.*)

LECTURE 1.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE THESSALONIANS.

Subdivisions:—First epistle (from Athens); (*a*) chastity; (*b*) industry; (*c*) business ("Mormon creed").—Second epistle, (*a*) practical illustrations of self-support by manual labor; (*b*) brotherly treatment of those weak in the faith. Time, A.D. 54. Ref. I Thes. ch. i–v.

Self-review:—1. From what city did Paul write his first epistle to the Thessalonians. 2. With what special topics does the first epistle treat. 3. Give the apostle's views in regard to business. (I Thes. ch. 4, verse 11.) 4. What reason does Paul assign for refusing to depend on the hospitality of the people. (II Thes. ch. iii.) 5. Give the counsel of Paul in regard to the treatment of those who neglect to obey. (II Thes. ch. iii.)

LECTURE 2.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE GALATIANS (FROM EPHESUS).

Subdivisions:— Unchangeableness of the Gospel—Review of his missionary work—No nationality in the Church of Christ—Works of the flesh contrasted with the fruits of the

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spirit—Self-criticism. Time, 58, A. D. Ref. Galatians.

Self-review:—1. Prove by a quotation from Paul that the gospel is unchangeable. See Gal. i. 2. To whom was Paul a special missionary? 3. What is meant by no nationality in the church? 4. Prove that the spirit should control the flesh. 5. Quote verses two, three and four, of chapter vi.

LECTURE 3.

PAUL'S WRITING TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Subdivisions:—His teachings in regard to litigations between brethren (identical with that of the Latter-day Saints). — Temptation. — Partaking of the sacrament. Time, 59, A. D. Ref. I Cor. v, x and xi.

Self-review:—1. What does Paul mean by the "leaven of malice?" See I Cor. v. 2. Quote Paul on giving offenses. x, 32. 3. Explain 9th verse, ch. v. 4. What is especially taught by ch. xi, verse 16? 5. Give Paul's words concerning the sacrament. (See verses 27 to 30.)

A KIND OFFICER

DURING the raid in Arizona for violators of the anti-polygamy laws, an officer of the government at Prescott was given a warrant of arrest to serve on the wife of a prominent church official located in one of the Stakes. She was desired as a witness. The officer started on his journey of about one hundred and fifty miles and found the lady at home. She acknowledged the service of the process and made preparations to accompany the officer. While she was doing so the latter inquired, "Do you acknowledge service of process?"

"Yes, I do," she answered.

"How old is your baby?" he asked.

"A month old."

"Well, you remain at home. I won't drag you across the country with that child to please anyone," he said.

With this remark he left, and as soon as possible reported himself and his labors to the court at Prescott, where he was reprimanded by the judge and prosecuting attorney for a seeming neglect of duty.

The marshal merely replied, "I'll be d—d if I am going to drag that woman across the desert, and make myself responsible for the life of the child. If you want to do it, that is your affair."

Be it said to the credit of all concerned, the lady was left without further molestation.

A COOL-HEADED MONARCH.

WHEN in the year 1795, the troubles in France threatened the peace and security of all Europe, King George III. of England, while traversing the streets of London had his carriage surrounded by a great mob. A bullet from the crowd shattered the glass of both doors. The shooter could not, however, be discovered. The king quietly continued his journey to Parliament where he delivered his opening speech in a clear and strong voice. As he returned from Westminster to his castle a still larger and more threatening crowd was in the way, which was dispersed only with the greatest difficulty.

On May 15th, 1800, though the conditions had very much changed, the discontent of the people was still very great. Word was brought to the minister that a plan was laid to assassinate the king that evening while he was at the theater, and for this reason his advisers urged him not to attend the Drury Lane theater as he had announced in the morning he would do.

George III. replied that he feared nothing, and would above all things keep his promise. Nevertheless, on arriving at the place of amusement he left his family outside his private box, and entered alone. A

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former army officer named Hatfield, who had been dismissed from the service, had secured a place in the parquette and held in his hand a heavily loaded pistol. Just as he was bringing it into position to shoot, a gentleman sitting by his side observed his intent, and by giving his elbow a sharp blow caused the bullet to go higher than was intended.

The king, far from being excited by the event, turned to the back part of the box where the queen was waiting by the door for permission to enter, and said: "Remain outside for a short time. Some person is amusing himself by exploding cartridges, and the fun is perhaps not yet ended."

Then he pressed forward to the railing in full view of the audience, and with arms extended said in a loud voice: "Now shoot, if you still have the desire to do so!"

Such courage seldom fails to affect the multitude. The whole audience rose to a man, and greeted with loud shouts this brave act. The king thereupon turned to his family with the remark: "You may now enter. There is no more danger. We can now watch the play undisturbed."

C. T.

A DANGEROUS VOYAGE.

IN THE year 1881 I was requested by the president of the Swiss and German Mission to accompany a small number of emigrating German Saints from Hamburg to Liverpool, at which latter place arrangements were to be made for the further journey, there being no returning Elder who could speak the language. We embarked one beautiful evening in a vessel that was loaded with a considerable cargo of export products, and comparatively little room was left for the accommodation of passengers. After some time, however, all were comfortably located, and the journey began. By the next morning a violent storm was in progress, and all the passengers were sick. As the day wore on there was no sign of abatement of the storm, but it rather increased in violence. The captain evidently became very anxious and would not leave his post on the bridge except for a very few moments at a time.

By afternoon the fury of the storm had alarmingly increased. The ship rolled and tossed, and was driven hither and thither by the wind. The waves dashed over the deck, necessitating the closing of every door and window, but this was not done until many passengers had been drenched by the salt water that came through the openings. At times it seemed as though we must go to the bottom. So severe was the storm that no attempt was made to prepare meals, which, however, the sea-sick passengers could not have eaten even if it had been offered.

When the afternoon was about half gone the captain, a sturdy old seaman, came below and said it was very doubtful if his vessel could weather the storm, as a mast was broken and the ship was unmanageable. "Still," he continued, "I will do all I can, but I wanted you all to understand the situation and be prepared for the result."

The most of the passengers were so sick as to apparently lose all fear of death, and no excitement ensued. There were several wealthy gentlemen, however, who were just returning to their homes in England, and these wept and prayed, wringing their hands with anguish at their dismal prospect. I felt as calm as my sea sickness would permit, and was confident that we would safely reach our destination. I so assured

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my fellow-travelers, but they only looked at me with questioning eyes. I told them vessels containing Mormons never sank. They hoped not, but shooked their heads doubtfully. The Saints were the only complacent passengers aboard.

During the whole night the storm raged with unabated violence, and the captain, unable to maintain his footing on the bridge, ordered himself lashed to the mast, where he issued his orders with stentorian tones, and managed the ship with great skill during all the dark hours of the night, though nearly blinded and drowned by the turbulent waves. While the captain was on the watch above, the passengers were anxiously watching below, and without doubt every eye remained unclosed while the storm raged.

Shortly after the light dawned the following morning the storm fiend seemed to lose his strength, and the captain with dripping clothes, swollen and inflamed eyes, came below with the joyous news that danger was past, and we would shortly be in port. "But never," said he, "in my fifty years' experience on the sea, have I seen such a storm."

The passengers were almost ready to embrace the gallant captain for his noble conduct, and unflagging watchfulness, and when we arrived in Hull it was a happy load of human souls that stepped ashore, thankful to the Lord for His preserving care, and grateful to the vessel's officers and crew for their courage through this most trying ordeal. *A. H. Cannon.*

To be ambitious of true honor, of the true glory and perfection of our natures, is the very principle and incentive of virtue.

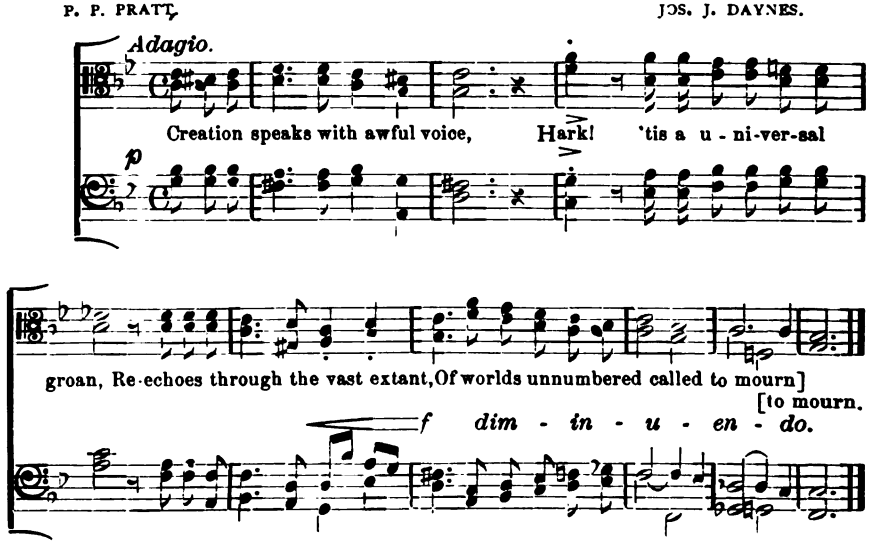
There is no road too long for the man who advances deliberately and without undue haste; there are no honors too distant to the man who prepares himself for them in patience.

The advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right employment of them.

CREATION SPEAKS WITH AWFUL VOICE.

MALE CHORUS.

P. P. PRATT. JOS. J. DAYNES.



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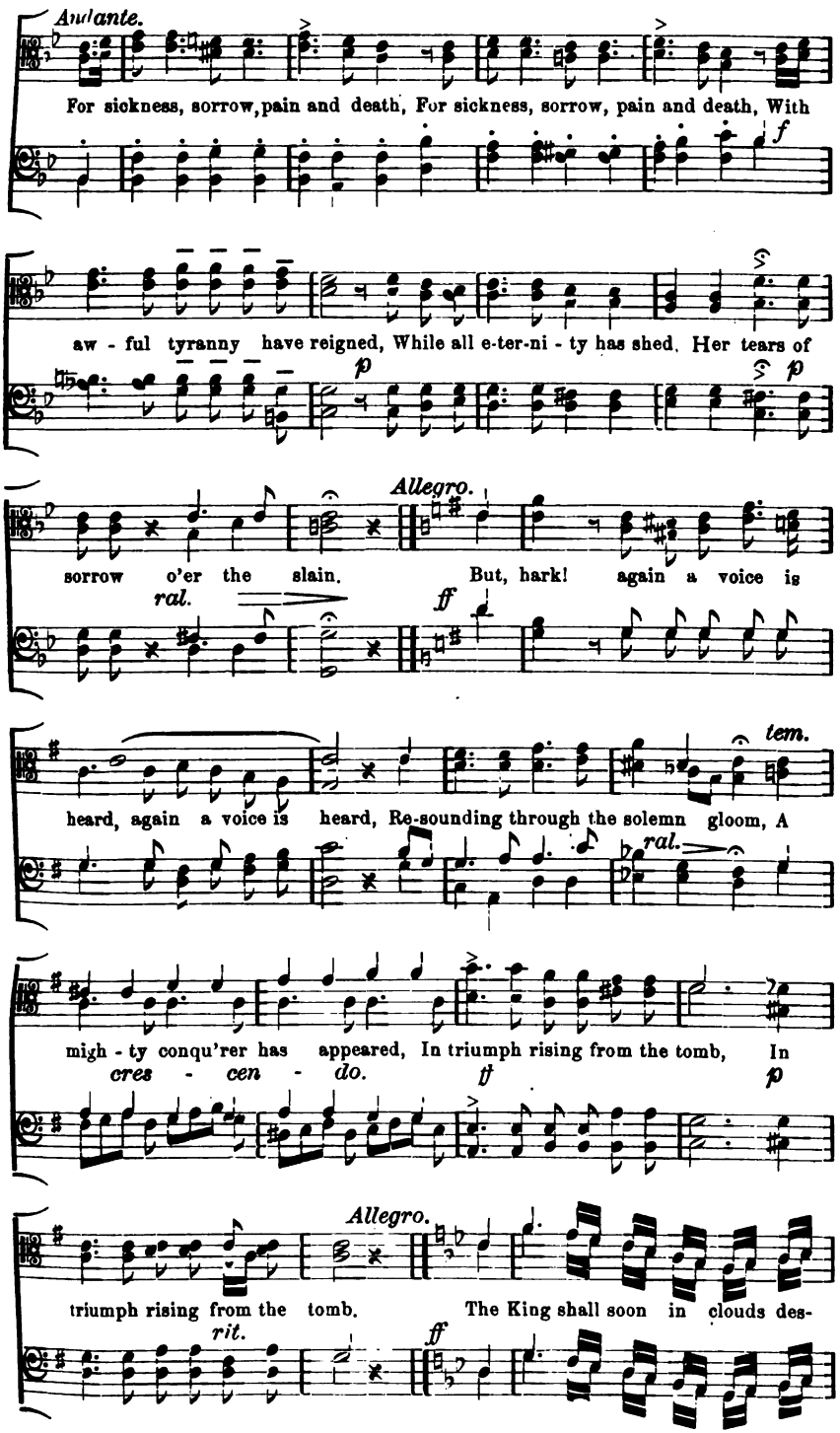

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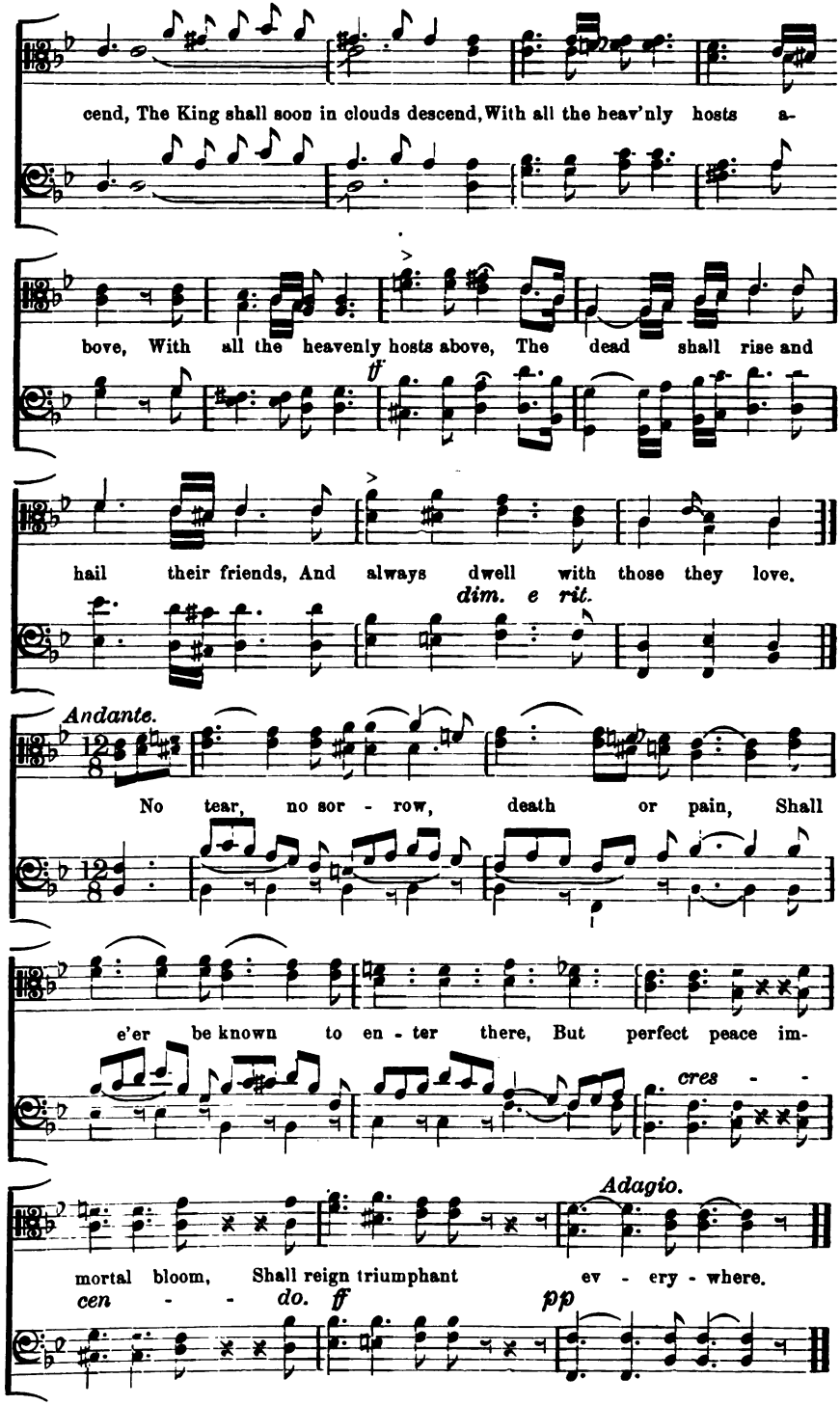

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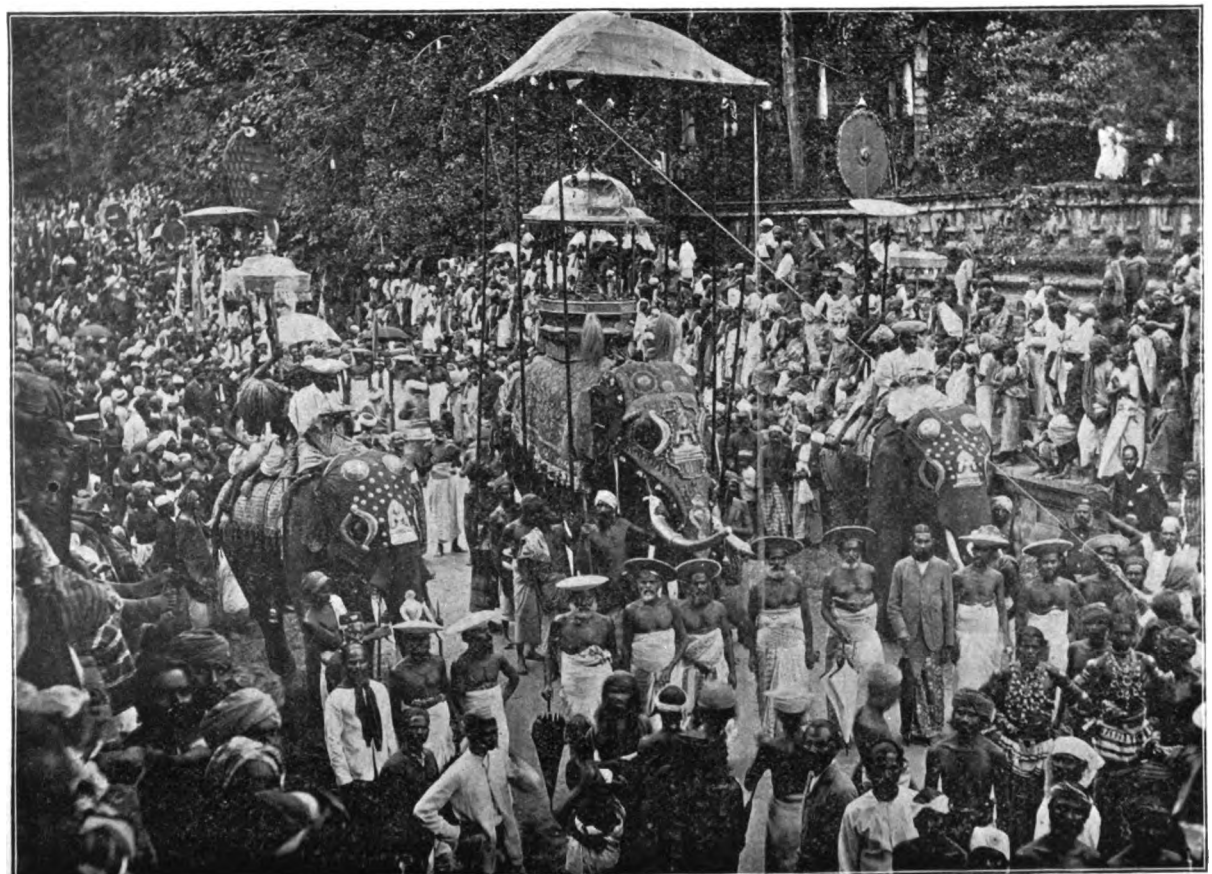

A Religious Procession near Bombay (India).

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. DECEMBER, 1893. NO. 2.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

VIII.

LEAVING Delhi and her camel-drivers, caravans and jackals to their own devices, I came by easy stages to Agra, a city containing some of the most beautiful structures within sound of the Indian Ocean. Agra is a walled city, and until within the last few years was the seat of government of the northwestern provinces of India. It is celebrated for the beauty of its mosques, tombs, temples and minarets of marble, but especially for the Taj Mahal, erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan as a tomb for Noor Mahal, the favorite of his harem. The dome of the edifice seems to rise like the full moon, and the corners of the quadrangle are guarded by the four most elegant minarets in India. Under the central arch are the cenotaphs of the Mogul and his consort. The spandrels and all other available spaces are inlaid with mosaic arabesques of agate, jasper, lapis-lazuli, lodestone, cornelian, crystal, coral and amethysts. Many of the most valuable of the precious stones were picked out of their settings by the Jats and Europeans who severally took Agra and everything else they could lay their hands on. Over the central arch there is an inscription in Arabic, taken from the Hudees or traditions; translated it means, "Saith Jesus (on whom be peace) this world is a bridge! pass thou over it, but build not upon it! This world is an hour; give its minutes to prayers, for the rest is unseen." The building, wonderful in its purity of taste and graceful outlines, about which there is no sense of partial failure, stands at the end of a long vista of gardens, with marble fountains scattered among beautiful plants, trees and shrubbery; birds of brilliant plumage and harsh, discordant cries, flit among the branches, the ibex and scarlet flamingoes stalk unfrightened by the visitor, and heavy-headed flowers of strange redolence nod and tremble on their mobile stems.

The distances across India are infinite, and the next city I came to was Jeypore in Rajputana, thought by natives to be the most beautiful town in India. The Maharajah's palace stands in the center and occupies about one-seventh the area of the city; the potentate's stables contain some three hundred horses and eighty or a hundred elephants; near the palace adjoining the gardens is a large reservoir containing man-eating crocodiles, kept for the entertainment of strangers, and the writer amused himself by tying fragments of goat meat to a rope and fishing for them. Their dull, gleaming eyes looked anything but pleasant, when a piece of raw flesh was let down within an inch of their slimy nostrils, only to be suddenly withdrawn as their ponderous jaws closed with a vicious snap on the vacant air. This Oriental potentate, like many others of his kind, also keeps a number of Bengal tigers caged on his palace

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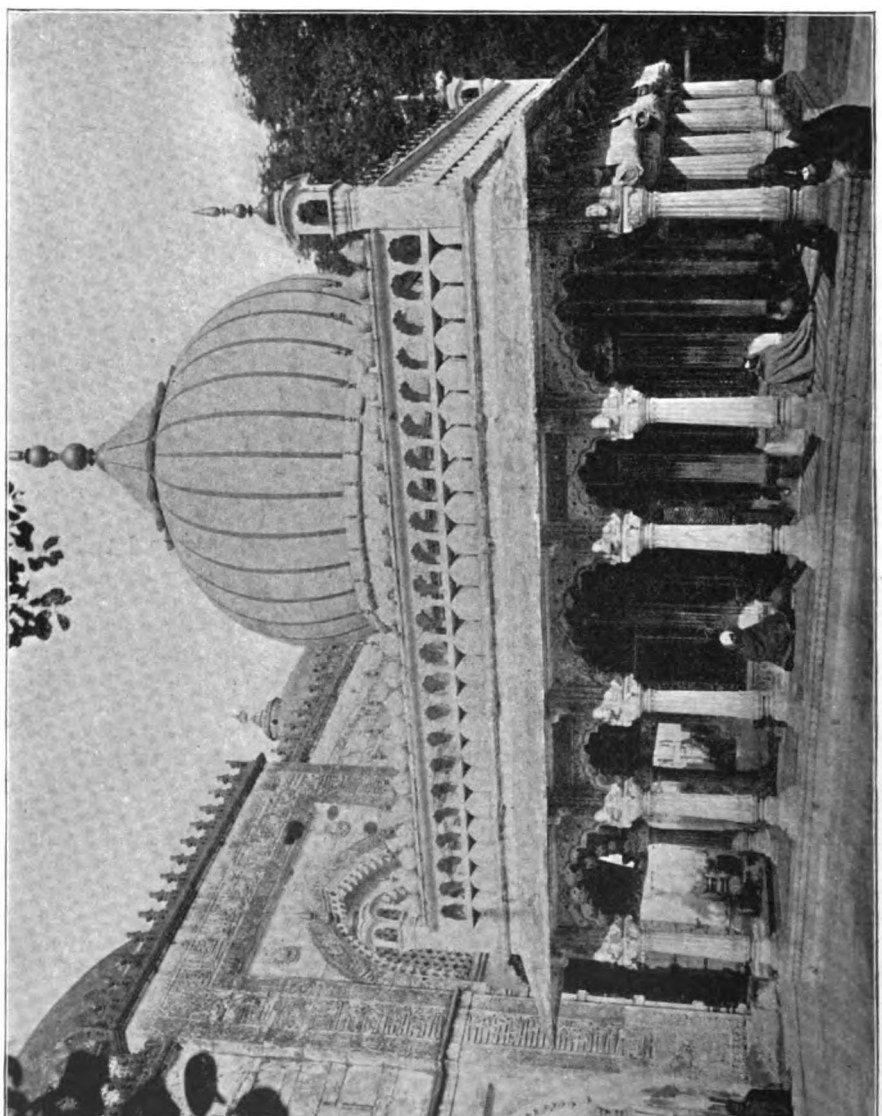
grounds, and royal beasts they are indeed; in their fierce passion, relentless cruelty when aroused, and the alert, treacherous hunting down of their quarry, when roaming at large, these regal animals are not unlike their master who, if Indian gossip be true, is something of a royal beast himself.



MARBLE TOMB OF NIZAM-OOD-DEEN, DELHI (INDIA).

The writer sent his card, in the role of traveler, to the reigning prince, requesting permission to visit his Ambar palace located in a valley some miles distant from Jeypore, in the ancient capital of the state, the decayed city of Ambar, which at this writing is inhabited solely by Hindoo fakeers (monks); the Maharajah kindly sent a mahout and elephant for the ride to Ambar, and some

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hours were pleasantly spent in exploring the home of his highness' ancestors.

Lucknow, Delhi and Cawnpore being the three great points around which the Indian meeting centered during the early period of the revolt, and the former city coming next on my itinerary, I found it the principal one in the province of Oudh and possessing a melancholy interest as connected with the frightful scenes which occurred at the time. The privations endured and the indomitable courage shown by the beleagured English within the walls have caused many a heartache for their sufferings, though not unmixed with a glow of pride that the whites, so few in number, held out successfully against the hordes of rebels, who tried every known means of dislodging them, until eventually they were relieved under Sir Colin Campbell. Here General Havelock died and here is the *Secunder Bagh*, formerly a garden, in a large walled inclosure, which during the mutiny formed a stronghold for the rebels, who loop-holed the walls for musketry. It was also here that two thousand Sepoys, all trained in the Bengal army, had established themselves, but were killed within two hours by the Highlanders under Campbell. The buildings are in ruins, and as much as possible they are kept in the same state as when evacuated during the siege of Lucknow, that the walls may bear witness. The cemetery is still kept in order, and tablets and monuments indicate where lie many of the gallant and brave men who fell during the attack. What changes have come over India since the siege of that fair city of Lucknow! Jesse Brown, dinna ye hear the slogan of modern life? Brave-hearted little Scotch lassie whose tireless hope, greater endurance, cheery encouragement and patient, uncomplaining eyes put to shame and upheld the courage of strong men.

Strange how travelers pass and repass each other in rounding the earth; here at Lucknow I meet again with Mr. C——, a retired New York banker and one of the "Belgic" party who crossed the Pacific last fall. The last time we met we were horse-backing it together in the Nizam's possessions and traveling toward his capital of Hyderabad. Near the close of one sultry evening we were joined by a Parsee merchant from the Chowringhee road in Calcutta who purposed stopping at the same Dak (bungalow) as ourselves that night. Hyderabad was once a favorite rendezvous of the Thugs of India, and the subject coming up during the ride, the Parsee proved to be well informed regarding the rise and fall of those stranglers. It appears that the system of *Thuggee* was unknown to and unsuspected by the people of India themselves for many years. The continent is so vast, and the principalities at that time were so numerous, each petty prince being an independent despot with a country of his own, that no general league was ever entered into for the protection of travelers; the roads were mere bridle paths, or fit only for the primitive bullock carts, and people traveling alone were constantly in peril from the Thugs, who were robbers, of course, as well as stranglers. Finally when the British government in India took up the matter in earnest, one or more informers were admitted from nearly every band that had been seized and these were allowed life on condition of denouncing their associates. Among others betrayed was a leader of notoriety. In this manner *Thuggee* was found to be practiced all over India, and the statements of the informers were frequently verified by the disinterment of the dead. It was also extensively practiced on the Ganges by many of the boating population, who frequently strangled such passengers as they could entice into their boats on trips up and down

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the river. The origin of the sect is supposed to be lost in the mist of ages, but here is one tradition: In the beginning of the world according to the Hindoos, there existed a creative and a destroying power, both emanating from the Supreme Being. These were at constant enmity with each other; the creative power, however, peopled the earth so fast, that the destroyer could not keep pace with him, nor was he allowed to do so; but was permitted to use every means he thought might avail. Among others, his consort Bowhanee, constructed an image, into which, on this occasion, she was empowered to infuse the breath of life. No sooner was this effected than she assembled a number of her votaries, whom she named Thugs (destroyers) and instructed them in the art of Thuggee, and to prove its efficacy, with her own hands, destroyed before them the image she had made, by strangulation. She endowed the Thugs with superior intelligence and cunning, in order that they might decoy human beings to destruction, and sent them abroad into the world, giving them, as a reward of their exertions, the plunder they might obtain from those put to death.

On the initiation of a new member solemnities were gone through, fearful oaths administered and a silk cord or strip of silk cloth given to him, and he was instructed in their use. The best of these red-handed appliances were made at Madras, and called a Madras cloth or a Madras cord. When a cloth was used it was much the shape and size of an ordinary handkerchief. A large knot was tied at one end with a silver coin inserted; this was held in the left hand, the plain end being in the right, and about as much space left between the two ends as would nearly encompass a man's neck; the closed hands had the palms uppermost. The cloth or cord was thrown from behind, and when they got it tight, the knuckles were suddenly turned into the neck, giving a sharp wrench to either side that was most convenient. If well done silent and instant death followed. In fact, the man was dead before falling to the ground. The bodies were robbed and buried, all traces of the graves being carefully obliterated. Their goddess Bowhanee, being a woman, it was thought distasteful to her to slay that sex, and they were generally spared unless the Thug's safety seemed to require the death blow. Some others were exempt—dancing men, musicians and maimed or leprous persons. The Parsee appeared to think the murderous sect extinct in India, but a Benares Hindoo told the writer positively and with much earnestness that its devotees still practiced their horrid rites in places remote from railway or diligence routes and other traveled centers. Certain it is that offerings to the goddess Bowhanee are still made. The ex-banker and the writer were much interested, and the conversation was kept up during the evening repast and well into the night. Finally, tired with the day's long ride or made drowsy by the heavy fumes of the Persian tobacco the parsee was smoking, I threw myself down for the night on some rice mats in a corner of the bungalow, fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed of Indian stranglers and a Madras cord until I woke struggling.

In glancing over his journal the writer finds little of interest on the journey between Lucknow and Bombay, but in Bombay itself there are many things well worth seeing. A ramble through native bazaars in India is also in evidence, and when nothing else offers they are returned to again and again. An institution in Bombay is the Pinjrapool, an asylum for aged, decrepit, lame or abandoned animals of all kinds. These, otherwise homeless and without food, here find shelter and are well fed. The Jains, who were seceders from Buddhism, profess for

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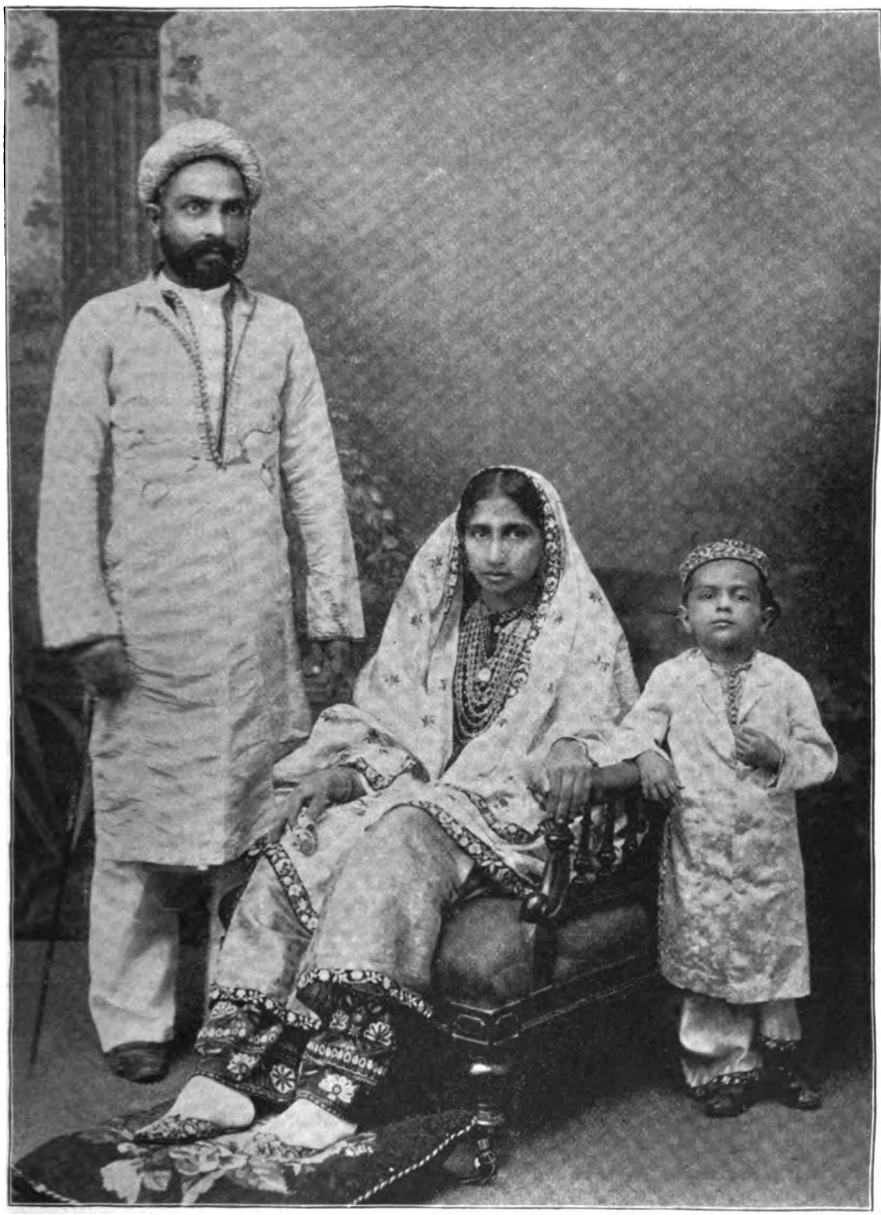

A Borah Family (India).

animal life an unbounded regard, and believe that not only should man do no harm to creatures of any kind, but that he is bound to protect their lives and alleviate their ills. Influenced by this belief, the pious Jain, if he meets a snake on the road, will move out of its way rather than attempt to injure it. This respect for the sacredness of animal life has induced the wealthy Jains to establish and endow hospitals where all sick

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or deformed animals of whatever kind are received, taken care of till they are cured, or kept during life in case of permanent injuries. One hundred thousand rupees are expended annually in the maintenance of the one at Bombay. Broken-legged cattle and horses, worthless dogs, diseased or otherwise, homeless cats, pigeons, monkeys, etc., may there live out their natural lives, and the number received is only limited by the means available.

It is impossible to describe the richness and variety of outlines of the streets in the native town of Bombay. The ground floors of the houses are supported by colonnades of wood, while rich carvings are lavished on the pillars, the balconies, the rosettes of the windows and the architraves and corners of the roof. The narrow, irregular streets are blocked up by the most cosmopolitan, living mass that can be conceived—women in robes of scarlet, blue and gold, Persians in high, shaggy hats, Parsees in cherry-colored silk trousers, tall soldiers, Rajputs, Chinamen, swaggering Mussulmen in turbans of green, sleek Marwarees with tight-fitting, parti-colored turbans of red and yellow. This tide of human life rolls down the center of the street unmindful of the conveyances which are ploughing their way through it. There are draft horses with cork-lined hoods to shelter them from the fierce rays of the sun, and high-stepping Arabian steeds worth their weight in—well, in silver. With much ado the traveler threads his way past small, quaint shops wherein are displayed all the dazzling wares of the East. Behind immense trays of sweetmeats sits a fat, greasy, half-nude confectioner; and as the Hindoos will only eat and drink from vessels of brass, the brazen art is represented on all sides. There are small hovels in a squalor-haunted region, where lean old men, acid-eaten and ghostly, are manufacturing the most delicate traceries in silver-work, and their only implements consist of a blow-pipe, an anvil, a hammer and a pair of pinchers. The sidewalks have a sanguinary look here and there where great splashes of blood-red saliva are seen, the result of chewing the betel nut and leaves, a practice that is followed everywhere and persistently in India by both sexes, but stories about the extraordinary powers of endurance it imparts to its devotees are travelers' tales; it is a strong excitant of the salivary glands, and colors the lips a bright vermilion.

Strolling along a suburban road one morning I reached a blank wall from above which floated long volumes of noisome smoke, drifting across the country, and myriads of bright sparks rising in the air. It was the Hindoo cremating grounds, and the smoke and sparks were thrown off from the burning corpses. Beyond the crematory a long two-storied building has been erected by a charitable Mohammedan gentleman to accommodate pilgrims to Mecca; beyond this is reached the rise to Malabar Hill. Passing through narrow streets lined with stately residences, the traveler comes to a sacred pool situated in the center of a great square entirely surrounded by temples; large flights of stone steps lead down to the water's edge where an immense throng of Hindoos, male and female, in bright-colored attire, press round the brink of the silent pool. Some disrobe and plunge in, others sprinkle themselves with the sacred water, others kneel on the steps, while all pray with the utmost fervor. Passing along the crest of Malabar Hill, there breaks upon the view one of the loveliest scenes in the wide world. In the far distance are the picturesque hills of Mahratta land, bathed in a blue and purple haze from the mountains to the distant horizon of the sea; the islands nearest in are covered with a luxuriant, tropical vegetation, and between those and the Malabar coast

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lies the great inlet known as Bombay harbor. A mile or more farther on stand the celebrated towers of silence, where the Parsees, the fire-worshipers, deposit their dead to be devoured by vultures. On the neighboring trees and on the white walls which enclose the towers, these monstrous birds are seen in flocks. Suddenly they rise in the air—a corpse is being brought up the steps. The sorrowing relatives leave the body of the young girl at the door of the tower, from whence it is taken within by attendant priests and placed on an iron grating. Meanwhile some cormorants have left their prey on the reef to join the vultures in their feast on the shore; the moment the priests retire the loathsome fowls, chattering with hunger and fury, swoop down to strip the body of every particle of flesh; another cloud of the winged body-snatchers fly up into view, screaming and fighting among themselves over some long fragment of the vitals, till somehow the jarring discord is ended and they settle down once more behind the white-walled sepulchre, while the horrified spectator turns away trembling at the thought of what is going on. In an hour or two nothing remains but a gleaming white skeleton with the long, bony hands pointing north and south. In a day or two the bearers return and place the bones in a central well. *G. H. Snell.*

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

II.

WHAT THE SCRIPTURES SAY.

THE Elders that preach before the Latter-day Saints may be divided into four classes: (1) those that read much and think much; (2) those that read little yet think much; (3) those that read much, yet think little; (4) those that read little and think less. The last class, in this year of grace, is a big one.

I should be tempted here to devote a paragraph of kindly advice to this class, were I not hopeless of its ever reaching them. Solomon wrote many striking proverbs about knowledge and wisdom, and them that refuse to seek it. But it is very unlikely that they were ever read by the people whose attention he tried to catch. At any rate the wise man felt like "braying them in a mortar," but confessed it very doubtful whether even this would improve them. Let me not seem satirical. These are generally good men—goody-good. The only mistake they make in preaching is in setting their tongues wagging and then going oft and leaving them.

Seriously, I profess no charity for the fossilized Latter-day Saint, especially the fossilized Elder. Progressiveness—this grand device is not alone emblazoned on our banner: it is the very genius that carries the banner. It is not a time to bury our talents. Thought today must breed fast, talents duplicate themselves daily, hourly. For us that have the whole world to move, it is a crime to stand still, or merely beat time.

Mormon theology embraces such a variety of truths that nothing which affects the temporal, the social, or the spiritual welfare of man, can come amiss on Sundays if selected by the spirit of inspiration. Indeed, anything that arouses attention and stimulates thought—be it gospel principle or advice about husbanding crops—will be not only listened to but relished by Latter-day Saints, such is our boundless respect for all God's truths.

But it requires thought to arouse thought. Then what can be expected from men that never think, themselves? What can the Spirit

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find there to edify the people? Often there is but a very scant store to draw from, even of the ideas of others. Such minds resemble second-hand junk-shops. The sermons drawn therefrom are wearisome patchwork, made up thoughts and ideas disconnected; aged but not venerable; worn out by having been said a thousand times before; dressed in a villainous garb of insufferable phrases, old and long; platitudes with the green mould clinging to them.

And yet such sermons are generally prefaced by a commiseration of sectarian preaching and by thanks to heaven that Elders in this Church are required to take no thought about what they shall say. Is it not the case of the Pharisee and publican over again? "O Lord, I thank Thee that I who take no thought am a fit vessel for Thy inspiration, and that I am not like yonder publican who doth meanly grub among books and men for thoughts and ideas."

What justification have such Elders from Scripture? Let us examine what the Lord has said on the subject. In a revelation given to Joseph the Prophet, September 22nd and 23rd, 1832, occurs the following passage:

"Neither take ye thought beforehand what ye shall say, *but treasure up in your minds continually the words of life*, and it shall be given in the very hour that portion that shall be needed unto every man."*

I have taken the liberty to put part of this passage in italics. The first and the last part have been repeated and emphasized so often, that I thought it well, by way of a change, to direct special attention to the middle part—the kernel, without which the passage becomes an empty shell. Looking at this middle part, one feels a certain relief in the thought that he need not credit—or charge—the spirit of inspiration with all that he listens to under the name of preaching. In this, as in all other matters, the Lord does not depart from the natural. He has never promised to quench the thirsty from a dried-up well, nor feed the hungry from an empty store-house. He has, indeed, promised that "it shall be given in the very hour that portion" which is mete for every man; but only on the condition that he who is called to mete out what is thus needed shall have stored his mind continually with the word of God.

This thought is re-inforced by considering the office of the spirit of inspiration:

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things [i. e. stored up truths] to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."* But what if there be nothing stored up to bring to remembrance?

"He shall teach you all things." Again: "He will guide you into all truth."† But what if the Elder has ceased to be an ardent student under this divine teacher? What if he has practically died in all his branches save memory, and even this returns year by year a scrubbier fruit? Do we not too often have to listen to reiterated sermons which are but the remnants — the scraps and dried bones—of former feasts?

This brings into consideration the last refuge of those who still believe that it is God's part of preaching to bring to our Sabbath meetings the bread of life already baked, sliced and buttered; man's, but to distribute it. By way of substantiating this belief, these frequently relate how the Lord called them: from the loom, from the work bench, from the mine, or from the plow; placed them before eager audiences to preach the gospel restored to earth; how they were utterly unprepared by previous training—in many cases not knowing how

* Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 84: verse 85.

* John xiv: 26. † John xvi: 13.

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to read; how the Spirit descended upon them, and they became eloquent; thoughts unknown before grew into discourses; the Bible became a Urim and Thummim, from which they quoted at will to support the new doctrines; finally how the occasion passed, the inspiration ceased, and they became their unlettered selves again, yet overwhelmed with astonishment.

Now, this circumstance, often marveled at, is not marvelous save in the same sense that every sunrise is marvelous. God has always worked so. The real marvel would be if He made this dispensation an exception.

But this is by the side. My point is the shallowness of the conclusion, *first so, always so*, which some Elders draw from this object lesson. It seems to me that only childish reasoning could lead to the conclusion that because the Lord at first gave everything but voice, that thereafter the Elder is required to furnish only voice. What man will argue, because his father once carried him in his arms, and his mother fed him with a spoon, that they should always feed and carry him? And yet occasionally we find a man who insists that the Lord must do this very thing for him, intellectually speaking, as if he were still an infant in the Gospel.

Consider in this connection the effect of another circumstance. Here is the scion of a prominent family, a young man who has literally run wild; who knows all about lassoing and riding a broncho, about stock raising and maverick-hunting, yet is utterly ignorant of the Gospel, hopelessly so, unless—strange alternative—unless called on a mission. And so he is called. Two or three years pass swiftly. Ere his friends have ceased to miss him, he returns, and is called to address his brethren and sisters. Can it be possible! Is this the same young man that broke down in a half minute farewell talk? What fluency in speech, what aptness in quoting scripture! What force of character, what warmth of spirit! "Is it not marvelous what the Lord can do in so short a time! Verily, as the scriptures say: 'Take no thought about what ye shall say'—this is the only school for the true preacher."

Such is the impression—at least among the unthinking, and that means a great number of similar young men who go on in serene thoughtlessness, blindly trusting that when they shall be called, some miracle will transform them also from cowboys to preachers.

They are right. A miracle will be worked. But the Lord will take care that they are the workers of it. You, young man, who have just returned—let me put you upon the stand. Did *you* find a mind utterly untrammeled with ideas a good preparation for preaching? Did you excite astonishment or pity in your first congregation? in your tenth? in your fiftieth? How did the miracle that transformed you begin? Are you anxious to pass through the beginning again? Nay, dwell upon it for the benefit of these lazy young hopefuls.

Ah, how the Lord made you suffer as only a condemned soul can suffer for your past indifference and indolence! How you were laughed at and hooted! Ignoramus that you are! You that know scarcely the first syllable of the gospel set up for a teacher of mankind!

Such were the taunts that directly or indirectly reached your ears. Try as you might, the Lord would not suffer you to feel the consolation of a martyr; but in the keenest manner possible, He burned it into your soul; *This is your true self.*

On the way to your field of labor you already felt qualms of incompetence. But these you set aside by the fond trust: I am God's servant; He will not suffer me to be defeated. But in this, how cruelly you were undeceived! He not only suffered you to be ignominiously defeated

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time after time, but did not interfere when you were utterly routed.

After such experiences you probably paid yourself a visit in some secluded grove; reflected; felt your utter aloneness and insignificance; perhaps shed tears—tears that came from the deep—tears that unburdened a black cloud; and ended by telling your Father something about yourself in a way that you never told it before.

Thus at last you were humbled—crushed to the earth. Such is the meaning of sack-cloth and ashes.

This was the beginning of the miracle. You rarely refer to this episode in your career. It would be profitable for the young men, the future preachers of Zion, if you would do so often—picturing it in its native colors, as I have tried to do. But you shrink from even recalling it. And then there is your egotistic self, persuading you even now that perhaps after all you were really a martyr.

But the fact remains. In your heart of hearts, you expected great things of the Lord; you expected that when He looked upon your helplessness, rather than see you put to open shame, He would somehow fill your mind with eloquent sermons ready made, as He did some of your brethren in the early history of the Church.

You forgot to take into account that they were called on a moment's warning and could not be held accountable for ignorance of the gospel, while you have spent your whole life in Zion and shunned the very schools, associations, and meetings designed to prepare you for this work. You forgot that the Lord *never* gives: He rewards. You forgot the law of equivalents, as true in religion as in farming or trading: You cannot get something for nothing; and that other law, as true in preaching as in teaching: You cannot give what you have not got.

These are profound yet very elementary truths. But you had to be brought low before you could be made to feel the force of them—before you could realize that the great law of the universe is WORK. But once you did realize it, how eagerly you began to repair the waste of your past life! The Bible became your dearest friend. Day and night you read and thought and prayed. And the light began to dawn. The sun arose brighter, the world looked lovelier, and mankind became dear, inexpressibly dear, to you. As each truth flashed upon your mind, you longed for the tongue of an angel to proclaim it to the whole world. When that world turned but a dull ear, you were saddened but not discouraged.

"Thank heaven," you exclaimed, "I shall profit by it if you *do* reject it."

Your growth was now so rapid, truths now multiplied so fast, as to seem like revelation. Worlds past, present, and future opened to your mind as in a vision, and you saw exactly your place in the economy of the universe. And no wonder; for you were now a true student, with the surest of all guides, the Spirit of Truth, for your teacher. Thus was the miracle accomplished; the cowboy was transformed to a preacher of righteousness.

Now, kind reader, look carefully at this case. Can you find anything in it to justify the hope that God will reward indolence? What a question! you say. Well, suppose it be a fond, trusting—yea, prayerful indolence? If a man neglect by observation, by reading, and by thinking to get ideas, may be reasonably expect, when called upon to preach, that the Lord will come to his rescue, and put oil into his lamp?

That, you say, is an easy question. Well, I want to make this thought hit the mark squarely. Suppose he be a good man (goodish is a better term), one who prays earnestly the prayer of habit, who pays his tithes,

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etc., but nevertheless, one who, in spite of all these good qualities, is mentally lazy. What will be the quality of his sermon? Whom shall we praise or blame for it?

I answer this question only for myself. I cannot think of a more profitless hour than that spent in listening to an aimless speaker; whose "remarks" are spread out from Dan to Beersheba, and actually touch nothing but the peaks of thought; whose worn-out generalities one sees with dread afar off as, one by one they come, each caused by some familiar word, which like a stone in the road, bobs up in the distance and throws the discourse into a rut.

The weary length of these ruts is painfully familiar to you. Occasionally you are beguiled into an idle curiosity as to whether there will be a variation this time. But generally you will be disappointed; for the man that can inflict platitude after platitude upon a congregation, is not the man of sufficient mind-activity to draw new applications from old truths.

What is my duty, then? May I stay away from meeting? No; I will go, even though I know such a rambling talk is coming. The real blessing of a Sabbath meeting—the strengthening of one's determination and the renewal of his covenants which come from thoughtfully and prayerfully partaking of the sacrament—no preacher can take away. This blessing received, I can sit back to an hour's punishment, if need be, and count it among the blessings of adversity.

And now one word to those of my brethren who will rise up and say this criticism comes from a disaffected mind and a fault-finding spirit. I am fully aware of the danger I run of being misjudged by thus speaking right out. I know, too, how a man's usefulness is crippled once it is believed he is "on the road to apostasy." Indeed, it is from fear of this misjudgment that ten men think what they will not say, where one man says what he thinks. Let those who doubt this, visit and talk confidentially with the multitudes of Latter-day Saints who now seldom go to meeting. For myself, let me say, it has given me no pleasure to handle without gloves what I regard as a serious abuse. But the articles I still have in view on preaching necessitate the establishing of clear-cut views on the points I have discussed. I might have used language so polished in phrase and distant in meaning as to arouse no criticism; but this would have left the matter untouched, and burdened THE CONTRIBUTOR with columns of empty words. For the present, then, let my candor and bluntness count for evidence of honesty and sincerity.

But after all what matters any one's opinion? The question still remains. An aimless, rambling sermon is or is not profitless; it is or is not inspired by God. Perhaps it will help us to decide by watching its effect upon any congregation. Among the portion that sleep, some of whom are on the stand, may be counted here and there leading members of the ward. Of the portion awake, the majority show the leaden eye and lackadaisical expression, which were it in the school-room, would be the agony of a teacher accustomed to sparkling attention. There remains then the third class, the punished few who have been vainly trying to gather and combine something from this aimless scattering. These you can generally tell by the squirming way they have of trying to fit their seats. After meeting, go and have a confidential chat with one of them. You will be edified.

To what purpose, it may be asked, is this thought illustrated from so many standpoints? Chiefly that we as a people may choose intelligently between these two alternatives:

First. Shall we cling to the fiction that every Elder is inspired that first asks for the faith and prayers of the

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Saints and then launches out on a sermon? If so, we have some curious consequences to consider:

1. No matter how scattering or irrelevant the sermon, being inspired, it is as God would have it; consequently,

2. Those who felt punished in listening, and those who stayed away to avoid hearing it, must be accounted on the highway to apostasy, since they find fault with what is inspired.

3. The only ones, then, really benefited by the sermon are those who slept and those who wandered, that is to say, those who did not hear it (which is doubtless true). Now this plan while admirably adapted to foster mental indolence and keep up the prestige of fossilized Elders, is almost equally as admirable for thinning out congregations and thus cutting down the burden of building new meeting houses.

Second.—Shall we hold that the Lord is ever ready, in the hour thereof, to mete out to every man what is needful to him, provided the speaker shall have complied with the conditions of such inspiration? And consequently, if he has not, he speaks simply from the fullness or emptiness of his own head. This also leads to some important consequences:

1. Latter-day Saints will occasionally characterize a sermon with the same force and brevity that they speak of a mismanaged, weed-grown farm, and not fear that their standing may be misjudged on account of doing so. It seems to me a healthy rule to count that charity misplaced which fosters the evil it feeds, be it beggary or mental laziness. There was a time, not long ago, when most of our schoolrooms were filled by just such inattentive, sleepy gatherings as I have been trying to portray. How long, think you, would they have remained so, had the teachers been covered by the charity now thrown round our Elders? Let us not fear a healthy public awakening on this point. Marvels will grow out of it, for

2. Fossils will break through their shells and begin to grow again. Young men will feel that the first qualification of a preacher is to *know* something, to feel something, and to think something. Elders who refuse to learn the lesson will at least, out of very shame, forbear to inflict upon the congregation the hackneyed phraseology of memory. Thus,

3. Preaching will be made a study both as to subject matter and method of delivery, just as teaching has already been; and equally good results may be expected to follow. If the teacher has found the secret of interesting little children, let not the preacher despair of finding the way to interest grown-up children.

N. L. Nelson.

MY VISIT TO SANTA FE.

If you should desire to visit Santa Fe you are obliged to get off the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad at the little station of Lamy, and a little ride of eighteen miles on a branch line brings you to the historical capital of New Mexico. Santa Fe has the territorial penitentiary and a government Indian school in its suburbs. The University of New Mexico, the revenue department building, Fort Marcy, a government military post, and the ruins of the capital, which was burned some time since, are located near the center of town. In the center of the business district is located "the plaza," (park,) which is nicely laid of with walks and lawns, intermingled with shade-trees, then in the center of the plaza is built a marble monument.

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This is dedicated on one side to the memory of those who fought in the Indian wars of New Mexico, on another to the New Mexican legislators of 1866–7–8, on a third side to the union soldiers who were slain in the Battle of Balvedere, which was fought during the Civil War for the possession of Santa Fe, and on the fourth side to all the Union soldiers who engaged in that fight. "What," I asked myself, "is there to honor the Confederates who fought so bravely for what they considered right?"

But the modern part of Santa Fe is mingled side by side with the characteristic Mexican house and crooked, narrow, dusty streets. San Francisco's Cathedral, a handsome building of modern architecture is surrounded by flat-roofed, adobe houses; the substantial, brick convent with its many improvements is to the side of an old, tumbled-down building, while the Catholic college stands by the old church which was built in the sixteenth century, probably by members of Caronado's expedition.

The ostensible object of Caronado's expedition was to subjugate the pueblo or town Indians, and leave soldiers and priests to convert them to Catholicism, though gold was a far greater object with many of its members. Having conquered the Taos Indians, they founded Santa Fe near the Taos village, as a missionary center, in 1543. This makes Santa Fe the oldest city in the present limits of the United States, though no families came till much later.

The Spanish captors in New Mexico were no less cruel than those of Mexico and Peru. They made the Indians leave their cliff homes and live in the valleys; forced them to attend mass and kneel before the images of the Virgin and Child; reduced them to slavery to build churches; caused each door of the village to be topped by a cross, thus causing the Indians to feel a lurking hatred for the Spaniards. The captors kept them over-awed by soldiers for over a century, until, in 1680, by the assistance of roving tribes, the various pueblo tribes rebelled, driving the Spanish away with a great slaughter, from all the missions in New Mexico. The Taos then burned the roof of the church, taking also the records the Spaniards had kept, and burning them. So, for the early history of Santa Fe and the Indian missions, Spain and Mexico must be visited, and but little is to be found there.

The old church is an adobe building, with two massive stone pillars bracing the front to keep it from falling. The walls are built up square, the building having a flat roof. It has recently received a number of repairs which cause it to appear as if built more recently than it really was. The pulpit is in the east end, and is decorated with images and paintings of a gaudy hue. Two of the paintings were, my guide told me, brought from Spain by the Cortez expedition, being all of so early a date that survived the burning of the roof. An old bell cast in 1368 now kept in one corner of the main room has the inscription: "Pray for us," in Spanish.

The rafters of the roof are massive oak, and are covered in Indian style. On one of these is written in Spanish: "Old Church rebuilt by De Vaza in 1710, after having been burnt by the Taos in 1680."

Leaving the old church I next visited the palace of the Spanish governors which was turned over to the Mexican government at the cessation of the Mexican Revolution, and in turn to the Federal government by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, being still Federal property and on the military reserve of Fort Marcy. The building reaches an entire block, being only one story high, with a porch on the front facing the street. The rooms on the

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east end are occupied by the Historical Society of New Mexico. This enterprising society has gathered many relics that tell of the past history of the Indians and Spaniards. I will mention a few that are of the deepest interest.

Part of the collection of the town or Pueblo Indian relics is a large number of stone dishes of various shapes. Many of these are dug from very old ruins thus showing that the town Indians have long used dishes for grinding corn and such like household uses.

A collection of Apache relics contains a flint spear head about four inches long, a war club of stone, and a spear with a wooden spike, thus pointing to the war-like disposition of the roving Apaches.

That the town Indians had a form of idolatry has always been believed by historians and sanctioned by early Spanish traditions. This view is supported by a collection of stone idols made by ex-Governor Prince of New Mexico. These are very peculiar in workmanship, some of the faces being almost hideous. The idols are generally representations of human beings. These images consist of a stone pillar generally cylindrical in form, with eyes, nose and mouth marked at the upper end, while there is an entire absence of the neck. The hands are represented by five marks about the center, which are cut into the stone. The feet are on some represented by similar marks for toes, but on most all no signs of feet are seen. Others were the images of frogs, birds, etc., but all were very rude in form having only a crude visage of the animal represented. This style of work (rock carving) seems to have been only known among the Indians who lived in houses, for the roving tribes have left no relics of such work and seem to have never done any. Then they were never idolators but believed in a great Spirit.

The society has also collected a large number of stone axes and hammers, which universally have a groove around the outside so that a withe was twisted around for a handle. In this class of stone work the Pueblo Indians have excelled. Their manner of workmanship is unknown but the axes are made of as hard stones as silicates and are perfectly smooth. The hammers are of many shapes, the nicest shape being that of two conical beehives placed base to base the work being so geometrical that you can scarcely detect a difference in the two sides. These facts may seem trifles, but work done in such pretty forms as this shows a degree of advancement not often accorded the Indians of New Mexico.

Neither were they entirely ignorant of machinery, for they used a drill, made of a small wooden wheel and a cylinder, with a flint for a point and a string which kept the drill moving by winding and unwinding, for drilling in bone, wood or rock,

The pottery they had is quite attractive. Some is made for utility and some for ornament. Among the collection I noticed an immense jug that would hold about twenty gallons, which no doubt had been used for holding water. Other pieces such as birds, antelopes, and human beings were numerous. The Indians mould all pottery by shaping the mud between their hands, they then burn the dishes, after which they smooth the outside with a stone, and paint on their various figures of animals, leaves, and geometrical forms. This painting is done with a mineral paint that is entirely waterproof, and has been used as far back as the ruins of the present Pueblo Indians are traceable.

As before intimated the Pueblo Indians were not strangers to wood-carving. Their form of work is extremely odd to the eye that has been used to our forms of wood-carving. Their carving is always geometrical, though it seldom is a leaf

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form. The work is usually done in oak or pitch pine and here are found some pieces of the rafters from the old church which beautifully represent their work in its purity.

Besides using colors in painting pottery they used to paint pictures on the walls of their houses and on wood. A very common figure was a ring, with a cross in the center reaching to each side of the ring, painted in blue and red colors. They also painted pictures of animals, men and familiar objects. These specimens are here preserved as are also many images they made from wood or clay to represent the Savior, whom they illustrate with a black pointed beard, black eyes and eyebrows and strictly Spanish features and costume, or St. Michael, whom they represent as a smooth-shaven boy. This work though done to the order of the Spaniards shows plainly the class of Indian carving and painting.

The Aztecs of Mexico no doubt had cloth of some kind, but the Pueblo Indians seem to have worn only skins until the Spaniards taught them to use the shuttle. In all the relics here found nothing goes to show that they had cloth, and the paintings of human forms on pottery, which are taken from old ruins, are always clad in skins.

These Indians evidently knew a little of war for (digressing from what I saw in the Society rooms) they had port holes in their houses; but implements of war are seldom found among the relics of the Indians who lived in towns though often in collections of Navajo or Apache relics. The town Indians fought only in self-defense.

As one passes on many Spanish relics are to be seen. A few I will mention. A pair of hanging balances made of wood, the weight standard of which I could not ascertain; the weights were also of wood. An old guitar, made evidently, with a knife and fastened together with pitch. Some old rawhide trunks nearly three hundred years old were curiously ornamented with colored rawhide strings woven back and forth out and under the outer covering in various geometrical forms. An old shearing knife which was used to shear wool by holding the wool with one hand and chopping it off with the other.

I also noticed the chair and desk of the Mexican governor. The desk is a huge, unpainted panel box on four square legs, while the chair did not have a round joint nor cylindrical piece of wood in it and was wired together in many places, and unpainted.

In a case I was shown the photographs of the last Mexican and succeeding American governors of New Mexico. I quickly recognized the features of General Lew Wallace and mentioning his literary fame, was told that it was here, while he was governor that he wrote the greater part of "Ben Hur."

The *Santa Fe Republican* was published in Santa Fe in 1847, being before the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. It was owned by Americans and was of American notions. Breathing the very spirit of war, its motto was "We die but never surrender."

Passing from the rooms of the Historical Society on a Sunday afternoon, you may perhaps hear the sweet strains of music coming from the band stand in the plaza. The military band of Fort Marcy gives a concert every Sunday afternoon, in the plaza. Now is a good time to see Mexican costumes and fashions. The maidens (senoritas) of all classes dress in bright colors, while a plain dress is almost unknown. The senoritas are generally straight in form, and graceful in movement, while their pretty features, modest, unboisterous movements (for a Mexican maiden never romps even at home, nor does she flirt in company,) challenges our admiration. Her

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gaudy dress is, to most Americans, repulsive. She prides herself upon capturing an American husband and will reach as far as her ideas of propriety allow to encourage them as lovers. Many of the wealthy succeed. The chastity of the senoritas is generally above question, though they change sadly after marriage.

The married woman (senora) dresses in retiring colors or often in black, generally wearing a black shawl on her head. She carefully guards the actions of her daughters, and scrutinizes the company they keep. Her hair is generally combed straight back, though her daughter wears bangs. Their dress is governed by their means, so you can tell a rich from a poor senora, but not so with the senoritas.

The youth usually wears a broad white hat, a white shirt and light pants, though many pattern after their white neighbors with derbies and black suits. But poorer young men give up all luxury of dress to enable their sisters to clothe as custom requires.

The older men dress well if wealthy, but are rarely seen in public places, except church, if they are poor.

As you now stand viewing the assemblage of both nationalities you see the young Mexicans promenading with the senoritas up and down the paths in the plaza, and up and down the sidewalks outside. Many of the richer families are seated in carriages, though rarely does the husband accompany his wife in either walk or drive. The older men are seated inside the plaza under the shade-trees while the younger ones congregate outside and with respectful silence smoke as they listen to the music.

Such was part of my visit to Santa Fe, but its glory lies in the past. When the Santa Fe trail was a highway of commerce for the Southwest, it was a distributing point, but now her healthy rivals Albuquerque and Las Vegas, both on the main line of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, have taken away her commercial supremacy. But little has Santa Fe profited by the great railway system she helped to name, still her past is bright, and literary genius may still find much to interest and edify magazine readers in the future. May they better appreciate their own condition by studying others less favored, and comparing the two!

George H. Crosby, Jr.

A PROMPT REPAYMENT.

THE British General, Oglethorpe, gave an exhibition of rare presence of mind when placed in a position at the age of fifteen, which for a soldier was very critical. He was at that time a volunteer in the army of Prince Eugene, and happened to be in company, at the table of a renowned general, with a Prince of Wurtemberg. The latter took a glass of wine, and insultingly threw some of it in the face of the young Briton.

A hot-headed, foolish young man would doubtless have promptly challenged the prince to fight, but he would thereby only receive credit for being a boastful adventurer. Should he, however, take no notice whatever of the insult, it would be attributed to cowardice, and would doubtless ever thereafter work to his injury.

Oglethorpe reflected but a moment on these results. He looked at the prince, laughed and pretended that he considered the whole affair as a huge joke, and said: "Prince, your play is very good, but in England we do it much better." With these words he dashed a whole glass of wine in the face of his insulter.

An old general who sat near, exclaimed: "That is right, for your highness began the sport first," and thus the "affair of honor" ended without bloodshed. *T.*

First appearances deceive many.

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II.

By far the most striking prehistoric object lesson that has been handed down to us by these ancient people is their endless array of stone implements of which we have sketched a considerable number, though not nearly all of the varieties contained in Mr. Dyer's collection. It is impossible to tell to what use many were put, while the utility of others is manifest. Nos. 1 and 2 are a metate and grinder used for grinding corn. No. 3 must also have been used for some similar purpose. Nos. 5 and 22 are a mortar and pestle. No. 6 is a bowl-shaped stone with a snake coiled about it. No. 7 is a double bowled stone, the openings being but one and a half inches in diameter. It is made of lava rock and very porous, as is the case with most of these pieces. The collection contains many specimens of bowls both single and double. No. 8 is a stone maul. No. 13 is an ax with broken edge and No. 23 a whole one. We very much doubt the propriety of calling them axes, as they have been designated by antiquarians. Little can be cut with a stone having an edge far more dull and blunt than could be obtained in the use of flint. It seems more likely that they were used as tomahawks or war clubs. They are far the most numerous of any of the stone implements found, Mr. Dyer having some hundred and twenty in his collection. This would be the case if their warriors had been supplied with them. Besides, they do not show usage, for the edges of this entire collection are perfect except in two or three instances. They are similar in size to, and differ but slightly in shape from, the stone war clubs still in use in Arizona. No. 24 is a plumb-bob most symmetrical and perfect in form. No. 25 is an arrow straightener and polisher. No. 26 is a polisher probably used on pottery. The flat places are caused by rubbing and are exceedingly smooth.

I have taken the pains to show these stone implements in order to establish one fact which would seem to be of paramount importance, to wit, that these were a "stone age" people, or had fallen to a "stone age" condition. It cannot be said that they may have used metals which have corroded away, for what use would they have of so extensive a variety of stone tools if metals were in use among them? Their great abundance precludes the idea of metals altogether. Similar varieties of stone implements have been found throughout all the rock ruins of the Colorado, and were in use by the Pueblos at the time of the Spanish invasion. That people, we have maintained, were the descendants of the ancient Arizonians and they had no knowledge of iron or copper at the time of the conquest.

They are also found in the East, in some places quite extensively. But copper and silver were in use among the Mound Builders, by whom the great copper mines of Lake Superior were worked. Among them many copper tools have been found, such as axes, adzes, chisels, drills, gravers' tools, lance heads, knives, bracelets, pendants, beads and plates with hieroglyphics engraven upon them. A specimen of the latter was found by Joseph Smith, Jr., in the State of New York. The graver's tools are reported in one of the Ethnological Bureau reports to have been found elsewhere, the place not given.

Mormon lived at the close of the fourth century, and according to his statement made copper plates with his own hands and engraved upon them. It is also quite evident that Mormon lived in the Mississippi Valley prior to the great military operations which resulted in the destruction of his people. For he says that at the age of eleven years he was taken by his father to the land southward, "*even* to the land of

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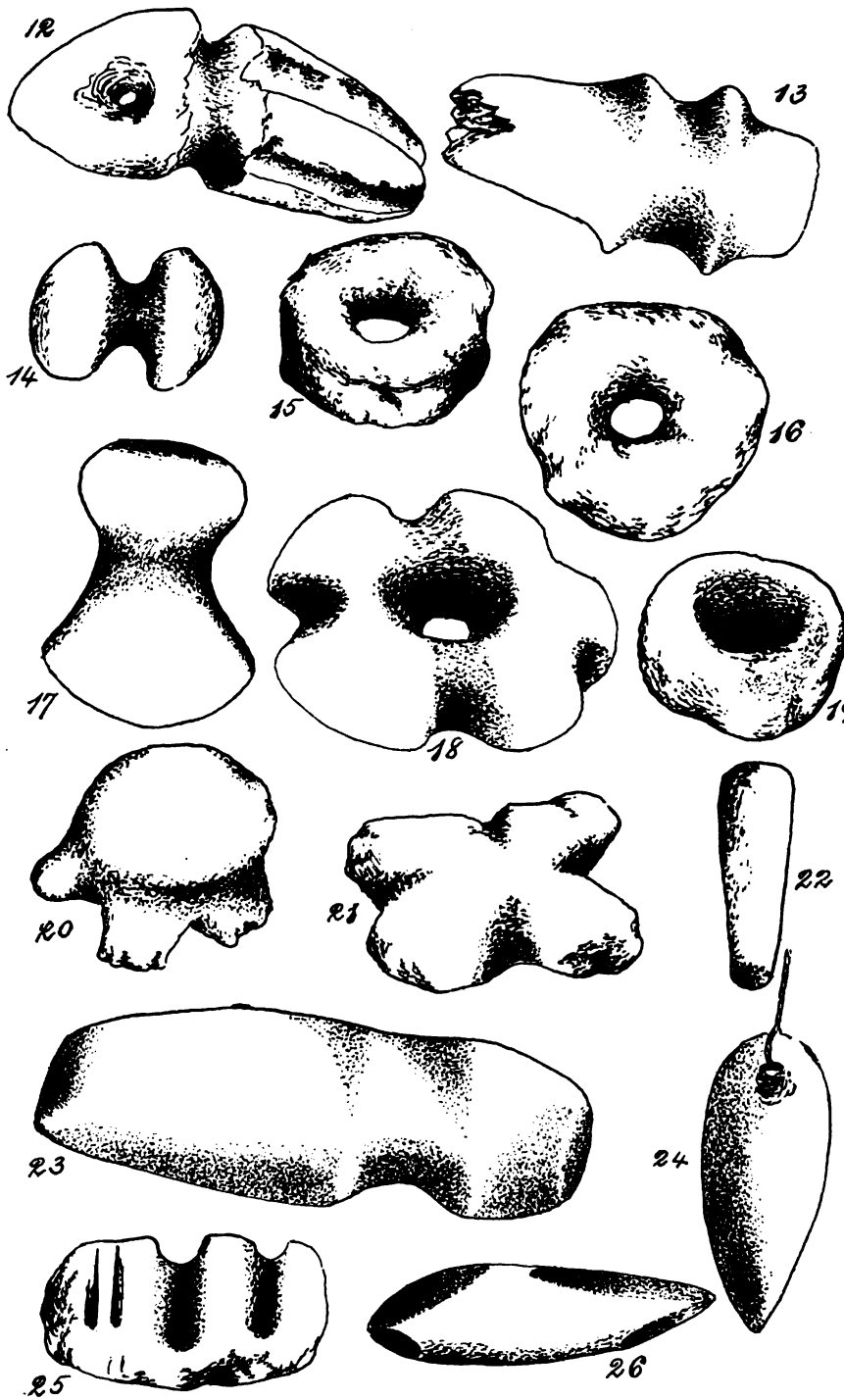

STONE IMPLEMENTS.

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Zarahemla," indicating a great distance. The flight of his army and people commenced at Zarahemla, in the northwestern part of South America, and ended in the State of New York; and, says Moroni, "they were driven from city to city, and from place to place." The army undoubtedly retreated through the settled country (when circling the Gulf of Mexico), in order to recruit their forces and obtain provisions, and utilize their cities. They could not have wandered into the wilderness from all base of supplies, since they had not only an army of two hundred and thirty thousand men, but all the Nephite women and children with them. They were north of the Gulf of Mexico, four years and to have subsisted must have been in a settled country. Besides the very ancient ruins throughout that entire region are standing today as proof of this fact.

But copper was then exceedingly difficult to obtain, with their imperfect facilities, and the mines far distant from their most northerly settlements, which did not extend beyond Ohio, and located in a cold region where mining could only be carried on a portion of the year. Hence it was used but sparingly and, as the findings show, for the smaller and finer tools, and for ornaments. For these reasons stone implements were somewhat in use among the Mound Builders, but not so extensively as in Arizona, in which regions no indications of iron or copper mining have ever been found.

An extensive variety of "curios" of one kind and another have been exhumed by the natives and old settlers of the Salt River Valley, and found their way into Mr. Dyer's collection. In several instances they point the finger of identity with great precision and directness. Among them are alligator teeth such as are found on the Gulf of Mexico. They are quite abundant in the Arizona ruins, there being more than a dozen in the collection to which reference has been made.

There are also a variety of sea shells used for personal adornment. In this collection is a strand of beads made from an oblong little sea shell of uniform size, about one-third of an inch in length. Also a strand made of round shells about an inch in diameter. There are also sea shell bracelets made by cutting away the middle portions of a half shell, two and a half to three inches in diameter, leaving only the rim with the enlarged hinge portion fancily cut for ornamentation. Mr. Dyer has four of these bracelets, two of which were found on the forearm of skeletons, which, when exposed to the air, crumbled to dust, while the bracelets show no signs of decay.

But the most interesting of the miscellaneous articles in the collection is a piece of slate fashioned into a somewhat rectangular shape with a projection from the smaller end to serve as a handle or means of suspension. We present both sides of the piece in illustration. There are many strong evidences pointing to the conclusion that the animals represented are the South American llama.

The sectionally marked line may indicate a long journey, there being a longer cross stroke at every fifth one and six of the groups, making thirty marks in all; which may mean that many moons, as there are two moons represented, possibly to indicate the denomination of time intended for each mark. This would make a period of two years, three months and twenty days for the journey. The next row of pictographs might indicate heavy losses during the trip, as it represents, at the end of the line measuring the time, but half as many llamas and a dead man, or one lying horizontally.

But as to the llamas. The first two, it will be noticed, are being led, one by the man and the other by a halter fastened to the first one's tail. Upon

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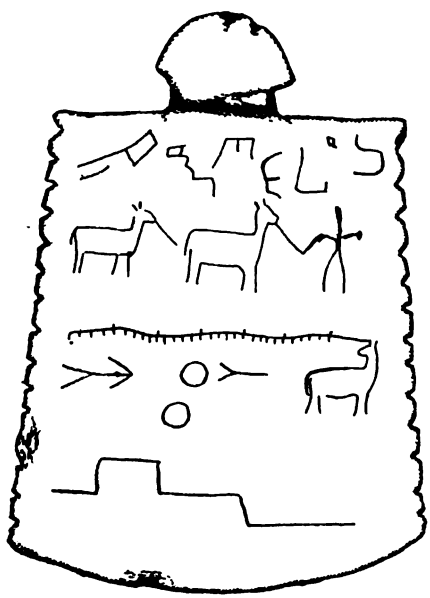
a closer examination of the slate after the drawing was forwarded, I found that the halter line of the rear animal was distinctly cut in the slate to the tail of the one in advance. The South American llama is a burden carrier, and a very significant peculiarity with them is that they are always *led*, never driven. I believe this is not true of any animal ever domesticated in North America. When we remember that neither the



SLATE WITH PICTOGRAPHS.

deer nor antelope, or any other similar animal in the United States, has ever been domesticated and put to general service, and especially is this true as to the Indian who has always hunted them down and slain them, it becomes almost a matter of certainty that these figures do not represent any animal native to this country. The leading of one by fastening his halter to the tail of another is a method so careless that it points to the most thorough domestication, so thorough that it could only be attained through the training and breeding of several generations.

The llama, or duanco, which is supposed to be its very early progenitor, has a long neck, as in the picture, upright ears, no horns and tail longer than the deer. Again, the llama has the peculiar habit of looking back and "spitting" at a pursuer, which position is said to be perfectly represented by the last one on the slate.

But we have other evidences of the early existence of the llama in this region. About the year 1888 a Mr. Hull, of Hull Brothers, ranchers near Flagstaff, Arizona, shot an animal in one of the Colorado canyons unlike any known to him. He gave a description of it to Mr. F. H. Cushing, the archæologist, and also sent one to the Smithsonian Institute. He said that it turned and spat at him before being shot, and among other things, he used this expression: "The d—n thing hasn't got any feet, his legs just turn up at the ends." The llama foot is a very peculiar one and this rough frontier expression is said to describe it correctly. Both parties to whom the description was sent replied that in their judgment it was a llama.

In a sacrificial cave a few miles east of Phœnix, has been found six hundred trinkets and utensils of various kinds, placed there as offerings to the gods. Many of them were tied together with a material entirely unknown to the finders. It was neither wool or cotton, or hair, but is supposed to be from the llama. The cave deposits cannot be less than eight hundred years old.

Again, a citizen of Tempe, Arizona, is in possession of an ancient figurine found in the ruins near by, which is a perfect image of the llama, looking over the shoulder as in the act of "spitting." It has all the leading points of the llama as given above.

To sum up the information in regard to this animal, it is to be borne in mind that they are a native only of South America, and if the fact is established that they formerly existed in Arizona then the fact is also established that the people who possessed

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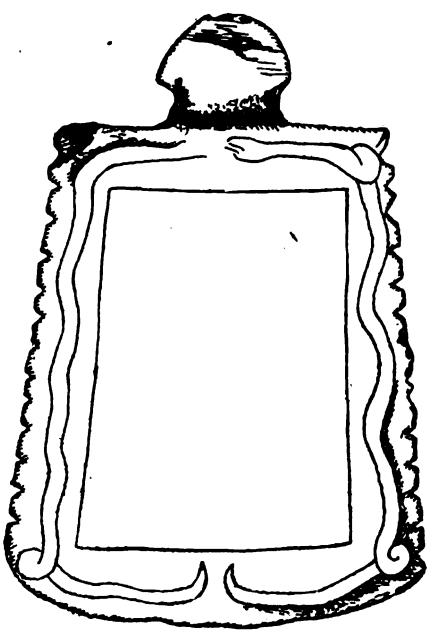
them and left these extensive ruins to us as a mark and gauge of their civilization, came also from the same country.

When this important information concerning the llama is associated with another fact derived from the history of Mexico, that to both the ancient Toltec and Aztec races beasts of burden were entirely unknown up to the time of the Spanish conquest, the subject becomes invested with great interest and significance. For if these people did not obtain their burden-bearing llama from the occupants of Central America or Mexico, but procured them from South America, their only breeding ground, then it is conclusive that the people who brought them came before the Toltec or Aztec periods, and hence as fully conclusive that they must have been of Nephite origin, having, of course, lost the blessings of the Gospel and dwindled in unbelief.

In support of the hypothesis that these people were of Nephite descent, a number of evidences were set forth in the former paper, beside that of the llama, to which we will now add still others, before proceeding to the consideration of the time, causes and circumstances of their migration.

It is assumed in the outset that if it is shown they came from South America, they are of Nephite and not Lamanite extraction, for the manifest reason that the Nephite nation commanded the strategic military point of the narrow entrance into the north half of the continent up to the time of its overthrow, 400 A. D., prior to which time no Lamanites, as such, had passed into the "north country." And after that date it was less than two hundred years before the Toltecs began, according to Mexican history, to appear in that country from the "northeast," whither they had driven and destroyed the Nephite race. Hence it is clear that if the Toltecs brought no llamas when they returned from their great military exploit in the north, and the occupants of Mexico there when they arrived had none, as historical records amply attest, then these people must have branched off from the Nephites when in Mexico, either prior to 400 A.D., or at the time of their great conflict, flight and destruction.

The piece of ancient slate with incised character writing in curves and angles as shown in the illustration remains an unsolved and probably unsolvable riddle. It no doubt records something of historical value. These slates were used, as ours today, to write upon and then erase,



PLAIN SIDE OF SLATE.

but when they were made useless for this purpose by cutting characters into the surface, it must have been done to record something of great importance not designed to be forgotten. The holder prizes the piece very highly, although no clue or key has been found to unlock its mystery.

Several pieces of pottery of exquisite Egyptian decoration, similar to the one illustrated in the first ar-

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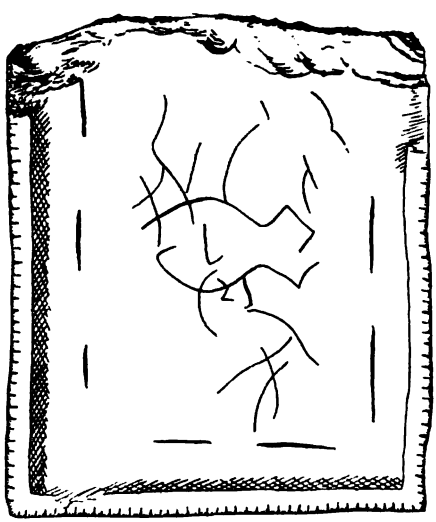
ticle on this theme, have been found in Arizona, and so strong are the many evidences of Egyptian culture and learning, that a citizen of Phœnix, who has given these antiquities much attention, made this remark, "I cannot be satisfied with any theory, no matter how plausible, that does not trace them ultimately to the Egyptians." And this supposition is also in accordance with the opinions of many writers. Happily that is precisely where the record of the Book of Mormon does trace them. And further, it enjoys the prestige of being the only hypothesis, important



ANCIENT SLATE WITH INCISED CHARACTER WRITINGS.

enough to make a pretence of being such, that does trace them to that remote source.

The long four hundred years of servitude through which the Israelites passed under Egyptian domination could not fail to have deeply engrafted in them the habits, customs, arts and learning of that people.

Their religion, it is true, under Moses, wrought many modifications in their architecture, government and customs, but the arts and the learning of Egypt remained rooted in the people.

The far-famed Egyptian water jar, for illustration, with its unique embellishments, became and continued as typical of the Jewish as of the Egyptian life, and was, of course, with its concomitant tastes, transported to the New World by the little company of souls that left Jerusalem six hundred years, B. C., and landed on the west coast of South America. It will also be remembered that when the Prophet Lehi left Jerusalem and started upon that remarkable journey he took with him, as his son states, the records of his people engraved in Egyptian characters upon plates of brass. And his son Nephi, also understood the Egyptian language. For, said he; "yea, I make a record in the language of my father, which consists of the learning of the Jews, and the language of the Egyptians." This language was used throughout all the generations of the Nephites, even down to the days of Moroni, who wrote the final pages of the long and remarkable rocord in the same language. Thus the Book of Mormon accounts for the Egyptian pottery had among the ancient people of Arizona, and so clear and intelligible is the evidence, avoiding the least degree of speculation and presumption, that even ethnologists who are not disposed to credit the record are nevertheless silenced and put to serious reflection. And further, the marked traces of Egyptian art and skill found here in Arizona, as well as in the Eastern States, adds a dumb but potential testimony to the truth of the finding of a record written in Egyptian characters in the State of New York, which it will be futile for skeptical antiquarians to attack.

In connection with this branch of the subject we also refer to another most interesting fact; viz.: that the entire race in America at the time of its discovery and conquest, both barbarous and civilized, used no chairs or tables; but sat and ate upon the ground or floor. This universal

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custom throughout the two Americas is also traceable through the Prophet Lehi to the Egyptian people, and gives the Phœnician theory of origin a severe if not fatal shock, since that race used chairs and tables, and it is scarcely a rational presumption that that civilization could have given birth to the one in America, deformed by the total omission of a national feature which would be so difficult to drop. With the Israelites it must have been different. The customs of their national life were laid in the nomadic careers of the three great patriarchs, who, for probably a hundred and fifty years, dwelt in tents, moving from place to place upon camels, and could have had no use for clumsy furniture. They sat upon rugs or rolls, and ate upon mats spread on the ground. It was both convenient and safe to convey such material upon the backs of animals during their wanderings. After them, their posterity throughout the four hundred years of bondage, lived in the same manner, that also being the custom of the Egyptians. And from the time they were delivered we know that an entirely new generation grew up in the wilderness who knew no other than the ways of tent life. How long it may have been thereafter before the use of chairs and tables was introduced among the Jews we cannot say, but certain it is that it was not until after the captivity, since those who left Jerusalem at that time brought to the Americas no such custom. It did not exist within historic times anywhere on the western hemisphere, not even in the aesthetic and glorious period of the Montezumas.

Egyptian ingenuity is further traced to these people in the knowledge they possessed of the science of irrigation. They have left remains of canals, reservoirs and dams now many hundreds of years old, which prove them to have been expert engineers. Almost the entire cultivable district in Maricopa County, Arizona, is graded with a fall to the west and south of seven to eight feet to the mile, which, according to the best engineers of today, is the best possible grade to secure sufficient speed of flow, at the same time not allowing the water to pass too rapidly to permeate the soil. There has also been discovered recently a "submerged" dam of remarkable construction, a few miles east of Phœnix. It lies between two buttes through which at one time there must have been an extensive subsoil seepage, which formed a hidden bayou for a large basin of water confined beneath the surface. The ancients constructed this dam entirely under the ground, using a yellow clay material, the like of which is not found anywhere in that vicinity. And to make it the more impervious and resistant, was somewhat baked, for immense quantities of ashes are found along its sides. The farmers above the dam have been greatly annoyed with surface water, which would appear in post holes and could be reached in wells at an arm's length, and they were unable to account for it until the dam was discovered. A cut has since been made through it and a canal laid to other land, which is now furnished with a good supply of water from the hidden reservoir, and the farmers are relieved. Such a consummate knowledge of the principles upon which irrigation is based, and which is also now in use among the Zunis and other Pueblos, could not have originated with a savage race. It was unquestionably handed down from the Egyptians through the Prophet Lehi and his people, who practiced irrigation for ages in the mountains of South America. The Egyptians, it will be conceded, are the fathers of the irrigation system, originally conceived and utilized by reason of the overflow of the Nile, which presented the first practical hint to mankind.

H. E. Baker.

(To be continued.)

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LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER III.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge.

THE house occupied by Claude Duruy and his bride stood within a stone's throw of the little church. It was a type of the French cottage of that day, small, built of light material, low-ceiled, and thatched with rushes. Vines grew on trellises at the windows and against the walls, almost covering the house in their green leaves, and making of it a perfect bower. Swallows had made their nests under the eaves, and were permitted to remain in undisturbed possession of their rudely built homes. The grateful twitter of the old birds and the hungry, dependent "cheep" of the nestlings sounded pleasantly at intervals to their benefactors.

In addition to the domestic animals common around the dwellings of the peasants, there were a number of pets which Duruy on account of his natural fondness for animals, had brought from the forests and reared in perfect kindness and love. After his marriage he had entrusted these to the especial care of his wife, enjoining upon her their considerate treatment.

There was something peculiarly touching and fitting in his love for these helpless creatures. It was typical of his devotion to the cause and the interests of the poor, for they were looked upon as of no greater importance than animals by those occupying the station in which Duruy was born. The helplessness of the brutes which came day after day to be fed from his hand, was not more plain and pitiable to Claude Duruy, than the dependence and trust reposed in him by his peasant neighbors.

It was a month after the marriage of Claude and Jeanne. The day's errands of mercy had been completed. Comfort and Christian consolation had been carried to the hearts of many of his parishioners, and Duruy and his wife were seated at their frugal repast beneath the grape vine just without the door of their dwelling. Duruy seemed more than usually thoughtful, and a sigh occasionally rose to his lips. His mind seemed to be wandering among the unfortunates with whom he had that day been brought in contact. In vain his wife tried to draw him into conversation on their own happy condition: the very thought of the contrast between his position and theirs increased his feelings of sadness and despondency.

"You are unhappy, dear. What has happened? What can I do?" her voice had a low, pleading quality, which in itself was soothing to the care-worn man beside her. He rose to his feet and began pacing back and forth with bowed head and folded hands. For a time he seemed so lost in thought that she found it necessary to repeat the question. He started from his reverie and resumed his seat at her side.

"My Jeanne," he said impressively, "I have long suspected that one of our friends, a man in whom I have had the fullest confidence, is now bent upon our destruction. I am led by his actions, and by rumors I have heard concerning him, to believe him a spy on the acts and words of the people of the village. You know how the higher classes feel toward us. You know their hatred for the humble and poor. I am fully convinced that the man of whom I speak has sold himself to the tyrant, his price being the property of those whom he makes the victims of his treachery."

"Of whom do you speak this?" asked Jeanne in alarm.

"Of one who has been most inti-

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mate with us, and whom we have esteemed as friendly as he has been intimate. I would not announce my suspicion as absolutely just, but he has made himself open to this charge by his general spirit and his actions in the immediate past. I refer to Pierre Lemoyne."

"Pierre Lemoyne!"

"Your surprise is great. I will confess that I would almost as soon have suspected myself, and I have therefore been loath to accept the evidence against him, until it has become so overwhelming as to leave little room for doubt."

"Pierre Lemoyne! There must be some mistake, Claude. No one has been more bitter than he in his hatred for the nobility. He has even sought occasion to arouse in the breasts of others a desire for rebellion against our oppressors. I have often heard him speak against the crimes and cruelties of Louis XV. until his indignation would become almost uncontrollable."

"These things I have noticed. But do you not know that those who are most open and bitter in a certain cause are frequently among the first to betray it?"

"What motive do you think he has in taking such a step as this? He has suffered as much as we. His toil has been expended in vain as much as ours. The products of his little farm have been seized upon by the Duke as many times as those of the other villagers. He has no friends among the nobility to induce him to attach himself to their party. While I do not question the fact of his present gain from such action, I am at a loss to know how he could be led to it."

"In my mind there could have been but one cause for it," said Duruy. "I believe that he fancies himself a sufferer at the hands of one of his fellows, and his desire for revenge has led him to this step. Who the person is and what the offence I do not know. It cannot be in his business dealings, for he has been prosperous therein even beyond the rest. It cannot be in religion, for the villagers are one on that subject. It cannot be in love, for he has seemed distant and indifferent to the maidens of the village, and this has increased in the past year to a remarkable extent."

Duruy had again risen, and was pacing back and forth with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Had he been looking at his wife, he might have seen a shadow cross her face as he spoke on the last subject. It was now her time for thoughtfulness. His words opened to her recollection the scenes of her early life, when, in company with Lemoyne, she had talked and thought of the future. She remembered now the childish vows they had exchanged, and the thought came to her with terrible earnestness that the feelings she then experienced, but had long since forgotten, may not have been so transitory with him. She thought of the possibility that he still regarded her, after the plighting of her troth to Duruy, as he regarded her when a child, and the color left her cheeks and the dew of tears was upon her eyelashes.

Darkness was settling down upon the village. In a tree near the house a nightingale began to pour forth jubilant melody, which changed to a mournful refrain, and Jeanne imagined she could hear Duruy and Lemoyne respectively, the one singing to her of happiness and love, the other of sorrow, disappointment, and revenge.

As Duruy looked toward his wife, she glanced up. He saw the traces of tears and the expression of sorrow upon her face, "Jeanne, my wife!" he called; "what is it?"

"O Claude," she sobbed, "is it possible for a fancy, a dream of childhood, to last into manhood and become a ruling passion?"

"Whereof do you speak, my darling?" cried the young man tremu-

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lously; "What fancy of childhood disturbs you? Why do you weep and turn from me?"

From her half averted eyes tears streamed down, and her husband took her in his arms.

"I see it all now," she cried as the flood of memories surged over her mind. "I see it all now; I am the cause of Pierre Lemoyne's treachery!"

"You are uttering madness," he said.

"No, no, listen to me. When we were children, Pierre Lemoyne and I played together. In our childhood sports we mimicked the manners and ideas of our elders. He pictured to me a cottage on the banks of the Gironde, in which we should dwell in continuous happiness. He spoke of the contentment that should characterize our lives, and pleasure and hope lit up his eyes, and the glow of love, which I did not then understand, was in his cheeks. I was in ignorance of the import of the words we used. As we became older, our companionship continued, but we spoke less of these things, and I forgot them. When I was fifteen years old, you came into the village. You toiled patiently and unceasingly for our good, and I came to admire you for your interest in us. You know how my admiration and respect have ripened into love, and how happy you have made me. My Claude, in all this happiness I have not thought of Pierre Lemoyne. His words of love and hope, his pictures of the future, and his passionate entreaties had passed from my recollection. But now they return. I see him again as I saw him then. I fear that the fleeting fancy with me is a lasting love with him. He has been silent and morose. I remember now that he has often regarded me with a look of longing, which I repelled with a glance, and he has left me with sad and bitter mien. In my happiness I counted these as nothing, but now they come back to me, and I understand them. He has not forgotten the past, and the present gives the lie to all his fond anticipations. He has taken my thoughtlessness for heartlessness, and he now seeks for revenge upon us both!"

To a man the thought of a former fancy on the part of his wife, even in childhood, brings a sense of sorrow and regret. It is destructive of the conceit that he is apt to feel regarding his exclusive control of her emotions. Duruy experienced this feeling, but it was of brief duration. Then came to him a conviction that his wife was right in her surmises; that the moroseness and gloom and aversion to society which Pierre Lemoyne had recently shown, were caused by his disappointment. He was well aware that they suffer most who show no outward sign. He understood why even the innocent cause of Lemoyne's suffering did not know of its existence.

"My husband, can your love for me be as great as before you knew this?" she asked plaintively. "Forgive me; I was not to blame."

He pressed her closer to his heart, and with words of loving assurance drove away her doubts.

"I am afraid for you," she said; "Lemoyne is unscrupulous, and will stop at nothing to gain revenge. Be careful, darling; if harm come to you through this, my remorse and grief will be beyond measurement."

"Do not fear," he answered reassuringly.

At that moment they heard a distant shout. They stood up and listened attentively. It was repeated, this time much nearer. A muffled sound of confused voices reached them, and swelled into tumultuous noises. Then came the sound of the rushing feet of horses and men, and a great crowd surged up to Duruy's door.

"He killed my daughter?" shouted one of them, an old man with

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gray hair and beard. His form was bowed with toil and sorrow, and his clothing barely served to cover his nakedness. His yellow skin was stretched so tightly over the fleshless bones of his face, as to give him the appearance of a cadaver. His scream of rage and hate was directed against a young man, apparently of aristocratic birth, who was struggling in the hands of a dozen young and stalwart peasants. "He killed my daughter!" repeated the old man in a frenzy of rage, rushing at him with gleaming eyes.

"Hold!" shouted Duruy, springing forward and dragging the old man back. "Be calm. I cannot permit you to do him harm. He is under my protection. Stand back!" This remark was directed toward the young men, who upon his approach had given their prisoner into his hands, but now attempted to regain possession of him. "Stand back! Do you not know who I am?" His tone of quiet dignity and firmness calmed the enraged crowd.

"Now, Jacques Bruyere, what is your grievance?"

With an effort the old man checked his rage and grief, and answered: "My daughter Marie was working in my field last autumn, gathering my harvest. She was alone and helpless. This villain came and made proposals to her which caused the blood of shame to mount to her face. She repulsed him in anger, but did not tell me what had happened. The next day, against her prayers and entreaties, I sent her there again. We were poor and almost starving, and I needed her help. Would that we had starved, and she with us! He came to her that day, and told her of the gold and silks and jewels he would give her, of the power which would be hers, and of the wealth he would bestow upon me if he could have his wish. He painted to her the ruin he would bring upon me, if she refused him. He had lands and houses, and I owed him money. He said he would take my little farm from me and turn us all into the street to beg or starve. She knew I could not pay him. She knew how feeble her mother was. She trusted in his lying promise to cover her shame by marriage. She fell! Torments of the damned? She fell! He used her as his play-thing, and when he wearied of her he cast her off. To-day her babe was born. She told me while she and the child were dying, how her shame had been wrought. They both died an hour ago. Tell me, master, is he not worthy of death?"

Before Duruy could give answer, another peasant spoke: "He made me work for him on every fine day, leaving me only stormy and fete days to till my own farm. My crops are ruined, and we are famishing!"

Another said: "He destroyed all my farm and turned it into a park for his deer. We have no food!"

"He made me pay half my grain for grinding it at his mill," said a third. "We shall not have halt enough to last us till the next harvest."

"My wife starved to death at his door because she would not sell herself and my daughter to him," cried a fourth.

"My little ones died of want while I was in prison by his order," exclaimed another.

It seems that when the capture of the monster became known, all the peasants suffering from his injustice had assembled to assist in wreaking vengeance.

Duruy turned to him. "What do you say to these charges?" he indignantly demanded.

"They are true," answered the other, with an air of superiority and indifference. "They are true. But these are animals. They are at my mercy. I have a right to all they own, even to their wives and children. I have taken only that which

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is mine by right of birth. Even the wench was mine, as the daughter of my debtor. She fully understood her place when I explained it to her."

"You dare speak so lightly of your terrible crimes?"

"And why not? Fools as you are, you will not be so mad as to harm me for what I have done. I am under the special protection of the king of France, as are all the other noblemen of his realm. If one of us should come to harm at your hands, woe to your village and your lives."

Stung beyond the verge of reason by his taunting manner, the crowd swayed and surged around him. In vain Duruy placed himself between the frenzied mob and its victim. He was pushed aside like a feather by a wave of the sea. The crowd closed around the man who had ruined their homes. Perceiving that his peril was great, he shrieked for assistance. Duruy tried again to help him, but was again thrust back.

"Let the dog die a dog's death!" cried one of them. Immediately a rope was brought and placed about his neck. He begged for mercy, and shrieked and cursed in his despair. It was in vain. The free end of the rope was placed around the limb of one of Duruy's trees. Forty willing men seized it, and the libertine swung in the air! "Follow my daughter!" cried Jacques Bruyere. "And my wife!" exclaimed another. "And my children!" said a third. With these sounds ringing in his ears, the nobleman in name, the assassin and libertine in reality, passed to his account.

"My friends," said Claude Duruy, speaking from his doorstep and supporting his fainting wife in his arms; "I love you. Your cause is mine. Our interests are identical. Would to God this had not happened. The vengeance you have wrought upon this guilty man will, I fear, be doubled and trebled on you by your powerful enemies. Take down the body."

As Duruy finished speaking, the villagers obeyed his command and then departed, carrying with them the body. The church bell tolled the hour of ten. *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

THE BLIND FIDDLER OF MUCKROSS.

THE tourist in Ireland who visits the beautiful lakes of Killarney, made famous in romance and song by the sparkling wit and tender sentiment of the novelist Lover, and the poet Moore, and who fails to stop and spend a few profitable hours exploring or viewing the picturesque ruins of Muckross Abbey and Ross Castle, which occupy a prominent position on the peninsula between Torc, the middle, and Lough Leane, the lower of the chain of three lakes, has missed two of the most historic, romantic and impressive of the beautiful scenes and places that Kerry County, or all Erin, for that matter, has to offer to the student of history, poetry or tradition, which is a thing he cannot afterward fail to regret. Mindful of this, then, when I visited Killarney on my trip through Great Britain and the European Continent, now upward of nine years ago, I did not omit, while drifting down the winding stream from Torc Lake to Lough Leane, to stop my little boat, and landing, penetrate the innermost hidden recesses of both these hoary, ivy-clad old piles, in the bosom of whose shadowy depths I wandered to my heart's content, in company with young Patrick O'Shaughnessy, my boatman and guide, who had all day long beguiled the tedium of our excursion with an exhaustless *reportoire* of weird legends and tales connected with the places we saw.

While exploring Muckross Abbey

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my ears were suddenly regaled with the strains of a fiddle emanating from a distant ivy-screened nook. The air rendered was the wild Irish one of "The Moreen." As I listened, the cracked, quavering voice of an old woman was raised in song to the fiddle's accompaniment, and somewhat to my surprise, the words she sang, were those of Moore's song, "The Minstrel Boy:"

"The minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you ll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him!"

and so on to the end, sounding strangely in the old ruin.

"That is ould Dermot Cassidy and his wife," explained O'Shaughnessy, "ye can always find thim here!"

We at once sought out the old couple, who were not far off. I found them comfortably ensconced in a recess thickly embowered with ivy. They sat together on a fallen pile of masonry. Both were upwards of three score years in age, wrinkled and bent, and I saw that the old man was stone blind. He and his dame were comfortably clad in the old-fashioned habit of the peasantry class. On her lap the old woman held a basket containing some of the black bog oak jewelry, which is so commonly offered for sale by the peasants of that neighborhood. I bought some of her, and she and the old man thanked me civilly, and called down the blessing of heaven upon my head. I requested the old man to play me another tune, and he gave me "The Wind that Shakes the Barley," to which, to my astonishment, his wife danced a very lively jig for one of her years. I then borrowed his fiddle and played them "Rory O'More," and "Dublin Streets," the enlivening strains of which proving too much for either the old couple or O'Shaughnessy, with a whoop they began treading a lively reel in a manner which must have shocked the walls of the venerable old abbey to have beheld. When I returned the fiddle to the old man, an additional piece of silver accompanied it. He swore I was a "gintleman," and when I bade them farewell, advised me to "kape clear av the dhrink, sor, an' moind the wurruds av the praste, an' ye'll come to no grief. Shure, id's I thot w'u'd've been the betther for doin' thot same!" I thanked him, and quitting the abbey, returned to our boat; and as we continued our way to Lough Leane, my Charon related to me the following weird story of the blind fiddler of Muckross, and the manner in which he became afflicted. O'Shaughnessy told it with every indication of veneration and awe:

"There was sorra a bye in all Kerry could outvie wid young Dermot Cassidy in all those feats which require stringth an' agility for their successful accomplishment, although 'tis a well known fact, sor, that the byes do Kerry can hold their own agin' av Ireland combined, or the wurruld. Foremost was he in the foot race; none c'u'd hurl the stone or hammer as far as he; and chiefly did he excel in wrestling—niver yet had stud before him the bye who c'u'd lay him on his back. To these accomplishments he united a fine figure an' graceful carriage, a handsome face an' winnin' ways, an' a honied tongue that long had licked the Blarney stone. None was more pop'lar and envied among the byes an' girls av Killarney than he; an' wherever he wint, there c'u'd ye find a brave throng av fair coleens an' bold bouchals surroundin' him.

"Bud, av all the girls av Killarney were somewhat over fond av him, Dermot cared for bud wan, an' that was Ellen Bannagher. A *coleen dhas* (pretty girl) in troth she was, wid sleek brown hair, an' eyes that flashed an' sparkled loike sunlight on the wather, an' a smilin' swate face thot bore the hue av the white and red poppies, ould Ireland's own flower, an' was kissed to the blushin'

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glow av health an' beauty by the warrum bright sun, an' soft winds of the hivens. Ah! a fun-lovin', dear cratur she was, as I've heerid many a man say, that's now ould, bud was thin in the full flush av youth. All the byes contended for her, but Dermot found more favor from her than any other, an' this shows that fate mint them for aich other, as has been afterwards proved.

"There is none widout faults an' though Dermot had bud two, yit grate an' sorrowful wans they wor, an' cost swate Ellen many a bitter pang an' sigh as she thought on thim, for she was a pious, good girrl, an' he cared more for the dhrink than he did for the praste. If by chance he wint to church at all, it was not for the good av his sowl he was there, but bekase he could there see Ellen, to whose broight glances he paid more heed than to the mass. Wor ye to ax him pfwat the inside av the confissional looked loike, in troth, id 'w'u'd be more than Dermot Cassidy c'u'd tell ye!

"Now, as yer honor well knows, Christmas Eve is the holies' toime av all the year round, an' the midnight hour av that eve is the most solemn period av that holies' toime. On thot blissed noight the Saints an' angels sing in hiven as they did whin they appeared befwore the shepherds an' sang, 'Peace on earth; good will toward man,' an' the sthar gleamed in the sky before the three kings, and lid them to thot manger pfwhere lay the Christ-child, newly born! On that noight there sh'u'd be no evil nor suffering abroad—nought bud peace and j'y and lovin' kindness one for the other—for on thot noight, av on no other, all mankoind sh'u'd be as they are in troth, brothers an' sisthers to aich other from the wan Parent! As the midnight hour chimes, the very dumb bastes av cattle to this day kneel in their stalls in humble adoration av the birth av Christ; the hivenly choir burst into songs av praise an' rejycing; an' thot there may be nothin' lackin' to round out the complate happiness av all nature an' mankind in their regeneration, the very rivers an' brooks for wan brief hour, burst from their bonds av ice an' run roarin' bank full wid rich red wine, thot all may dhrink an' be merry who are so lucky as to see the soight! Bud woe betide him who drinks wid evil in his hearrt, or without due veneration for the meanin' av the hour, for in thot same instant thot the foorst drop av the blissid wine passes his lips, the evil thot is in his hearrt will come forth an' seize upon him, to his bitther grief foriver!

"On Christmas Eve the prastes hold all noight service in the church, an' at midnight celebrate solemn high mass, which same I may say, sor, is the most solemn high mass av all in the year, an' well is id for the congregation to be prisint.

"The things I'm afther tellin' ye sor, happened wan Christmas Eve many years ago. The little tumbled-down chapel I pinted out to yiz awhile back was at that toime in the proide av its structure, an' the only church widin some miles of the village. Father Terence Doyle was in charge av id for the good av his sowl, an' a better loiked praste wan must go far to find. His congregation was large, at the l'aste, bud on thot noight, as the hour for the midnight mass approached, id seemed loike the whole kingdom av Kerry was gatherin' by clans to be prisint at ids celebration. From all quarthers they came, ould an' young; the cripples an' crutches, the blind led by the hand, the ould tottherin' an by the aid av a staff, wid their little grandchilder clingin' in shy wondermint an' alarrum to the tails av their coats; the married couples wid babes in their arrums, an' the bold *bouchals* an' gay *coleens*, sparkin' in pairs an the sly, the former wid good clubs in their fishts, an' the latter wearin' their ould brogans as they walked to the church, an'

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carrying their Sunday shoes an' sthockins in a bundle, to save the wear an' tear av walkin' through the shnow in them; for id's thim knows pfwhere to pinch an' spare, an' thot's pfwhat makes the girls av Kerry the frugal an' industhrious woives ye'll iver foind thim! Nearly all the byes carried links an' torches, an' the broad meadow in which stood the little church presinted a gay scene wid the many twinklin', movin' loights as the crowds assembled. The frosty air hummed wid their voices an' rang wid their laughter, for ids thin the fun began, whin the girls sat down to change their ould brogans for their Sunday shoes, wid the bys offerin' their help from all soides, an' ids many the white an' well turned ankle was displayed ere the sthockin' covered it!

"The little church was far too shmall to hould all those prisint, though all who c'u'd, sthrove to inter as Father Doyle began to celebrate the midnight mass. Those who c'u'd not, clustered about the dures, an' as the praste's voice was hearrd, they knelt in the shnow wid bowed heads, tellin' their beads in pious devotion, an' all prisint payin' reverent heed to pfwhat was passin' widin.

"No, not all! There was one who hild aloof from the throng. Wid folded arrms Dermot Cassidy stud aparrt be himself on the outher idge av the circle av light the torches cast, watchin' wid unholy contempt the scene before him.

"'The grace av God has done me no good, big or little!' he muttered. 'Is it the loike av me to be afther throwin' from me the chance av the year listenin' to spache thot'll profit me naught whin there's good wine to be had for the drinkin'! To the divil wid the praste! I shall go feast an betther than the eucharist!'

"Wid that he turned an his heel an' strode aff in the noight over the snow-covered fields, niver moindin' thot there was wan amid the kneelin' throng who watched him go, wid sad, yearnin' eyes an' achin' hearrt. Nor, whin he'd gone some distance, did he moind thot thot wan had quietly widdhrawn herself from the worshipers, an' was follyin' after him, thrackin' his fut marks in the shnow, swate Ellen Bannagher! She was muffled in her hood an' cloak, her hands wor toightly clasped, an' her lips moved, as in silent prayer, an' her burnin' eyes wor fixed anxiously upon the shnow, as she hurried on, intint bud on overtakin' Dermot an' reclaimin' him from the drid doom which awaited his impiousness!

"The moon shone brightly on the shnow, an' Dermot bent his stips toward the river, a half mile an' more beyond.

"The midnight hour came, an' he hastened his pace, not only that he moight not be too late, bud thot he moight be the foorst on the scene, befwore any wan else cud arroive, beloike in the greed av his hearrt thinkin' he cud dhrink the river dhry!

"As he neared the place, the sound av runnin' wather sthruck upon his ear—a sure unwonted sound at thot sphot an' sason av the year, for from airly winther to late spring, sor, the river is locked fast an toight wid ice!

"Dermot knew the charrum was warrukin'; he bruk into a run, an' in a moment more, came to the river's idge.

"Och, murther! bud it was the swate soight he saw! From bank to bank, an' up an' down ids course as far as he cud see, the river flowed in great rowlin' billows av rich, red wine, that shparkled, an' beaded an' hissed an' danced in the moon's rays afther a style thot moight wid aise set a man stark starin' mad wid delight to view!

"Sorra a human soul was to be seen save Dermot, who for a moment stud sun-strucken wid j'y at the soight; then wid a cry av delight, he

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flung himself flat an his brist an the bank an plungin' his hid nick deep beneath the toide, dhrank greedily.

"Bud, queen av hiven! scarce had the foorst drop av the blissid wine passed his lips than he was horrified to hear a voice from the depths av the river's tide rise up an' say in tones as solemn as a passin' bell:

"'This water is wine:—
Bud your eyes are mine!'

an' to the deep sorrow av his soul the sight went out from his eyes at wanst, an' has left him as ye have seen, sor, in the most bitther black darkness from that day to this!

"Wid a terrible cry he shtarted to his fate, an' picked at his eye-lids, an' opened thim as wide as a fish, bud in vain! It was no thrick—he was more stone blind than a bat!

"Shriek upon shriek burst from him as he found this thrue, an' shmall blame to him! Thin in the bitterness av his despair he cursed himself wid the curse av the *kishogue* (fairies), an' all the black curses av the *Sheelygh* he called down upon his head in punishment for his folly an' impiety; and it isn't lucky to curse yourself wid thim same curses, sor, for they loight harrd upon a man, to his heavy sorrow all his life after. But Dermot niver moinded this thin; he knowed he deserved all an' more for his wickedness, an' so he cursed himself as I have told ye! Thin hidin' his soightless eyes in his hands, he turrned, an' reeled an' staggered away from the bank av the river, which still flowed an wid plisant ripple an' swash, as though to mock his sinful misfortune, full av the timptin wine which now he had sooner plunge into the fires av purgathory than touch ag'in! An' he heerrd the voice niver no more!

"But how was he to see pfwhere to guide his footstips wid the two eyes av him stone blind in his head? Ere he'd gone twinty perches an his way, he slipped an a threacherous bit of ice an' fell in the gripe av a ditch; an' there he lay, moanin' as hearrt sorrowful as the Banshee moans, when a form bent over him.

"'Dermot! Dermot, darling; come, rise up! Oh! what is the matter? Oh! sorra the day! Is it drunk ye are on this night an' hour? Look up!'

"'An' pfwhat can the blind see? Who spakes?'

"'*Weirasthru!* Do not ye know me? An' is id blind ye are? Dermot, pfwhat's happened ye?'

"'Ellen! Saints av hiven! pfwhat brought ye here in the hour av me disthress?'

"'Pfwhere shud I be but by yer soide? Small worth av a wife w'u'd I be to desarrt ye whin misfartune overtuk ye! Wurra, wurra! I know all now! Sure, I seen ye go an' knew pfwhy an' for pfwhat ye wint, an' follyed afther to save ye! The curse av the midnoight wine has blasted ye! Oh! Dermot, pfwhy did ye dhrink wid evil in yer hearrt! Bad luck to the slow fut av me! Pfwhy did I not overtake yiz in toime!'

"She busted into tears, an' throwin' hersilf in the ditch besoide him, she wound her arrms about him.

"'Touch me not, Ellen; I'm undher a curse an' a pinance; I'll contaminate yiz! L'ave me to die!'

"'Sorra a bit will I! By yer soide will I stay till death, come good or ill! Let uz l'ave this place, an' roam the wurruld together in pinance an' poverty! None saw uz deparrt; an' none shall see ye returrn to mock yer misfartune. This place will know uz no more till our mimory has died wid those who now live! I will stay wid ye, Dermot, an' guide yer stips through life an' the wuruld! Take hearrt, darlint! God is compassionate; He niver shuts wan dure bud He opens another, an' though He has sore sthrucken ye wid blindness in punishmint for yer sins, good will yet result from id! Come!'

"Wid thot she raised him to his fate, an' thegither they wint acrass the fields, Ellen guidin' his stumblin' stips over the shnow wid a gintle

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care an' solicitude, an' though her own two eyes were stramin' wid tears av grief, sthrivin' to soother an' cheer his darrkness an' sorrow wid lovin' wurruds an' tendher caresses. Arrah, worra! bud id was a sad soight, an' wan thot'd brung tears from a stone to have seen!

"An' thus they disappeared over the shnow, an' wint no man knows whither. Id was many a long year ere Killarney saw thim ag'in, an' thin wan noight, afther many an' most av thim thot wor thin young, bud had now long since grewn ould an' been laid in the grave, an' bud few remained who recalled the Christmas Eve that Dermot an' Ellen had so mysteriously vanished, the pair av thim, lukin' much as ye seen thim just now, sor, returrned an' tuk up their abode near the ruined abbey, where they have since lived in a little ould sod hut, beggin' charity av the koind in hearrt. Ould Ellen stays iver at his soide, an' sells the bog oak things ye saw. Dermot, as ye know, can play the fiddle very dacint, an' pfwhile he can, if ye wish, give ye a merry tune enough an' id, an' shake a leg in a jig or reel as loively as wan fifty years his younger, he much prefers not to dance at all, an' to play such mourrnful woild airs as 'The Moreen,' or 'The Domhnall,' to which ould Ellen will sing no wurruds bud thim thot were written to the melodies av Ireland by Ould Ireland's own poet, Thomas Moore, than whom, sor, id is well known, there has niver been a greater poet before or since, or likely to be!

"Nigh to thot shpot pfwhere the curse av the midnoight wine first fell an him, Dermot an' Ellen have come back in poverty an' pinance to die, though as they have been here now for nigh upon three years an' are both hale an' hearrty in health, thot is somethin' which mayn't chance for some years yit. They will tell naught av their wanderin's in the past forty years, though there's thim thot says there's no shpot an this earth thot's sthrange to thim. Inasmuch as in his youth Dermot Cassidy niver wint to confession, there's none now more regular in attindance at church or mass nor him, wid ould Ellen iver at his soide, guidin' his tottherin' footstips. No ould couple in all Kerry is betther known than thim, to whom the childher av Killarney go at all toimes, in the green shady nooks av the abbey ruins, to hear him play the fiddle, or tell his tales, regardin' him iver an' always wid riverance an' awe bekase av the pinance he is undher for his sin; an' to all who hould spache wid him he niver fails to admonish thim to heed the wurruds av the praste, an' l'ave dhrink alone, lest they meet wid the same curse thot has befallen him!"

Clarence L. Lower.

CLOVIS, KING OF THE FRANKS.

SECOND PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"Waldemar, Waldemar," called a pleasant voice.

"I am at the service of my lady," answered a young man, entering the room and bowing respectfully before the one who had called him.

"A message must be taken at once to the Duke de Marlac. He and his daughter are to attend the festivities tonight, and thy hand must carry the invitation to them."

"Is it the fair Gertrude?" asked Waldemar, the flush upon his cheek heightening at the word.

"The fair Gertrude, yes," answered the queen. "Art thou also caught in the meshes of her grace and

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beauty? If so, many are in the race against thee, men of fortune and position, whose wealth and power may have much effect on the girl. Remember, Waldemar, thou art only a humble attendant upon Clotilde, the wife of Clovis, king of the Franks."

"Yes, a slave," he answered. "Yet it is a service of which I am proud, my lady, and the fair Gertrude might do worse than choose such a position herself. But dost thou think my station in life will be considered by such a girl as she?"

"How can we judge of such things?" was the evasive reply. "The most luscious fruit is often tainted with the worm and with decay; the sweetest girl is oft the victim of the canker of selfishness. But go. The king's approach is announced by the bugle thou hearest, and his mood is not always a happy one."

Waldemar bowed humbly and departed on his errand. The queen watched him leave the room, and then turned with a sigh to her distaff, whereon she was preparing the flax for her husband's rude clothing. "Poor Waldemar!" she mused. "A youth of such nobility deserves more than we are doing for him. His own goodness leads him to have full faith in the truth of others. I hope Gertrude is worthy of his love, but even if she is, I fear that Waldemar's Christianity will prevent the king from giving his consent to their marriage."

Just then the heavy footsteps of Clovis sounded on the bare floor, and the lady arose to receive him. The king of the Franks was a type of the rude German chieftain of early times. He was large, well-formed, and muscular, with a face of reddish tinge, and hair inclined to the auburn. His absolute rule over his subjects, maintained in some cases by extremely severe measures, had imparted to his face an air of cynicism and cruelty, which even his wife, the refined and gentle Clotilde, had frequent cause to fear. As he entered the room he threw his battle-ax upon the floor with a clang, and apparently in no good humor spoke to the queen.

"Who has been here?"

"No one but Waldemar," she answered in a calm, dignified tone.

"Where is he now?"

"I have sent him to invite the Duke de Marlac to the festivities."

"Will his daughter be with him?"

"Yes."

"It is well," said Clovis. "I have a special purpose in wishing her here. As thou knowest, she is held in ward by me through her father's unpaid allegiance. He is too old to requite me with his service, and I must see to such disposal of her hand in marriage as shall best serve my interests."

"What is your purpose?" she asked, with anxiety.

"Ulric, one of my captains and keeper of the prison, has long been faithful to me, and is worthy of the highest reward. I shall bestow her hand on him."

"Does she love him?"

Clovis opened his eyes wide in astonishment. "Love!" he exclaimed, and the hall rang with his boisterous laughter. "Now thou talkest like the woman thou art. Such foolishness is fitting to such weaklings as women and milksops. That warrior is bravest on the field of battle, who thinks not of love, but of duty. When he who serves for love alone has found his courage waning and has sought safety in flight, he who serves from duty and from fear still faces the enemy. At least, it is so with men."

"But not with women, Clovis," said Clotilde earnestly. "Love is woman's life. It makes her duty pleasant. Bestow her hand where her heart is not, and she is like the dull, edgeless battle-ax, forced to her life's labor, yet not able to do it nearly so well as when the edge of duty is sharpened by love."

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"I had not thought of that."

"If the heart of Gertrude is given to one in every way worthy of her, wilt thou not consent to her marriage with him, whether it be particularly to thy interest or not?"

"Do not speak in riddles," he answered impatiently. "Who is the man?"

"I believe Waldemar loves Gertrude—"

Again his boisterous laugh of derision resounded through the hall.

"Waldemar!" he exclaimed. "A serving man! Would he aspire to the hand of a nobleman's daughter? Bah! Does he not understand his place? He is a Christian, too?"

"Yes."

His face became scarlet with passion. "A Christian and a slave!" he cried. "My blood boils at the thought. He has deserted the worship of Woden, Thor, and the other noble gods and goddesses of the Teutons. Can he hope, then, to win the daughter of one who knows not the worship of thy spiritual, unseen, unknowable God?"

"But if she loves him——"

"Loves him? If she betrays my hope of her by giving a thought to one so unworthy, his head falls, and I take my favor from her. Remember this, Clotilde. Tell thy pet serving-man that his place is not in the ranks of the nobility of Frankland. Thy God, in whose name our oldest child was baptized to death, is not the God of freedom-loving Franks."

"But, Clovis, our second child was saved to us by prayer to my God, when thou hadst given up hope."

"No matter!" he angrily exclaimed. "I can no longer parley with thee. Thou hast heard my decision. Tell Waldemar that if he values his own life, he must say nothing to Gertrude.

"Come. My hall must be prepared for the feast. Dismiss all thought of Waldemar and Gertrude from thy mind, for by the thunder-hurling god, they shall never wed!"

CHAPTER II.

The banquet hall of the palace was fitted up with barbaric splendor. Torches were set in niches on the walls, and from their waving flags of flame a murky smoke ascended to the ceiling, and found egress through the gaping crevices. The board was loaded with the products of the chase, with vegetables, and with strong, coarse wine. The guests ate from wooden trenchers, without the aid of implements so unnecessary as knives and forks. The wine was quaffed from wooden bowls and metal goblets, and the drinking ability of the guest was indicated by the size of his cup.

"I propose the health of Ulric and the fair Gertrude," shouted Clovis, rising in his place and tossing off a large goblet of wine. His action was instantly imitated by the assembled guests, and the cry, "Ulric and Gertrude!" resounded around the board.

The pair to whom attention was thus called sat at a little distance from Clovis, the lady demurely gazing at her father, who seemed pleased at the association of her name with that of the trusted friend of his liege. He whispered his satisfaction in her ear, while Ulric raised her listless hand to his lips.

The feast was soon finished, and the drinking was at its height. The ringing of the bowls against each other when a toast was proposed, the loud shouts and coarse jests of the banqueters, and the confused din of clanking weapons rendered it well nigh impossible for any sound to be distinguished. Yet, above all these noises, there suddenly rang upon the air the startling cry, "Thou liest!"

Instantly Ulric drew his sword and rushed with flaming eyes upon the speaker. It was Waldemar. The serving man was not armed, but springing backward a few steps he drew a sword from its scabbard before the astonished owner could realize what was happening. Then the

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quick ringing of weapons sounded forth amid the approving shouts of the spectators, and the sparks of fire from the clashing steel flew about the room as from the forge.

"Part them! part them!" shrieked Clotilde, trying to step between the combatants.

"No, no!" was the shout of Clovis. "The slave has called my noble vassal liar. A Frank can treat this greatest of all insults in but one way. He must kill the insulter. Let them fight!"

"Father, father, save him!" cried the frightened Gertrude, falling insensible into her father's arms.

The conflict was too fierce to last long. A skillful pass from Waldemar and his opponent lay wounded upon the floor. Waldemar was seized and bound.

"By all the gods of the Franks," cried Clovis, "I call upon thee to tell how this brawl began. Ulric, speak!"

The wounded man received the rude surgical treatment the times afforded, which was scarcely more than the binding of the wound to stop the flow of blood, and the application of a healing balsam. The banquet tables had been cleared away, and the drunken guests, half sobered by the quarrel they had witnessed, sat or stood in groups about the hall. Ulric was led before the king, leaning upon the arms of two stalwart attendants.

"Tell thy story," said Clovis.

With low voice and painful effort, Ulric told his version of the affair. "During the banquet I was called from my place by this slave, who said he wished to tell me important news. Without thought of treachery or of insult, I went. Pointing toward the fair Gertrude, he said she had offered to buy from him and other attendants, state secrets for her father. In anger I resented the foul slander, and told him that a maiden so chaste and beautiful would never stoop to speak to an ignoble slave. In his anger he called me liar. You know the rest."

Thrice during this recital Waldemar tried to interrupt Ulric. Thrice he was admonished into silence. The last time, he was gagged, and, with the reproachful gaze of Gertrude directed toward him, removed from the room and carried to a dungeon.

Clovis turned to the guests. "The slave has slandered a noble lady, and insulted and wounded a true liegeman of your king. What shall be his punishment?"

"Wouldst thou condemn the man unheard?" asked Clotilde in surprise.

"Unheard? Yes," exclaimed Clovis. "What, shall not the word of my most trusted officer be taken against that of twenty Christian slaves? My men, what is your verdict?"

"Death!" shouted the assembled chiefs, their swords leaping from their scabbards and sending a resounding clash through the hall.

"I am well pleased with your answer," said Clovis. "How is it with thee, my lady?" he asked, turning to Gertrude.

"May I not gain mercy for him, at least a trial?" interrupted Clotilde, while Gertrude bowed her head and remained silent.

"No!" shouted Clovis fiercely. "He dies on the eighth day sacred to Woden. Let the word be carried to him, for by the gods of Clovis, he shall not escape!"

Ulric was removed to a chamber of the palace, where further attention was given his wound. The other guests took their departure.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning word was taken to Waldemar that the sentence of death had been pronounced upon him. He received the news with Christian resignation, and proceeded to make preparations for his approaching end.

He was not alone in the rudely

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and strongly built prison. Many young and rebellious subjects of Clovis, who had fallen under the suspicion of their king, were imprisoned with the young man, and as they all occupied one room, they had free access to one another for the exchange of opinions.

Waldemar considered this an excellent opportunity to teach the doctrines of his chosen faith, and he accordingly devoted much of his time to this purpose. His labor, however, seemed vain. His fellow-prisoners were turbulent, restless souls, who seemed to find their greatest happiness in open battle and secret treason.

One day his food was brought to him by one of his fellow-prisoners and, unknown to its carrier, Waldemar saw him place in the bowl of water a sleeping potion. He was convinced that some scheme was on foot which they did not desire him to discover, and he determined to watch them closely. Accepting the food without question, he proceeded to partake of it; but when he seemed to be drinking the water, he managed to dispose of it without swallowing it. Therefore, they were not at all surprised to see his head fall upon his breast, while every indication of deep slumber manifested itself. They tested in various ways the soundness of his sleep, and so well did he counterfeit, that they were entirely deceived.

It was arranged between them that three days later a concerted effort would be made to escape. It was planned to form a single line before the door, each man with his hands upon the shoulders of the one in front. Just at the opening of the door to admit their food, they were to push suddenly forward against the guard and his assistants, who would be crushed to the ground, whereupon the crowd might rush over their bodies and escape. The plan was worked out in all its details, and a rehearsal of it was held, Waldemar, through it all, keeping up a continual guttural snoring. At the conclusion of their conference, they administered restorative kicks, cuffs and pinches to the lumpish mass, and after a proper amount of turning, yawning, and rubbing of the eyes, Waldemar awoke.

He hardly knew what to do. He was aware that it would not be safe for him to try to communicate with his jailors, for this would arouse the suspicion of the prisoners and perhaps bring upon him quick punishment. After due thought, he determined upon the bold plan of preventing, single-handed, the execution of their plot.

The day of the attempt arrived. In accordance with their plan, they formed themselves in line a few minutes before the mid-day meal was brought to them. Then the leader of the movement explained its object to Waldemar, and asked him to assist in carrying it out. He obeyed with alacrity, and took his station near the head of the column. Immediately upon the opening of the door, the crowd surged forward. The first man ran with full force against the entering keeper; but Waldemar, instead of transmitting to the one before him the force of those behind, braced himself against the door post and withstood the terrible crush for a short time. This delay was fatal to the scheme. Rallying from his surprise, the keeper hurled the first man back into the cell, and closed the door.

With one impulse the baffled prisoners turned upon Waldemar to wreak their vengeance. Fortunately, they had no weapons, but they were able by means of their feet, hands, and teeth, to inflict severe torture upon him, and he soon lay bleeding and unconscious upon the floor of the cell. Immediately upon being discovered here, he was carried to another cell, which he was permitted to occupy alone.

On that morning Clovis had de-

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parted on an expedition against the Allemannians, who had crossed the Rhine River, and attacked the Frankish settlements on its west bank. He was the only one with power to commute the death sentence still hanging over Waldemar. The day of its execution was but a week distant.

CHAPTER IV.

In a few days, the news of Waldemar's bravery and self-sacrifice reached Clotilde and Gertrude. The latter was in the presence of the queen when the event was made known to them. After the departure of the messenger, the queen turned to Gertrude and said, "My girl, was not Waldemar basely slandered by Ulric?"

"I do not know, my lady" was the reply. "Dost thou think Ulric capable of falsehood?"

"I would rather suspect him of falsehood than Waldemar of slandering thee."

"How am I to know?" asked Gertrude.

"Go to him at once," was the reply. "Hear the story from his own lips. Dost thou not love him?"

"Yes, Queen Clotilde, I did love him——"

"Until Ulric told this falsehood," interrupted the queen. "Waldemar has been basely wronged. He loves thee. He has confessed as much to me. Why, then, should he risk the chance of winning thee, by uttering a slander which thou wouldst be sure to hear? No, my dear girl; let thy faith go out to him. At least, let him know that thou canst trust him."

Waldemar lay that afternoon upon the pallet in his cell, his eyes resting on the dark shadows which the setting sun threw upon the inner walls, increasing their gloomy and forbidding appearance. There was a feeling of bitterness in his heart, for he knew that he was unjustly accused, and that the service he had performed for the king had passed without reward. The time of his execution was but two days distant. The thought of death was bitter to him, in spite of his Christian resignation; but the thought that the object of his love believed him a base slanderer of her character, was still harder to bear. He had sent message after message to her, with full explanation of the circumstances, but had received no reply; and in the full abandonment of hope, he did not even allow the probable thought that the messages might have been intercepted or lost. His mind was so sensitive that he had come to think himself suspected and despised by all. He was still ill from the injuries received in preventing the escape of the other prisoners, and his bodily suffering weakened his mind and made it less capable of resistance to gloomy thoughts.

He was aroused from his mournful reverie by the withdrawal of the bolt of his cell door. He arose and faced the entrance, expecting to see his jailer; instead, it was the slight, graceful figure of a girl. Her face was almost entirely hidden in her vail, yet she seemed to throw a light about the grim cell, making it almost pleasant to look upon.

Waldemar's weakness would not permit him to stand long, and therefore he sank upon the rude stone seat. "Pardon me if I sit without offering thee a chair," he said apologetically. "My wounds are still fresh, and I am very weak."

"But they are healing, are they not?"

"Yes," he replied bitterly. "They will be sufficiently healed on Woden's day to enable me to walk to my place of execution."

She shuddered at his words. "Is there, then, no hope of pardon?"

"Everything is against me," he answered. "In the first place I am a slave. My word would never be regarded against that of my accuser. Then, I am a Christian. Lastly, I have no friend but Clotilde, who, if she seeks to procure my release,

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will at once be suspected of favoring me through religious sympathy."

"But if it should be shown that thou hast other friends?"

"That is impossible. Those who heard Ulric's story, false though it was, have withdrawn their friendship from me. The lady whom I love, but was accused of slandering, reproached me with her eyes as I was dragged to this dungeon. Her look of pain and censure has been uppermost in my mind, for by that I know she believes my enemy."

Glad that she had not yet been recognized, Gertrude felt free in asking for his story. He told her with such calmness, that conviction accompanied each word. "In the banquet hall Ulric, flushed with wine, approached me with an insulting taunt. He must have heard from some source that I loved the fair and virtuous Gertrude, for he taunted me with the difference between our stations, until my shame and anger must have overcome my better judgment, and I answered him sharply. Then he boasted that Gertrude was already pledged to him, and that his design of seizing the fief and title of her father would be aided by her. It was then that my tongue burst through restraint, and I gave him the lie. I know his story was false, for the girl is too noble to have so unworthy a design against her father. Humble though I am, despised by all the nobles and by the lady herself, yet would I shed my last drop of blood in defense of her character!"

"The blessings of the gods upon thee, Waldemar!" exclaimed the grateful girl, throwing off her vail.

Overcoming his gladness and surprise, he approached her humbly, almost reverently, and kneeling upon the floor of the cell, pressed her hand to his lips.

With a blush of maiden modesty and dignity, she took both his hands in hers. "Waldemar, I should perhaps hesitate to say what I feel I must. But since thou hast declared thy faith and affection to me, I owe thee a debt I must pay. I have heard that thou wouldst not tell me thy love because of the difference in our stations. Waldemar, birth alone has made that difference; thou hast proven thyself capable of nobility which I shall never equal. Therefore, thou wouldst ask no favor in seeking my hand. I am the favored one, and hence I am free to tell thee my love. I have noted thee for years, and have known thy worth and thy faithfulness. They have led me to the love I now offer, with my hand, to thee forever."

"Gertrude, thou art risking too much," said the young man in a tone of fervent gratitude. "Thy father will not consent to thy union with a slave; the king will not permit it, for I am a Christian. If even I should escape from my coming fate, my happiness cannot be realized. But my death is sure. The king alone has power to pardon, and he is away and will not be back in time. Woden's day will soon be here, and there is no earthly hope for me. Therefore, Gertrude, the true God bless thee for the great happiness thou hast brought me. Thank God, thou shalt not be required to make any more sacrifice for me.

"My life has never known comfort. Bowed down with my slavery, I knew but one friend, and she my mistress. Since I accepted the Christian faith, I have felt still more the bitter contempt of those whom I have served, all but Clotilde. From the depths of my despair, I have seen the glimmering of one star, which has been all the brighter for the darkness of my life. As the prisoner in the dungeon gazes out upon the light of day, vainly striving to think of enjoying it, so, through the prison bars of my unhappy life I have gazed upon thee. But to the bar of my slavery has been added the bar of religious difference, and now the grating is completed with the bars of the prison and of certain death.

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But Gertrude, my life will go out in comparative happiness, since I know thou lovest me. God bless thee for bringing to me this comfort."

The girl wept bitter tears as her lover spoke, for she saw the hopelessness of his condition. Then mastering her grief, "I must go," she said, "I shall see thee again. Keep thy hope alive. There may yet be found a way to save thee."

With a lovers' kiss they separated.

CHAPTER V.

It was the night before the time of execution. The preparations for that event were being made. Black clouds were hovering about the prison, and the occasional mutterings of thunder heralded the approach of a heavy storm. Waldemar lay upon his hard bed, his mind filled with conflicting thoughts. At one moment he was contemplating the image of the fair Gertrude, which rose before him in all the girl's beauty; then his mind wandered to the time of his death, and a gloom settled down upon his spirits. Turning thence to the source of all comfort and consolation he uttered a prayer to God, and then before his imagination arose the image of Christ upon the cross, the agonized eyes looking down upon him in supreme compassion.

Outside the prison the deathwatch paced to and fro, his spear upon his shoulder and his sword at his side. At eleven o'clock the storm burst upon the prison. The guard still paced along the interior of the wall surrounding the prison yard, though the rain descended in torrents, and his scanty clothing was drenched. Another guard came to relieve him. They conversed through the gate as the one on the inside was unfastening the heavy bolts.

"Old Thor is working hard to-night, Hubert," said one.

"Truly," answered the other. "The sparks from his anvil are bright enough, but when he flings the white-hot bolts through the air they almost blind one. What is that?" he suddenly exclaimed, as a brilliant flash of lightning startled both.

"What? Where?"

"Look to the right of the gate as the next flash comes," he answered breathlessly.

They both bent their gaze in the direction indicated, and when the lightning again illuminated the scene, they observed a white figure. Before the light disappeared, it had darted toward the gate.

The guards stood as if paralyzed with terror, and the gate, released from the restraining bolts, swung slowly open. The succeeding flash revealed the figure at the side of the turnkey. "Thy keys!" came the shrill whisper, and before the terrified man realized the situation, his keys were snatched from his hand, and in the next brilliant lightning glow the white figure disappeared within the prison.

The superstition of the guards prevented immediate pursuit. A rasping of the bolt of his door aroused Waldemar from his reveries. The white-robed figure appeared before him. The young man fell on his knees. "Art thou the Holy Virgin?" he asked tremulously. "Hast thou come to comfort my last hours?"

Almost before he could speak the lightning flash which revealed the figure died away, and a voice which he seemed to have heard before in a dream, answered him: "A virgin, not holy, but devoted to thy service. Waldemar, thou shalt escape. I have learned a secret of this prison which none of the present guard know. Next to this cell there is a room which can be entered only through the door of another, but which communicates with this through the hole thou canst feel here."

As she spoke she took his hand, and, placing it against the wall, revealed to him an opening not more than three inches square. She went on hastily: "Thou shalt remain

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here past the time set for thine execution, and then a way may be opened up for thine escape. Come."

Passing through the door of his cell, they walked into a neighboring one. Taking a key from her dress, she applied it to a small lock, almost completely hidden in a crevice of the cell wall, and a door flew open. As the young man stepped inside the dark room, the girl threw her arms about his neck, and, pressing a kiss upon his lips, exclaimed, "Waldemar, it is thy Gertrude. Love has done a deed which nothing else would have thought of. The gods preserve thee. All will yet be right. Farewell."

Holding her in his arms for a moment, the young man felt that the brightness and happiness of heaven had succeeded the darkness and despair of hell. Then he stepped into his new cell, and the door was closed, leaving no trace of its existence.

All this happened in a few minutes, and the guards had spent that time in obtaining assistance for the work of investigation. As Gertrude reached the outer door of the prison, she was met by a dozen men. Most of them shrunk in terror from the apparition, but one, more bold, seized her, and by the light of the torch he bore, peered into her face. "Gertrude!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, Ulric, it is I," answered the girl. "Thou didst not think that the first time leaving thy room after thine illness, would bring thee into such contact with me. But the victim of thy treacherous lie has escaped, and I care not what is done with me."

Ulric's face was livid with rage as he answered: "Thou shalt take his place in the cell, and there await the pleasure of the king. Consider thyself fortunate if thou dost not meet the fate from which thou hast saved him!"

Again she laughed as she was conducted to the cell, and there was more of joy in her voice than her captors thought. Securely fastening the door, Ulric and the guards departed.

"Waldemar," she called in a whisper.

"What, Gertrude, art thou here?" he asked in alarm.

"Yes, dear. It has happened better than I had planned. I am to be kept here to await the decision of Clovis. They will bring food to me, and I will contrive to pass the greater share of it to thee. Canst thou live on two-third rations for a few weeks?" Her voice was merry, but he felt more serious.

"My sweet, what will become of thee when the king hears of thy treason?"

"Thou art not at all gallant," she answered, half pouting and half laughing. "Thou shouldst have sworn to live on half rations from such delicate hands as these, especially as thine appetite will be destroyed by my continuous prattle. Why didst thou not speak so, instead of asking me impossible questions about the future?"

"Ah, Gertrude," answered Waldemar sadly, yet with a smile which he could not suppress, "I fear for thee. If thou shouldst fall a victim to the king's fury, it would be worse than it was before."

"Not so," answered the girl, with love sounding in every accent of her voice. "I shall suffer instead of thee. No, Waldemar, the fates are favorable to us both. Let us hope that all will be well."

Thus the girl by her buoyancy and confidence drove away her lover's fears, and in happy, affectionate converse they passed the days of their imprisonment. In their confidential talks, conducted Pyramus and Thisbe like through the opening in the wall, Waldemar touched frequently upon his religious faith, and the result of his earnest exhortation was that she expressed herself as converted to the truth of Christianity.

In the meantime every effort was

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being made by Clotilde, the duke, and the other friends and relatives of Gertrude, to discover her whereabouts, but Ulric had sworn all the guards to silence, hoping that her continued imprisonment would wean her from her love for Waldemar. Many theories were advanced as to Waldemar's escape, and the country was scoured in all directions. Thus was the wisdom of the girl's plan vindicated, for had he been allowed to escape from the prison, he would surely have been retaken, and then his execution would have been inevitable.

CHAPTER VI.

While these events were taking place at home, Clovis was in the field with his chosen warriors. The Allemannians, a powerful tribe inhabiting the country east of that ruled by Clovis, had swept across the Rhine River into his territory. After some weeks of marching and maneuvering, the two armies met in conflict. The battle was long and fierce. At the head of his most trusty warriors, Clovis entered the thickest of the fight. The powerful blows of his battle-ax struck terror into the hearts of his enemies, and inspired his soldiers with confidence.

But it was in vain. Slowly the Allemannians gained ground against him. In his despair he invoked the gods he had worshiped, but he was still forced to fall back before the determined assaults of the enemy.

"The God of thy wife Clotilde can and will help thee." Looking in the direction of the voice, he saw a man who had been in the service of the queen, but upon being created a duke by the king, had accompanied him to the wars.

For a time Clovis stood with bowed head and troubled brow. Then, as his men continued the retreat, he cried aloud in his anguish, "Thou God of Clotilde, thou Christian God! Help me in my sore need. Deliver mine enemies into my hands, and my service shall be thine forever."

His voice rang like a trumpet over the bloody field. It was echoed by the soldiers surrounding him. "The God of the Christians is our help," they shouted. "By His aid will we conquer!" Inspired with new zeal, they rushed upon the enemy. Terrified by the shout, aud taken by surprise at the mighty onslaught, the Allemannians, after a feeble resistance, gave themselves up as prisoners. Surrounded by his brave companions, Clovis knelt amid the dust and blood and gave thanks to God.

Upon the return of Clovis from the battle, Clotilde heard with joy of the conversion of her husband. Fearing that he might be influenced by his pagan advisers against the faith he had sworn to espouse, she immediately induced him to set the time of his baptism for Christmas day, which was but a few weeks distant. The bishop of Rheims was chosen to perform the ordinance, and before the day set, he instructed the royal convert in the principles of the new faith.

As soon as these arrangements had been made, Clotilde felt that she could safely approach him on the subject of Gertrude and Waldemar.

"Waldemar!" Clovis exclaimed as the name was mentioned. "Have my orders not been carried out? What is the reason of this neglect? Those guilty of it shall suffer!"

"Waldemar has escaped."

"Escaped! How? When?"

"I do not know how, but when the time for the execution came, word was brought that the prisoner could not be found. And the strangest thing is, that on the very day of Waldemar's escape, Gertrude disappeared, and has not since been seen."

"Did she love Waldemar?"

"I think so. But I do not know how they could manage to escape

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together, when the entire country has been thoroughly searched."

Clovis was in no good humor as he proceeded to the prison to investigate the strange occurrence. Ulric had just been in the cell occupied by Gertrude, and had attempted by taunts and threats to gain her hand in marriage. He had used the arguments commonly employed on such occasions. He had boasted of his power over her, and of the certain death awaiting Waldemar if he should ever return to claim her. He had repeated his false account of the events leading to the quarrel, and had cast insinuations of dishonesty and corruption on the young man's name.

The indignation of Waldemar was great during the conversation, which was plainly audible to him; and he needed all his self-restraint to avoid crying shame on the falsifier. But the quick wit and ready repartee of Gertrude entirely disarmed Ulric's base attempts, and he was forced to retreat in baffled rage, leaving the two lovers, despite the seriousness of their situation, laughing heartily at his discomfiture.

A heavy step and the hasty withdrawing of the bolt of the cell door gave Gertrude warning of the approach of another visitor, and in spite of herself she experienced a pang of serious apprehension. It was Clovis. His surprise upon seeing Gertrude was fully as great as her dismay at seeing him. "Thou art here?" he cried in astonishment.

"Yes, King Clovis," she answered with a partially successful attempt at self-control.

"Where is Waldemar?"

"That thou shalt never know until thou hast restored to him the rights taken from him through the perjury of Ulric."

"What? Defiance and disobedience to thy king? Dost thou think such conduct will secure pardon for thy lover when he is captured? Besides, think what thou hast done. Thou hast assisted him to escape. Thou hast defied my authority. Thou hast helped slander one of my faithful officers, and hast been the cause of the quarrel in which he was wounded. Thou art even now in danger. Yet, in spite of all these things, thou wouldst defy the power of the only one who can save thee!"

"I do my duty, King Clovis," she answered firmly. "Were I to do otherwise I would betray an innocent man into thy cruel hands. Waldemar has been of service to thee. He has told the truth regarding the encounter between him and Ulric. That man was to blame. He slandered me so grossly that Waldemar gave him the lie, and then wounded him in self-defense. Only a few weeks ago the other prisoners would have escaped had it not been for Waldemar's faithful service, and the only reward he received for it was a wound and an order for closer confinement. Notwithstanding his faithfulness to thee, he would have died an ignominious death had I not secured his release. He is where thou canst not find him. Do what thou wilt with me. I am ready for any fate, but Waldemar thou shalt never harm!"

"Listen!" said Clovis. "I have had great hope of thee. I had intended thee for Ulric, and thou and he would have been advanced in every way by my favor. From his position as keeper of the prison, he would have been promoted to a dukedom. Know, therefore, what thou hast lost by thy infatuation for this slave, who is not worthy even to kneel before thee. But there is yet a chance to save thee. Thou knowest where Waldemar is. Before to-morrow noon thou must acquaint me with his whereabouts, or thou shalt die in his place. Will this move thee?"

She laughed at him. "Oh king, thy wisdom is not equal to thy power, or thou wouldst know that never yet did a true woman betray her lover to save her own unworthy life.

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I shall die happy in the thought that I have preserved his life."

"Thou shalt not die!" exclaimed Waldemar. "Here I am, King Clovis; wreak thy vengeance upon me, but that girl shall not suffer."

"Oh Waldemar," moaned Gertrude, giving way to tears. "Why didst thou speak? Thou hast betrayed thyself."

"Shall I not rather betray myself than permit thee to die an innocent death for me? Know, King Clovis, my quarrel with Ulric was just. as have been all my later acts. I am willing to place my record against his or thine for the people to read."

"Make peace with the world, then," said Clovis, "for on Christmas day you shall both receive your condemnation. Remember, this gives you but three days for preparation. Till then, farewell. My word is given, and it cannot be recalled."

He left them. They wept tears of mingled sorrow and joy. Each mourned that the other must die, yet both rejoiced that neither should die alone.

CHAPTER VII.

Clovis returned to his palace and related the strange story to the queen. She thanked God that the lost had been found. "Surely, my husband," she said, "thou wilt not permit such faithfulness to thee as Waldemar has shown, to go unrewarded. Then consider Gertrude's devotion to him. Such love as this is divine, yet it is pure womanly affection. Think, too, how unworthy a part Ulric has played. He has slandered the daughter of thy friend, wounded her lover, kept her confined for weeks without the knowledge of her relatives and friends, and yet he retains his place while he who deserves most at thy hands, languishes in prison. Thou art about to become a Christian, Clovis, and that on Christ's own day. Let me carry the message of pardon to the lovers and bring them forth to joy and freedom."

"No, Clotilde, I shall not permit thee to carry a message of pardon to them. Go to them if thou wilt, but no pardon shalt thou take from me."

She went to the prison, while Clovis was making preparations for the coming baptism. The interview between the queen and the lovers was touching. She gave them her blessing and pledged her best efforts toward gaining their release, while advising them to be in readiness to meet their fate as became Christians.

Christmas day came. The road from the palace to the church, along which the baptismal procession was to move, was carpeted with leaves and flowers and bordered with rich hangings. The church was bedecked with magnificent ornaments, and indications pointed to a most impressive ceremony. With full pomp and circumstance, the procession formed and moved slowly along the path, amid the chants of the priests and the acclamations of the people.

The baptismal ceremony over, the king, the queen, and their attendants returned to the palace, while three thousand of Clovis's warriors received the same ordinance. A feast had been announced, to be held in the palace. Before its commencement, Clovis took his place on a canopied throne in the banquet hall, in the presence of his guests, the queen sitting at his side.

The king arose and addressed the guests: "A matter needs our attention before the banquet is proceeded with." He gave a signal to an attendant, who disappeared and soon returned, bringing in Waldemar and Gertrude, both securely bound. Their pinched and haggard faces betrayed the want they had suffered during their imprisonment, but they bore up bravely under the ordeal through which they were passing. A murmur of sympathy and remonstrance ran round the table, but the king seemed not to be affected by it.

"Ulric, arise," he said. Ulric

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obeyed in a timid and hesitating manner, and stood in his place.

"I have called before you this pair," said the king, addressing the guests, "that justice may be done and punishment be meted out to fit the offences which have been committed. Waldemar, thou hast been convicted of slandering the girl who stands at thy side, and of wounding one of my officers. His word condemned thee, and the word of a noble in Clovis's household is never questioned. Thy doom was death. Thou hast escaped punishment for the present, through the blind, self-sacrificing act of the girl beside thee. By this act she has brought upon herself weeks of imprisonment and sorrow, as also an equal condemnation with thine.

"I had promised to Ulric, before these events occurred, the dukedom of Freiland as a reward for his service. Is my recital true?" He paused a short time. Many eyes were wet, many sobs were heard, and the queen wept bitterly, but no one spoke.

"Then," continued the king, "I have only this to say: The slandering of the maiden was a serious offense; for be it known that so long as Clovis reigns in Frankland, the honor of the humblest of its maidens must never be assailed in falsehood. The false witness which has been given is worthy of condemnation, for one of the greatest crimes a Frank can commit is that of perjury. Injustice and tyranny to the prisoners of the state cannot be condemned too strongly. *All these offenses thou, Ulric, hast committed!*"

It was as if a bombshell had exploded among the guests. All started to their feet and looked with wondering eyes at Ulric, who, his face crimson with shame, stammered, hesitated, and fell, overwhelmed with remorse, upon his chair.

"Thou, Waldemar," continued the monarch, "hast wounded one of my officers, after giving him the lie. Thou hast cheated the executioner of his prey. Thou hast gained the affections of a maiden of higher rank than thine. Under thy influence she has broken the prison locks and released a condemned captive. Know, then, my friends, that Waldemar and Gertrude are hereby condemned to pay penance by"—he paused to give his words greater effect—"by uniting their hands in marriage; this punishment to take effect immediately and to last as long as life."

A mighty sigh of relief went up from the assembly, and their plaudits greeted the judgment of the king. He proceeded.

"Thou, Ulric, hast been the guilty one. These two have been thy victims. I thank the true God that no more harm was done. Thou hast deserved punishment, but we will celebrate Christmas, the birthday of our divine Master, by an act of compassion and mercy, in imitation of the many performed by him. Thou, Ulric, art pardoned."

The king took his seat amid the acclamations of the guests. The queen embraced the lovers with fervor.

Waldemar and Gertrude were allowed time to change their raiment, when the latter was baptized and the marriage ceremony was performed. They took their places at the table as the Duke and Duchess of Freiland.

The combined marriage and Christmas feast was sumptuous. Many were the congratulations showered upon bride and groom, and they seemed to be enjoying enough happiness to atone for all the suffering of the past.

And the king? He was happy, too, for he had performed an act befitting his new-found knowledge of the meaning of CHRISTMAS DAY.

Willard Done.

A wise attempt defeated is no failure.—*E. P. Day.*

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THE SIGN.

FIRST PRIZE CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN the first Spanish adventurers came to the "New World," they found in many parts, especially in Mexico and Peru, people who were far advanced in the arts of civilization and an architecture that might well excite their admiration. More recent investigations have revealed the fact that even these civilized nations were but imitators of a highly cultured race who had disappeared suddenly and mysteriously from their cities and possessions, which have been found in crumbling ruins throughout the land of America. Travelers and antiquarians alike have been struck with wonder and admiration at the monuments of a race whose origin and history remain a sealed mystery, whether reference be made to the sculptured monuments themselves or to records found among the people who had displaced them. Theories and conjectures have been multiplied to explain the origin of these extinct races as well as of the American Indian, but the question remains yet a mooted one among scholars.

The Book of Mormon clears up all these mysteries, doubt and conjecture give way to knowledge, and from the dust of the ages whispers the voice of the past. With what strange feelings we learn that once the entire land of America was dotted with happy homes, villages and cities, and all the conditions of life—joy and mirth, sorrow and sadness, hope and fear, vice and virtue were looked down upon by the same sun which cheered and warmed the more universally known lands of the "Old World" nineteen hundred years ago.

No fairer region could at that time be found upon earth than that embraced within the land of Zarahemla bordering the river Sidon, now called the Magdalena, in the United States of Colombia. It is to this favored spot, and more particularly to the city of Zarahemla that the attention of the reader is invited. After a long season of warfare with the Lamanites and with the robbers of Gadianton, the people had enjoyed a time of rest. Prosperity and happiness had smiled upon them, and the wealth of field and mine had been lavishly bestowed upon them, but with a strange weakness that was the besetting sin of the Nephite nation they had become lifted up in pride and had forgotten that God was the giver of all they enjoyed. As the people dwindled in unbelief and sin, the robbers of Gadianton began to increase in power and numbers, their ranks being daily augmented by those who had fallen away from the people. The land was full of violence and oppression, the poor and meek being ground under the merciless arrogance of wealth and greed.

Zarahemla was the great capital and metropolis of the nation. Its architecture seemed to partake of the character of that of Palestine at the time of which we write. The buildings were severe in outline, lacking the pleasing variety of more modern times. The roofs were flat and no chimneys, and few spires or towers broke the monotony of the vast plain of roofs.

In some quarters were detached buildings, embowered in trees, and almost hidden by the luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, indicating the homes of the more wealthy or favored classes.

The city embraced a considerable area, enclosed in massive walls of solid masonry, and surrounded on all sides but one, by luxuriant gardens and orchards. On the east arose a series of low hills, nestling at the foot of the majestic mountains. Indeed, the city was partially built upon a

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hill or several hills, the rocky cliffs in some parts forming a portion of the wall.

About the middle of a warm sunny afternoon, just five years before the birth of the Savior, two travelers might have been seen approaching the principal gate at the east. Their actions and appearance indicated that they were husbandmen from some neighboring vineyard, merely paying a visit to the city. They appeared to be in no hurry but stopped to gossip awhile with the gate-keeper, with whom they seemed to be well acquainted.

"Well, friend Aaron, what dost thou find to amuse thyself now? Any excitement in the city since the last successful raid of the robbers of Gadianton? By the way, have they yet discovered how they were able to so suddenly elude their pursuers when they were followed to the very wall by the officers?" asked one of them.

"Answering thy last question first; no one has yet solved the mystery of the escape of the robbers from time to time. Some think they must have a secret passage through the wall on the east here, but no one can find it. Answering thy other question; there is no special news except that the Lamanite preacher, of whom we were speaking a few days since, has been finally banished from the city."

"Banished, sayst thou? And methinks it is time. When I listened to his preaching a few days ago, I found neither wit nor sense in his words. Yet some there were there who thought him a great prophet. So ready are many to believe every foolish fellow who comes along claiming to have a message from God."

"Now I think of it," exclaimed the other man, "the figure we saw on the cliffs much resembled that of this same preacher. We thought it was some one from within the city gathering eggs in the clefts of the rocks, but I verily believe it was he. What thinkst thou Amnon?"

"When ye speak of it, I do think the figure was much like," answered the man thus addressed.

"On which cliff mean ye?" demanded the gate-keeper.

"There to the right, forming part of the wall; come this way a few steps and thou canst see the spot."

The three stepped out a few paces from the gate and looked up. There sure enough was the figure of a man now very near the top climbing upward. As they looked he scaled the cliff and stood erect upon the wall, and they all recognized the preacher.

"Run ye within the city and warn the officers and rouse the people," exclaimed the gate-keeper, "while I spread the news near the gate; he must be taken and dealt with severely."

So thoroughly was the news circulated that in a short time crowds from every part of the city thronged toward the wall, where the man had taken his stand, until an immense throng was gathered.

Then stretching out his hands he cried in a loud voice: "Behold, I, Samuel, a Lamanite, do speak the words which the Lord hath commanded me to speak. And now because I am a Lamanite and have thus spoken, ye have cast me out from among you. But ye shall hear my words, for, for this intent, I have come upon the walls of this city, that ye might know of the judgments of God which do await you because of your iniquities, and also that ye might know the conditions of repentance.

"Yea, wo unto this great city of Zarahemla, for her iniquities have ascended on high. And verily I say unto you, were it not for the few righteous who yet remain among you the fires of heaven had already destroyed you from the face of the land."

For upwards of two hours the fearless speaker continued his arraignment of the people for their

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sins, and expounded the principles of the gospel, unheeding the reviling and execrations of the multitude.

For the purposes of our story we will make but one quotation from his words:

"Behold, I give unto you a sign: for five years more cometh, and behold, then cometh the Son of God to redeem all those who shall believe on His name.

"There shall be one day and a night and a day, as if it were one day, and there was no night, and this shall be unto you for a sign; for ye shall know of the rising of the sun, and also of its setting, nevertheless the night shall not be darkened, and it shall be the night before He is born."

From time to time while he was speaking, the people might be seen withdrawing singly and in groups towards the garden of the Prophet Nephi who was at the same time preaching and baptizing. As those who were thus touched with the spirit of belief and repentance fell back, the more hardened and evilly disposed pressed forward, angry voices were raised in curses and execrations, and the air was darkened with missiles of death aimed at the fearless preacher, but through them he could be seen standing unmoved and unhurt. The hoarse cries of rage and hate gave place to exclamations of surprise and fear, as with majestic mien he stood unheeding the stones and arrows hurtling about him more than if they were straws borne on the balmy breeze of summer. Then the awe that the miraculous ever awakens impressed every heart.

"Truly God is with him," one whispered, "and we would do well to heed his words."

"Say rather he hath a devil," answered another; "otherwise had our stones and arrows struck him. I will try what virtue there is in a silver tipped arrow; never before hath my hand failed me, and with such a weapon the very prince of wizards himself could hardly escape me."

While speaking he fitted the arrow to the string, took careful aim, and with a sharp twang it sped on its errand of death. The hand from which it sped dropped nerveless, for the man saw plainly that the arrow turned aside just as it seemed about to strike the Lamanite.

When it was seen that all efforts to dislodge the prophet were unavailing, many believed, but more hardened their hearts, declaring that he was preserved by evil magic.

"He hath a devil, therefore we cannot hit him," was echoed from lip to lip. "Let him be taken and bound. Away with him!"

At these words a wild rush was made toward the steps leading upon the wall, faces convulsed with rage and hate gleamed about the fearless preacher, eager hands were outstretched to seize him when he turned and with a sudden bound leaped from the dizzy height outside the wall. The excited crowd rushed to the parapet, expecting to see him lying crushed and helpless, but were amazed to see him rise and turn rapidly away and soon disappear from view.

"A miracle! a miracle!" was echoed in awe-struck whispers. Many more, convinced by this remarkable preservation, were touched with belief and sought the Prophet Nephi to be baptized.

The crowd began to rapidly disperse, discoursing in wonder of what they had seen and heard. The spot was soon deserted, the wall quite so, but for one solitary figure standing in the angle of one of the towers on the wall. This was the figure of a young man whose dress and bearing indicated that he belonged to the richer class of the people; his face, withal frank and open in expression, was now marked in lines of deep reflection. His eyes were fixed in the direction whence the preacher

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had disappeared from view, and unconsciously he was thinking aloud.

"Said he not that the Christ shall come in five years? Well, I remember to have heard my father speak in such language, too, as he used, before he was so foully slain. And I have been so blind as to believe these followers of Christ were guilty of his death, when in reality he was one with them in belief and practice. When this prophet spoke of murders to destroy the good and just by those who have joined the secret society of Gadianton and that they might gain power, the scales fell from my eyes. These were the murderers of my father, and it is they who now control in our halls of justice, where bribery and fraud have usurped the place of law and right. Well might he prophesy evil against a city and a people who, in blind rage against the truth, cast out and stone the prophets whom God doth send, while they honor and sustain false prophets and teachers who wink at their iniquities. In my anxiety to avenge the death of my father, I have been duped into the belief that Nephi and his followers were guilty of his death, while I have associated and labored with the real murderers to oppress the saints. Against the lawless only were my father's efforts directed. In his position as judge he was a terror only to the evil-doer. Men who believe and teach such principles as I have today heard could never become assassins.

I have already lost much time and I fear grieved the Spirit of God almost beyond pardon by my persecutions of the righteous. Yet even now will I go to the Prophet Nephi, confessing my sins and ask of him baptism for the remission of my sins. Then will I strive to undo much of the evil I have done against the saints." As he turned he started to see before him a young man of about his own age regarding him with a cynical smile. Quickly recovering from his embarrassment he exclaimed: "Welcome, Zoram, I had thought thee absent from the city."

"And I had thought Joel busy with our plans for the welfare of our people, rather than being bewitched into a belief in dangerous fables. Truly, did I not know thee so well as my friend and companion and the sworn avenger of thy father's death at the hands of these vile pretenders, I had deemed from thy foolish discourse that thou, too, wert converted to their delusions. Verily the vile fellow who so lately occupied this spot seems to have left a spell upon it and upon thee. Here have I stood for five minutes, at least, waiting for thee to turn thine eyes from the empty space whither he hath vanished, neither have I found much in thy words to admire. Come, my friend, throw off this spell, there are better things for men of sense than becoming weak believers in such misleading fancies. Hast thou forgotten thine oath to wage war against this dangerous sect?"

"Nay, I have forgotten nothing, rather have I had mine eyes opened to see that it is we who are in error. These men are not the vile characters we have thought them; crime and vice are no part of their belief. Our city is full of violence, but not through them; murder and arson stalk abroad but they are guiltless. Let us look nearer home, even in our own ranks, for there will we find the canker that is sapping the life of the nation. The robbers of Gadianton again begin to multiply and to extend their works of darkness and error. They are even now, seeking by corruption and by murder, to wrest the last rights from the people. My father fell a victim to their lawless ambition, and not as I have long believed to the hired dagger of a scheming and fanatical religion."

"How knowest thou this?" demanded Zoram. "Last night you were foremost in denouncing this same fanatical horde, whom today

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you so warmly champion. Thou art inconsistent; when received you the knowledge of thy errors?"

"But this day; heard'st thou not the grand truth which the Lamanite declared unto the people? I heard and believed, the scales fell from mine eyes and I knew the truth. Five years said he and then cometh the Christ to redeem the world. Our father Nephi declared that six hundred years should see the birth of the Savior, and hast thou thought the time is nearly fulfilled? Let us no longer deceive ourselves, but rather repent and await the time."

In the earnestness of his exhortation Joel laid his hand upon the shoulder of his friend, but shaking it off with an angry gesture, Zoram exclaimed: "Have thy own foolish will, but think not to convert me to thy falacies. I leave thee to come to thy senses; when thou hast fully recovered, thou knowest where to find me, even in the midst of those who are planning for the welfare of our city and nation." So saying he turned and descending from the wall was soon lost within the city.

Joel watched his retreating form till it was lost to view, then with a sigh turned toward the garden of Nephi the Prophet.

CHAPTER II.

Five years nearly have elapsed when we again take up the thread of our narrative. The words of Samuel the Lamanite, have been declared throughout the whole land, and many believers are anxiously looking for the sign promised of the birth of the Savior, but by far the greater number of the people have rejected the prophecy, as a delusion and a snare. They accused those who believed and taught the words of the Lamanite of being ambitious, and of scheming to gain power by deceiving the people into a belief that the Savior was to come, and then by witchcraft or by the power of evil, give a pretended sign and fasten the delusion upon them.

"If he be the Son of God, yea even God, why should he not show himself to us as well as to the Jews," they demanded, "why appear only in a land far away, a land of which we know nothing."

This spirit had prevailed to such a degree, that it had engendered a feeling of bitter hatred against the believers. The popular clamor had at last become so great, that a law, secretly urged by the leaders of the robbers of Gadianton, had been passed, making it an offence punishable by death to teach or believe that the words of the Lamanite prophet were true, and that the sign he had promised of the birth of the Savior was to be given. The unbelievers claimed that the five years were already passed.

But two days remained ere the iniquitous law was to be enforced, and the whole land was in a state of most intense excitement. The greatest interest was centered in the city of Zarahemla as it was alike the headquarters of the church and of the government. For days it has been thronged with people from all parts of the land. The streets are crowded with men, women and children awaiting in anxious hope, or scoffing disbelief for the words of the prophet to be fulfilled. Those who desired to witness the actions of the pulsating tide of humanity, crowding and jostling each other in the streets, and yet escape the press of the throng, had erected booths and awnings upon the flat roofs of the buildings. To such a group, or more particularly to two females seated beneath a small awning upon the roof of a building, which from its more pretentious appearance was evidently the home of one of the wealthier class, we particularly desire to draw attention. Both were young, both beautiful but of such different styles of beauty, that the contrast seemed but to enhance the loveliness of each. One whom her companion had just addressed as Zelma, possessed large and expressive

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dark eyes, black hair, and clear cut aquiline features that betokened her Israelitish origin. Her dress, a rich flowing robe of purplish tint, fell in graceful folds over a form tall and lithesome yet of most perfect outline. Rebecca, her companion, had full round features, whose vivacious beauty was set off by a profusion of golden curls that fell in clusters upon shoulders of most perfect loveliness. Her form while fuller and rounder than that of her friend, was laid in curves of graceful symmetry: her dress was similiar in pattern to the one just described, but of different tint.

Zelma was the daughter of a great Nephite general, Gideon by name, who had met his death about a year before in battle with the robbers of Gadianton, who were so numerous and so firmly established in their strongholds that they were a constant menace to the life of the nation. Her mother had been dead for years, so upon the death of her father she made her home beneath her uncle's roof.

Rebecca was the daughter of a lawyer of considerable repute for his skill and learning, who had been recently advanced to the position of judge in the city courts.

Zelma, who was leaning forward looking down upon the street, turned and said: "Dost thou know, Rebecca, when I look upon the faces of those who throng the street, and see the relentless determination written on most of them and the anxious, half-doubting, half-hopeful expression of a few, my heart bleeds for the oppressed people of God. How our enemies flock here as vultures to the harvest of death! Zoram told me as we came hither that the morrow night should see the destruction of all who stubbornly assert that the sign is yet to come. Little he knows I am one on whom the ban would fall; I was on the point of telling him, when a tone of almost cruel exultation in his voice restrained me. I grow more to distrust and fear him every day."

"And wherefore then didst thou today come hither under his escort? Joel, I am sure would most gladly serve thee."

"Why? because my uncle desired it, nay, almost commanded it when he learned I was coming to visit thee. I would have given up the visit, but he insisted, accusing me of fickleness of purpose. Joel hath other duties that take his time. I have not seen him for several days. So thou seest thou art in error regarding his desire to serve me."

"Nevertheless, I am sure such is the case, thou knowest his secret labors for the people of God have been extremely arduous since this last cruel movement. But tell me why thou dost dislike Zoram. Well, I remember he was once our most welcome visitor, but that was when he was Joel's friend."

"Know then that several months ago he did me the honor to ask my hand in marriage. I kindly but firmly refused, telling him frankly that I did not and could not love him.

"He persisted in his suit, using the name of my uncle in support of his claim. I grew angry and told him that while I revered my uncle as a guardian and a relative, I claimed the right to dispose of my own hand, which should go only where my heart could sanction.

"'Thou meanest to Joel,' he exclaimed passionately; 'but let him beware how he crosses my path or he shall rue it. If thou wilt not wed me, he at least shall not live to enjoy what I have lost.' Then it was that my soul turned against him in loathing. He must have read in my face something of my aversion; for he seemed to suddenly realize that he had said too much. He apologized so humbly and begged so earnestly to yet be considered a friend, that pitying his disappointment I forgave him, believing him truly repentant and sorry

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for his wild threats. But his words haunt me, they were spoken with such a real ring of hate that I fear. Often have I been on the point of warning Joel when a maidenly fear that the warning must also reveal the cause of my apprehensions has restrained me."

"And a fear that it might also reveal something of thy warm regard for him. Nay, blush not to own to thy friend thy preference for Joel, for well am I assured that he is worthy of all thy tender solicitude and that he doubly returns all thy love."

"At least let us wait until he declares his love, ere I am made to confess even to thee that I have bestowed mine unasked upon him."

Rebecca had the good taste to remain silent, answering only by a gentle pressure of the hand she held in her own, and the eyes of both were turned once more to the crowd in the street below.

"Look, Zelma," exclaimed Rebecca, "there seems to be something wrong. The people seem angry, and see how they all turn against one man, now he eludes them and runs this way."

The man paused beneath the wall and looked up. "I know that face" exclaimed Zelma, "'tis Ishmael the servant of Joel. Let us hasten to open the door before the mob take his life."

With a rapidity that was astonishing, the two friends descended from the roof. To unlock the door, was the work of but a moment, and as it swung backward Ishmael staggered into the court. For a moment the girls saw a wall of fierce faces as they hastily closed and barred the door, and a shower of stones rattled against it. Then for a short time while they held their breath in dread, the door was pounded and kicked. They feared every moment to see it burst open, but it withstood all the assaults, and finally the crowd desisted and withdrew.

The man thus opportunely rescued seemed dazed for a few moments. The escape was none too soon, for already had he been considerably bruised and beaten, but fortunately had sustained no serious injury. He soon recovered, and while the mob were pounding at the door he followed the girls within to a place of safety.

"How is it, Ishmael," Zelma asked, "that we find thee in such danger from an angry mob. Art thou unhurt? Even now I tremble at thy narrow escape."

"I am not seriously hurt, though somewhat bruised. 'Twas indeed a narrow escape, and much I thank my fair preservers for their most timely rescue. Yet I fear me it is but a delaying of the hour of death, for I am a marked man because of my belief that the Christ is soon to come. The decree has gone forth against the people of God. It was for the purpose of observing the spirit of the people that I have been forth among them today. Thou sawest the result. There are secret agents of our enemies busy everywhere, stirring up the people to deeds of violence. As I was crossing the square, one of them saw me and knowing me for a believer, cried out so as to be heard by the people, for whom his words were intended, 'Well, friend Ishmael, what thinkest thou now of the coming of the Son of God as prophesied by the Lamanite. Know ye not that the five years are passed and yet He cometh not? Art thou convinced of thine error?' "

"Nay," I answered, "the time is not yet fulfilled according to the records which have been kept by our historians, but is even now near at hand."

" 'Our historians!' he exclaimed scornfully, 'if thou meanest Nephi, who more interested in deceiving the people than he! We, too, have kept records of the time, and we know that even if ye demand the

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addition of the intercallary days* which fall this year, yet is the time passed. We have added the five days to each year to complete the solar year, and also the thirteen days which are added every fifty-two years to correct the calendar.'

"Nevertheless," I answered, "I am well convinced that the time is not passed, but is near, and the sign will surely be given."

" 'See to it that thine obstinacy cost thee not thy life,' he exclaimed angrily; 'for be sure the law will be enforced against such as thee. Prepare to meet thy doom, for when the darkness of tomorrow night shall fall thou shalt go down to everlasting night. Aforetimes have your teachers not scrupled to compass the fulfillment of their pretended revelations even by the assassin's dagger, but no subterfuge shall avail them now.'

"Then the mob began to revile and threaten me. With an exultant smile as he noted the success of this appeal to the popular prejudice he cried out, 'Nay, my friends, be not too hasty. Let us respect the law and await the time when this gracious forbearance shall be ended. Remember tomorrow night, and let every man hold himself in readiness to meet the call to rid our land of the vile impostors who would rejoice to see our land smitten and our homes desolate according to the words of the Lamanite preacher.'

" 'Nay, why should we wait longer,' exclaimed a fierce, burly fellow, 'and give them time to mature their vile plots to deceive and enslave the people.' 'Away with this fellow. Yea, down with him,' was shouted from a hundred throats. I had edged my way out of the crowd in the meantime and escaped as thou sawest, thanks to thee."

"And believest thou, Ishmael, that the law decreeing death to the Saints will be enforced."

"Yea, mercilessly enforced, nay more, there will be no waiting for trial and conviction. The people are aroused to such a frenzy of hatred that they await but the signal to rise and slay. I must go forth once more, for my master will be anxious to know how the infamous plot against us is developing. Besides I fear he will peril his life by proclaiming his belief. To do so would be the signal for his death, for our enemies would regard him as a traitor to their cause and would tear him to pieces in their fury."

"Nay, go and delay no longer, but be careful of thyself. Influence thy master if thou canst to await patiently until he can declare himself safely. Surely God will not permit those who believe in Him to perish. Perhaps even this night shall the sign be given. Let us pray God it may be so."

With many exhortations to use caution, Zelma dismissed Ishmael at a private door, saying: "Tell thy master, Joel, to guard his life, if not for his own sake then at least for the sake of friends whom his death would leave comfortless."

CHAPTER III.

As the darkness of night settled down upon the city of Zarahemla it filled the hearts of the believers with doubt and gloom. They had hoped that this was the night that was to be the herald of the birth of the Savior, but as if to further try their faith the darkness seemed intensified, as though nature was in mourning for the impending death which hung over them.

Their enemies were fiercely exultant and evinced their satisfaction by blasphemous mocking of the saints. "Where is now this Christ that was to come and banish darkness?

* The ancient inhabitants of America, divided the year into eighteen months, of twenty days each, and added five days at the end of the year to complete the solar year, of three hundred and sixty-five days. To correct the error caused by the six hours remaining, thirteen days were added at the end of a cycle of fifty-two years.

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Why delayeth He His coming? Call unto Him that He may even now turn back the chariot of night. Surely He shall hear ye. Cry aloud unto Him."

Standing within the gloom of his chamber was Joel listening to these exulting shouts of mockery. His face was anxious and troubled. The five years which have passed have added an expression of more mature seriousness to his face, while destroying none of its open frankness. He turned wearily as these exulting shouts arose on the air, saying, "Yea, shout ye human vultures! for full soon may ye glut yourselves in the blood of innocence. Oh, God, why will Thy children thus forget thee, and lend themselves to further the designs of the evil one! Five years! Five years! surely the time is near, yet to my impatient, sometimes almost doubting, heart it seems to long delay! Five years have I toiled, though in secret, for the good of the saints of God since I cast my lot with them and was called to the labor by the Prophet Nephi. In my position among the judges and lawyers and in the councils of our enemies, I have been forced to dissemble and appear to support the plots against God's people. Even now had the decree gone forth for the destruction of the saints had not my influence under God's guidance prevailed to grant a stay until tomorrow night. And the sign be not then given the land will be deluged with the blood of martyrs to the truth. I can no longer serve the saints in the councils of our foes, therefore I will go even this night and ask for the release from my mission of the Prophet Nephi."

His soliloquy was interrupted by a knock at the door and the entrance of Ishmael, who advanced a step, then stood in respectful silence regarding Joel.

"Welcome, Ishmael, be seated and tell me the result of thy labors."

"I went out as thou didst desire, back and forth through the city. The streets are thronged and truly it seems that the land hath emptied itself within our gates, yet few are the believers abroad. The robbers of Gadianton are assembled in great numbers, and in the boldness inspired by conscious strength barely conceal their identity. It is their agents who are secretly inciting the people to deeds of violence. I had a narrow escape from a mob whom one of them raised against me." Ishmael then recounted his adventure of the afternoon.

Joel was particularly interested in the part Zelma had taken in his escape from the mob, and had Ishmael repeat again her last message. When he had learned all Ishmael had to tell, he dismissed him saying, "Thou must be wearied with thy arduous labors; thou hadst better retire to thy rest and fail not to pray for the deliverance of God's people."

When Ishmael had retired Joel buckled on his sword and throwing a cape over his shoulders sallied forth in the direction of the home of the Prophet Nephi. He found many yet abroad, and the squares filled with jostling crowds. While passing a group standing on a street corner he heard one say: "I could have laughed when the sun set and the eyes of these fanatics were turned anxiously toward it. And then came the twilight, followed by darkness. The mantle of darkness over the face of nature was scarcely darker than the gloom of fear over their faces."

"Let but the shades of another night cover the earth," exclaimed another, "and well may they fear, for to them it shall be the night of death." Then followed threats mingled with oaths, until Joel passed on sick at heart.

Arrived at the home of the Prophet Nephi, he found the garden filled with believers who had gathered to worship God, and sustain each other in the severe trials they were called to pass through. The prophet had just been speaking and was ming-

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ling with the Saints, shaking hands and exchanging greetings with all. The faces of some were anxious and troubled, others were cheerful and full of hope. All struck Joel with the quiet determination they reflected to trust in God and await the issue of their faith.

As Joel passed through the garden he was eyed suspiciously, so well had he disguised his adherence to the cause of truth, that he was a comparative stranger to the Saints. The Prophet Nephi saw him, and warmly embracing him, said: "Welcome, Brother Joel, thy arrival is most opportune; we were just speaking of thee, and of the successful manner in which thou hast served us. We have heard of thy fearless opposition to this last infamous move against us, by which the decree of death was at least delayed. All we can now do is to trust in the Lord, for He will not fail us."

"It was for this I came to see you. I can be of no farther use amid the councils of our foes, and I would cast my lot wholly with the Saints and share all their perils."

"Their perils will be of short duration, for be assured God will deliver those who trust in Him, though it be from the very bonds of death. But it is time that thou wert known to the Saints as one who hath served them even under a cloud;" and Joel was introduced to such of the Saints as still lingered.

It was at a late hour that the people finally dispersed. Joel was the last to leave, being dismissed at the gate by the Prophet. As he turned rapidly away, a man who had been lying in wait near by, shrank into deeper shadow for him to pass, then followed rapidly and silently in his footsteps.

Once or twice Joel fancied he could hear something, and stopped to peer into the darkness, but by shrinking back into deeper shadow or lying close to the ground, the man escaped detection.

At length Joel turned into a narrow dark street, making a shorter cut home, and with a low chuckle of satisfaction the man darted forward, grasping more firmly the dagger which he carried in his hand. A few feet only separated him from his intended victim. Two quick bounds, a rapid blow, and the foul deed of murder would be accomplished. The dagger was upraised, the first fierce spring was given, when the feet of the would-be assassin tripped against something in the street. He stumbled, throwing out his hands to catch himself, unconsciously turning the blade toward him, and falling heavily upon it.

Startled by a fierce oath, followed quickly by a groan, Joel turned suddenly to see the form of a man fall at his feet. "What is wrong?" he demanded. "Who art thou? Speak!"

He was answered only by a hollow groan. Stooping, he touched the quivering body, then kneeling, attempted to raise it. He was horrified to feel a warm tide of blood pour over his hand as he turned the body face upward. By placing his face within a few inches of that of the wounded man, he saw the fierce, dark features of a man of middle age, partially hidden by a tangled growth of hair and a shaggy beard. Brushing the hair back from the eyes with a gentle hand, Joel again asked, "Who art thou? Who hath done this foul deed of murder? Poor man!" he exclaimed, as the man answered only with a groan.

"Nay, spare thy pity, for had not my clumsiness thwarted my purpose, and turned against myself the blow intended for thee, thou hadst been stretched where now I lie."

Joel started, and almost dropped the shaggy head he was supporting, but quickly recovering, he asked, "And wherefore? I know thee not. I never wronged thee. Why then shouldst thou seek my life?"

"Thou art right, thou knowest me

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not, neither know I thee except as him who was pointed out as the victim for my dagger."

"And by whom? That I have enemies I know, but who among them so base that he would thus seek to destroy me?"

"I know I am dying, therefore will I tell thee all. Zoram it was who wished thy death and bribed me to become thine executioner, yet it was not for gold alone, but for the sake of mine oath. He denounced thee as a traitor to our order, and I was sworn to kill thee as such."

"Horrible as is thy tale, I credit it, but am yet at a loss to understand what motive he could have. We were friends in childhood and youth, though estranged in later years."

"Why, as to that, 'twas hinted that thou wert his rival, favored I should judge from the expression of hate with which the hint was accompanied."

After a short silence the dying man exclaimed, "I thank God that this last great crime of thy murder hath been forbidden me. Perchance my own guilty blood may in some manner atone for my many sins. Though I be not spared space for repentance."

"Doubt not that thy repentance, tardy though it be, shall find a gracious acceptance through the grace of our Lord who is shortly to come to redeem the world from sin."

"And shall He take away the sins of such as I am? As I go down to death will not His justice doom me to an endless sleep?"

"Nay, both thou and all God's creatures shall rise from the dead and shall stand in the presence of God to be judged. Be sure that mercy shall then temper justice, and even thy tardy repentance shall be remembered."

"'Tis a glorious hope. Even though I die, I count this the richest moment of my life. Though I would I might yet live to atone somewhat for my wasted life. Will there in the life which is to come be space, thinkest thou, for repentance and forgiveness?"

"Yea, as thy spirit leaves the body so shall it be whither thou goest, and doubt not that in time the mercy of God shall reach thee."

This long conversation had been frequently interrupted by groans—the man's voice every moment growing weaker, until Joel had to place his ear to his lips to hear him.

After another silence, during which the dying eyes were fixed upon the darkened vault of heaven as if they would there read the future, he spoke, "Let me hear the words that thou forgivest me, 'twill plead my cause in yonder courts; and pray thou for me, if thou canst pray for one whose hand was so lately raised against thy life."

"If I have aught to forgive, I forgive thee freely, fully," said Joel. Then earnestly, eloquently, besought the throne of grace in behalf of the dying sinner. A long-drawn sigh of "amen" fell on his ears as he ceased, the man's form stiffened, then fell back limp and lifeless. He died penitent and believing. Be sure the mercy of God shall yet reach him and the prison bars unfold "to set the captive free."

CHAPTER IV.

Laying his dead burden gently down, Joel arose and stood for some moments in doubt what to do. The man was beyond his care, yet he shrank from leaving him uncared for and unknown, to be found by strangers in the morning. While he was standing irresolute, he heard the tramp of feet coming along the street which he had just quitted, and he at once decided to appeal to the comer for help to convey the body to some suitable place where it might remain for identification and burial.

A few steps brought him to the intersection of the streets and just in time to meet a company which consisted of several men bearing torches

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and carrying in their midst a palanquin, or covered litter. All this Joel saw at a glance, even as he with a start recognized Zoram in the leader, who staggered back mechanically, grasping the hilt of his sword.

Joel was the first to recover, and quickly making up his mind not to betray his knowledge of Zoram's perfidy, he exclaimed. "Is it indeed thou, Zoram? Thy arrival is most opportune, for near at hand is one who by a strange mischance hath met his death," and Joel related the manner of his narrow escape. While he was speaking, he fancied he heard an exclamation of horror from the litter, and he certainly saw the drapery moving in an agitated manner.

The countenance of Zoram was a study during the recital, fear, baffled rage, hatred and cunning, each striving for the ascendency. "And wherefore the attempt," he asked, fixing his eyes anxiously yet furtively upon the face of Joel, "said he aught as to his motive?"

"Nay, as to that 'twere not difficult to divine the motive. What could it be but hope of plunder?"

Zoram's face cleared, as he fancied his secret was safe. "I will see this fellow," he said, "and give the body into the charge of some of my attendants, while we proceed on our way."

At this moment the drapery of the palanquin was drawn aside, and Zelma stepped out before the astonished gaze of Joel. Glancing questioningly from her to Zoram, he saw his face flushed with vexation. Zelma also noticed it, and said quickly. "Let the body be placed in the palanquin, I prefer to walk."

"'Tis unnecessary," Zoram said, in a displeased tone, "our attendants can care for the body, or notify the proper authorities."

"Nay, then I insist," said she, "I am tired of being carried and desire to walk. The streets are now so nearly deserted that I can do so without trouble."

Zoram consented with bad grace, and directed the litter carried to the spot, going himself to see the man who had been his tool.

Joel, who felt an almost angry resentment at finding Zelma in the society of the man who had been plotting for his death, was turning to follow when he was arrested by Zelma saying, quickly, "Nay, be not so quick to withdraw; tarry at least until I have congratulated you on your narrow escape. Oh! why wilt thou peril thy life by going alone at night through the streets of our lawless city. Even now I tremble for thee. Oh, thank God thou art safe!" The words ended in a quivering sob, that at once banished all resentment and brought Joel to her side in a moment.

"How is it that I find thee abroad at such an hour and in such company," he asked.

"I went this morning to visit my friend Rebecca, and when my uncle learned of the visit he insisted that Zoram should accompany me and bring me home. He came so late to take me home, pleading urgent business as his excuse, that I would fain have remained all night, but he insisted on getting a palanquin, and so I came as thou seest."

"Thou art yet far from home, and certainly out of the direct road. I fear treachery. The man who would plot to murder would stop at nothing to accomplish his purposes." Then, hastily, Joel acquainted her with the confession of the dying man.

"Then my fears were not unfounded," she exclaimed, "why did I not warn thee of thy danger? If thou hadst been murdered I would never forgive myself. Zoram threatened thee, because he fancied thou wast responsible for my refusal to marry him."

"Sh! he comes," said Joel, "he must not suspect. We can do nothing but wait. I will remain near thee to guard thee if necessary

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with my life." Then he spoke aloud as though continuing a conversation. "This is but one act in a long train of lawlessness. I fear our streets will be unsafe for man and maid until our city be cleared of these characters."

"Thou sayest well," said Zoram, who at this moment came up. "I never saw a more lawless and fierce looking fellow than thy assailant. I pray thee accept the escort of one of my men to thy home while we continue on our way."

Before Joel could reply Zelma with ready wit said: "Nay, let him join our company; the hour is so late that I fear; this adventure hath upset me; I will not breath freely until I am safe beneath my uncle's roof, where I am sure ye will both find accommodations for the night."

Joel, of course, readily consented. Zoram, having no well founded objection to offer, consented with ill concealed vexation. His design was to have Joel accept the services of one of his men, who, at a favorable opportunity should accomplish the foul crime so bunglingly miscarried by the dead man; neither was it his intention to conduct Zelma to her home, but to the home of one of his friends, where he hoped, with Joel out of the way, to win her consent, or force her to marry him.

It was for this purpose that he had waited until such a late hour to call for her to take her home.

As the company moved forward, he joined the men in front, and engaged the leader in conversation, but in such a low tone that Joel could not hear, though he listened eagerly. He was sure some new conspiracy was afoot and was keenly alert for treachery; but failed to note that one of the men stepped aside into the shadow of a deep doorway of an old building, near the wall, that in times of war was used as a sort of barracks. At a low word of command, the torches were trampled beneath the feet of the torch bearers. Joel started forward, half drawing his sword, but was felled to the earth by a heavy blow from behind. At the same instant a cloak was thrown over Zelma's head effectually smothering the shriek which rose to her lips.

"It was well done, Almon," Zoram said to the captain of his men. "It was a lucky thought of thine to come by this secret stronghold of our society. Art thou sure thou canst find the secret spring in the dark?"

"No fear of that, my master," he replied, "many times have I found it when hard pressed by the officers of the law, and always in the dark. Behold!" As he spoke he touched the spring and a huge block of stone swung back, revealing a low narrow passage leading under the wall.

Joel was placed in the palanquin with the dead body, and Zelma felt herself seized on either side and was urged rapidly forward for a few moments, then the cloak was removed from her head. By the dim light of a torch, which one of the men had relighted, she saw they were in a spacious hall or cave, and noticed also a number of doors leading off in various directions from the main hall. Scattered about in various portions of the room, were piles of miscellaneous articles, such as might be collected by those who live by plunder. She knew almost instinctively that they were in one of the strongholds of the Gadianton robbers. A natural cave in a hill adjoining the city had been enlarged and a number of smaller rooms cut into the solid rock, so that it could afford accommodations for a number of people.

Indignation so far overcame fear, that as Zoram advanced to her side she started back demanding, "What meaneth this outrage? Speak! Is it thus thou dost guard the daughter of Gideon?"

"It meaneth, fair lady, that thou art in the halls where Zoram holds court, that thou art my prisoner, if

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the words be not too harsh for thine ear. Yet not alone art thou captive, I confess the spell of thy witching smile hath bound me at thy feet a willing captive. Didst thou well to deny my suit and compel me to resort to force where I would fain win by love? Yet once again would I humbly press my claim to thy regard. Be mine and no queen shall possess a grander court, no maiden a fonder lover."

As he was speaking her hands were outspread, and her face averted, as if to shut out some loathsome sight. Then drawing herself up in all the proud dignity of insulted womanhood, she exclaimed, "Rather would I die even by my own hand than suffer such dishonor. At last I know thee for what thou art, a robber, a kidnapper of women and a vile assassin, and as such I loathe thee!"

For a moment he quailed beneath her superb scorn, then recovering himself cried, "Have a care, fair lady to thy words, for know that thou art in my power. Why should I sue when I can command? As for thy lover," he exclaimed, his face darkening with jealous rage as his eyes fell upon Joel who, having regained consciousness, was being led away by one of the guards, "think not he shall escape again, he shall die; no power can save him. Thou shalt have time to reflect, then I will see thee again; see that thou consider well for, by heaven, I will not be thwarted in my purpose."

Turning away he signed one of the men to approach and gave him an order in a low tone. The man conducted her to a small chamber or cell adjoining that in which Joel was placed, and locked her in.

CHAPTER V.

So rapidly had the events recorded in the preceding chapter transpired that Zelma was left in a state of half-dazed bewilderment. As the door closed upon her she sank half-fainting to the cold floor, and, for a time was almost overcome by despair. It was some comfort to know that Joel was yet alive, but the thought of him, helpless in Zoram's power, was terrible. Perhaps, even now, the assassin's knife had done its deadly work. She pictured the scene of murder in all its horrid vividness until it seemed that her senses were reeling.

Several hours she remained oblivious to all else than her morbid fancies, when she started suddenly to her feet as the door grated on its hinges, and Zoram entered bearing a lamp in his hands, which he set upon the floor, and then stood silently regarding her. He was at first shocked by the havoc the anxious hours had worked in her face, but hoped that she would be the more willing to accept terms.

"I regret," said he, "the necessity which compels me to appear harsh and cruel in thine eyes. Thou seest thou art in my power, then why uselessly provoke me by thy continued stubbornness. Be mine, and a life of kindness and devotion shall repay the harshness that ill accords with my desires toward thee. Nay, be not so hasty," he exclaimed, as he saw from the angry flush on her cheek, that a scornful refusal was trembling on her tongue. "Not only thy own happiness but even the life of Joel depends on thy words. Consent to be mine and he shall go free, refuse and he dies."

He was then yet alive. She could have thanked him for the blessed assurance, even though it was coupled with a threat against his life.

"For myself, it were easier to die than submit to thy vile embrace," she said, "and as for Joel, thinkest thou he would purchase life with dishonor—that he would selfishly sacrifice even so poor a friend as I to gain his freedom? Make known to him thy base offer and he will answer thee in such manner that even thou wilt shrink at thine own baseness. Now go! Solitude is preferable to thy

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hated presence! Thou hast thy answer."

"Beware lady, how thou dost scorn me, for, by heaven, I swear that thou shalt yet sue at my feet for the love which thou dost now so scornfully reject! As for him, my rival, his doom is sealed, and thou shalt witness the vengeance of our order to one who has proved himself a traitor, mingling in our councils while secretly allied with our enemies, who style themselves the people of God. When the shadows of another night have fallen, a beacon fire is to be kindled on the hill of Antium as a signal for the destruction of the impostors who say the Christ is to come, and give as a sign of His birth, a night in which there shall be no darkness. That fire shall be the funeral pile of thy lover, and his body shall help to illumine the darkness which he vainly hopes will not come; and thou shalt witness his craven pleadings for the mercy which thy pride hath denied him. So speaking Zoram withdrew, leaving the lamp behind him.

For a few moments Zelma stood almost overcome with the horror his parting words had inspired. Then the fact that Joel was yet alive, and safe for some hours at least, brought a new hope to her heart that he would in some manner be delivered from the cruel death threatened. By the light of the lamp which Zoram had left she began a critical survey of her cell, hoping it might afford some mode of escape. There was but one opening, the door by which she had entered. The cell contained no furniture of any kind, and only a pile of rags in the farther end that had been used as a bed by its former tenant.

As Zelma drew near the extreme end of the rocky chamber, the clanking of a chain, which had for some time past fallen on her ears as a meaningless sound, now sounded with startling clearness. She had no difficulty in locating the sound in the adjoining room, and remembered with joyful start that it formed the prison of Joel. If the clanking of chains could be heard so plainly, might not her voice pierce the wall which separated them. Her eyes fell upon a narrow irregular crack in the solid rock, and while standing by it she could hear so plainly that she concluded it must extend through the wall. Placing her lips to the opening, she called as loudly as she dared, "Joel! Joel!" then applied her ear, hoping to catch a reply. The clanking chain sounded more clearly, but regularly, as if the prisoner were pacing his cell. Again and again she called, but always with the same result, until she was almost ready to give up in despair.

Determined upon a last effort she waited until the unusual noise from without seemed to announce the arrival of some new company, then placing her lips again to the narrow, opening she called loudly and sharply. The clanking ceased, and with her heart beating almost audibly she called again.

With her ear close pressed to the blessed opening she heard a low exclamation from the opposite side of the wall, then Joel's voice asking, "Who calls? Who art thou that calls Joel?"

"'Tis I, Zelma, here in the next cell. There is a narrow crack in the wall, perchance by feeling thou canst find it on thy side, if thou hast no light to see."

Guided by her voice, Joel at last found the crevice, and his words sounded so clear as to almost startle her.

"Zelma is it, indeed, thou, and safe? How I thank God for this blessed ray of hope! I have felt that I must go mad chained and helpless in this vile hole, whilst thou wert in jeopardy. Tell me, art thou safe, and free from violence?"

"Safe and free, if such words may be used by one who is like thyself, a prisoner, though spared the indig-

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nity of chains." Then she told him all that had passed between her and Zoram, and his threat against his life.

For hours they talked, and what wonder if, under the circumstances of extreme peril in which they were placed, their hearts were blended in mutual confidence, and the love which had been silently growing in each heart was confessed unreservedly.

When the story had been told again and again, with all the minute details so dear to a lover's heart, Joel exclaimed, "How I thank God for this opportunity, poor though it be, to tell thee, as it were with my latest breath, how much I appreciate the blessed gift of thy love! Though, perchance, never on earth may I claim thee, yet be sure in the eternities to come thou shalt be mine, and I thine in the bonds of a never ending union. This hope will sweeten even the hour of death."

"Oh, is there no hope? Can nothing be done to avert thy dreadful fate?" she exclaimed, in tones of anguish, his reference to death had awakened.

"We can do nothing, dearest, but trust in God. He alone can deliver us from the net which surrounds us. Let us ask Him, at least for strength to meet the coming trial."

"Yea, let us pray, that perchance the way may be opened for our deliverance. Oh, let us pray!" she answered.

Kneeling on either side of the wall they repeated the same words, their hearts joined in the same spirit of unity and love. Be sure that the eyes of the Father looked down upon the sad but beautiful picture, and the Comforter descended upon each. All else was forgotten in the blessed peace that filled both with hope and comfort.

"How glorious is prayer!" she exclaimed, when Amen was echoed from either side of the wall. How blessed are God's children, that when shut out from earthly hope, their petitions may yet bring down the comfort of heaven with spirit wings of peace to brood over the troubled heart. All is well. Oh, the sweet hope the words afford!" and her voice was broken with glad sobs of joy.

"Yea, dearest, all is well and our deliverance is nigh. Let us praise God for the knowledge."

CHAPTER VI.

The last rays of the setting sun fell upon a small group assembled upon the summit of the hill Antium, overlooking the city of Zarahemla. In it was Joel, standing erect, though in bonds, and Zelma under the watchful eye of Zoram. The preparation for the signal beacon were completed and only waited the approach of darkness to send forth its lurid flame as the herald of doom to the saints of God.

As the sun disappeared from view Joel was secured upon the top of the hugh pile of light combustibles by command of Zoram. He had fulfilled his threat, the signal fire was prepared to become the funeral pile of Joel, and Zelma had been brought up the hill that she might witness his horrible death.

Zoram had determined with his own hand to fire the pile, and he took a fiendish delight in calling to Zelma's attention all the preparations for the foul deed of cruel murder. She had watched while the lengthening shadows merged into one universal shade, and awaited with bated breath the approach of twilight. All nature seemed hushed into awe of the dread scene that was to be enacted. Beneath, in the city, the streets and roofs were crowded, as though all were out to behold the dreadful night of death.

How deliverance was to come Zelma did not know, but the hope the Spirit of God had inspired buoyed her up in the terrible trial which she was undergoing. "Perchance," thought she, "the sign will be given

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tonight, and there will be no darkness."

But as the formidable preparations continued, and Joel was firmly bound upon the high pile of tinder-like wood, her heart almost failed her. A faintness came over her, which in her anguish she mistook for the approach of darkness, and with an agonized shriek, she broke from her guard and rushed to the funeral pile and, mounting it ere she could be stayed, threw herself across the prostrate form of her lover. "Now," cried she, "apply the torch! Together we will meet the death thou hast decreed for Joel."

"Nay, sweet Zelma," Joel chided, "hast thou then forgotten the whisperings of hope from the Spirit of God when together we prayed unto Him? Seest thou not that the light yet remains undiminished, though the sun has passed from sight. There shall be no darkness tonight, for this is the sign promised, tomorrow the Savior comes into the world. Look up and thou canst see the beacon light of God's love shining above us."

Zoram, who had followed Zelma to force her from Joel's side, heard those words, and paused to look about him. He noted that the full broad light of day yet lingered, and for some moments he stood motionless, gazing about him in doubt and dread. As it became evident that Joel's words were true, fear, remorse and excess of terror were pictured on his face, and with a cry of mortal fear and anguish he fell beside Joel. The torch, which in his eagerness he had prepared to fire the pile, fell down the sides of the wooden pyramid until it reached the lighter material at the bottom, which it kindled into a sudden blaze.

Wood had been selected of such kinds as would make a sudden and fierce blaze, and soon the whole pile seemed enveloped in flames. Roused by the fierce crackling and the heat, Zelma beheld with horror that the beacon was on fire, and Joel yet bound and helpless. With desperate energy she put her arms about him and tried to raise him, but in vain.

"The dagger, Zelma! Zoram's dagger!" Joel exclaimed, as his eye fell upon it.

To possess herself of it was the work of a moment, but already were fierce tongues of flame darting about them when the thick ropes that bound him were finally severed, and Zelma sank back fainting. Starting to his feet he caught her fainting form in his arms, and sprang from the blazing pile to the ground.

His exertions and the cool air soon revived her, and she clung weeping to his neck, in an excess of delirious joy at his escape. Turning her eyes shudderingly toward the blazing pile, she started up with an exclamation of horror, to see Zoram standing erect, enveloped in a sheet of flame, gazing hopelessly about him. Joel started forward to his assistance, forgetful of his own wrongs, but the pile suddenly collapsed, and with a shriek he plunged into the raging vortex of fire.

The guards and assistants were all lying prostrate upon the earth as if stricken with the paralysis of fear, and no eyes but those of Heaven and the immediate actors in this terrible scene looked upon the signal fire that was to rouse the enemies of God to murder and rapine. Weapons that had been grasped with fierce expectancy of the waited for signal fell from nerveless hands, and throughout the land the sinners and unbelieving were stricken to the earth in fear and remorse, knowing that on the morrow the Savior should be born. *Marvin E. Pack.*

WHENCE?

We have a thought, and think we think that thought,
And yet that thought we never thought to think.
Whence came that thought? 'Twas not the mind that wrought;
'Twas born alone no other thought to link.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR
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SALT LAKE CITY, - DECEMBER, 1893.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY PRIZES.

WITH our prospectus for volume fifteen of the CONTRIBUTOR we made an offer of $25.00 for the first prize and $10.00 for the second prize for the best Christmas story, and like amounts for the best New Years, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July and Pioneer Day stories. For competition in the first class we received ten articles, which were carefully reviewed by a committee of three competent judges. The result of their examination was the awarding of the first prize to Elder Marvin E. Pack, and the second to Elder Willard Done. Both of these articles appear in this number.

There were among the stories presented to us, several other excellent contributions, some of which we will doubtless be able to make use in future numbers.

The publishing of the two prize articles in this number with the other matter, prevents the presentation of our usual editorial matter, and the usual piece of music. We trust this will be sufficient apology for the lack of that which might have been expected by some of our numerous readers.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 4.

TESTIMONY OF THE TRUTH.

Subdivisions:—1. *Definition:* (*a*) To the receiver, testimony is evidence received concerning truth; (*b*) to the giver, it is a solemn declaration or expression of truth. 2. *Sources:* 1. Subjective, (*a*) Sensation, what we hear, see and feel; (*b*) reflection, what we reason out; (*c*) inspiration, the infallible promptings of the Spirit of the Lord as to the truth or falsity of what is revealed to us through the other sources; from this latter source we get not only the truths themselves, but also a knowledge of them, of their proper application. A person may *hear* the revealed will of God but to receive it as testimony inspiration is essential. 2. Objective sources; (*a*) nature, where means are adapted to ends in a most marvelous manner; (*b*) sacred writings in which history is reversed by prophecy, showing the future with literal precision; (*c*) living witnesses, whose testimony should be safe from denial where there is no evidence to refute it. 3. *Steps to be taken in obtaining*; (*a*) have a desire to know the truth; (*b*) believe that you can find truth divine; (*c*) seek earnestly from all the subjective and objective sources, and especially in humble prayer, remembering that where doubt exists faith cannot be; (*d*) do your duty as indicated by the revelations of the Lord, and all doubt will vanish. (See John, chap. vii, 17.) 4. *Retaining and Increasing Testimony:* keep in the light of revelation (*a*) by prayer, (*b*) by attending meetings, (*c*) by study, (*d*) by respecting proper authority, (*e*) by reverencing the principles and ordinances of the gospel, (*f*) by shunning evil, (*g*) by resisting temptation. 5. *Bearing Testimony:* (*a*) Grades, 1. Testimony of our desires, (*b*) testimony of our belief, (*c*) testimony of our knowledge. 2. Ways, (*a*) by words, (*b*) by works.

Self-review:— 1 What is testimony, (*a*) to the receiver, (*b*) to the giver? 2. What are the sources of testimony? (*a*) subjective, (*b*) objective. 3. Name the steps to be taken in getting a testimony. 4. Give general directions for retaining and increasing one's testi-

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mony. 5. To what and in what ways may testimony be borne?

LECTURE 5.
THE SABBATH DAY.

Subdivisions:—1. *Definition:* (*a*) a day of rest. (Doc. and Cov., sec. 59.) (*b*) a day of devotion (ibid). Origin; in the works of the Almighty, (*a*) spiritual creation; (*b*) temporal. (See Comp., p. 244.) Kinds; weekly, every seventh day; yearly Sabbath, every seventh year. (See Lev. xxv.) Jubilee Sabbath. (See Comp. p. 244.) *Objects:* Special benefit of man, physically and spiritually. (Mark, chapter ii; v. 27.) Result of its observance; (*a*) spiritual strength; (*b*) claim to blessing promised. (Doc. and Cov., sec. 59: 16, 17.) Consequences of not keeping the Sabbath; (*a*) covenant breaking; (*b*) spiritual starvation; (*c*) physical enslavement.

Self-review: — 1. What is the Sabbath day? 2. Give the origin of the Sabbath day. 3. Name the Sabbaths observed by ancient Israel. 4. Show that the Sabbath day is for man's special benefit. 5. What are the promises made to the respecter of the Sabbath day?

LECTURE 6.
THE WORD OF WISDOM.

Subdivisions:—1. What it is, (*a*) advice and counsel given through Joseph the Seer; (*b*) a divine command through the Prophet Brigham. 2. Evident objects: (*a*) warning against evil; (*b*) instruction as to means and methods of escaping calamity and increasing capacity to do good. 3. Adaptability (*a*) to the weakest among the Saints; (*b*) to the wisest. (The hygienic truths revealed in the Word of Wisdom are still far in advance of those verified by scientific research.) 4. Legitimate claims of those who observe the Word of Wisdom, (*a*) to physical preservation and endurance; (*b*) to intellectual power. 5. Directions in regard to the use of foods, (*a*) vegetable; (*b*) animal.

Self-review:—1. What is the Word of Wisdom? 2. What are the evident objects of this revelation? 3. In what respect is it adapted to the wisest of men? 4. What are the promises made to those who observe the Word of Wisdom. 5. Repeat the directions in regard to the proper use of foods.

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation continued.)

LECTURE 4.
ISRAEL'S SUBJUGATION OF THE INFIDEL USURPERS OF THEIR INHERITANCES.

Subdivisions: — The preparation at Gilgal.—The siege of Jericho; (*a*) the appearance of a heavenly chieftain; (*b*) the exact execution of the revealed plan of attack; (*c*) the overthrow of the city.—The conquest of Ai; (*a*) the first attack; (*b*) the retreat of the three thousand; (*c*) Joshua's appeal to the Lord; (*d*) the purification of the army; (*e*) the second attack; (*f*) the victory. Time 1451, B. C. Ref. Joshua v; 8. Josephus, Book V, chap. i.

Self-review:—1. What office was held by the chieftain angel who visited Joshua at *Gilgal?* 2. What was the plan for the overthrow of Jericho? 3. What was the cause of the defeat of the army of Israel at Ai? 4. What method was adopted for the purification of the army? 5. Prove from this lesson that purity is an essential element of supreme power.

LECTURE 5.
SUBJUGATION OF THE INFIDEL NATIONS, CONTINUED.

Subdivisions:—The treaty of peace with the people of Gibeon; (*a*) the prevaricating embassy; (*b*) the servitude of the crafty Gibeonites; (*c*) the rescue of Gibeon. The five years' victorious campaign completed with the defeat of thirty-one kings. Time, 1450-1449 B. C. Ref. Joshua ix, 11; Josephus, Bk. V, ch. i.

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Self-review :—1. Through what neglect was Joshua deceived by the men from Gibeon? 2. What disposition was made of the inhabitants of Gibeon and the other three cities? 3. What two natural phenomena aided Israel in destroying the allied armies of their enemies at Gibeon? 4. What prophet had instructed Joshua concerning the conquest of Palestine? 5. How many kings were defeated by the Israelites in this campaign?

LECTURE 6.

ALLOTMENT OF THE INHERITANCES.

Subdivisions :—The survey and topography of the country. Equitable division by lot. General conference, and Joshua's farewell address. Time, 1445 to 1426 B. C. Ref. Joshua xiii; xvii; Josephus, ch. v, Bk. I.

Self-review:—1. Give the several names by which the land of Palestine has been known. 2. Give the topography, in brief, of the land of Palestine. 3. How were the divisions of the land made? 4. How did the assignment of Joseph differ from that of the others? 5. What was the purpose of the cities of refuge?

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

The Reign of the Judges.

LECTURE 4.

THE MISSIONARY LABORS OF THE SONS OF MOSIAH.

Subdivisions : — Their preference for missionary life and its results to that of kingly powers and honors.—The degenerative condition of the Lamanites. — Ammon's separation from his fellow-laborers.—Alma and King Lamoni; (*a*) the captive; (*b*) the servant; (*c*) the champion of rights; (*d*) the instrument of a community's conversion to the truth; (*e*) the agent of deliverance of his brethren. Time, 77 B.C. Ref. Alma xvii–xx.

Self-review :—1. What political honors did the sons of Mosiah reject in order to perform missionary work? 2. What views characterized the Lamanites at the time the sons of Mosiah went among them with the Gospel? 3. Why did the missionaries separate from each other? 4. What definition of heaven does Ammon give King Lamoni? 5. In the fulfillment of what promise to Mosiah were Ammon and his brother missionaries protected from destruction? 6. What change of heart was testified to by Lamoni and others at their conversion? 7. What organization was established among the Lamanites by Ammon?

LECTURE 5.

LABORS OF AARON AND MULOKI, ALMA'S BRETHREN.

Subdivisions:—The journey to the Lamanite Jerusalem; (*a*) their testimony to the people; (*b*) their imprisonment; (*c*) their deliverance.—Their meeting with King Lamoni.—The conversion of the king.—The king's proclamation of protection for the ministers of the gospel. Time 80 B. C. Ref. Alma xxi–xxiii.

Self-review:—1. Show that even the Lamanites perpetuated the history of the people by the naming of their cities. 2. What was the special testimony that Aaron and his fellow missionaries bore to the inhabitants of Lamanite Jerusalem? 3. By whom was Aaron and his friends delivered from prison in the land of Middoni? 4. By what was Aaron led from Middoni to the land of Nephi, where dwelt the Lamanite emperor, father of King Lamoni? 5. What readings did Aaron employ to aid in the conversion of Lamoni's father, the king of the kings? 6. For what great joy was this great ruler willing to give up all he possessed? 7. Repeat the prayer of the repentant monarch in which he asks for a testimony. 8. What were the main features of the proclamation issued by this chief Lamanite ruler after his conversion?

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LECTURE 6.

THE PEOPLE OF ANTI-NEPHI-LEHI.

Subdivisions:—The removal of the curse from them.—Their threatened destruction by the Lamanite outlaws.—Their refusal to shed blood.—The one thousand and five martyrs.—Conversion of the invaders.—Second attack of the vengeful Lamanites.—Their exodus to the land of Zarahemla. Time, 82 B. C. Ref. Alma, xxiv–xxvi.

Self-review:—1. What was the origin of the Anti-Lehi-Nephites? 2. What relation of consanguinity was there between Lamoni and the people of Anti-Lehi-Nephi? 3. What curse ceased to follow the Lamanites who received the gospel and obeyed its laws? 4. What gave the people of Anti-Lehi-Nephi the courage to face their enemies fearlessly, without weapons of war? 5. Under whose direct command were the people of Anti-Lehi-Nephi removed from the land of Ishmael to Zarahemla?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Times continued.*)

LECTURE 4.

PAUL'S WRITINGS TO THE CORINTHIANS CONTINUED.

Special topic, spiritual gifts.

Subdivisions:—The spirit of testimony.—The distinction between the Spirit and its various gifts.—The superior grace (charity).—The relative value of gifts.—The three graces.—Order in the exercise of gifts. Time, A. D. 59. Ref. I Cor. xii–xiv.

Self-review:—1. By what only can a man knowingly say that Jesus is the Christ? 2. What is the relationship between special spiritual gifts and the Spirit of the Lord? 3. Name the special gifts enumerated by Paul. 4. Prove from this lesson that what affects the member affects the whole body, the Church. 5. Show the necessity of each person's striving to be his better *self*, rather than seeking to be some one else.

LECTURE 5.

PAUL'S WRITINGS TO THE CORINTHIANS, (CONCLUDED).

Special topic, the Resurrection.

Subdivisions:—Paul's proofs of the resurrection of the Savior; (*a*) the Scripture; (*b*) the testimony of Cephas; (*c*) the testimony of the Twelve; (*d*) the testimony of five hundred eye-witnesses of His ascension.—Paul's argument against the fallacy of the denial of the resurrection of Jesus.—The distinctive element of difference in all organic creations.—The instantaneous change from mortality to immortality. Time, A. D. 59. Ref. First Corinthians, chap. xv.

Self-review:—1. What personal testimony did Paul cite to prove that the resurrection is an actual principle and ordinance of the gospel? 2. Give three of Paul's arguments to substantiate the doctrine of the resurrection? 3. What evidence of perfect order in the resurrection is given in this lesson? 4. What proof is here given of the practice of baptism for the dead in the primitive church? 5. Prove that the spirit of man is a spiritual body.

LECTURE 6.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

Subdivisions:—Rewards based on works, not on words.—Principle not changed by custom.—Salvation free to all who keep the laws of life.—Evil subdued by the irresistible force of good. — Obedience to legal authority.—Every person responsible for the influence he possesses. Time, 60 A. D. Ref. Romans complete.

Self-review:—1. Upon what are rewards based? 2. Explain the statement "Ye are servants to him whom ye list to obey." 3. What is proved by the sentence, "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus?" 4. How is evil subdued? 5. For what is every person responsible to society?

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VIEW OF CAIRO, EGYPT.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

IX.

IN glancing over my notes on India and the actual number of leagues traveled in that wild and beautiful country, I reach the conclusion that the half has not been told, though quite enough, perhaps, for the average reader to cry, hold! enough! The remainder will keep and furnish reminiscent material for reverie in days to come. Possessing some love of candor and some sense of honor, the writer refrained from re-hashing ancient tiger stories, rhinoceros hunts or hair-breadth 'scapes by flood or field; and yet, strangely enough, above and beyond all his recollections of India comes from Cawnpore that confused and ever-mingling odor of musk and camphor.

The days were growing warm and the dread of greater heat still to come should the 'flight into Egypt' be longer delayed, shortened the writer's stay on the Malabar coast, and turned his roving footsteps once more towards the sea. The Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Thames* was about to sail and he embarked on board that vessel for the continent of Africa, when, after an uneventful voyage of nine days and nights through the luminous, phosphorescent waves of the Arabian sea, our wind-worn ship first cast anchor in the Gulf of Aden, on the southern coast of Arabia, and was immediately boarded by pirates, who asked two dollars apiece for moth-eaten ostrich feathers and a similar amount for the decayed and orphaned eggs of those stately fowls; after inducing the buccaneers to discount eighty per cent for cash, the writer purchased some of the plunder and has been regretting it ever since.

The quaint old city of Aden, lying about 12° above the equator, near the 45° of east longitude, is very ancient and was formerly very celebrated. The ruins of its public monuments, notably those of its far-famed rain reservoirs, testify to its by-gone splendor and importance, and the Bible speaks of it as one of the cities whose merchants traded with ancient Tyre. Through the lower hills and plains near Aden, as in all those Eastern countries, large reservoirs are found in localities devoid of springs or rivers, and dependent on the winter rains for a supply of water during the summer months. The mass of the inhabitants consist of Arabs and Somalis in about equal numbers, the males of each race for some reason predominating in the proportion of nearly two to one female. The Somalis are immigrants from the opposite coast of Africa, distant about one hundred and fifty miles. The members of either race are easily distinguished by their features and dress, the Arab being as a rule short, muscular and sturdy, with a light brown complexion and long black hair, sometimes hanging down his back; generally a short petticoat and a turban attire him. The Somali, on the other hand, is generally tall,

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thin and black in color, dressed in a single white cotton robe, hanging in folds from the left shoulder to the feet, the right arm being left free in the use of spear or dart, with which, in addition to a rawhide shield and a short sword or large dagger, the Somali goes constantly armed when in the interior; this formidable front is due to incessant tribal quarrels; in the neighborhood of Aden they wear no head dress, the short, black, curly hair being plastered over with a species of clay that stains a reddish-yellow color. The lower classes of Arab and all Somali women, although they are Musselmans, with whom the family ties are generally sacred, appear to possess more than the usual amount of social liberty. They are to be seen unveiled and mixing freely with the general population in all public places, but the Arab ladies in Aden, my informant told me, are under the same restrictions of harem life as in other Mohammedan countries.

As in the case of the men, the dress, complexion and features of the women denote their nationalities. Arab women are enveloped from head to feet in a single garment which is generally of a brownish red color, the face, contrary to their custom elsewhere, being exposed, while the Somali woman of high class, who is often fair-limbed and pretty of face, affects more style in the way of gold, silver or brass jewelry when she can obtain it. The country of the Somali, opposite Aden, forms the north-east horn of Africa and abounds with elephants, lions and antelope. The inhabitants are distinct from other African races, their features being delicately Caucasian and free of all negro traits; their sheep are also peculiarly marked, the bodies being white and the heads black, while they possess enormous tails, probably of six or seven pounds weight, broad, flat and thick, like a beaver; in times of drouth, these sheep are said to "feed on their tails," and not to suffer materially while that appendage remains plump.

During my stay at Aden, I was more than half inclined to accept the invitation of an English party there who were waiting for a coast-wise steamer to take them down to Zanzibar, two or three days distant, whence they contemplated going in the interior to Stanley Falls. When one is so far afield, a few days travel more or less matters little, but the shadow of Egypt was already at my feet, and its glamour a counter-charm which drew me into the passage of the Red Sea. So, voyaging on, we passed Abyssinia, scarcely a rifle's shot off the port-side—the land of that king who cut off the hands and feet of people who offended him, and destroyed their sight by pouring hot tallow in their ears; that piece of ferocity being said to kill the optic nerve without leaving any outward sign of spot or blemish, the eyes remaining clear.

But little farther in lies the Soudan, whose Mahdi had forty of the Khedive's soldiers mutilated together, and sent them back to Cairo with the message, that if his highness wanted eunuchs he could have those. It was to obtain freedom from slavery for such wretches as these that Chinese Gordon left his "ever-victorious army" on the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang, and laid down his glorious life at Khartoum.

Having traversed the Red Sea, we lay-to a few hours in the Gulf of Suez and then passed through the canal to Ismailia. Since the widening of the canal to a uniform width of seventy-two feet between the two seas, delays to shipping have been infrequent and trifling. Since also the use of the electric light has been adopted by passing steamers, the progress through has been as rapid by night as by day. The lights are displayed, not from the banks of the canal itself, as one might suppose, but from the decks of the steamers themselves. The

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THE PHARAOH OF THE OPPRESSION (TAKEN FROM HIS MUMMY IN THE MUSEUM AT GIZEH, EGYPT).

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clear atmosphere of the surrounding desert and the absence of wind at night time renders the use of the light singularly effective in a channel so narrow as the Suez Canal, and therefore so difficult to steer in when the wind rises, but at the same time, so well defined by buoys as the canal. The ray of light thrown from a mirror behind the lamp spreads like a fan ahead of the ships and across the canal, extending about half a mile ahead. The effect is singularly weird, and the appearance of a large vessel looming ahead at night is something to be remembered.

A ride of five or six hours by rail between Ismailia and Cairo awaits the traveler on disembarking and, as with all other great capitals of the world, he usually reaches the city of the Caliphs after nightfall.

I had chosen the best season to visit the country, which is any time between December and March, when northern winds are more or less prevalent, which cool the air pleasantly, make the nights restful and the days delightful. The Nile was neither high enough to cover and make inaccessible any of the surrounding country, nor low enough to look like a canal. I was already aware that everybody who is anybody always go to Shepheard's hotel at Cairo, I mentally claimed exemption, avoided the gabbling crowd, the professional globe trotters, a motley horde; sought quieter quarters, and found them at the Hotel Khedevial, kept by a young Greek of modest mien and pleasing intelligence, and whose heart I unconsciously won as was afterwards shown on my final departure from his hospitable roof, by his presenting me with two rare Alexandrine coins "for sleeves to make button," as he explained in broken Arabic and fragmentary English.

The great highway of Egypt, particularly above Cairo, is the Nile, and the different craft which ply its historical waters furnish the pleasantest mode of seeing the country. After that follows the donkey, patient, sure-footed, very enduring and, so far as my experience goes, of easy gait; then comes the horse, and very unwillingly he comes, too, in some parts of that land; but for excursions into the desert camels are required, and I found their easy, mobile stride much pleasanter than the rolling, sideling, shifting steps of the elephant of India. The beauty of the Egyptian climate is famed far and wide, and although the mortality is great, it is accounted for in other ways. The ignorance, superstition and filthy habits of the Egyptians, aided by privations, hard and enduring toil, and the exposure they have to suffer, make the death rate very high. Aside from these drawbacks, a large number of the poor die for want of proper medical attendance and advice, which the government does not supply, unless in the hospitals, and of those the natives have a deep-seated dread. At times a severe epidemic sweeps across the country with fever-laden breath, and depopulates whole districts. Formerly it was called "the plague," but now it takes the type of cholera, and when *that* sets in, the foreigners speedily vacate the country. As in India, the moon appears larger than with us, an effect of the atmosphere probably. The moonlight nights are singularly brilliant, but when darkness does envelop the earth it is thick enough to feel almost, while the sky above is quite clear. The Nile valley is called one of the greatest bird thoroughfares in the world; there is but little large game, plenty of reptiles, enough insects to go around, each traveler being furnished with a set of his own immediately on arrival; fish are plentiful in the Nile, but none are worth catching from the standpoint of an American palate, as they are soft and woolly, with a strong flavor of Nile mud.

The majority of the people, men and women, are a handsome, well-formed race, with bright, black eyes,

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straight noses, fine teeth and full lips. It's a mystery, 'a mystery of the Nile,' perhaps, how they grow out of such pot-bellied, shrunken-limbed little runts as the children are; these, like those of the Coromandel coast I described in a former article, are all head and belly, with spidery arms and legs. The fellahin (peasant women) are frequently models of beauty when quite young, but soon after attaining their marriageable age, say fourteen, they commence to fade. The majority wear brass or silver ornaments, blacken the edge of their eyelids with *kohl*, stain the finger and toe-nails and the palms of their hands with *henneh*, and tattoo different parts of their person. The Cairenes proper, however, do not follow these practices, preferring high-heeled French shoes to bangles on their ankles and bells on their toes. The better class of Cairo women, on going into the street, wear a veil of muslin or silk, concealing the whole of the face except the eyes. The dancing girls of Cairo, who appear every evening at the cafes on the principal thoroughfares, are less particular—much less particular, while their dancing is simply indescribable, and if not, a description would scarcely be admitted to the well-ordered columns of THE CONTRIBUTOR.

The wandering tribes of Bedouins, Nubians, Abyssinians and negroes, Turks, Levantines, Armenians, Jews, Eurasians and Europeans, make up the remaining population of Egypt to eight million, roughly stated. Outside the town houses are built of adobe, sometimes mixed with straw, the majority having two rooms and rarely more than one story; very small, unglazed windows located near the flat roof admit what little light and ventilation they care for; a few rice mats and earthen dishes of the simplest form are the only furnishings. Their chief luxuries are tobacco and coffee, and when obtained are ample compensation for the discomforts of the squalor-haunted regions they dwell in.

The Nubians, who are at home anywhere between the first cataract and Khartoum, are frequently driven into Cairo by abject, never-ending poverty, where after saving up a few pounds of copper money, they return to their own country and settle down there, resuming their primitive way of living and manner of dress; the latter, on the female side, frequently consists of a strip of leather fringe tied around the waist in addition to a thick coating of crude caster oil plastered over the head and body.

The Abyssinians and negroes are generally slaves, the women of the former being prized for their beautiful forms and good tempers. Slavery is officially forbidden in Egypt, but will probably continue, at least so long as the Khedive's household sets the example by using eunuchs and other forced servitors. The eunuchs come from the Soudan, and bring about five hundred dollars each. An intelligent Soudanese told the writer that not more than five or six per cent. of them outlived the maltreatment, due, he thought, to the incompetency of the native surgeons, and hence the high price they bring. Egyptian Jews are frequently seen with fair hair, blue eyes and white skin, and they are said to be dirty in person and unclean in habit. Since the building of the canal French are seen in all the streets, and their language is spoken by the better class of Egyptians as often as the Arabic; if misunderstood by the latter class, I was invariably asked to speak French, not English or German.

Modern knowledge of the Egyptians was derived from two sources. Their annals were cut on the walls of their temples; their private history on the walls of the tombs; and from temple or tomb came most of the objects that have so enriched the museums of today.

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Rameses II. was the Pharaoh of the oppression in whose court the infant Moses was raised and educated, and the finest ruins remaining are of his period. His well-preserved mummy lies in the museum at Gizeh. His son and successor, Meneptah, was the Pharaoh of the exodus and Egyptologists at Cairo assign B. C. 1325 as about the date of that event. The record in Exodus does not precisely state that he perished in the passage of the Red Sea, though according to the song of Moses he must have had a narrow escape, as his horse was lost. (Exodus xv., 19.) Inscriptions on the temples show his accession to have occurred B. C. 1300. His tomb at Thebes is one of the most beautiful disoovered and recently a dirge on papyrus or stone, has been dug up lamenting his death at a good (?) old age, as the biblical record does not claim that Pharaoh himself perished, the dirge may be genuine and the tomb and its mummy, something more than a lie.

The only other Egyptian rulers of any interest to the reader came 1250 years later. Her story briefly told is this: in B. C. 52 Cleopatra was left by her father, Auletus, joint heir with her brother, Ptolemy Dionysius, under the guardianship of the Roman senate, and within four years was banished by her brother. Pompey, seeking refuge in Egypt after his defeat at Pharsalia, was murdered with Dionysius' consent. Cæsar, after a long struggle, in the course of which Dionysius was drowned in the Nile, reinstated Cleopatra, but gave her as a colleague another brother, also named Ptolemy, whom she murdered. Cæsarion, her son by Cæsar, was then made co-regent. On the death of Cæsar, Antony, who had summoned the queen to Tarsus to answer for having allowed her forces to take the side of Brutus and Cassius at Phillipi, fell a victim to her charms and passed the greater part of the next nine years with her in idleness. During this time Octavius was gradually rising in power, and on the Roman senate declaring Antony an enemy of the state, he marched against Egypt, defeating the combined naval forces of Antony and Cleopatra at Actium, and took Alexandria. Antony and Cleopatra both committed suicide, and Egypt became a Roman province, governed by prefects. Recent statements touching the discovery of the body or the tomb of Cleopatra at Alexandria, are without foundation. And now, with that brief unhearsing of the dead and buried past, let the time-worn mummy-dust settle down once more, and while the Pharaohs and the "sorceress of the Nile," with her ill-starred lover, turn their shrivelled faces to the wall once more, we come to modern Egypt and the present day.

The oriental part of Cairo is divided into quarters or wards. There is the quarter of the water carriers, the Christian or Copt quarter, the Jew's quarter, the Frank quarter and others. Many of these wards consist of narrow, dirty lanes or streets, and the houses of the two opposite sides touch each other at the roof. The principal reason of their being made so narrow was to afford better protection in case of the ward being attacked, and to make streets and houses cooler in the fierce heat of the summer. The old Frank quarter is usually known by the name of the Muski, and it was there that the first Franks who opened shops in Cairo were permitted to reside in the reign of Saladin. The present city has a population of about 375,000 of whom 21,000 are Europeans of different nationalities, Greeks predominating. The narrow, irregular streets and their thoroughly oriental character, make the Egyptian capital the most interesting of all eastern cities, and it is not due alone to the bazars and the mosques, or to the strangeness of the other architecture, but as wel to the people in the streets; from the turbaned Turk, the lounging Arab,

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DANCING GIRL OF CAIRO, WITH NUBIAN ACCOMPANIST.

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the veiled women, the Bedouins from the desert, the ever-sullen Soudanese, the blackest race I ever saw, to the "dogs of Christians (Allah forbid they should ever take the city again, or if they do, may their mothers be defiled)." All these, I say, go to make up the absorbing interest of the city of the Caliphs. As to the morals of the Cairenes, well, if tried by the standard of Chinese morality, their social life is almost pure.

Perhaps the sanitary condition of a neighborhood, with no reference to mere mud or standing pools of water, is at least a straw pointing towards the character of the neighbors; in Cairo, at all events, wherever dirt and filth abound, joy is unconstrained, and this statement would hold good in all the Orient, except Japan, and that country and its people are cleaner than our own.

G. H. Snell.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER IV.

Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

Shakespeare.

IT now becomes necessary for us to turn our attention to the higher or privileged classes of France, as they delighted to call themselves. The palace of Versailles, the residence of the king of France, was situated in the village of that name, eleven miles southwest of Paris. It had been occupied in turn by Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., and now the great grandson of the latter, Louis XV., was in possession. He had occupied the throne of France since the year 1715. His predecessor, known in history as the "grand monarch," had raised France to a higher plane of glory than she had before reached. To accomplish this, he had engaged in numerous wars, and had reduced the finances to a very low ebb. All lines of labor had been neglected for almost a century. No longer did the earth yield sufficient for the support of the farmer. As has been shown in the preceding chapter, the husbandman labored under great disadvantage, through the overbearing injustice of the noblemen. Manufactures had almost ceased, and the poorer classes were largely out of employment. It was not uncommon for whole families to die of starvation in the streets.

Such were the conditions confronting Louis XV. when he ascended the throne. During his minority the power was in the hands of a regency, which ruled neither wisely nor well. The affairs of the nation had not prospered under this administration, and therefore all eyes were eagerly turned toward the young king upon his reaching his majority.

The people of France idolized him. It is not at all probable that they themselves could have told why they gave him the title of "Well Beloved," except that he was their king, and they were so weary of the extravagance of the preceding reign as to welcome with joy any change. He had passed through a serious illness in his early life, and all France had been hallowed with prayers for his restoration to health. These prayers had been answered, and he had been spared to his people. But a change had come over him in his early manhood, and the people saw with alarm and grief that they were to have a king with all of the vices and none of the virtues and abilities of his predecessor. It is to be supposed that Louis XV. saw the hopelessness of the affairs of France as soon as he took active charge of their

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administration, and that instead of attempting the task of correcting them, he gave himself up to the more congenial one of gratifying his own pleasures and appetites. Whatever his motive, this was the course he took.

He was married in early life to the daughter of the king of Poland, but he lived almost entirely apart from her with his mistresses and their favorites. A terrible life for any man to lead, and especially the head of a great nation, whose people looked upon him as their father and protector—almost as a god. The rude awakening of the French from their dream of the benefits to be derived from the reign of Louis XV. served to increase in their hearts the feelings of despair engendered during the reign of Louis XIV., and they sank into a condition of almost passive hopelessness. It was so, at least, with the peasants.

There was an element in these things which it is absolutely necessary for us to understand, in order that our story may possess a degree of value from a historical standpoint. Spreading over the greater part of the civilized world, and gathering strength and volume as it proceeded, was a sentiment in favor of the equal rights of all mankind. The favorite idea of such monarchs as Louis XIV., and Louis XV. was that of the divine right of kings—that the prince of a realm possessed the right, by virtue of his heirship to the crown, to control all the affairs of his subjects, to take possession of their property whenever it suited his convenience, and to take their lives if in his view such action was necessary. Receiving this right, as he and his subjects verily believed, from God, he was not interfered with in its exercise, and the helpless country and its equally helpless people lay at his feet.

Now the opinions of men of education and advancement were changing in this important matter, and a large element of the nations laying claim to any degree of civilization, had begun to put their opinions to the actual test by subverting the rights of kings and thus proving them not to be of divine origin. Already were the people of America beginning their resistance to the series of aggressions imposed by the British ministry, and as evidences of success appeared in their struggle, they were applauded by the king-ridden people of Europe. An important element of the French nation had taken firm hold of the fundamental principles for which the Americans were struggling, and were disseminating them among the ignorant persons of France, who, with their peculiarly excitable temperaments, were willing to seize upon anything which promised relief from their unpleasant condition. It was the educational power of such men as Duruy, exerted in this direction, that the king and the nobility of France had great reason to fear and were anxious to suppress by severe punishment.

In Versailles the royal family lived in a state of splendor and extravagance singularly out of proportion to the affairs of the common people of the distracted country. The palace itself was a wonder of architectural skill and finished ornamentation. Sculptures, bas-reliefs, paintings, arches, spires, and domes were combined in bewildering profusion to add to the richness of the structure.

But it is of the population of this "palace world" that we would speak. At the time of which we write, 1769, Louis XV. had almost reached the age of fifty-nine. During fully twenty years of his life, he had been under the almost supreme control of a woman named Madame de Pompadour, infamous to all time for the use she made of her great beauty to influence the weak and vicious king, to advance her favorites to positions of importance, and to introduce

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measures at variance with the interests of France. She was perfectly indifferent to the sufferings of the people of the distracted country, and the king came to partake of this feeling also. Even when the influences before referred to, the demands for a restoration of their rights began to operate, and the attitude of the commons became menacing to the safety of the throne, the two continued in their ruinous course of sinful pleasures and extravagance, hoping that the storm of indignation would hold off until they had passed away. This hope and belief were expressed by Madame de Pompadour and echoed by the king, in the words, "after us the deluge."

During the time of her power and influence, she cost the French people about seven millions of dollars.

After the death of this woman in the year 1764, another favorite took her place, a noted strumpet named Du Barri, who was more depraved even than Madame de Pompadour, and possessed none of her redeeming qualities. At the time of which we speak, she had just been presented at the court of the doting Louis XV., who had become almost imbecile through the excesses and follies of his earlier life.

A few months after the violent death of the nobleman at La Brede, detailed in the last chapter, a man approached the Versailles palace from the south-west. His appearance testified to the fact that he had walked a great distance, as his shoes were covered with the mud of the road, his hair was unkempt, and his face bristled with a week's growth of beard. He looked around him with a great deal of interest and surprise; evidently he had not been accustomed to so magnificent surroundings. He passed into the court of the palace, and applied for admittance at the main entrance.

"Who are you?" inquired the servant who kept the door.

"I prefer not to tell you until I see the man I am seeking," answered the visitor.

"I must admit no one unknown to me," said the servant, turning away from the applicant and closing the door.

The visitor seemed disappointed. He walked moodily back and forth before the entrance, occasionally giving vent to a smothered oath. As he passed one of the windows, he saw a man whom he seemed to recognize. He stopped and signaled to him. The person arose from the chair he had occupied and came closer to the window. A moment's scrutiny of the face without, and he made his way to the door. There the visitor awaited him.

"My lord," said he, "I have come at last."

"And your news?" inquired the other.

"My news is calculated to surprise you, but I hardly think it will be disappointing," answered the first.

"Let me hear it."

"I am just from La Brede."

"I judged so," answered the well-dressed man, glancing at the soiled clothes of the visitor.

The latter seemed disappointed. He evidently anticipated a more hearty welcome. However he concealed his chagrin and said with an assumed air of independence, "I have come from La Brede with news for you, but I can await your convenience. The news is such that you will be pleased to hear it. It is not my pleasure but yours that is delayed."

"Your news, and quickly," said the other, with an air of great impatience. Then as the visitor hesitated, he exclaimed, "I have no time to wait. I have audience with the king in a few minutes, and must be punctual. Lemoyne, remember that you are but a servant as yet, and must learn to do our pleasure. When by faithfulness you have earned the necessary distinction, you

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may be in a position to plume yourself and to maintain an air of superiority; until then, wisdom would suggest that you be obedient."

Lemoyne saw his position. Conquering his pride, he said: "An act of violence has been committed at La Brede. The Duke d'Aguille has been assassinated. The peasants who took part in his murder are exciting their neighbors to revolt against the king's authority. The village and all the surrounding country is in turmoil. Other acts of violence may have been committed before this time. All the peasantry of that locality are worked up almost to the point of insanity. The one taste of vengeance they have had seems to have whetted their appetites. There is but one course to pursue and that is to punish the actors in this tragedy. Let the most prominent suffer first."

Levon listened with patience until Lemoyne had finished his narration. Then he asked without apparent sign of excitement, "How was the deed accomplished?"

"He met a dog's death on a tree in front of Claude Duruy's house," said Lemoyne.

"Claude Duruy's house? was he an actor in the deed?"

"He must have been. He was present at the time, and gave orders about the disposal of the body."

"Have you direct proof that he was a party to the murder?"

"Why do you question me so directly? Is it not enough that I saw him with the crowd and heard his orders?"

"No, it is not enough! Did I not say that direct proof of a deed of violence would be necessary in the case of Duruy? Did you see him help do the deed!"

"No, I did not. I was not there when it was done. When I passed the house the body was swaying in the wind, and Duruy was speaking to the crowd."

"What did he say?"

Lemoyne did not answer for a moment. Levon impatiently turned from him and stepped toward the door. "Hold!" called Lemoyne. Levon turned back. "I did not hear all his words, but I did hear him say he feared the vengeance of the aristocracy. He professed love and sympathy for the murderers, and cautioned them to be more careful in the future."

"What did he mean by the last remark?"

"He meant that in their future acts of violence they should be more secret."

"Very well. That testimony is important. We may be able to make use of it." He was thoughtful for a few moments. "It is my audience time with the king," he said at length. "I am to consult with him on this matter and others of its kind. You will attend with me."

Lemoyne glanced at his soiled clothes. "You are as presentable as peasants are expected to be," said Levon with a tinge of sarcasm. "Come."

Lemoyne passed with his companion into the most unstable strongholds of Europe. Passing through broad and elegantly appointed corridors, hung with rich curtains and laces, and carpeted with most costly fabrics, the two found themselves in the royal audience chamber.

Everything was new and strange to Lemoyne. He had heard in a general way of the richness of the palace, but was not prepared for the scene of grandeur presented to him. His attention was soon drawn from the furnishings of the room to its occupants. Seated on a rich throne in an alcove on one side of the room, was the king. He was mean-looking in the extreme. His stature was the medium, and his face bore marks of his dissipation in middle and advanced life. It was mottled and covered with unsightly pimples, giving evidence of filthy and deep-seated disease. His eyes were restless and weak, be-

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tokening the broken state of his mind. His lips twitched nervously, and occasionally took upon themselves an imbecile smile, indicative of the doting and childish condition of his mind. His richly embroidered and bejeweled robe hung in a loose, careless, almost slovenly fashion about his form, and his position on the velvet, gold-embroidered cushions was as far removed from kingly dignity as possible.

Seated at his side was a woman about twenty-three years of age. It was the notorious Comtess Du Barri, to whom this position was frequently assigned by the infatuated monarch. She was handsome of face and form, but her beauty was of the bold, forward type, and formed a perfect index to her real character. She seemed conscious of the power she exercised over the dotard at her side, and regarded him with a degree of contempt commensurate with his weakness. Nor did she rule him alone and in her own interests. Standing before the throne were a number of courtiers, officers in the royal council, men who had been called thither by the influence of the woman, not because of administrative wisdom on their part, but rather on account of their willingness to become her obedient tools. Even those officers who possessed ability in affairs of state, had debased themselves before her, and were as willing to betray to her whim the interests of the French people as she was to prostitute herself for the advancement of her own power.

As Levon and Lemoyne entered the apartment, the momentous question of the court ballet was being discussed with all due gravity. Nor was the discussion interrupted by the arrival of the two and the announcement of their names by the attendant, but their presence was for the time entirely ignored. At length one of the courtiers directed the royal attention to them.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, Levon said, "Your majesty was pleased to send for me."

With a vacant stare the king ejaculated, "Oh, Ah—did we send for you? Ah, yes!"

A few minutes of embarrassing silence ensued, during which the king's mind seemed wandering to the subject of former discussion. Then turning to the comtess, he said, "*Ma amie*, is the royal theater open yet? Is it the ballet or the opera? Do we see——"

"Your majesty," she interrupted, "the messieurs await the royal pleasure."

Endeavoring to assume an appearance of dignity, he turned to them. "On what subject did we wish to speak to the messieurs? Is it a new maiden for the ballet, whose beauty shall outshine the rest? Shall I have the pleasure of seeing her? What do the messieurs ask for her?"

"Your majesty," said Du Barri again, "it is of the dogs of peasants that the messieurs would speak."

"Ha! the dogs of peasants. The *dogs* of peasants! Ha, ha, very good, *ma amie*, very good indeed!"

"So," thought Lemoyne, "this is the scare-crow by means of whom Levon has endeavored to threaten me into his service. This is the majesty whose frown sends all France into darkness and gloom. This is the *thing* whose orders are to be given for the extermination of the peasantry! Bah! He is a fool, a lunatic! I blush to think that I, ignorant peasant though I am, should be forced to swear allegiance to such a dotard!"

Levon did not know the thoughts of his companion, but he saw the contemptuous expression on his face, and with a warning frown corrected the apparent disgust.

"Well, what about the dogs of peasants?" said the king. "Have they been complaining again! Are they not contented that we have permitted them to live? What have they been asking for now?

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"Your majesty," said Levon, "this man has just come from the village of LaBrede in Guienne. He says deeds of violence are being enacted there daily. Only a few days ago a nobleman was hanged like a dog by the villagers."

The king started in unfeigned alarm. "Have they killed one of the nobility," he stammered. "Did they know who he was?"

"Not only did they know who he was, but they killed him because he was of the nobility, and then gloried in the deed."

"One of the nobility slain!" exclaimed the king. "Our royal person is in danger," he whimpered. "Our life will be taken! O, *ma amie* we are doomed to death!" and he laid his head on the breast of the comtess and sobbed aloud.

She whispered a few words in his ear. He raised his head and was laughing. "Ah, yes, *ma amie*, you are a genius. Let the dancers be brought in."

At the word one of the attendants left the room and presently returned with four girls of beautiful form, who danced before the monarch with singular grace. The voluptuous exercise ended, they retired, and the king went into raptures over their beauty. His fears had been forgotten.

"How are we to deal with these savages?" he said. "Do they not quail when the royal name is uttered? Is that not enough to destroy rebellion in our fair dominions? What else is needed?"

"When men and their wives and children are starving," said one of the courtiers, "they lose all respect for the royal name. In dealing with his rebellious subjects, the late king of Spain"—

"The *late* king of Spain!" exclaimed the king, horror struck at the thought that a monarch might die.

"It is a title kings sometimes take," said the courtier ingeniously, and Louis was reassured. "Philip of Spain," continued the speaker, "in dealing with such subjects drove the most rebellious from his dominions, and by imprisonment stopped the mouths of those who remained opposed to his power."

Then Louis displayed some traces of his almost forgotten majesty. He arose from his throne, and stood on the raised dais, his form erect and dignified. "These peasants," he cried in a clear, ringing voice, "who presume to utter treason against the vice-regent of God, who by right of birth is their master and their sire, must be made to feel the power and majesty of our name. Dire vengeance must come upon them for thoughts of rebellion. Where this and similar outrages have been perpetrated, the actors in them must be apprehended and punished according to the magnitude of their crimes. And they of noble birth, who have deserted the party of loyalty to us and incited rebellion among the ignorant, deserve the severest penalties. Let their houses be desolated, their fields ravished, their wives and children given to the spoiler. I swear that none shall be safe who think of opposing me." The fire of his eye died out, and before the courtiers had recovered from their surprise at the astonishing scene they had witnessed, he was driveling again.

The Comtess Du Barri then arose. "You have heard what his royal highness has said," she cried. "I offer a thousand *louis d'or* to him who brings the first high-born rebel before us to receive his doom."

The audience was ended. The royal party retired to engage in its daily debaucheries, such as would be allowed only to the scions of royalty. Levon and Lemoyne departed from the palace and walked slowly toward one of the squalid lodging houses, where the latter was to remain that night, before returning to his home.

"You have heard the command of the king and the offer of the Comtess," said Levon as they proceeded. "That reward is mine, and for Duruy. See that you do not touch him. An

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act must be proven against him which will leave no room for doubt as to his punishment. Leave it to me. Within a month he will be placed in a position where the cause of royalty in France shall never suffer from him again, and my fortune and position shall be assured."

A look of rebellion from Lemoyne followed this remark, unobserved, however, by Levon, and the pair parted. *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT VICARIOUS WORK.

Trust in Him, the great Eternal,
Ruler of the universe!
He hath wisdom, grand, supernal,
More than mortals can rehearse!

'Mid the Heavens of untold splendor,
Past the cycles known but there;
In their councils Gods could tender,
Plans divine, in wisdom rare!

See, how but through degradation,
Triumph can alone be won;
That through deep humiliation
Soul hath glory as the sun!

Few will exaltation capture;
Past the angels, see them go;
To Celestial life and rapture,
Such as Gods may only know!

Grades there are to all of being;
Some Terrestrial honors wear;
Still in that great glory seeing,
Right and justice ever there!

Where Telestial glory glistens,
As the stars in azure vault,
Throbs in every soul who listens,
Love divine hath here no fault!

There are kingdoms not of glory
Darkened by the clouds of sin,
But 'tis e'er the self-same story,
Until, purified—shut in!

Mercy holds the scales for ever,
Yet will "justice claim its own;"
None have power, or will, to sever,
Their allegiance to the throne!

By and by, each wanderer, feeling,
For the truth, in love of right;
Shall employ that glad revealing,
Of the Gospel's wondrous light!

Then as inspiration swelling,
Brings two worlds in close commune
Angel messengers are telling
"Discord hath no place in tune!"

Harmonies are ever blending;
In "God's Temples" proxies stand;
One more soul redeemed—ascending,
Robed with the Celestial band!

Full redemption thus provided,
List, uncounted millions sing,
Gospel—Priesthood; earth—derided,
Makes the eternal worlds to ring!

H. W. Naisbitt.

THE OLD YEAR'S FLIGHT.

Triumphant day! Thy guerdon lasting fame,
From sylvan shades, high reared from manly sight;
'Mid choral airs, to earth the Old Year came;
While trembled earth with Hope's exulting light,
And blanched full oft the dark'ning brow of Night.
'Neath heavenly bays had glowed his aerial face,
To soothe the seraphs and the gods delight.
He came the earth's dark, moody shores to grace,
And left in gushing tears all in that hallowed place.

Then sound the harp! With songs the valleys ring,
Elysian nymphs him call to pleasures high;
Let sylvan maids the thrilling jub'lates sing,
And aerial sylphs Cicilian warblings try:
Till sounds seraphic swell the vocal sky.
Loud vesper shouts and strains of vernal cheer—
While valleys ring and rearing mountains cry—
Victorious all, shall greet the ascending year,
And festive splendors rare garland his earthly bier.

Angus Nicholson.

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MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

I.

OUTLINE OF MATHEMATICS.

PROGRESS in education is one of the most striking characteristics of the present age. Never before has there been so general an interest in popular education. The development of our intellectual resources has become an object of transcendent interest. The increase in the facilities of colleges and universities for original research is without parallel in the history of education. Schools of all kinds and grades are multiplying in every section of the country; improved methods of training have been adopted; dull routine has given way to a healthy intellectual activity; in short, instruction has become a science and teaching a profession. This advance is reflected in, and, to a certain extent, has been pioneered by, the improvements in the science of mathematics. The physical sciences owe their present condition of great development to the introduction of transcendental analysis. The improvement in our facilities for domestic and foreign commerce—in railroad engineering and shipbuilding, and the perfected machinery for all kinds of manufacturing and for mining, all which contribute so much to our material prosperity and intellectual growth, have been co-ordinate with and dependent upon, the development of mathematics, and the improvements in the methods of teaching and applying the various branches of that science.

And yet, of all the subjects of the curricula of higher institutions, there is probably none whose nature and scope are less understood than are those of mathematics. Ignoring its practical utility, so much has been said of the importance of this subject as a disciplinary study, that it has come to be regarded by many merely as an *abstract* science, consisting of meaningless symbols which are of value only as factors in the training of the faculties of the mind. But it is to a lack of familiarity with the origin, development, and application of the various branches of this science that may be attributed such misapprehension of its potency as a factor in the civilization of mankind, and in the unfoldment of the immutable laws of the universe.

Mathematics is one of the purest products of human thought. Based upon quantity, one of the earliest ideas which spring up in the human mind, and so intimately associated with man's commonest experience, it became interwoven with his simplest thought and speech, and was gradually unfolded with the development of the race. The exactness of its conceptions and the simplicity and beauty of its relations attracted the attention of reflective minds, and made it a familiar topic of thought. The result was that, receiving contributions from age to age, it continued to develop until at last it attained to the dignity of a science, eminent for the refinement of its principles and the certitude of its deductions.

The science of mathematics has been aided in its growth by the rarest minds of antiquity, and enriched by the thought of the profoundest thinkers. "Over it Pythagoras mused with the deepest enthusiasm; to it Plato gave the aid of his refined speculations; and in unfolding some of its mystic truths, Aristotle employed his peerless genius. In its processes and principles shines the thought of ancient and modern mind—the subtle mind of the Hindoo, the classic mind of the Greek, the practical spirit of the Italian and English. It comes down to us adorned with the offerings of a thousand intellects, and sparkling with the gems of thought received from the profoundest minds of nearly every age."*

* Dr. Edward Brooks.

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Rich, however, as have been the contributions in the past, few of the great writers have endeavored to unfold its logical relations as a science, and trace the philosophic thread of thought that binds its parts together into a complete and systematic whole. In fact, the subtlest principles of the higher analysis were not invented until the latter part of the seventeenth century, and another century elapsed before the principles thus revealed had thoroughly reorganized the science. Meanwhile, the great mathematicians were so much absorbed in the perfection of the calculus and cognate subjects and in the wonderful physical discoveries to which they at once led, that they had neither time nor inclination for those less profitable meditations which the philosophy of the subject demands. The result has been, that mathematics has been treated too much as a system of fragments, and the co-ordination of its various parts has, until recently, received no proper attention. Although Berkeley, D'Alembert, Carnot, and Lagrange had succeeded in reaching the fundamental principles of some of the branches of the science, still the actual co-ordination itself—the comprehension of mathematics as an organic unity—awaited realization at the beginning of the present century, and may even now be regarded as a matter of controversy.

In 1829, Auguste Comte, the founder of the "Positive Philosophy," opens his course of lectures on the *Philosophy of Mathematics* with the statement* that "although the science of mathematics is the most ancient and the most perfect of all sciences, the general conception which we should form of it is not yet clearly determined. The definition of the science, and its principal divisions, have hitherto remained vague and uncertain. The plural name by which it is usually designated would of itself be sufficient to indicate the want of unity in its philosophic character, as it is commonly conceived." So well founded does John Stuart Mill consider this assertion that, in referring to Comte's Philosophy, he declares* that "one of the most admirable portions is that in which he may truly be said to have created the philosophy of the higher mathematics."

Though it is doubtful whether the results of Comte's labors justify this exalted opinion, still the fact of its expression by Mill is sufficient to indicate that before Comte's day but little had been done in the development of mathematical philosophy. Indeed, before this time, the only attempt at classification, which is worthy of notice, was by the French mathematician, Montucla, who, in 1755, conceived and partly executed the plan of writing a history of all mathematical science,†—a work which he revised and began to republish in 1798, and which, upon his death in the midst of his labors, was completed by his friend Lalande about three years later. But this work, vast in design and comprehensive in scope, falls far short of co-ordinating the parts of the science.‡

* *Positive Philosophy*, Martineau's translation, vol. i., p. 28.

* *System of Logic.* Sixth edition, vol. ii., p. 153.

† *Histoire des Mathématiques.* Second edition, Paris, 1802.

‡ Montucla, in his attempt at classification, divides mathematics into two fundamental divisons, the *abstract* and the *physico*, the former including arithmetic,geometry, and algebra; the latter, mechanics, astronomy, acoustics, optics, etc. Geometry, "the science of figured extension," he divides into *elementary*, extending through the circle, and *transcendental*,—the latter being subdivided into finite and infinitesimal. Algebra, "the mediation of arithmetic and geometry, and including both," strangely defined, again, as "arithmetic by signs," and as "science of *any* relations—of magnitude in general," he considers as *ordinary*, dealing with finites. solution of equations, and theory of curves; and *infinitesimal*, including the differential and integral calculus.

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It is to Comte that we are most indebted for what has been accomplished in the actual grasping together of all the branches of mathematics under one superintending conception.

It is unquestionable, however, that he was indebted to some of his immediate predecessors—to Berkeley* and Carnot,† for instance, and especially to Lagrange.‡ Still he must be credited with the first and *only*§ serious attempt to set forth, in a united system, the idea of mathematics as an organic whole, and to carry out into its several branches the logical development of the science. Assigning to mathematics as its object "the indirect measurement of magnitudes,"‖ he begins his classification¶ of the science by dividing it into two fundamental divisions, *concrete* and *abstract*. Under the concrete he places geometry and mechanics, and under the abstract, arithmetic, algebra and the calculus. Geometry he divides again into synthetic or *special* and analytic or *general*; and calculus, into differential and integral, and the calculus of variations.

The strong points of Comte's scheme, as explained in his philosophy, are obvious to all who are practically conversant with mathematics. But his classification is also open to criticism, even in its fundamental divisions. For "all the sciences, even the most abstract, have their basis in concrete realities, and attain to the stage of developed and exact science in the same degree in which the complex concretes are eliminated after their abstract values have been ascertained. In science the particular, the sensible, and the concrete are transformed into the universal, the ideal, and the abstract."** All science embodies both the concrete and the abstract,

* Berkeley's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 422.

† Carnot, *Metaphysics of the Infinitesimal Calculus*.

‡ See W. W.R. Ball's *Short Account of the History of Mathematics*. First edition, pp. 373–83.

§ John Stuart Mill's *System of Logic* and his *Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy* contain each a chapter giving general views of mathematics, though in the Comtian spirit, still under new and interesting aspects. Professor A. T. Bledsoe of the University of Virginia, also published in 1868 a *Philosophy of Mathematics*, which makes no claim, however, to exhaustiveness, dealing only with Geometry and the Infinitesimal Method. Professor George H. Howison has a brief article on the *Departments* of *Mathematics* (*Jour. Spec. Phil.*, vol. v., p. 144), which, however, represents Mathematics as dealing only with *continuous* quantity in the form of *extension* and *motion*, and is open to further serious criticism in many of its most important details.

‖ *Positive Philosophy*. Third edition, vol. i., p. 31.

¶ Comte's outline (*Philosophy of Mathematics*, Gillespie's translation, New York, 1860, p. 2) is as follows:

I. ABSTRACT MATHEMATICS—*Analysis*, or the *Calculus*.
  1. ORDINARY ANALYSIS, or Calculus of Direct Functions.
    a. Arithmetic—the Calculus of Values.
    b. Algebra—the Calculus of Functions *per se*.
  2. TRANSCENDENTAL ANALYSIS—Calculus of Indirect Functions.
    a. Differential and Integral Calculus.
    b. Calculus of Variations.

II. CONCRETE MATHEMATICS.
  1. GEOMETRY—the Science of the Measurement of Extension.
    a. Synthetic, or Special { Graphic . . Algebraic. / Descriptive . . . Trigonometry.
    b. Analytic, or General { of Two Dimensions. / of Three Dimensions.
  2. RATIONAL MECHANICS—Math. Laws of Physical Motion.
  3. [THERMOLOGY—Mathematical Laws of Heat.]

** J. M. Long. *Jour. Spec. Phil.*, vol. xx., p. 421.

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so that this principle, therefore, cannot serve as a means of logical division. Likewise, his division is defective where he discriminates between *pure* and *analytic* geometry as "special" and "general." Because, though the *method* of analytic geometry is undoubtedly more general than that of pure geometry, so also is the method of algebra more general than that of arithmetic. Yet, as Comte himself has observed,* "it would now be a grave error to define algebra, with Newton, as a 'universal arithmetic.'" Such a division is based on the principle of distinguishing between the *methods* according to which a given subject is discussed, instead of the *characteristic* difference between the subjects themselves, their *object matter*. His division of abstract mathematics into the calculus of direct functions (arithmetic and algebra), and the calculus of indirect functions (differential and integral calculus), is also objectionable, as is evident from a consideration of the nature of these subjects.

The presentation of mathematics as a whole must be based on the origin and nature of the science and must unfold therefrom the logical relations of all its parts. For, like all science, which is an organic unity of truths and principles, mathematics has its fundamental ideas out of which arise subordinate ideas; these in their turn give rise to others contained in them, while all are so related as to give symmetry and proportion to the whole. What are these fundamental, derivative ideas? What is the law of their development? What is the philosophical character of each subject? What is the logical thread of thought that binds them all together into an organic unity?

These are the questions which meet us at the threshold of an effort to present a general *outline of mathematical science;* the answers to them are the foundation upon which we are to build.

* *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, t. i., p. 177.

DEFINITION.

In seeking a definition of mathematics, out of which all its parts shall be seen to unfold in logical order, we may begin with the primary meaning of the term. According to Proclus, the word *mathematics* originated with the Pythagoreans sometime during the fifth century B. C. It is from the Greek *mathema*, that which is learned, a lesson. In its primary signification, as used by the ancients, it embraced every acquired science, and was equally applicable to all branches of knowledge. The most distinguished authors of antiquity use the word for all kinds of learning. Thus, Plato says that "they who are by nature arithmeticians do show themselves ready to learn the whole mathematics, that is, everything which is capable of being learned." Aristotle asserts that "every kind of learning and mental mathematics (or discipline) is made from a previous knowledge," and speaks even of his "culinary mathematics," or "discipline of preparing victuals."

Subsequently, mathematics was restricted to such branches as were acquired by severe study, or discipline, and its votaries were called *disciples*. Those subjects, therefore, which required exact reasoning, and the aid of logical analysis were called *disciplinal* or *mathematical*, because of the greater evidence in the arguments, the certainty of the conclusions, and the mental training which they produced.

Having its origin in quantity, mathematics primarily means something learned concerning the relations of quantity, as space, time, matter, motion, and force. The name itself indicates how early in the development of the human mind man came to feel the importance of this form of intelligence as a means of bringing the order of his thought into correspondence with the order of external nature. Mathematics first attained to the stage of fully developed

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science because it deals with the most simple, though the most general and abstract, relations. While it is true that thought unfolds from the concrete to the abstract, yet this is not the only law or even the controlling one. The principle of *least resistance to thought* is a potent factor in determining the order of scientific development. It was much easier for the mind to discover the properties of quantity through their abstract relations than patiently to make inductions among the complex realities of concrete things.

The prime necessity of scientific knowledge was *measurement*, and science therefore has been appropriately called the *measurer*. Hence mathematics arose in the necessity of determining such distances, velocities, and dimensions as would not admit of direct measurement.

The usual definition of mathematics as the "*science of magnitudes*," or more definitely, the *science which has for its object the measurement of magnitudes*," is adversely criticised by Comte on the ground that it is "vague and degrades mathematics into a mere art."* Though indicating the real aim of mathematics, this definition is not deep enough. It presents as direct that which is usually indirect, and thus misleads us as to the nature of the science. This is evident from a careful examination of what *measurement* logically is, as it arises out of the interaction of the constituents of quantity. Now, *measuring* a magnitude implies merely the direct comparison of this magnitude with another similar one, which is taken as the standard or unit of comparison. According to this definition, then, the science of mathematics, vast and profound as it is reputed to be, would seem to be simply a series of mechanical processes for obtaining directly the ratios of the quantities to be measured to the unit of measurement, by operations similar to those of the carpenter with his rule. The direct measurement of a magnitude, however, by superposition or any similar process, is most frequently an operation quite impossible to perform; so that, if mathematics were confined to the direct measurement of magnitudes, the knowledge of most of the subjects in which there is greatest interest would necessarily be renounced. For example, the measurement of one straight line by another, the simplest comparison that can be conceived, can scarcely ever be effected directly. The first condition necessary to the direct measurement of a line—that of being able to pass over it from one end to the other, so as to apply the unit of measurement—evidently excludes at once the greater part of the distances of interest; as, for example, all the distances between the celestial bodies, or from any of them to the earth; besides even the greater number of terrestrial distances, which are so frequently inaccessible. To be measured directly, the line must also be suitably situated; for though it be one that could be measured with the greatest facility, if horizontal, if vertical, its measurement becomes impossible. But the difficulties encountered in the direct measurement of lines exist in a much greater degree in the measurement of surfaces, volumes, velocities, and forces. We are compelled, therefore, in almost all cases, to give up the direct measurement of magnitudes, and to seek to determine them *indirectly*. It is to this necessity that we can trace the origin of mathematical science.

The general method employed to ascertain magnitudes, which do not admit of direct measurement, consists in connecting them with others which are susceptible of being determined directly, and by this means

* *Positive Philosophy*, vol. i., p. 28.

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discovering the first through the relations between the two. That this idea be sufficiently extended, however, it must be considered that this indirect determination of magnitudes may be indirect in different degrees. In the most important cases, the magnitudes by means of which the principal magnitudes sought are to be determined cannot themselves be measured directly, and must, therefore, in their turn, become the subject of a similar process, and so on; so that it frequently becomes necessary to establish a long series of intermediates between the system of unknown magnitudes which are the final objects of research, and the system of magnitudes susceptible of direct measurement. By means of these intermediates the unknown magnitudes are finally determined indirectly from the known, with which at first they may appear to have no connection. To illustrate, consider the phenonenon of the vertical fall of heavy bodies. In observing this phenomenon it is seen at once that the two *quantities* which it presents—the *height* from which a body has fallen, and the *time* of its fall—are necessarily connected with each other, since they vary together; or, in the language of geometers, that they are *functions* of each other. This phenomenon, therefore, gives rise to a mathematical question, which consists in substituting for the direct measurement of one of the two magnitudes, when such direct measurement is impossible, the measurement of the other. For example, the depth of a precipice may be determined indirectly, by measuring the time a heavy body would occupy in falling to the base. In other cases, particularly in astronomical problems, the phenomenon will present a much greater number of variable quantities; namely, the space traversed, the time employed in traversing it, the velocity of a body at each point of its course, the direction and intensity of its primitive impulse, and, in certain cases, the resistance of the medium and the intensity of gravity. All these different quantities will be so connected that each in its turn may be indirectly determined by means of the others.

As an example of the indirect measurement of magnitudes, let it be required to determine the

FIG. 1.

Scene at the foot of the Toroweap, Grand Cañon. The imaginary lines are drawn to illustrate the way in which the height of the cliff, on the opposite side of the gorge, is determined.

height of an inaccessible mountain. Not knowing the distance of the observer from the base of the mountain, two indirect measurements will be necessary in order to determine the required height. Let CD, Fig. I, represent the height of the mountain, and A, the position of the observer. By direct measurement any convenient base line, as A B, and the angles θ and ϕ of the triangle ABD are obtained. Then from the known relations of the sides and angles of the triangle, having given one side and the two adjacent angles, the other side, A D, can be determined. Now by direct measurement the angle ψ of the right triangle A D C, is found, and having given a side and an acute angle of a right triangle, the other

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side C D, the required height, can be obtained.*

Thus it will be seen that the knowledge of the desired distance, instead of being obtained directly, is the result of mathematical calculation. Such calculations become successively more and more complicated as the auxiliary parts, which themselves cannot be determined except in an indirect manner, are increased.

It is by such calculations that a knowledge of the most important astronomical facts has been obtained; for, when the distance at which an object is situated is known, the observation of its apparent diameter will be sufficient to determine indirectly its real dimensions, however inaccessible it may be; and, by a series of analogous investigations, its volume, surface, weight, and a number of other properties, a knowledge of which would otherwise be impossible, are obtained. Thus have been ascertained, not only the distance of the planets from each other, and consequently from the earth, but also their actual magnitude, true figure, respective masses, mean densities, etc.

The indirect measurement of magnitudes, therefore, is evidently one of the fundamental problems of mathematical science. But since mathematics has to do in a very important sense with *quantity*, it is evident that a definition is not complete which fails to connect it as a science with the essential nature and properties of quantity in general. Now the indirect measurement of magnitudes applies where the quantity under consideration is discrete, i. e., one in which the object is mere computation by means of the established unit of measure. But, though the primary conception of quantity is that of number, the phenomena of nature afford as many examples of continuous quantity as of discrete quantity; and when continuous quantity is to be dealt with, the problem is to pass from this form of quantity to number. Hence the object of mathematics is twofold—either to compute the numerical value of quantity, or to determine some property of numbers or of figured extension. In all its processes, methods, and operations, therefore, the function of mathematical science *is to determine certain magnitudes from others by means of the relations between them, and to deduce the properties of number and figured extension.*

This definition at once characterizes a true science, and shows it to consist of an immense chain of operations, which frequently become very complicated. Such complication arises from the necessity of establishing the series of intermediate links between the unknown quantities and those which admit of direct measurement; and from the number of variables involved in the proposed ques-

* In the oblique triangle A B D, by the sine proportion

$$A\,D : A\,B :: \sin\phi : \sin\gamma.$$

$$\therefore A\,D = \frac{A\,B \sin\phi}{\sin\gamma} = \frac{A\,B \sin\phi}{\sin(\theta+\phi)}, \quad [\,\gamma = 180° - (\theta+\phi)\,]. \qquad (1)$$

In the right-triangle A D C,

$$C\,D = A\,D \tan\psi. \qquad (2)$$

Substituting in (2) the value of A D given in (1), and

$$C\,D = \frac{A\,B \sin\phi \tan\psi}{\sin(\theta+\phi)},$$

in the right member of which all the factors are known. Hence it will be seen that C D, the required height, is obtained by two indirect measurements:

First, in finding the length of A D indirectly by means of the relations which subsist between it and the known parts A B, θ and ϕ; and second, in determining C D indirectly from its relations with the known parts A D and ψ.

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tion and the nature of the relations between all these different magnitudes. Accordingly, the spirit of mathematics consists in always regarding the quantities of any phenomenon as being connected and interwoven in such a way as to be deduced from one another. There is evidently no phenomenon that cannot give rise to considerations of this kind; hence the indefinite extent of mathematical science.

From the foregoing, a just idea may be formed of the general object of mathematical science, which thus far has been viewed only as a whole. To complete this general view, however, and form an idea of the philosophical character of the science, it will be necessary to consider its fundamental and secondary divisions, as derived from the real nature of the subject.

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PREACHING AND PREACHING.

III.

HUMAN ACQUIREMENTS NOT SUFFICIENT TO QUALIFY THE PREACHER.

NO FARMER expects to irrigate with an unopened spring, nor is there anything in nature that can so counterfeit water as to cause him to wait, shovel in hand, the approach of a dried-up stream. It is quite different in speech: here we frequently have a stream without having water—a stream of empty words. And the man who could not be imposed upon in the first instance, sits in the second through a whole hour mentally trying to direct an empty channel upon the gardens of his mind and heart. But he goes home still thirsty. He cannot understand it. There was fluency enough. A great many good things—trite good things—were said upon as many good subjects, but somehow they didn't reach the spot.

Thought we must have, first of all—logical, consistent, progressive thought; thought that builds part by part, roofs in what has been built, then garnishes the whole structure so that we may actually feel the warmth and comfort of a finished thing. But thoughts scattering and detached—what are they but bricks, perfect, perhaps, *as* bricks and always suggestive of a house. But are we warmed and cheered by the sight of building material? Nay, it is the very suggestion of what might be made of these bricks, while we stand shivering by, that is so exasperating.

What then? Is it enough that a man think clearly and constructively on a subject? The sectarian generally does this. So do the atheist lecturer, and the Bohemian preacher, whose conscience responds not to principle, but to the highest cash bid. Surely, says the young Elder of more zeal than judgment—surely, this fact ought to condemn the principle you contend for. Not so fast, my friend. Let us realize, once for all, that even the devil uses mainly truth to accomplish his purposes. Shall we therefore despise truth? Shall the keen blade no more be used because the assassin occasionally paints it red?

Let me devote one paragraph to this tendency. In spite of the last Article of Faith, many of us are woefully bigoted and narrow-minded. Let us confess this freely, and feel our cramped souls stretch out to the full stature of the image of our Father. We are narrow, not because of, but in spite of our religion. It is the smell of sectism still in our clothes. The distant heathen we can easily account our brother; but the carpet-bag preacher who comes here to lure away our children—and gets the

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very money with which to do it, by telling monstrous falsehoods about us to his eastern dupes—in this well-meaning, but misguided son of our Father, we cannot distinguish the good from the bad—it is all bad, and differs only in degrees of badness. I have no doubt that the barn-like structures that do duty in so many of our towns for places of worship, maintain their architectural barbarity so long and so brazenly, largely because of the pretty, neatly painted chapels that stare them in the face. The naked walls, the bare floors, and the shackly benches in these buildings are generally apologized for on the plea of poverty. But how shallow is this pretense! The cost of furnishing almost any parlor in the ward—which represents what each man *might* do—would so adorn the meeting house as to make the very walls breathe a spirit of worship. The real cause is lack of a disposition to make beautiful the house of the Lord; and this disposition has been induced, I fear, by fatal glimpses into sectarian churches.

And so also of sectarian preaching. In our disgust for the upward rolling eye, the canting tone, the tearful voice, and the wearisome "firstly," "secondly," "thirdly," etc., of an attenuated text, we throw away, likewise, the logical development of the theme, which is often so admirable a feature of these sermons. But, permit me here to remind the reader, I am not contending that we should come to sectarian ministers for this merit, any more than I would urge that we beautify our houses of worship because they do. Let us rather come to our own Orson Pratt and the leading speakers among us today. What I maintain is that it is folly for us to hold a thing bad merely because sectarians count it good; and it is worse than folly to act on the blind assumption that we are only safely right when directly opposed to them.

For the rest, it is with preaching, as with teaching, as with any principle of the gospel, we have the decided advantage: our source of information may be divine, if we are humble and full of faith enough to be guided by the Spirit of Truth; their source is confessedly human. To put it figuratively, what they drink from the ditch, we may get from the fountain.

Let us not, then, make a merit of wandering as some of our Elders actually do. Nor need we fear that the Spirit will be grieved; for it is not the Spirit, as these Elders fondly believe, that leads us so idly and uncertainly along; it is the flickerings of a feeble memory, which, like the blue lights of a bog, faintly illuminate now this spot, now that. In any other business than that of preaching, the logic of circumstances settles this question without need of words. What, for instance, becomes of the teacher that does not form the habit of thinking clearly and consecutively upon subjects he is expected to teach? Started perhaps at Highville, by the influence of friends, he ends by being refused a position at Scrubtown. Between these two points, who shall mark his devious course! It was his mind that first began to wander, but his legs soon caught the infection. This experience is no doubt duplicated, also in the case of preachers, especially in those churches that follow the salary plan. It is probably true, also, in nine cases out of ten, with our own Elders in the field.

This brings forward again the question as to whether the qualifications that make a lecturer suffice to make a preacher. Certainly as compared with the piece-meal speaker, the preacher who lectures is to be preferred every time; he actually moves his listeners forward in some direction; while the other merely keeps them beating time. But after all is said, the lecture-sermon is a very cold-fire; we see the flames truly, but must stop to reason about it, before we become conscious of

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any warmth. Let such a speaker be never so gifted in rhetoric and elocution, we still feel that something is lacking—something of the heart, rather than of the head.

The true sermon transcends the lecture as the day does the dawn. The pleasure of the lecture, like that of the dawn, consists in the sensation that what is dark about us is beginning to yield definite shapes and outlines. We become sensible that our vistas lengthen and our expanses widen, even while we look. Our imaginations are full of what the light of day may possibly reveal! And somehow we feel that all this has grown out of ourselves—that we are the centres of light. The true sermon is all this save the last: we feel that the light comes from above. But we feel in addition a warmth that penetrates the soul we know not how; and a gladness that may be compared to nothing so well as the smile of a flower-garden in a bath of sunshine.

Spiritually we are a very finely-strung people. In the simplest exhortation as well as in the most persuasive eloquence, we detect instantly the presence or absence of the "still, small voice." I am told—what a pity that some of us need to be told—that in the most severely classic of musical pieces, which the dull-eared hear only as marvelous acrobatic feats in sound, there is to the musician a sweet, simple melody running like the notes of a nightingale amid the rumblings of thunder. It is this same melody in the sermon, to which I am trying to call attention. However unskillful to discover it in music, all that live their religion detect it readily in speech, and when it is found wanting in the pretentious sermon, the disappointment is much keener, than when it is wanting in the rambling talk, where it is scarcely looked for; just as when we *almost* reach the altitude of some delight, we suffer keenly the disappointment of a pleasure that would scarcely have entered our minds had we remained in the prosaic valley below.

Thus it happens occasionally that a sermon, which might be considered meritorious as a lecture, fails to satisfy the spiritual hunger of the Saints on the Sabbath day. And it takes but one or two such disappointments to arouse prejudice. No doubt in the case of many readers, my severe criticisms against aimless sermons has been met by the remark: "Well, I'd rather have such a talk than listen to the highfalutin preaching of so and so."

They are about right. The sermon that is cut and dried, is tasteless spiritual food for Latter-day Saints, who are accustomed to have their fruit directly from the orchard, full of the juice and flavor of freshness. Nor should we lose sight of this truth. There is no need to cut and dry: let us only attend to the growing and pruning; for the true source of a sermon is a perpetual Garden of Eden, whence fruit in its season is always ready to pick.

The disposition to prepare a sermon, as we prepare a lecture, which, indeed, makes a lecture of it, results from a want of humility and a fearfulness that the Lord will perhaps fail to "give in the hour thereof" what is needful for the congregation. It is perhaps nearer the truth to say that this want of trust results from want of humility. Now, if the preacher be not humble, and have not this child-like trust, the sermon must proceed unaided by the spirit of inspiration, no matter how many good things may be stored in the mind. This conclusion may, I think, be fairly drawn from the following passage: "Therefore, verily, I say unto you, lift up your voices unto this people, speak the thoughts that I shall put into your hearts, and you shall not be confounded before men; for it shall be given you in the very hour, yea, in the very moment, what ye shall say. But a commandment I

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give unto you, that ye shall declare whatsoever ye declare in my name, *in solemnity of heart, in the spirit of meekness*, in all things."*

Here then are the two conditions on which the Lord promises to put into the heart of a speaker the thoughts he shall give utterance to: First—He must "treasure up in his mind continually the word of life." Second—He must stand before the congregation "in solemnity of heart and in the spirit of meekness." Without the first condition, the Spirit finds nothing to draw thoughts from, and without the second, the Spirit cannot enter, no matter how well-filled the mind may be.

A well-stored mind and meekness! What an admirable criterion by which to judge the preacher; or rather by which the preacher may judge himself. Let the mind review the names of eminent speakers of this dispensation, many of whom are among us today. These two conditions will be found present in every case. As was set forth in a previous article, God has wrought miracles through Elders without the first qualification, where the want of it could not be counted to them a moral fault. But I do not call to mind an instance where a preacher has been instrumental for good without the latter qualification, save only on the general principle that the Lord makes every movement help forward His plans. Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery are striking cases in point. As long as these men were filled with a spirit of meekness they spoke as with the tongues of angels. When they fell, there was still the material for sermons in their minds; but the Divine Spirit no longer was there to draw thoughts from it.

I remarked above that I could not call to mind any instance where men were able to preach Mormonism successfully without the meekness and humility so necessary to the enjoyment of the Spirit of God. I did not mean that the principles we teach could not, even aside from inspiration, be made powerful toward influencing the human mind. When we see what marvelous results in religion-making are attained by the skillful use of the fragments of the gospel among the sects, who can doubt that much more marvelous results would be reached, if the human thought and eloquence in sectarian pulpits were but given the themes so familiar to us? And I believe that when Satan is driven to the wall on every other subterfuge, he will at last masquerade under all our doctrines, save that of divine authority. Then it will be seen how powerful a preacher of our tenets may become, even without meekness, and how these principles alone will "convert" thousands and millions of human beings. This sect will then swallow all the sects.

But, in the meanwhile, let us not forget that no man was ever really and *truly* converted without the Holy Ghost, which comes through meekness. Nor will there ever be such a conversion in the true church. A true conversion is the work of God, and not of human eloquence. Man can never become so wise and learned that he needs not the Spirit of Truth to search out the wants of a congregation. Skillful he may become in looking into the human heart, and noting its motives and impulses; but psychology can never supplant the need of inspiration. Because man has contrived the electric light, shall he presume to get along without the sun?

Let us then continue to believe that we are to take no thought about what we shall say, that we are to rely implicitly upon the Lord's *giving* in the hour thereof what is mete for every man. But let this trust never be an apology or a justification for a mind in which nothing has bloomed and ripened since the days of Joseph. Let it mean what God

*Doctrine and Covenants, Section c: 5-7.

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designed it to mean that we are not to prepare sermons by rote. The manna of distrust will always be full of worms. Nor are we even to choose the subject before-hand. To do either of these would bespeak so little faith in God's promises as not to call down His blessings upon the effort. By way of illustrating this principle, let me close this article with an experience of my own:

Seven years ago myself and traveling companion were called to open a new field of labor in the northern part of West Virginia. Having a letter of introduction to a family in Williamsport, we were kindly received, and made arrangements to hold meeting the following Sabbath. In the meanwhile, we made house to house visits, distributing tracts and getting acquainted. The people belonged generally to the Dunker persuasion, a Quaker-like sect which professes to follow literally and exclusively the teachings of Christ. In the first four principles of the gospel, there is so little difference between us, that I began to be concerned what I should preach about.

These people, I reasoned, teach faith and repentance as we do, and though they differ a trifle as to the mode of immersion, they agree in all the rest, so that a sermon on any of these subjects will hardly command their attention. Plainly, I must begin on divine authority, the point on which we differ. This was to be my first sermon in the missionary field. My companion begged me not to expect more than a three minutes' talk from him. The great responsibility of opening the field devolved upon me, and I felt it grow heavier day after day. I spent hours memorizing passages and getting off the admirable arguments of Orson Pratt on divine authority. I went often into the woods to pray that I might succeed, then straightway reviewed my points. It seems, as I look back upon it now, that I was determined the Lord should not leave me in the lurch. I was "taking thought" with a vengeance. I had mentally sized up my listeners and prepared to convert them all at one fell swoop.

Sunday came, and punctually at the hour our audience, dressed in Dunker worshiping attire, were seated, the women on one side, the men on the other. This sect counts it a mark of worldliness to wear buttons. For a similar reason, they aim to use only the natural colors of the wool. Their clothes, which they fasten with hooks and eyes, are purposely antiquated and ill-fitting, that pride may be crushed. To cut the hair or shave the beard like other mortals, would be a dangerous imitation of Babylon. They have therefore a tonsorial fashion of their own, in which, as in their costume, they take great pride.

Picture then, several rows of clean-shaven faces, each with a fringe-like (or goat-like) beard under the chin from ear to ear. And on the other side of the aisle, corresponding rows of—night caps I shall have to say for want of a word to describe them—white head coverings adorned by a severely plain hem, and strings tied under the chin. A cool curiosity pervaded the room, not unlike an early autumn frost. Our hymns seemed neither to thaw nor freeze the air. Elder C—— arose and read our articles of faith and bore his testimony. Not a kindly look yet to be seen.

Then I arose and announced that I should prove from the Bible—their own Bible—that Joseph Smith was a Prophet of God. Presto, what a change! The temperature fell fathoms below zero in an instant. So fell also my heart, and for the remainder of that miserable hour it thumped dull as if its walls had been of lead. The points in my argument were still clear, and my memory did not fail on passages. I had announced that I would prove Joseph Smith to be a prophet and I pro-

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ceeded to do so—with about as much effect on my congregation and pleasure to myself as if I had been beating with naked fists a granite wall.

No sooner did I pronounce the name Joseph Smith than one-third of the male portion of my audience wheeled about and turned their backs to me. I distinctly remember, as part of my annoyance, the haggling way in which one old man's hair had been cropped. I realize now, however, that I should have been less punished had every stony eye been turned the other way.

This meeting and its results had evidently been determined by the Lord for my instruction, rather than my hearers'. Our friends became alarmed and would not take us home with them any more. After meeting, a ribald crowd surrounded us, we were led into a running debate that even now gives me a tinge of shame. At last to my stupid mind came Christ's warning about pearls and swine, but not until some of the most sacred truths of the Gospel had been trampled into the mire. Then we broke away with the laughter and jeers of these devils ringing in our ears, till we hid ourselves in the depths of a grove.

Here I tried to pray, but I could utter nothing but words. The heavens were brass. Surely the man who invented that expression can sympathize with me. This was the first time I had really sensed it. We had fasted that morning for the success of our meeting. Strange inconsistency! to fast and pray that the Lord be with us and then proceed to take precautions lest He should fail! We were now ravenously hungry, and must seek lodgings. I shall never forget that tramp. Instinctively we felt that we must get outside the circumference of my late sermon. But we were innocently ignorant of the distances people in the woods will assemble to hear a new preacher. It seemed that we would never get beyond the influence of my talk on divine authority. As we approached successively a new house, my companion would remark: "Look, there comes out another one of them. It's no use trying here."

Sure enough, ere we had reached the stile of his rail fence, he would be there—fringe beard, sanctimonious face, stony eye and all. (What a harsh, cold, inhuman countenance a Christian Pharisee can put on.)

"You uns can't stay here. 'Behold, in the last days false prophets shall arise and deceive many.'"

It was about ten o'clock that night when we paused beside the turnpike, attracted by a deep gully filled with leaves. The March air was chill, and the sun had not yet loosened the rills which a month later combine to make a brook in every hollow.

"Let us crawl into those leaves. Thank heaven, we need ask only God's permission to do that," said Elder C——.

It was a simple remark, but it opened the door of a new world, full of food and warmth and light. God's permission! Did not this whole world belong to Him? And were we not His servants? Now I felt full of prayer, and withdrew to give vent to my feelings:

"Father thou hast opened my eyes. I thank thee. Thou hast said: 'Take no thought about what ye shall eat nor what ye shall drink,' and yet it has been my care and anxiety by night and day. Thou hast said: 'Take no thought about what ye shall say, for in the hour thereof shall be given what is mete,' and I have not trusted Thee. Forgive me, Father. Henceforward let me be as clay in Thy hands. Help me to make my spirit bend to Thine, even as the leaf stirs to the evening breeze. Now I feel that Thou hast forgiven my head-strong course this day. Do with me, then, as Thou wilt, for I am here to do Thy will, not my own. Is not all this world Thine? And we are Thine. Open Thou the way for us. But if it be Thy will that we shall stay here

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tonight, I am content and happy, for I have found a friend. What need have I of other friends when Thou art near! Where'er I go, I am still in Thy house; and what roof can compare with the glorious star decked firmament above me, what food with that which now has refreshed my soul! Father, I am content, and thank Thee for this humble spot, and when Thy sun shall rise glorious on the morrow, it will warm and cheer and gladden me as it ne'er hath done before."

Blessed tears! ineffable joy! Heavens, what a load I had been carrying! Never did child rescued from awful danger nestle so securely in its mother's bosom, as did I that night, with unquestioning confidence, throw myself into the arms of a loving Father.*

Now, kind reader, do you get my meaning? I do not abate one jot my urgency that we must study to preach, both as to matter and manner, but with all the training of voice and gesture, of thought and delivery, let us not forget the lesson so often taught to Elders in Israel—the lesson I have just set forth in my own humble experience. *N. L. Nelson.*

THE LOVABLE MAN,

ACCORDING TO THE GIRLS.

THE dear friend who persuaded me to write this article, and that, too, against my own determination, has only himself to thank for this somewhat public declaration of the strength and weakness of a woman's whim. For it is a whim in almost every instance which leads girls to fall in love with this or that man. And yet, if I must be serious for the nonce, is it after all a whim? Well, we shall see perhaps by-and-by.

Therefore, what sort of youths or men are lovable in the eyes of young girls? First, it must be remembered that there is here and there, a *rara avis* in the shape of a girl who brings all her reasoning faculties to bear when she sets out to enter into the serious business of matrimony. But the great majority of girls, the sort of girls which I meet every Sunday in my somewhat extended Sunday School class are given to be thoughtless and to like or dislike boys and men for various and, certainly to them, unknown reasons.

I could dismiss this subject with a very few platitudes or merely say the lovable men are the ones most worthy of love, but if I did I would not be telling the strict truth. So, I shall endeavor to probe down into the unthinking recesses of my girls' minds and tell you the things I find there and which things, by the way, will be as much a revelation to themselves as they will to the most ignorant young man.

To begin with, good looks of course, are a very great desideratum; but if there is nothing else the girls soon find that out, and the good looking inanity is left to take himself

* For those of my readers who may be interested in this story, aside from my use of it as an illustration, I herewith give the sequel: After presenting our case to the Lord, we both felt like going on, though finding lodgings at this time of night was certainly not ordinarily to be expected. We had not proceeded more than half a mile when one of those large plantation houses, looking hospitably light and warm, presented itself to view. What astonished us most was the warm supper apparently awaiting our arrival, explained by the delay of the master in reaching home that night. We had no inkling of the real feeling of our host toward us till the next morning, when the door of our bedroom was unlocked and we were invited down to breakfast. We learned subsequently that he was the ring-leader of Mormon-haters in that neighborhood. When chaffed by his friends for having lodged and fed the objects of his hate, he excused himself by saying he feared we were bent on stealing his horses, so he took us in that he might lock us up.

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out or stay at home. Now, I want to correct the impression that because such and such a young man is good looking and a good dancer he must necessarily therefore be popular and attractive. I know some good looking, fine dancers and yet they are not at all popular with the girls. It is something else besides these, boys.

Yes, the girls like a good dancer; that is they like to dance with a good dancer, but he must have other gifts, else he is not lovable, not even to silly girls. So then, what next?

The desirable young man may be or may not be many things, it is all quite a matter of indifference to the girls, but one thing he must not be, and that is, he must not be soft. Don't ask me to define this undefinable quality, for I have tried to do it, and I find it next to impossible. But if I could have your most secret ear, I should whisper my suspicion that there is a trace of impurity connected with this undesirable quality. Therefore, the young man who is to be a favorite is one who has nothing low or groveling about him.

Even purity, however noble and godlike it is, is not altogether enough to make the girls run after a young man. Still it is one of the things that go to make a youth most lovable to all women.

Did you ever hear the term magnetic? Well, that is the quality, paramount and supreme, which makes men, young and old, attractive to the opposite sex. You may fancy, if you have had the misfortune to run across O. S. Fowler's books, that this quality has something approaching the animal in its nature; but do not be deceived. For, there is as much difference between these two qualities as there is between the thinker and the dreamer, the glutton and the epicure, the miser and the financier, the light and the darkness, between heaven and hell. For what is hell but heaven dragged down, and what is evil but perverted good? Just as any and all these may approach the border line where each melts into the other, so it is that these two traits of character may ascend or descend the scale of attractiveness or its opposite.

In thinking over the number of men whom I have known as magnetic men, there is also one other trait of character which stands out as prominently as the other I have just mentioned, and that is the qualification of leadership. It may not be a leadership always in good, it may be a superiority in very minor matters; but the woman who marries the man who has really secured her deepest love, will find that as a young man, even, there was a certain leadership in him which drew her to him. What more natural? I heard a woman once say, wittily, that the oak and vine theory was all right in theory, but too many times the oak was no oak at all, and what on earth was a poor, male vine to do if it could not find some strong woman oak to lean upon. This was witty, and unfortunately, it is too often the case in real life; but I submit that sooner or later, all the women who are lucky enough to secure husbands for eternity will find that the man for them is just a little bit smarter, a grain more intelligent, and sufficiently strong to furnish them with a very good leaning place.

Many men who are popular with women are those who play fast and loose with a woman's heart; and this often leads young men to think that the only way to secure a girl's affections is to be like such men in this one particular. There certainly is something peculiarly fascinating in the man who treats you in such a way that you are never quite sure as to his real feelings. And is this not the secret of the charms of many girl flirts? But I have dived down below this surface, and I find that, in the case of us women, the very trait which prompts a man to act in this way, the trait of secrecy, which in its proper condition is a manly reserve, has a decided attraction for women

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people. The man who cannot sufficiently control his feelings and their expression until he knows he is safe in betraying them, has not the strength of character which women demand in their lovers.

That is it, strength of character. A man, to be most lovable to women, must be strong. Strong in something, indeed, if he is only strong in wickedness, his strength has more fascination than a namby pamby goodness. Physical strength, no matter if it be rugged and uncouth, is always delightfully attractive in the eyes of girls. When they grow older, mental strength and superiority is more fascinating.

We sometimes wonder that some of the strongest and brightest women marry weak and even inferior men. That is no argument in favor of weak men. For take my word for it, if the woman could have found a man as intelligent and just a little bit more intelligent and stronger than herself, she would gladly have chosen him. But there are very few wise men, permit me to remark, and quite a crowd of real smart women in this world of ours. You must not infer, however, that men who are quiet in speech and reserved in manner, are necessarily weak men. Some of the strongest characters I have known, have been embodied in men of small statures, and, perhaps, weakly bodies. But oh, if a small man has a small soul, goodness, isn't he little!

I am not at all sure that I have made this matter altogether clear, but at least I can say that I have made it as clear as I could make it, for it is a thing which no sort of known laws can reduce to a scientifically simple basis. It is a complicated affair, this matter of attraction between the sexes, and we shall have to know more of real physiology before we know all about it.

And now that I have tried, albiet imperfectly, to tell what sort of men the *girls* like, there still remains a very important question to be answered, and that is; what sort of husbands do WOMEN like? Can you tell? *Susa Young Gates.*

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

TORREGIANO, a renowned sculptor of Florence, prepared a figure of the child Jesus for a nobleman of Spain. The price to be paid for the work was not pre-arranged, but the nobleman was very rich and agreed to pay for the statue according to its merit. Torregiano executed a masterpiece, and his patron beheld it with enthusiasm, being unable to find words with which to express his satisfaction.

The next day the aristocrat sent two servants with filled money sacks to exchange for the image. As the artist saw the large, well-filled sacks, he thought he was now to be suitably rewarded. He opened them, but found therein to his chagrin and astonishment only thirty ducats in copper money.

Angered and insulted the sculptor seized his chisel and mallet, broke in pieces the figure, thrust the servants with their money sacks from the door, and commanded them to tell their master what had been done. They truthfully did so.

The great man felt ashamed, and shame with men of power usually means revenge. He assumed to be filled with righteous indignation at the thought of any person being so blasphemous as to destroy even an *image* of the Lord Jesus, and in this condition of mind he hastened to the chief inquisitor before whom he preferred a charge against the artist.

Torregiano was promptly arrested; but vainly pled that it was his privilege to do as he wished with the work of his own hands, as the thing created is never equal in greatness to the creator. Reason and justice were in his favor, but fanaticism was his judge. He was condemned to be tortured until dead, and he died under most terrible sufferings. *G. G.*

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LEAVES FROM HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

VI.

THE Elysian fields, which were the abodes of the virtuous, were crowned with eternal spring and immortal beauty. The poets describe them as the perpetual dwelling places of heroes, and those famous for virtue. Here were to be seen all those luxurious adornments which only nature could bestow, and which were designed to soothe, delight and stimulate the mind. Lovely meadow lands, happy glades; canopies of most beautiful foliage; lawns and turfs of greenest velvet; rustling, rippling, joyous streams of diamond sparkling water; all the joys of creation; the fragrance of flowers; the music of birds; gleams of golden light; wakeful freshness of eternal dawn; the slumbrous warmth of everlasting twilight, all these, and more, conspired to render the Elysian fields the seats of happiness and tranquility.

Their possessors are represented as employed in those pursuits, and enjoying those gratifications, which pleased them most during life.

The Greeks and Romans borrowed this fiction from the Egyptians' funeral rites. A priest, answering to the Grecian Mercury, took charge of the body immediately after death. Another, who wore a mask resembling three heads, like those ascribed to Cerberus, ferried it over the Nile, to Heliopolis, the city of the sun. The Elysian fields were the beautiful plains surrounding the lake Aeherusa, near Memphis. But before the corpse was thus wafted over the river, a tribunal of forty judges assembled, before whom any who thought themselves injured by the deceased might bring forward their accusations. If the charges were proved, the rites of interment were refused; but if not, the accuser was liable to a very heavy punishment, and the body was conveyed to the Elysian fields, accompanied by the applause of the multitude. Even the Egyptian monarchs were not exempted from this judgment.

These rites complete, they reach the flowery plains,
The verdant groves where pleasure endless reigns.
Here glowing ether shoots a purple ray
And o'er the region pours a double day,
From sky to sky th' unwearied splendor runs,
And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.
Some wrestle on the sands; and some in play
And games heroic, pass the hours away.
Those raise the song divine, and these advance,
In measured steps, to form the solemn dance.
Others, beneath a laurel grove, were laid,
And, joyful, feasted in the fragrant shade.
Here, glittering through the trees, his eyes survey
The streams of Po descending from the day.
Here, a blest train advance along the meads,
And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads:
Patriots, who perished for their country's right,
Or nobly triumphed in the field of fight:
There, holy priests and sacred poets stood,
Who sang with all the raptures of a god:
Worthies, who life by useful arts refined;
With those who leave a deathless name behind,
Friends of the world and fathers of mankind."

Virgil.

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Pluto was the supreme ruler of the infernal regions and the third son of Saturn and Ops.* His principal names were Dis, signifying riches; Hades, the unseen; Ungus, from the

Latin word to impel; Februus, from the word expressing the purifications which were practiced in funeral rites; Orcus, Quietus, and Summanus. He was represented seated on a throne, surrounded with gloomy darkness; his countenance severe and frowning; in his hand a two-pronged fork, or a key, emblematical of the impossibility of returning from his dominions; his head crowned with the flowers of the Narcissus, or with Cypress or Ebony. Sometimes he is seen in a black chariot, drawn by black horses, a helmet on his head, which has the power of rendering him invisible. The victims offered to him were generally black sheep. It is from his name of Orcus that the English word *ogre* is derived.

Plutus was the son of Ceres and Jason; the God of riches, who was represented as blind, to signify that riches are dispensed indifferently to the good and the wicked.

We find in the records of ancient mythology, that the doctrine of transmigration of souls was believed in to a great extent. In view of the modern form of this doctrine known as theosophy, this is interesting. The ancients believed that when the souls left the bodies which they animated, they were conducted by Mercury either to Tartarus or the Elysian fields; the wicked to the former, the virtuous to the latter. It was almost universally believed that after remaining for one thousand years in that abode, the souls returned to earth and animated other bodies, either of men or of animals. Before they quitted the infernal regions, they drank of the waters of Lethe, which made them forget all past events. This idea was derived likewise from the Egyptians, and in imitation of them. Orpheus, Homer, and other poets introduced it into their writings.

There were three judges of the infernal regions. Ninos, son of Jupiter, and King of Crete, was supreme judge. Rhadamanthus, son of Jupiter and Europa, was judge of the Asiatios; whilst Eacus, son of Jupiter and Egina, was appointed to judge the Europeans. The tribunal stood in a place called the Field of Truth, which falsehood and calumny could never approach.

The Furies were three in number: Tisiphone, Megæra and Alecto. They were accounted to be the daughters of Acheron and Nox. Their names signify rage, slaughter and envy. They are represented with torches in their hands: their heads covered with snakes instead of hair, and holding whips of serpents or scorpions; and funeral robes bound

*See CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XIV, page 350.

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round their waists with girdles of snakes.

This said, "to earth th' impetuous goddess flies
Inflamed with rage and vengeance, from the skies
Looks down, and, bending o'er the baneful cell
Calls dire Alecto from the realms of hell.
Crimes, frauds and murders, are the fiend's delight,
The rage of death, and slaughters of the fight.
So fierce her looks! such terrors from her eyes!
Round her grim front such monstrous serpents rise!
She scares even Pluto, her immortal sire;
Her sister furies tremble and retire."

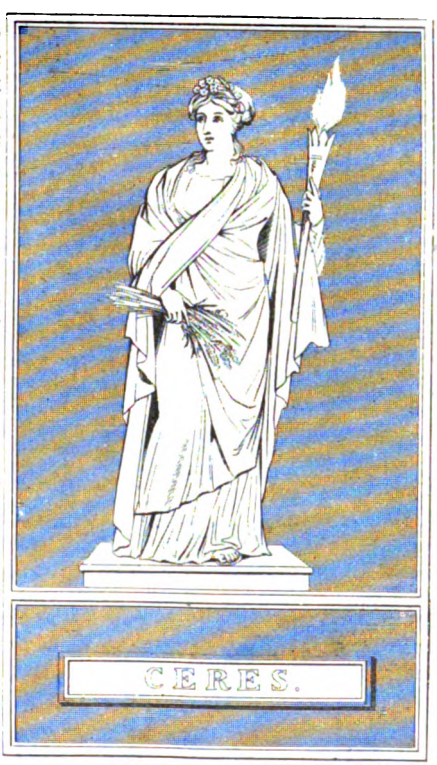
Pitt's Virgil.

The Fates or Paraœ were three in number, daughters of necessity. They were supposed to spin and cut the thread of human life and destiny. Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis turned the spindle, Atropos cut the thread. Happy days were spun out of gold and silver, while the thread of sorrow was black worsted. The Fates are represented as three women bending under the weight of years. Clotho wore a robe of various colors, and a crown composed of seven stars. Her distaff reached from heaven to earth. The robe of Lachesis was spangled with stars, and near her lay a bundle of spindles. Atropos, clothed in black, held the fatal shears, ready to cut the thread of life.

Nemesis was the goddess who presided over the punishment of guilt. She is represented as traversing the earth with great diligence, in search of the wicked; furnished with wings, a helm and a chariot wheel, to signify that no place could secure the guilty from her pursuit. As a daughter of Astrea, or Justice, she rewarded virtue, while she punished vice with unrelenting severity.

To the infernal divinities no altars were ever raised. Trenches were cut in the earth, into which was poured the blood of black sheep or heifers. During the prayers, the priest first lowered his hands towards the earth, instead of raising them towards heaven. Being regarded as implacable, these deities were objects of great terror. No hymns were composed to their honor; no temples were dedicated to them.

The principal criminals of whom we have record as being punished in the infernal regions were: (1) The Titans who were precipitated into Tartarus for having made war on Jupiter and the gods; they were six in number named as follows: Atlas, Briareus, Gyges, Iapetus, Hyperion, and Oceanus. Some poets speak of them as whelmed beneath Sicily, and state that the dreadful eruptions of Etna, are occasioned by their violent struggles. (2) Sisyphus for having attempted to deceive Pluto,



is condemned to the never-ceasing labor of rolling an enormous rock up the summit of a steep mountain. (3) Phlegyas, a son of Mars, for having set fire to the temple of

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Apollo, at Delphi, sees, with terror a vast rock suspended over his head, perpetually threatening to fall and crush him beneath its stupendous weight. (4) The giant Tityus, a son of Jupiter, whose body covers nine acres, was slain by the arrow of Apollo, because he dared to insult Diana, and was thrown into Tartarus, where vultures unceasingly prey upon his liver which is being continually renewed. (5) Ixion, the

rival of Jupiter, is bound to a wheel surrounded with serpents, and perpetually turning over a river of fire. (6) Tantalus, king of Phrygia, for having savagely murdered his own son Pelops, and served up his body at a banquet of the gods, is condemned to the ever-enduring pain of parching thirst and ravenous hunger. Though plunged in water and surrounded with delicious food, they both elude his eager grasp.

Lastly, the daughters of Danaus, fifty in number, who, all but one, at the command of their inhuman father, in one night killed their husbands, the sons of Egyptus, their father's brother, were sentenced to the continued toil of filling, with water, vessels which had no bottom.

Geo. F. Phillips, M. A.,
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A NOBLE PUNISHMENT.

IN THE year 1853, after Napoleon III. had become Emperor of the French, he visited Bologne. One of his first commands after arriving there was to have a search instituted for those persons who, during his unfortunate experience in that city in 1840, when he made an ineffectual attempt on the throne of France, had arrested him just as he was about to reach the vessel which brought him from England, and thus effect his escape, and which arrest resulted in his imprisonment for more than five years. A marine and policeman were, after some investigation, seized and charged with the offense. They were told of the reason for their being taken in charge, and were notified to be prepared to appear before the Emperor on the following morning. The intelligence thus communicated caused them very great uneasiness, for they supposed, as well they might, that so soon as Napoleon found them really guilty of the charge, the truth of which they were in no position to deny, he would not hesitate to inflict upon them the most severe punishment.

On the following day the marine was first summoned into the Emperor's presence. Napoleon approached him with stern countenance and said: "So you are the person that swam after me, and pulled me from the water by my hair?"

"Your majesty, I—— I——," tremblingly stuttered the marine.

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"No deception!" sternly commanded the Emperor, "was or was it not you?"

"It was I, your majesty," replied the fellow after summoning all his courage, "I saw that the other pursuers had aimed their guns at you. You would have been either shot or drowned. I sprang into the sea, and was thus the humble means of saving your life."

The Emperor could scarcely contain himself from laughter. This sly fellow was equal to the emergency, and endeavored to remove the appearance of crime from the act which had caused his arrest, and turn the event to his advantage in making himself appear a hero that saved his present ruler's life.

"Here then, my son," said the Emperor with a smile, "is the cross of the Legion of Honor, which you are to wear as evidence of your faithful performance of duty, and also five hundred francs to help you to remember me."

The policeman, who was next brought in, did not possess the fertile imagination of his companion to assist him out of his difficulty. He was, however, a brave man who worthily wore on his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor for acts of bravery. As the Emperor questioned him concerning the part he took in the affair, he courageously replied: "Yes, indeed, your majesty, you had violated the law. I was in service and therefore assisted in your arrest."

"And for that act you received the cross which you now wear, did you not?" inquired Napoleon.

"Your majesty, I am an old soldier," answered the fellow, "but it is true that the arrest was the immediate cause of my being remembered with this honor."

"Well then, my brave fellow," concluded the Emperor, "I regret that your possession of the cross prevents me from conferring it upon you." He thereupon took from his own coat a military medal, which he pinned on the breast of the policeman, and gave him also five hundred francs.

All France rejoiced at this noble treatment of two humble subjects by Napoleon III., and it won for him a warm place in the hearts of thousands of his subjects.

M. L.

THE FINDING OF THE PEARL.

FIRST PRIZE NEW YEAR'S STORY.

"CAN I help you, miss?"

"If you please. Will you return to me my runaway snowshoe? It is down at the bottom of the hill."

The traveler, a young man, set down the valise he was carrying, and hurried down the road.

Upon the hillside, a few rods from the road, stood a young woman. She seemed to be in a dilemma. The snow was quite deep and loose, and in her endeavor to proceed on her way with but one snowshoe, she had, a number of times, stepped deeply in the snow with the unshod foot, and was in imminent danger of losing her balance and making matters worse by tumbling into a snow drift. So, on hearing footsteps up the well-beaten road she had stood still till the proffered help came.

The lost shoe was returned, and the young man waded out into the snow, until he also was in danger of becoming snowbound.

"O, a thousand thanks!" said she; "but don't come any further, sir; just give it a shove and I will catch it."

The young man heeded not. He delivered the missing article and even helped to strap it on the foot again.

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"There," said he, "I think it will stay this time;" and he looked up at her, and for the first time saw that the face was one he had seen and known before.

"Excuse me, but"—

"Why, of course, it's Hilmar Johnson! and didn't you know me?"

"Well, not at first. You have changed so. I'm not sure now. Is it Olga or Helene?"

"Helene, of course." And she laughed good-naturedly. But you mus'n't stand in the snow. Many thanks for your trouble." She pushed the snowshoes over the snow in trial, then turned and continued. "What are you doing hereabouts, Hilmar? I thought you were in Christiania-at the university?"

Hilmar had gotten into the road, and was shaking the snow from his boots. Mutual explanations were given, both being seemingly pleased with the meeting. Hilmar hoped that it would not be the last, as he intended spending some time in the neighborhood. She would be pleased to see him, she said. "Call any time at Semstod."

And so they parted. Hilmar picked up his valise and went his way up the road. Helene sped down the hillside and disappeared in the pine forest below.

Were you ever in Norway? No? Then you will wonder at what is meant by young ladies traveling on snowshoes. Let me explain a little.

The scene is in the village of Birkedal, Norway. The snow had come early that year, long before Christmas its usual time of coming, and this time when once it had begun to come, it had not ceased until it had filled the smaller indentations of the earth and made the landscape a white, smooth, rolling surface. Fences and rocks, sudden slopes and steep banks —all were lost in the general leveling, much to the delight of those Norwegians who took an interest in the national winter pastime of going on *Ski* or snowshoes. These "shoes" consist of long strips of wood, pine or oak, perhaps eight feet long by four inches broad, and from one to one-half inch thick, and coming to a turned up point in front. Fastened to the foot by a strap, a person stands in the center of these and propels himself over the snow. Thus equipped one can traverse the country spurning beaten roads, making short cuts over fields and frozen rivers, up the not too steep inclines, and down the hills at the speed of the wind.

The national sport was Helene Engh's delight, and she had a splendid opportunity for its practice at her uncle's, the sheriff, where she was spending the winter. His estate Semstod, extended from the sea over the rolling hills and on to the rough ones farther back, clad with forests of pine and fir. The sheriff's farms were extensive; his houses were many; his own large and roomy. He was a popular man and company was frequent. It was not, therefore, difficult for Helene to receive her old friend Hilmar Johnson at her uncle's place.

Hilmar had business in the neighboring village for some weeks. He had met Mr. Sem, the sheriff, on one of his former visits, and it only needed Helene's explanation that he was a school-day friend of hers, to secure for him a welcome whenever he desired to call.

The young man improved his opportunity. Something, call it a spark, generated in his first associations with Helene Engh, seemed fanned into a warm, pleasant glow by her presence. And she was not averse to his company.

The Norwegian winter evenings begin early. In the south of Norway the sun sets at three o'clock, and it is dark a half hour later. Hilmar was spending an evening in the sitting-room at Semstod. The room was of an old style finish peculiar to the country—painted floors, painted and decorated walls and ceiling.

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Home-made rugs were scattered around. A hanging lamp cast its light well over Helene, who was playing carelessly at an organ, but nearly failed to reveal Hilmar who was standing in the corner by the stove, that, with its eight square stories, reached within a foot of the ceiling.

"Hilmar," said Helene, without turning, "weren't you studying for the ministry at the university?"

"Yes, I was."

"And did you graduate?"

"No."

"How's that? You didn't fail to pass, did you?" She turned on the stool.

"No; I gave it up early in the course. I could see I never would make a success of it. Besides, there were other reasons."

"Well, what were they—but there, excuse my inquisitiveness."

"O, I don't mind telling you. The fact was I couldn't become a preacher; my conscience wouldn't let me."

"O, Hilmar!"

"Don't misunderstand me. I had, nor have I, any fault to find with the religion of the Bible, but the religion of the church, the religion that was taught at the university I could not agree with; and to teach something I did not myself believe, even if it brought me a means of livelihood, I couldn't do. My sense of right and wrong would not let me," He smiled at his own philosophy.

"You see, I think a great deal of my conscience—and of the truth," he added after a pause.

Helene hardly knew what to say. Religion was not, as wind and weather, a matter of every-day talk, so she had no arguments to present. She could not help getting somewhat annoyed though, at Hilmar's opinion of their religion.

"You see," continued he, without taking notice of her vexation, "I always have been of a religious turn of mind, and people have always predicted that I would become a preacher some day. But that depends. If I ever find a religious society fashioned after that which I here read about," and he took a Testament from his pocket, "the people's prophecies may come to pass."

"You wouldn't leave the church, would you?"

"You mean the Lutheran church? Well, I'll tell you, Helene, seeing that we have been separated for some time, and you, of course, not knowing what I have been doing." He stepped out into the light of the lamp. Helene looked at him in her bewilderment, and his face betrayed an enthusiasm which startled her the more. Hilmar was not bad looking at any time, but now he looked like a hero of the olden time—she had often fancied that he resembled one of the old Vikings, about which she had read in her history.

"I have long been known as a dissenter," he continued, "because I have been visiting the various religious denominations in our land. I should like to find the truth—the whole truth—if it exists on the earth today. Of course all religions have some scriptural truths; but what I want is the whole truth. There is nothing saving about truth mixed with error. Do you know, although I have joined no religious party, I have been called, first a free thinker, then a Methodist, and the last rumor was to the effect that I had become a Mormon!"

Even Helene had to smile at the last suggestion.

There was a knock at the outer door. Helene went and opened it. A stranger asked for lodgings for the night. She couldn't say. She must see the lady of the house. Would he go around to the back door? The stranger went around, entered the kitchen, and sat down on a bench without being asked. He was a respectable-looking, middle-aged man. A small satchel he sat on the

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floor. Helene communicated his desires to her aunt, who came into the room and plied him with some questions regarding his business, etc.

"I have books and tracts for sale," he explained. "And then I hold meetings whenever a chance affords."

"You are a preacher, then?"

"Yes, madam."

Hilmar stepped to the door. The traveler opened his satchel and, taking out some tracts, distributed them to those present.

Mrs. Sem declined to look at them.

"What kind of tracts are they?" asked Hilmar.

"They set forth the Gospel as taught by the Latter-day Saints."

Helene let the leaflet fall on the table, and Mrs. Sem gave the preacher to understand that they didn't house strangers, but that the station for travelers was but a few miles further on. The stranger took his hat and arose to go. Hilmar paid him for two tracts and a book and put them in his pockets. The others said not a word, and the wayfarer went out into the darkness and the falling snow.

Till far out into the night that same evening, the light from Hilmar Johnson's bedroom window streamed out into the darkness. From the upper story of his lodging house it shone out over the frozen sea, through the riggings of the vessels lying in the ice, whose spars, by the new fallen snow, seemed fitted out with reefed canvas of the purest white.

A belated traveler stopped and looked up at the light. He saw nothing but a shadow passing and repassing the window. He knew nothing of what was taking place within the breast of him who cast it. How could he? The great conflicts of life do not occur where the eyes of man can behold. Deep within the human form the soul's emotion battles, its forces wage the fiercest warfare known to life.

* * *

The Christmas holidays had brought the usual round of festivities and good cheer to the inhabitants of Birkedal—and the people usually made the most of that licensed period of the year. Parties and balls had fast followed each other, but today—second Christmas day, as the twenty-sixth of December is called—Birkedal was gayer than ever. It was alive with people. Rich and poor, young and old had gathered from the neighboring villages and adjacent farms, and were now making their way through Birkedal's one street, up to the hill above the town. Some were driving in sleighs, others were walking, while many were gliding along on their long, smooth snowshoes. All were merry, and although the air was sharply cold, overcoats and furs kept it out. The season's snowshoe contests were to take place, and the sportsmen and women had gathered to show their skill and compete for the offered prizes.

Hilmar Johnson was also on his way to the scene of sport. He was poor on snowshoes. It would not do for him to appear on them on such a day as this, so he walked. Once out of the village street, he took a footpath which led him away from the throng. It would be a little longer than the main road, but he was in no great hurry. His path led him over the rolling fields, skirted a pine forest and overlooked the sheriff's place, Semstod. Hilmar enjoyed the walk and was delighted in the wintry scenes around him. White lay the landscape, its gently rolling mantle of snow decked the valley which reached to the sea—frozen and still at the shore, but blue and restless out toward the horizon. Upon the highlands, the evergreen pine and fir seemed of a blackish color in contrast to the snow. The sky was as blue as that of any boasted southern clime, and the air as clear. Golden sunbeams danced over the snow, making believe that the last sprinkling over the earth had been of diamond dust.

Yes, the Norwegian loves his win-

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ter. The poet sings of its beauties, and describes its glories in rapture.

Hilmar stops upon the hillside and leaning against a fence, looks down on the landscape and on Semstod. The smoke is curling from the stables and he knows that the water is warming for the cows. There is also fire in the kitchen, but the other parts of the house look cold. He had seen the sheriff and his wife at Birkedal with a shining new cutter, and of course Helene is to take part in the sports. He had heard so. He had even been a silent listener to wagers being made that she would take the first ladies' prize. Perhaps so!

It had been over two weeks since Hilmar had been to Semstod, and Helene he had not seen since then. True, he had been a trip to Christiania, but that was a week ago. He could have called since then. But no; Hilmar would keep away from where he was not wanted—at least welcomed. At their last meeting Helene had told him that they had better separate until he had changed his religious views.

That, Hilmar had not, as yet, done. The fact of the matter was, that Hilmar had attended the meetings that the Mormon preacher had held at Birkedal. He had been seen to buy books of him, and to visit him at his lodgings; and to "cap the climax," he had even defended the Mormon publicly when the parish priest had come to break up his meetings. The young man had brought his books and his new doctrine to Semstod. He had argued with the sheriff till the latter had become excited, then angry while Hilmar had stood calmly smiling at him. Thus things went over all bounds. Mrs. Sem was shocked, and Helene had taken it quite seriously; Hilmar and she had been alone a number of evenings, and they had talked far out into the night. He had explained. She had remonstrated. He had argued, and she had become angry. She had cried but he had been the more enthusiastic. He had been terribly in earnest; he had been a grand sight to see and she couldn't help, between her anger and her tears to think of his type of old, brave Vikings.

Hilmar had begged of her to read his tracts, and in her calmer moments consider well the subjects.

"And become a Mormon!" she had exclaimed with flashing eyes. "Not she!"

But it all ended in her argument of last resort, viz: "O, Hilmar!"

So, she had virtually sent him away; but as he was going, he had put a little volume into her hands, and the look he gave her as she was about to cast it from her, stayed her hand, and she placed it quietly on the table.

Hilmar's feet were getting cold. He must be moving.

Soon the bugle sounds, the first signal for the skaters. The race course was from the top to the bottom of a long hill, upon whose sloping side a great many people had gathered.

It was a good-natured crowd, and the talk was on the favorite contestants, the condition of the track, etc. The spectators had, for the most part, assembled on the north side of the course where the tall pines sheltered them, somewhat, from the cold air. When Hilmar arrived the contestants were slowly climbing up by zigzag routes to the top of the hill. The first part of the races were for distance, the object being to reach a point as far as possible down on the leveler fields below. Skaters had come from many miles around, and there were even a number from the Christiania Club. These were easily singled out by their dress and the club's mark on their breasts, but they stood no chance, it was said, against the sturdy uplanders from Telemarken.

The sport begins. The first man

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gains the top, turns and with a step or two gets into motion and begins the downward flight. Standing, bending forward, a staff in his hand, trailing at his side, by which to steady himself and steer. Further forward he leans as the course gets steeper and he gathers speed. Over the snow he flies like a bird adown the waves of the sea. His eye is on the alert. Every muscle is strained to keep his erect position. Down, down and out he shoots onto the leveler fields. He stops and a mark is made. It takes but a moment and then another follows. One after the other they go, some not getting more than half-way, others losing their balance at the point of greatest speed and thus go tumbling headlong into the snow.

Then come the ladies. Their course is not so long, the steepest part being left out.

Hilmar presses forward. Yes, Helene is there and will take part. A typical Norwegian girl on snow-shoes is a sight which no other can quite equal in point of graceful movement. So thought Hilmar Johnson at least. The graceful motions of the body, the glow of health in the cheeks, the free, nearly wild, bearing, the gliding over the white earth, was something to see and to admire.

Helene's dress was of a thick, woollen material, of dark gray color. The bodice and skirt were of the same stuff, the latter reaching to the ankle. A bright red cap sat well down on the head.

Cheer after cheer greeted the ladies as they slid down the course. Helene did very well, but she got no prize. She was husbanding her skill and powers for the second and most exciting part of the programme, viz., the leaping contest.

Well half-way down the hillside is built a bank or jump-off, the one for the male contestants being well six feet high, the one for the ladies being much lower. The skaters, attaining to a high speed, shoot over this elevation and out into the air. Owing to the nature of their long shoes they must make a spring at the exact proper moment, or down they go head foremost into the snow, sometimes with quite serious results.

Some good jumps were made during the afternoon. The farmer's boys from the uplands carried away the first male prizes. They threw away their staffs when they were to leap, and generally alighted and remained on their feet, this being necessary as one of the rules of the contest.

As the ladies slid upward to the starting point, Helene passed close to Hilmar. She saw and recognized him.

"Be careful, Helene," he said.

She smiled and nodded as she passed. Now she must appear and do her best, he was there and watching. Yes, Hilmar watched her—watched her standing, waiting for her turn on the hill top, her figure outlined against the blue sky. She buckles more securely her fastenings and pushes her cap well down on her straggling hair. Now it is her turn, and she glides gently, then swiftly down, down! Out onto the bank she speeds, she gathers herself for the spring, then out into the air she shoots, straight as an arrow, her long shoes pointing the way. Her cap is off and her locks fly in the wind. Away down the hillside she alights, for an instant stands, then pitches headlong into the snow.

The repressed shout turns to expressions of pity that she had failed to stand, and thereby win the first prize. Such a leap would surely have done it. Let her pick herself up and try again. But no, she lays there. Surely she is not hurt? The snow is soft and deep. She needs a little assistance, perhaps.

Hilmar, with others, hurries to her aid. She is yet still. Her tresses stretch over the snow. Her cheeks are pale. Hilmar leans over her.

"Helene, Helene!" he whispers.

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She opens her eyes and looks at him. He raises her gently, while a cry of pain escapes from her lips.

"My arm ! Oh, my arm !"

Friends lift her up. The snow-shoes are unfastened from her feet. Her arm drops limp by her side. The doctor is called. He examines the arm and pronounces it broken. Hilmar procures a sleigh—the sheriff had driven off some time ago—and the injured girl is lifted in. The doctor jumps in and bids Hilmar drive for home. The day's sport is over for Helene Engh.

Great was the consternation at Semstod. Hilmar was the only one whom the doctor could get to do anything calmly. His disqualifications as a visitor to Semstod were quite forgotten.

The arm was bandaged and Helene was made as comfortable as possible.

"Well, now I'll go," said Hilmar.

"Are you in a hurry?" she asked.

"No, but, you know—"

"O, Hilmar !"

"Well?"

"Come again tomorrow."

"Shall I?"

"Yes, please, do for my sake, Hilmar."

"All right, I'll come. Good afternoon."

Next day Hilmar was called away from Birkedal on urgent business, and he did not get back until the day before New Years. He had, however, written Helene and she had sent a note in return. A note which had done him good, as it had breathed a different spirit to what he had expected.

On the evening of his return, Hilmar walked out to Semstod. The day was closing beautifully, the moon coming up over the forest-trimmed edge of the hill, mellowed the landscape, and Hilmar's heart was touched by the peace pervading nature around him. Was it a prediction of what was coming?

He found Helene alone. Mr. and Mrs. Sem were at a party to watch the old year out and the new year in. The cosy old sitting room was well warmed and lighted. A pinch of aromatic herbs had been put on the stove, filling the room with an agreeable odor. The Christmas decorations were still in place and, as Hilmar entered, Helene was standing on a stool trying with her one arm to re-adjust a fallen pine bough.

"Let me help you," he said, and he went to her assistance.

"Thanks—There."

Then they chatted. Her arm was getting better. It must have been lonesome to have remained in doors all this time, and during holidays too! Yes, of course, at times, "But not so lonesome as you no doubt have imagined," she said with a peculiar emphasis.

Hilmar did not understand the expression. It wasn't a slur meant for him, surely. No, her actions conveyed no such meaning. Helene was no flirt. He could trust her for that. How beautiful she was tonight. Her arm hung in a sling of snow-white linen. The color was striving to get back into her cheeks. Hilmar surveyed her silently. She was standing by the closed organ, looking out of the window into the moonlight. She couldn't endure the look in his eye tonight.

"Helene, how brave you are in some things."

She turned and met his gaze. She understood him full well. He had picked up the book he had given her to read some weeks before, and was turning its leaves.

"I may be brave in other things than you think," she replied. "For instance, I have read your book through twice."

"Yes, and"—

"And I think it is true, Hilmar ; true every word! Thank you for it."

Hilmar would have rushed to her, would have done something foolish, perhaps; but Helene turned, pulled down the window blind, then seated herself on the sofa. There was room

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enough for Hilmar by her side. He took the gently proffered seat.

"Yes, Hilmar, I wish to beg your pardon for my rudeness towards you. If the principles you believe in are those of which I have read in your book, I can say nothing more against them. They are true. You may ask how I found it out why I speak so positively? I will tell you! God has whispered it in my ear."

Hilmar dared not attempt to speak. She continued:

"Can you believe me when I tell you that I, too, love the truth, and that I make these declarations because of *that* love and no other."

"Why shouldn't I believe you, Helene?"

"You do, then?"

"Certainly, my——!"

"Then tell me more about these things. I will listen. Be my teacher and I will be a pupil."

The fire in the tall stove burned low, then went out. The clock ticked the hours away towards midnight. Still Hilmar and Helene talked, and retold their experiences with the powers of good and evil. They were like two children who had found a pretty, new toy and were loth to leave it.

Hilmar's Testament was open, and he was reading:

" 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls;

"Who, when he found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.' "

He laid the book on his knee and continued:

"I am that merchantman. I have been seeking a goodly pearl. I have found one of great price, Helene, I am going to sell all I have, and buy it."

"You talk in the singular. Isn't there one for me, too, Hilmar?"

"One for every son and daughter of God who will seek after it, and, when found, buy it."

"Hilmar, I won no prize at the *ski* contest, but I have got my eye on another prize—one of greater worth. All I have, is not much. Perhaps it will not pay for this pearl. But I will go with you Hilmar. We will go together to buy!"

Hark! the bell, the distant church bell is ringing! 'Tis midnight, and the old year is dead; but a new one is born! Ring it out and tell it ye iron tongue from the belfry! Proclaim it over the sleeping village, over the pines, over the wastes of snow. The old year is dead and the new one brings with it new light, new hopes, new joys which the old year knew nothing about.

Nephi Anderson.

FOR TIME AND ETERNITY.

SECOND PRIZE NEW YEAR'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

A GOOD FAIRY.

"THERE'S some one at the gate, Mary," said Mrs. Stanton, looking up from her work as a young man, dressed in a hunting suit, hesitated for a moment, then with an easy, graceful movement, stepped through and moved up the path toward the house.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, as Mary appeared at the door, "I was thirsty and thought I'd ask for a drink, if it wouldn't be too much trouble?"

"Not at all," she replied, "step inside a moment and I'll bring it to you."

"I've been quite a distance," he explained to Mrs. Stanton, while Mary went to fetch the water, "and

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am quite tired. Climbing around these mountains is no easy task."

"I should imagine not," she replied with a smile. "Do you meet with much success?

"O yes, indeed! Some days I have very poor luck, but still I'm hard to discourage and often bag quite a string of birds. See here," he continued, taking several fine grouse from his pockets, "I've done pretty well today, there's ten of these altogether in my coat."

"Indeed, that is very good," replied Mrs. Stanton, "I don't wonder that you're tired carrying them. Mary, bring a chair."

"O, please don't," exclaimed their visitor, as Mary appeared with the water. "It's almost dark now and I'll have to be moving, thank you very much, and if you'll not consider it bad taste, I shall insist on leaving a couple of these birds. Now, don't say no, I've no way of disposing of them, except to give them away, and it will take that much off my mind. Good day," and he was gone ere they could remonstrate.

"Poor things," exclaimed Mary, picking up one of the grouse and holding its soft plumage against her smooth, white cheek. "What a shame to kill them, I could almost dislike a person for taking innocent life such as the birds."

* * * * *

Mary Stanton was a direct descendant of the early pioneer who had settled in the valleys of Utah in the forties. Her father was in ordinary circumstances being a machinist by trade, and, although his duties occupied his time from early morning till late at night, his income was scarcely more than sufficient to meet their daily expenses. The mother was somewhat of an invalid, necessitating the presence of Mary at home, and on the latter devolved most of the responsibility of their little household; that the burden rested but lightly on her shoulders, was more than attested by her sunny disposition and the universal neatness of their home. She had her trials, however, none the least of which was a persistent though not acceptable suitor, Hugh Waldron, a son of well-to-do parents, who were very strong in their religious beliefs. The son, however, although occasionally attending afternoon service, gave but little thought to religious duties. Indeed, there was scarcely room in his mind for anything except the image of Mary Stanton, and he was so very much in earnest that it was with difficulty he could restrain himself while in her presence; that he was completely wrapped up in her, Mary's instinct had long ago taught her, and knowing her own feelings so well, she avoided his attentions as much as possible, considering the friendly relations of the two families.

As Mary sat in the kitchen quietly plucking the two birds, her mind was busy with thoughts of their afternoon visitor, and her preoccupation was responsible for rather a late supper, but having a surprise in store for her father, she only smiled when he looked in at the door, after returning from his day's work, and suggested hurrying it up, and when he came a second time, she threatened him with bread and milk if he wasn't patient, then taking his face between her two hands all covered with flour from the barrel, she kissed him and told him it would be but a few minutes. And what a supper it was! He might have caught the delicious odor of the well-browned birds even before they came from the kitchen. Mary was very happy when she called him in, and delighted in the way he looked from the dish to his wife as he took his seat at the head of the table.

"I really thought," he said, after he had blessed the food before them, "I really thought I ordered a common every-day beefsteak at the butcher's today." They all laughed merrily.

"And so you did," replied his

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wife, "but a good fairy touched it with his wand, and behold the results," and she told him of their afternoon's visitor.

"So you see," exclaimed Mary, "we still have the beefsteak, and if you're not satisfied, sir, we'll call in the good fairy and have the birds spirited away and give you the beefsteak."

"I'm afraid it would take a great many good fairies to induce me to part company with such a dish," he replied, looking fondly across the table at his daughter. "As for me, I should like to move a vote of thanks for our unknown friend."

"He was certainly very kind," said Mrs. Stanton, "I should not have accepted them, only he made it impossible to refuse, and was gone almost before we could thank him for his generosity."

"I met Hugh on my way home," remarked Mr. Stanton, after a pause, addressing Mary. "He'll be over this evening, I think." Mary made no reply. "He's not been to the house for some time," pursued her father, "I suppose he's quite busy since his promotion at the smelters. A penny for your thoughts, my girl?"

"I was thinking how happy I am that you enjoyed your supper," she replied laughing, as they rose from the table. "And now as I have the dishes to wash, you may prepare to entertain Mr. Waldron in the meanwhile, if he comes."

"For which he'll be very grateful, no doubt," remarked her father ironically, as he paused a moment while Mrs. Stanton passed on into the parlor. "But seriously, I won't answer for the consequences if you do not hurry. I never do seem able to find anything mutually interesting or entertaining to talk to him about."

"Nor I," quickly responded his daughter with a troubled countenance. "O father, why does he persist in coming here, when he knows I do not desire——"

"Tut, tut, ssh," interrupted her father. "I hear him now at the front door. Don't say anything rash my child. Hugh is a sturdy, honest lad after all, and comes of an excellent family. You are but nineteen now, and have had scarcely time to analyze your own feelings. Wait a bit, wait a bit," and he kissed her fondly as he turned to leave the room.

Mary's eyes filled with tears as she started to clear the table. Did her father understand her so very little to think she could ever care for such a man? Such an awkward, constrained, moody individual whose very presence was a reproach, since in every look, in every action he conveyed the very idea that was most repellant to her proud sensitive nature.

She marveled at the man's persistency, when her ill-concealed indifference must be painfully apparent to him.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that she lingered over her work, and made her appearance in the front room only when it would have been positive rudeness to have tarried longer.

As she bade him good night, after a tiresome interval of some two hours, she breathed a sigh of relief and hurried to her own little room, thankful that she was once more alone.

Perhaps her thoughts turned again to the afternoon and the stranger; perhaps in the stillness of the night, he again appeared in her dreams. But then, one is not responsible for the fancies which pursue them in slumber, and surely Mary might even go hunting in the wilds of Africa with half a dozen strangers during the night, and still wake up the self-same girl the following morning.

CHAPTER II.

A TIMELY RESCUE.

It is not to be supposed that their unknown visitor was to be satisfied

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with his brief call of that afternoon. He was considerable of a hunter and often found his way up the mountains, searching the various little canyons for the wary mountain grouse, or lying in wait away up in the heart of the range for the unsuspecting deer. True he'd never yet carried one of the latter home in triumph, but as he wheeled his easy chair before the cheery fire in his bachelor's quarters that same day after a comfortable dinner, and allowed his fancy to run riot, he came to the conclusion that he could spare considerable more time in making an effort in that line than he had heretofore; and so it happened that during the long evenings of the fall, the group around the fireside at the Stantons' was often increased by a gentleman in a hunter's suit pleasantly engaged in conversation with one or all of them. It was the most natural thing in the world for him to stop and rest on his way home from a hunting trip, and the acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship which proved mutually agreeable on both sides.

Paul Burnham (for such proved to be the stranger's name) was a whole-souled, generous, manly fellow, and although a thorough man of the world, had so far acquired but little egotism or conceit, and this together with his natural brightness, and fund of information, made him a most agreeable companion.

If he had more than ordinary interest in anyone belonging to that household it was never apparent to them, and Mary, at first very reserved in her attitude towards him, soon found herself irresistibly attracted by his manners and conversation. He was always the same; easy-going, good-hearted and natural, with a faculty for saying the right thing in the right place, and knowing when to keep silence.

In the course of conversation it developed that his father and others residing in Philadelphia were part owners in several valuable mining properties in the vicinity, and Paul had taken up his residence in the city in order to look after their interests. In his leisure moments he would take his gun with him and tramp from morning till night over the mountains in search of game. Thus it was that he made the acquaintance of the Stantons.

One evening, late in October, they were all sitting before a cosy fire, listening to the howling of the wind as it swept furiously around the corners of the house. The storm was as severe as unexpected, coming direct from the north, and sweeping down the valleys and across the foothills, made it decidedly unpleasant for those who were forced to be out that night.

Paul had just finished a little tale of college life and Mr. Stanton commenced a little experience of his own, when he was interrupted by the cry of "fire." Raising the window, they saw reflected on the sky a lurid glow right close to hand, while Mary, opening the door just wide enough to put her head through, exclaimed excitedly, "It's the Sanford Smelter where Mr. Waldron is employed." She had scarcely spoken when the whistles and bells in the neighborhood set up a great din and hubbub while the cry of "fire" resounded through the stormy night as the people flocked towards the scene of conflagration, regardless of the snow and cold. Mary hurriedly brought her father's boots, and promising Mrs. Stanton not to remain away long, the trio were soon pushing their way through the driving snow in the direction of the fire. The storm fairly lifted them off their feet, the icy flakes of snow beating into their faces like the points of countless needles, and the wind driving directly against them, made progress slow and difficult. As they neared the burning smelter, they could see it was surely doomed. The whole plant seemed ablaze and the streams

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of water playing upon it scarcely made any impression as the flames leaped toward the sky as though fiercely exulting in their mighty power of destruction. Luckily that it stood almost isolated from any dwelling house as the wind was carrying large sparks across the sky which would have been fatal to any structure within reach.

Mr. Stanton and Paul joined a bucket brigade and were soon in the thick of the fight. Such a rushing, roaring, booming and crashing as the flames licked up everything in their path! Such a frantic shouting by the firemen as they sought in vain to find a weak spot in the advancing foe! Such a noisy, jostling crowd of citizens and sight-seers, as they tried to stem the progress of the fire or gazed idly on the awe-inspiring spectacle! And in the midst of all there came an awful rumor, striking terror to the hearts of those whose loved ones found employment within the four walls of the doomed building, and who had not been seen since the fire started.

Paul heard it, and seeing the hopelessness of fighting the fire, proposed to the men about him to try and enter the building, when a mighty shout went up from the people, and he looked up just in time to see a man leap from the second story window, falling in a heap almost at his feet. The crowd made a rush for the spot and it was all he and the rest could do to keep them from trampling him under foot, while they picked up the unfortunate fellow. His arms were both broken, but he was still conscious, and between his gasps for breath he made them understand there were still several men on the second floor.

This was enough for Paul, who calling on the men to follow, sprang through the crowd and disappeared through the nearest opening. Crawling on his hands and knees to avoid the thick smoke, he came to a doorway, but as he opened it he was met by a fierce burst of flames and was forced to retreat into the air. Running around to another entrance he was followed by one of the men, and together they made their way close to the floor, a dense volume of smoke greeting them from the second room they entered, and forcing them back once more, but again returning, they were almost inside, when they heard above them an ominous creaking and, as they hurriedly retreated, the whole upper floor fell with a crash, a mass of timbers and debris falling about them and in their path to the open air. Groping their way blindly through the debris and smoke, both stumbled almost at the same moment over the body of a man who had fallen with the timbers. Picking him up unceremoniously they made a rush for the exit, almost suffocated by the smoke. The crowd willing enough to aid them when there was no risk involved, carried the body to a place of safety, while Paul recovered himself, and believing it useless to again attempt to enter the doomed building, quietly slipped away and endeavored to find the Stantons. He knew he couldn't be very presentable after crawling through the dirt and water, but he wasn't prepared for Mary's exclamation of surprise and alarm as he came suddenly upon her on the outskirts of the throng.

He speedily reassured her, explaining that he'd been trying to help put out the fire, and hoped she'd excuse his appearance, and Mr. Stanton joining them, Paul learned that the man they'd taken from the building was Hugh Waldron. Not knowing of the friendly relations between the families, however, he paid no attention to the name until they stopped at Hugh's home to see how he was getting along. He gathered from Mrs. Waldron's attitude towards Mary that there must be some understanding between the young people. Evidently the good lady considered it a

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settled thing between her son and the girl, for she said sufficient during the time they were there to severely test poor Mary's self control, and to send Paul home with a sense of some new pain he had never felt before.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNDERSTANDING.

It so happened that Hugh Waldron, although aware of the friendship existing between the Stantons and Paul Burnham, had never met the latter; he had, however, drawn his own conclusions as to the reasons for Paul's visits to the house, and as he brooded over the possibility of something stronger than friendship springing up between the girl he had set his mind and heart upon, and the newcomer, he was almost beside himself with jealous passions. His recent rescue by this possible rival only served to intensify the hatred conceived for the latter.

The burning of the smelter had not interfered with his prospects, as the company proposed to at once rebuild and even promised him a better compensation than ever when the works were again running.

He believed Mary could not fail to appreciate the advantage of a match with him. His nature was too blunt, his ideas of life too narrow to admit of a comprehension of such a character as hers. He took it for granted that all that was necessary to offer a girl was a good home.

Enlarging on this thought till he actually made himself believe that she was as good as his, he came home from his work one evening in lighter spirits than any time since his narrow escape at the smelter. His mother was delighted. She had been secretly grieving at his more than ordinary moroseness of late. There was an elasticity in his step as he came down stairs after tea, and taking up his coat and hat bade his folks not to wait up for him to-night, though he didn't expect to be late. His step grew less confident, however, the nearer he approached his destination; there was a sense of something to be overcome, for although his blind passion for Mary caused him to view everything through a glamour and twist a construction pleasing to himself from all she said and did, there was a certain vague consciousness on his part of a repulse after every interview occurring between them. His step grew slower as he neared the house, and he opened the gate with some hesitation. Is it not so with all such lovers whose strong desires push them madly forward to their own destruction when their instincts prompt them with never to be doubted intuition to turn and flee?

But the desire is invariably the controlling power, and so with Hugh, even though the impulse was strong upon him to turn back the desire to see her, to talk to her, was stronger, and so, hesitating no longer, he stepped quickly up the steps and knocked at the door, and almost before he knew it was ushered into the presence of his supposed rival, and was awkwardly acknowledging an introduction. What a contrast to the easy, graceful manner of the man who stepped lightly forward and grasped his hand! The touch seemed to burn deeply into Hugh's palm, and made his embarrassment all the more complete. He was haunted by all sorts of doubts and forebodings and turned from red to white and white to red, as Mary took his hat and coat and drew up another chair before the fire.

His was a wretched evening indeed. In his attempt to thank Paul for his rescue, he was aware that he showed to disadvantage, and it made him inwardly furious. He had not desired this man to find him. Why had he not left him alone? He was consumed with jealous hatred and sat glowering first on Paul, then on Mary who endeavored to put him as much as possible at his ease. Paul on the other hand kept up the con-

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versation with characteristic ease, wondering, however, what could be the matter with the man. At ten o'clock he bade them all good-night, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanton retiring, poor Mary was left to her fate.

And what a fate was in store for her! Hugh had fed the flame of his jealousy till he could no longer contain himself.

As she returned to her chair fervently wishing he would go, he sat gazing moodily at the fire, his whole being consumed with burning rage and jealousy.

For a long time they sat thus, neither speaking a word, then Hugh turning suddenly to the girl heaped a torrent of reproaches upon her for her cruelty to him, until his anger getting the better of what little judgment he possessed, Mary sprang to her feet and stopping him with an imperious gesture, inquired by what right he presumed to speak to her in such a manner.

The man made a strenuous effort to control himself, whilst Mary stood regarding him with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. He took out his handkerchief and carried it to his feverish brow, then rose and paced the floor; coming back to his seat but not sitting down, he grasped the back of the chair with desperate energy and partially controlling the fierce passion in his voice said: "Mary, I have worked long and earnestly to raise myself to a position where I could not only be independent of my parents, but when the proper time came, ask the one on whom my whole life is centered to share my home and my fortunes."

He paused and carried his hand to his dry lips as though he found it an effort to speak, the girl meanwhile regarding him with the same look as before. He did not even glance at her.

"I have been looking forward to the time when I could come to her and tell her I had a home for her; a good position, one which would afford ample income for both of us to live comfortably; I did not come with that intention tonight, but I have no control of myself when in your presence, I——"

"Mr. Waldron," Mary interrupted rather impatiently, "you had best say no more; I implore you to say nothing further."

"But I must," replied this obdurate individual as he changed hands on the back of the chair and clenched the one at his side. "I must," he repeated. "This awful suspense is killing me," and as he once more wiped the great beads of perspiration from his brow, he looked for all the world like he told the truth. "You know I love you, Mary," and his voice trembled as he uttered these words. "I love you with all the strength of a strong man's nature. What I have, I desire for you alone. I have toiled early and late without regard for my own comfort, I have sacrificed all pleasures that I might be able to save that much more for you. I offer you all, everything, together with my life-long devotion to you. Take them, Mary, take me. Be my wife."

"Mr. Waldron," she slowly replied, "it is incomprehensible in view of all I have tried to make you understand in the past, that you should insist on saying what you have. Believe me, I appreciate your offer, and passing over your violent demonstrations of this evening, assure you I am truly sorry for you but—"

"Do not answer hastily," he interrupted, grasping at the only straw left. "You had best take time to consider; there is no hurry."

"I am not answering hastily," she replied. "I would have answered the same had you spoken before, and I would answer the same at any time in the future. It cannot be. I would have spared you this and have tried to. Let us not speak further on the subject."

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Hugh recoiled as though struck a mortal blow, and reeled towards the door. Mary pitied him from the bottom of her heart.

"Come," she said as she took up his coat, which he allowed her to help him with mechanically. "Go home like a sensible person, and forget this night. I will always be your friend."

"I know," he said, through his clenched teeth, not heeding her remarks. "I know the reason for all this. I could see it all tonight."

"I could see it in that man's self-confident air; in everything he said. It's this Burnham that's poisoned your mind against me, and he's got to answer for it," and Hugh picking up his hat in a fury, turned to leave the house, but Mary placed herself between him and the door, her eyes flashing angrily.

"For shame," she cried passionately. "You insult me. You insult the man that saved your life."

Hugh was too desperate to be grateful.

"I owe him no thanks," he exclaimed. "He treats me as the dirt under his feet."

"Mr. Burnham neither thinks nor speaks of you," she scornfully replied. Then stepping aside and throwing the door wide open she continued, "Mr. Waldron, your presence is a reproach to me. Go! You have forfeited all consideration at my hands."

The wretched man gave her one last despairing look, then staggered out into the night, the door closing behind him forever.

CHAPTER IV.

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

Several cold snaps, combined with heavy frosts, had almost stripped the golden brown and red foliage from the trees. It had virtually rained leaves for several days and but little remained of autumn's beauty except the lovely mild weather which continued from day to day in this part of the country, almost up to January. Two weeks had elapsed since Hugh's courtship had come to an untimely end, and while Mary regretted the necessity that had compelled her to wound him so deeply, she felt relieved now that it was all over and he understood the situation clearly. She had never encouraged him, and he had only himself to blame for what had occurred. She was recounting a part of the facts to her mother this sunny afternoon while they were sitting sewing together, when the Bishop of the ward called.

He was cordially greeted by the ladies, but would not remove his outer coat as he could stay but a few minutes.

"There are so many things of importance to attend to, I can't spare the time," he said, thanking them for their cordial invitation to remain. He told them a sad case of a poor old lady who was without kith or kin, and suffering from a contagious malady.

"The worst of it is," he said, as he bade them good afternoon, "that the woman I had waiting on her became frightened and refused to remain, and I can't get anyone else to go near her, and not only that but there is a wholesale scare in the entire neighborhood, owing to the disease resembling smallpox."

About an hour after his departure, Mary put on her hat and cloak and kissing her mother good bye, with the remark that she'd return in time for supper, made her way straight to the Bishop's. Finding him at home and about to sit down to an early dinner, she bade him spare her a minute, and then to his astonishment proposed to go herself and take care of the old lady.

"I've been thinking about it ever since you left," she said quietly, "and I've made up my mind to do it. It is some one's duty to care for her, and why not mine? There's no one entirely depending on me, and if anything happened I could be

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spared, but dear Bishop Briggs, I'm not in the least afraid, and with your permission, I'll return home, take what I require with me and go directly over there, leaving a note for the folks."

The good Bishop was troubled. He knew Mary's quiet determination meant that she would overcome all opposition. He also knew something of Hugh's infatuation and had noticed the latter's utter despondency of late. Had that anything to do with this?

"Mary," he said hesitatingly, "you're running a great risk."

"Perhaps," she acquiesced, "but as I said before, I have no fear."

"Your parents will be overcome with grief and anxiety," he continued; "I ought not to consent to this without their knowledge. Is there any good reason for your taking such a risk?"

"None, except to my duty before God," she replied radiently. "Is not that sufficient?"

Bishop Briggs took both her hands in his and said earnestly, "God bless you, Mary. I thought I knew you well, but I've but just become acquainted with you. You are free to do what you wish."

She hurried home and leaving the note stating where she was going and the reason therefor, made her way at once to her destination.

It was a little old adobe house with the wall sunk in on one side and a crack extending the whole length of the front. The windows were stuffed with old rags and the chimney resembled the head dress of a badly intoxicated man.

Mary pushed open the door and stepping quietly into the room found she'd come none too soon. The sufferer was in a pitiable plight and moaning for water. Never hesitating a moment, the girl went to work with a will and after relieving the patient's thirst proceeded to make her as comfortable as circumstances and her own skill would permit. She had brought with her what she thought would be most needed, and was making a gruel when the doctor arrived. He didn't seem pleased at Mary's presence notwithstanding her explanation.

"Why my child," he said kindly, "don't you know you're almost certain to have that face of yours disfigured for life, if nothing worse?"

"I know," she replied, smiling at his anxious looks, "that I'm absolutely certain of alleviating this poor old lady's sufferings to some extent, and that is a greater consideration than my looks. So please don't find fault but tell me what to do."

He said no more but leaving the patient's medicine and directions for Mary, continued on his rounds.

Everything was in order and Mary was arranging the cot which had been sent over for her use, in the kitchen, when she heard wheels at the gate, and, going to the door discovered her visitor to be the Bishop.

He did not leave the buggy but told her he'd been to her home and after considerable persuasion induced her parents to promise not to attempt to see her. They took it very much to heart, and it was all he could do to restrain them.

Mary thanked him for all he'd done, and as he drove away resumed her newly appointed duties. Her patient was somewhat delirious, but Mary could see the grateful expression of her eyes, as she attended to this or that for her, and she was now resting quietly.

CHAPTER V.

TWIX'T LOVE AND DUTY.

Paul Burnham's visits to the Stantons were none the less frequent after his meeting with Hugh, but Mary had particularly stipulated in the note that when he called he should under no consideration be allowed to know where she was or what she was doing.

He was utterly at a loss to understand, therefore, what it meant when

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they told him that Mary had gone away on a visit.

He noticed the unusual distress apparent in their faces, and it only increased his perplexity.

Paul was a total stranger to this part of the town, having met no one but the Stantons and Hugh Waldron, and a little neighbor girl to whom he'd given some candy, so it wasn't at all likely he'd find out the true facts of the case. He called at the house several times, but the only satisfaction he received was that she'd shortly return.

But little pitchers have ears, and as Paul passed the yard where the particular little pitcher to whom he'd given candy was playing one evening, she hailed him.

He stopped and waited for her as she came tripping down to the gate.

"Say!" she began unceremoniously, "what d'you come around for when Mary aint here?"

This rather staggered him, but he laughed and said he didn't know himself. She'd probably return some time.

"It's too bad you can't go and see her at the sick lady's, aint it?" was the next startling interrogation.

Paul was dumbfounded, but did not betray himself.

"How do you know I can't?" he inquired, cautiously feeling his way.

"Cause it's a horrid disease you know. I heard Mrs. Stanton say that her Mary'd be disfigured for life through her recklessness, and she cried, and the lady she was talking to, she cried too, and said, it is all nonsense for Mary to risk her life in this manner; she wished Bishop Briggs hadn't spoken of it, and then Mrs. Stanton still crying said she musn't talk that way—that perhaps it was God's will, but oh if it had only been something else than a small pox patient, and—"

"Smallpox?" interrupted Paul, the color leaving his face.

"Unhum," nodded the child, "you see no one'd go near the old lady, and Mary heard of it and went herself, and she's the only one who stays there, and the things she uses is left at the gate, cause no one'll go inside."

"Noble-hearted, heroic Mary," Paul murmured as he comprehended the situation.

"Didn't you know where she was?" the child enquired, regarding him curiously.

"No, sweetheart," he replied, "Can you tell me where the house is?"

She nodded a vigorous assent. "But you mustn't tell any one I told you, 'cause the Bishop don't want anyone to go there. You just go up the street here four blocks and turn to your left about four more and you'll see the house 'way back in a big yard with weeds growin' all round. You can't miss it, 'cause it's got a yellow sign with black letters nailed on the front."

Paul kissed the bright little upturned face and saying good bye, hurried off in the direction indicated.

He made no attempt to analyze his feelings. The impulse of the moment carried him as on a tidal wave. The night was equally beautiful as the day but just faded away in the purple twilight, and the moon peeping over the peaks of the Wasatch, shimmered through the bare branches of the Lombardys, causing their giant shadows to appear as the advancing column of a marching host.

Paul's mind was too occupied to take any notice of the lovely evening. All his thoughts were concentrated on one purpose, and he lost no time in reaching the little gate leading to the house with the yellow sign. He couldn't see the sign, but he knew the place as if by instinct, and stepping briskly up the walk he passed around to the rear where a bright light indicated the presence of the watcher. Almost at the same moment, Mary's quick ear detecting the sound of footsteps, she hastened

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to the door in alarm, and quickly throwing it open, her eyes met those of the man she loved. The man she loved so dearly, that it filled her with terror to see him here, and yet her heart involuntarily gave a joyous bound as she realized what brought him.

Paul not heeding her remonstrance gathered her in his arms. "We will live or die together," he said, and in that moment of rapture it mattered little to him which, so long as he could be with her.

But there was another thing which troubled Mary, now she was face to face with the issue. It was something that had entered her thoughts long before, when she began to find out how much she cared for Paul. She was a Mormon—her parents were Mormons, and her grandparents had been Mormons before them. There had been no intermarriage of the family with anyone outside the Church, and Mary well knew that it was considered unwise to marry outside of their own people.

She succeeded in getting Paul out of the house, though only by agreeing to accompany him, and as her patient was sleeping she did not hesitate to leave her, so throwing a shawl over her head, they walked slowly to the gate.

"You must not remain here," she said firmly when they reached the end of the walk. "You must not," she repeated half tearfully, as Paul carried her hand to his lips. "Oh! Mr. Burnham!" she cried, "do you want to break my heart?"

Paul was sure he didn't and by way of proving it, he drew her to his own in a passionate embrace.

"Mary," he said, while her tears fell fast. "My noble Mary, you know it's useless to argue with me. A thousand contagious diseases could not drive me away when I can share the peril with you."

"It isn't that," she moaned. "It isn't that. O, how can I bear to tell you?"

Paul looked at her in surprise while she gently disengaged herself.

"Mr. Burnham," she said, her lips quivering, "I have been very foolish in allowing my heart to get the better of my judgment. There is an impassible barrier between us which all the love we bear each other can never hope to surmount."

"A barrier!" he cried in dismay.

"Yes," she replied. "A Mormon girl should not marry outside her own Church. Our religion teaches us that marriage is not only for this life but for all eternity and should be contracted only under the holy ordinances of our Church."

"In spite of one's natural love, Mary?" he asked wistfully.

She looked at him half reproachfully. "O, Mr. Burnham," she cried despairingly. "Do not tempt me further. My love belongs to you. My duty to my religion. Will you not believe me? I must do my duty and serve my God."

He looked at her as she stood in the moonlight, her beautiful face upraised, and loved her more than ever.

"Mary," he said, "I cannot leave you. I'll promise anything but that. Do not ask me to give up what is so dear to me. Your religion, your Church shall be as sacred to me as my love for you."

She shook her head sorrowfully. "You don't understand," she replied. "It's a union forever with us." Then putting her arms around his neck she looked up into his face, her pure soul shining through her earnest eyes, and said, "Dearest, are you not satisfied with my love? If you suffer through our separation, will I not also? I shall pray always for you and for your happiness. Leave me, and make my task lighter."

The man strained her desperately to him, his whole frame quivering with suppressed emotion, then kissing her once reverently released her and walked slowly away without a word.

Mary stood watching him as he

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disappeared from view. It was indeed the trying moment of her life. When his footsteps were no longer audible, she closed her eyes breathing an inward prayer that she might be strengthened in this dreadful struggle 'twixt love and duty. As she opened them she was startled by hearing a suppressed cry of distress from the direction Paul had taken. She strained her ears to listen and through the quiet night there came an indistinct sound of a scuffle. She sprang through the gate, running with the swiftness of a deer towards the spot; fear never entered her heart for a moment. Some one was in danger and on she sped never stopping till she reached the vicinity whence the cry came. Then as she reduced her pace to a rapid walk, her foot presently came in contact with something which rolled to one side, and following it, she picked up a hat. Before she could even so much as look at it, a low moan told her she wasn't here in vain. It came from the bushes near the fence, and pushing her way through them without the slightest hesitancy, a terrible cry rang through the stillness of the night, as Mary for the second time that evening gazed into the face of the man she loved. But oh! what an altered face—what a poor, battered, bleeding face! Suddenly, like a flash, Hugh's threatening words came back to her, and looking intently at the hat, she realized the awful truth. "And I sent him away to this," she pitifully cried, as she hastily staunched the blood and bound up his wounds. No faltering though, about this girl. It was life or death, and the strength she was naturally endowed with stood her in good stead now. The nearest house was half-way up the block on the other side of the street, and nobody seemed to have heard her cry. Lifting him in her arms the brave girl never stopped till she reached her destination.

Between her love for Paul and the danger to which she was exposing these good people, Mary was almost distracted. Refusing to enter the house, she waited until the surgeon informed her it was impossible to tell when Paul would regain consciousness, then hastened back to her former charge.

The doctor was there, and after listening to Mary's story, he insisted on remaining with the old lady and told her to go back to Paul. "There is but little danger now, and what there is, is only to yourself," he said. "Our patient's so much better, and the weather's becoming so much cooler, that I have no apprehensions. I'll drive around home and then to your house while you're getting ready, and tomorrow I think I can find a nurse."

CHAPTER VI.

THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

If love and care could recall one who now trod so near the brink of the grave, then there was still hope for him who had been so cruelly struck down on that fatal night. Lying there swathed in bandages, with consciousness but fitfully returning, Paul was very close to the valley of the shadow of death, and yet they still hoped and prayed that he might be spared. There had been but little change in his condition since the first night, and Christmas was now three days past. His father hastily summoned by wire had remained almost continually at the bedside ever since arriving, and Mary invariably shared his vigils. To him and to her own father she confided her knowledge of the perpetrator of the crime. The hat which had betrayed this descendant of Cain, was carefully concealed, and everything possible done to divert suspicion from the real cause for murder, Mary even asserting that she heard several men running away, and that it was undoubtedly footpads.

It was pitiful to hear poor Paul.

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In his delirium he seemed to live the past two months over and over again, but especially did his fancy dwell on the night he parted with Mary, and when he would repeat over and over that her religion would always be as sacred to him, as his love for her, Mary would lay her hand upon his fevered brow and the touch seemed to quiet him. But only for a few moments, then it would be the fire at the smelters which he fancied a hospital full of contagion, and he'd rescue Mary from the topmost story, and so his mind wandered on from one occurrence to another, until the day before New Year's, the day the doctors had agreed the crisis would come and he'd either rally or sink.

Mary, almost worn out with watching, had given up her post to his father in the early hours before daylight, but was back again after a late breakfast. The wounded man had been less delirious since yesterday, and they were waiting anxiously for some token of a change. When he opened his eyes, both his father and Mary were immediately beside him, and the doctor held up a warning finger. For a few moments he lay quietly looking straight before him, then without heeding those about him, he turned his face to the wall and with a deep sigh sank into a profound slumber.

"When he wakes," the doctor whispered to Mary, "he will know you."

If ever a prayer of thanksgiving welled up from a grateful heart, it did from Mary's, and when Paul woke and called her name, she gently took his hand and bending over him whispered she was there by his side and would stay there forever.

It was sometime before the patient could realize his surroundings, but as his faculties gradually assumed their normal sway he remembered the blows that had rained down upon him, and raising his hand to his battered head, asked how long he'd been ill. They told him and after a while brought his father to his side. This recalled him still further to himself and he wanted to talk, but Mary forbade it, and so contenting himself with having those he loved so near, he fell again into a gentle sleep.

The following day he was improving and the doctors pronounced the crisis past. Long before Paul awoke, his faithful nurse was at his side, and as he opened his eyes, greeted him with a smile and a whispered "Happy New Year." Later on in the morning she spoke to him of something near her heart. She repented the words of that night, she said, and if he would forgive her, she would be his wife. It was not that she forgot her obligations to her Church or to God, but the dictates of her heart prompted her to cling to the man she loved, and she would serve them both.

Dear Mary! Could anyone blame you for these sentiments? And could anyone blame your lover for blessing you as a noble, true, devoted martyr? And sooner than see you sacrifice your duty to your Church, to promise that God helping him, he would take the covenants that would place him side by side with you in the vineyard of the Lord and thus consummate the link for time and all eternity.

Push aside the curtain, Mary, and look upon this blessed day. A blessed day indeed since with it comes the dawning of a new life for you both. Back again to the side of him you hold so dear, and with his poor wounded head against your faithful breast, listen to the joyful peal of the bells as they ring their chimes upon the morning air proclaiming to the earth "This is the Glad New Year."

Harry R. Browne.

Never yet was noble man but made ignoble talk. He makes no friend who never made a foe.—*Tennyson.*

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BE THOROUGH AND PERSEVERING.

A FEW days ago a gentleman passed through our city with whom the writer had some conversation. He had recently sold his business in the east for a large sum of money. One of the numerous trusts which are becoming so common in the States, had found that the purchase of his concern was necessary to the success of their combination, and they, therefore, paid him a much higher price than they had paid any similar business which had been incorporated in their association. Some institutions, larger than his, had not been bought at all, as they were not considered dangerous competitors. My conversation with this gentleman elicited the fact that the reason for this difference was that the business, of which he was one of the proprietors, had at its head two men who thoroughly understood every detail of the labor which was carried on under their strict supervision, so that had they been deserted by any of their employes at any time, their knowledge of the work would enable one or the other to take his position and perform his duties.

For upwards of thirty-five years these proprietors had devoted their best energies and thought to the development and success of their enterprise, the result of which was that they stood at the head of their class of manufacturers, and made themselves feared even by a large and wealthy trust. The effect of their capabilities upon their workmen was also very marked. The fact that these proprietors comprehended every detail of the business, were familiar with the cost of production and the value of men's services who were engaged in the establishment, had a tendency to check any disposition there might exist to "strike." Thus while other businesses of a similar character have suffered more or less through the dissatisfaction of their employes, this particular company never had any difficulty in this regard. When grievances, either real or imaginary, arose, the men felt themselves at liberty to present the same to their employers, and thus by considering the matter carefully among themselves, satisfaction resulted and trouble was averted.

The lesson which this incident conveys is one which all our young people should thoroughly learn—that success and prosperity in almost every instance follow persistent devotion to some honorable labor, whether it be of a physical or mental nature. Those occupations which are frequently considered the most humble, can be made very honorable as well as remunerative, by the persons adopting them. Where a man impresses his character upon every piece of work he does, and would rather lose money than his reputation for honesty, he is bound to succeed. It is this peculiarity which has always made men famous; that they are very strict in their attention to details. Those who, under every circumstance, allow nothing to pass from their hands but what bears the impress of their most excellent efforts, and who are endowed with a spirit of perseverance, will undoubtedly make their mark in the affairs of men. These characteristics are what made Napoleon renowned as a general; that gave to Washington the title of "father of his country;" that made Henry M. Stanley the notable explorer he is; that gave Thomas A. Edison renown as one of the greatest men of the age; that brought to Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and other great men of our Church the success which crowned their labors. Without these qualifications men of

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talent, so-called geniuses, sink into obscurity and do very little for themselves or others; notwithstanding any natural endowments they may possess.

A piece of work excellently done seldom elicits the inquiry as to the time required for its performance. Even if this inquiry is made at the time of its accomplishment, in future years it is not considered. It is said of Millet, the great painter, that he worked for twenty years to merely catch the natural glow of a cloud and place it upon his canvas, but the time he thus spent, which may have been considered wasted time by those who lived with him during that period, was what gave him the skill and the ability which has made his fame universal. Indeed, it seems that the Lord purposely places His choicest gifts where they are most difficult of access; so that the worthy may be tested and tried in their faith and patience before acquiring the goal, whither so many would go if blessings could be obtained with less labor or fatigue.

Doubtless all young people have their day-dreams, and picture to themselves what they would do if they but had certain opportunities. But whatever our positions may be, either natural or acquired, we can only hope for success by our own persistent labors, and all should feel ashamed to make the excuse for non-progress that they have not had the privileges which would enable them to rise. Opportunities are abundant upon every hand for the exercise of the ability and talent with which our Heavenly Father has endowed us, and there is no kind of knowledge or skill which will not at sometime or in some way in our Church find room for its employment. Be determined to learn something every day; count that day lost in which no progress is made; follow steadily some chosen pursuit which is best adapted to your talents and natural abilities; be thorough in everything, however humble the employment; do not be content with a knowledge of any small part of your business, but learn every detail completely, so that you can in an emergency take the place of any man in your employ. Such qualifications will surely bring their reward in a happy and contented life, and in the respect and love of your fellowmen.

NEW YEAR'S PRIZE STORIES

In competition for our prizes of $25.00 for the best, and $10.00 for the second best New Year's contributions, we received six articles, which were critically examined, and most of which contained considerable merit. After a perusal by the judges of that which was furnished the conclusion was that the article, entitled, "The Finding of the Pearl," by Nephi W. Anderson, was worthy of the first prize, and that entitled, "For Time and Eternity," by Harry R. Browne, was worthy of the second. Some of the other articles we will doubtless be able to use in the future numbers of the magazine, as they are well worthy of publication, and show commendable effort on the part of the composers to excel.

We hope that the disposition manifested on the part of many of the people of Utah, and especially of our young people, will be encouraged to write for the press, as the ability to do so intelligently is a gift which nearly all will find an opportunity to exercise at sometime or other in the future, to the satisfaction of themselves and the delight of others.

Some of our writers fall into the error of being too prolix. To such the advice of a very excellent literary character of modern times is applicable, "Boil it down;" and again, "Boil it down." The best writers are those whose point is not concealed in a mass of words, but who aim directly at the mark, and in a few brief, yet careful sentences, say

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what they have to say. The tiresome writers and speakers are those who use many words to express a few ideas. Such people never meet with the favor and acceptance among the masses which they desire.

Our advice to all writers, therefore, is to say as much as possible in a few words, and not feel, as one competitor expressed himself in his communication, that the number of words of his contribution, being far in excess of the required amount, be considered in the awarding of the prizes, when the narrative itself was very poor indeed.

The columns of THE CONTRIBUTOR are open to all, and we will take pleasure in giving space to every worthy article.

SCIENCE AND MORMONISM.

I.

IS THERE SPIRIT?

IT may seem strange to some that such a question should be asked; but that the inquiry is at least a profitable one will be readily seen.

There are, unfortunately, but too many intelligent people whose thoughts run in the narrow groove of materialism, and who claim that the universe consists of matter alone; that mind is simply an expression of the phenomena which matter is capable of giving rise to; while others claim that there is no such thing as matter. Peculiarly absurd though such views seem to be, it will be wise to pause for a moment and carefully examine them.

In the first place materialism overlooks the importance of all that is spiritual and does not consider it a reality worth troubling about. The argument of Dr. Carus is here very appropriate. *Apres nous le deluge!* was the motto of the French materialists of the eighteenth century. "We need not trouble," they thought, "about our fate after death, for death is a finality; death ends all. Therefore, let us enjoy the present, let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die. And if a deluge is to sweep over our graves, let the deluge come." Subsequent history is too well known to require recapitulation. Suffice it to say that the classes in power, abandoning themselves to this view gave themselves up exclusively to the enjoyment of life, and stopped at no measures of oppression in order to satisfy their sinful lusts. But the deluge came; and with unrelenting severity of vengeance swept away the guilty, and with them the innocent also!

There are plenty of honest materialists who do not see at all the consequences to which their doctrines naturally lead, and it would be unfair to make them personally answerable for results, or to charge them with having wilfully poisoned the public mind. There are very few materialistic philosophers who can be truthfully stigmatized as frivolous or immoral; on the contrary, most of them are indubitably honest men who have devoted their lives to the search for truth. Nor should other thinkers—as is too frequently the case—who are of a contrary opinion, doubt their honesty, or make insinuations against their personal character, simply because materialism leads to immorality and undermines the public welfare. Nevertheless we cannot close our eyes to facts; and it cannot be gainsaid that the direct result of materialism is immorality. Indeed this must be one of the most powerful causes of its condemnation.

But let us examine the doctrine itself, and see wherein lie its fallacies. Matter is generally defined as "anything which can affect one or more of our five senses." There are two

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properties which are always inseparably connected with material things; yet in the term "matter" they are not included; viz., (1) motion and (2) form. If we speak of the matter of an object, we limit our attention to the bodily particles of which it consists, and take no notice of the forms or relations that obtain among the particles or of their motions. We simply perceive their quantity in mass, without reference to any one of their many other qualities.

Now it is simply *inconceivable* to separate matter from *all* form or from *all* motion. We can, perhaps, impart to a piece of matter more or less motion — perhaps change or modify its form. But it is *impossible* to take away *all* motion or *all* form. There is consequently no such thing in the universe that would be all matter *alone*, i. e., abstract matter void of *all* motion and without *any* shape or form. There may be *relative* rest; there can be *no absolute* rest. Matter, there may be, without any *regular* form, but matter, there *cannot be*, without any form at all. Neither, on the other hand, can there be any mere forms, since the forms of reality are those of matter; not mere motion; since motion is a change of place among material particles. Therefore, matter does not contain the totality of that which is. Plato proposed the theory that abstract ideas are the only true realities, and that the things from which we have abstracted these are mere shams or transient appearances. This is idealism and as can be seen from the above is as equally untenable on scientific grounds, as materialism. There can be no doubt in the mind of any person who examines these things candidly, that the world is spiritual in its inmost nature. As Alfred Russel Wallace says: "Looking at the matter from the most rigidly scientific point of view *we are forced to the conclusion that there is a world of spirit to which the world of matter is altogether subordinate.*" There can, indeed, be no doubt about this fact. The spiritual clearly animates every particle of matter and appears in its grandest and most beautiful development in the human soul. The more we examine the different properties of matter the more thoroughly convinced must we become that there is a degree of potentiality in every particle of matter, call it by what name you please—spirit, soul, intelligence or formalism. This is at once the most rational, and, at the same time, most reverent view that can be offered for the so-called phenomena of matter. It cannot be denied, and, indeed, it is admitted by most materialists that *feeling* is a property inseparable from matter. The motions of every atom take place according to the laws of mechanics and are accompanied not with feelings but with the elements of feeling. A moment's reflection will make this clearly manifest. The feeling that takes place in organized substances, such as our bodies, during activity is not a product of its mechanical motion, (i. e., motion is not *changed* into feeling,) but it is a phenomenon that accompanies its mechanical motions. Mechanical motions and the elements of feeling thus run parallel to each other; and special combinations of these elements form the phenomena we call feelings.

The elements of the spiritual must thus be conceded as a universal property of matter. Nature is not dead, it is alive; it bears in its bosom the germs of spirituality which we call life. Spirit will therefore be seen to be a special combination, a special form, the mechanical parallelism of which is found in the activity of living substance; and the growth of the spiritual will thus be seen to be dependent to a great extent upon the growth of the organism. Science traces the laws of form everywhere, They are our guides and instruments of research. Thus the motions of

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celestial bodies are reduced to simple arithmetical formulas. Similarly the problem of the chemical elements would be solved, as it is sure some day to be, if it could be demonstrated that the different kinds of matter as oxygen, carbon, iron etc., are simply special forms of one and the same substance only, and that their different properties are natural consequences of their difference in configuration, motion and density. The spiritual, therefore, appears in its glory in organized life and has reached its highest development amongst us in the intelligence of the spirit of man.

Having thus demonstrated the existence of the spiritual in the universe it will readily be seen that the absolute certainty of the existence of God must necessarily be conceded.

If we understand by the spirit of a thing that which gave and still gives form to it so as to make it the thing it is, we are making a perfectly legitimate assumption.

Thus in the human body the form ceases to exist at death, when the "spirit" is separated from it. It necessarily follows that in so far as "form" is present in the universe, there must be some spirit in the universe whose influence preserves all things in such a wonderfully marvelous form. This spirit we call God. God accordingly is conceivable as the law that shaped, and is still shaping the world, that is forming and ever re-forming, evolving and ever re-evolving the universe. God is the factor that created vegetable and animal life upon earth. His is the light of mentality, that flashes up in consciousness and finds its divinest expression in the clear thought of articulate speech. His is the moral law that binds human society and leads it to ever grander ideals, to always higher goals and aspirations.

The formative principles of the universe which we call laws, cannot be supposed by any stretch of imagination to exist of themselves, apart from matter. Neither could they be evolved from matter. They are plainly replete with contrivance, design and purpose. They imply consciousness and thought of a marvelous nature, on the part of an evidently omniscient Designer and Creator.

No more powerful statement of the existence of this Supreme Being can be adduced than that of Professor T. H. Huxley, who in that delightfully terse and thoroughly emphatic way, peculiarly his own, says: "To suppose that amongst the countless myriads of creations, there is no intelligence as infinitely greater than man's, as man's is greater than a black beetle's. No being endowed with the capabilities of framing the course of the universe in a manner more capable than man, as man is more capable than a snail, is not merely baseless and absurd, but impertinent as well." We think we have thus clearly established from this point of view, which is conceded to be the most difficult, the fact of the existence of spirit, and the question we propounded at the opening of the chapter must be answered from the halls of science with a decided affirmative.

Geo. F. Phillips, M. A.,
Principal Weber Stake Academy, Ogden.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 7.

PRIESTHOOD I.

Subdivisions:—1. *What it is;* (*a*) an eternal principle; (*b*) unchangeable system of government; (*c*) the moving, directing, controlling, governing or presiding agency, right and authority vested in the Godhead and delegated to man for his government, education, salvation and ex-

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altation; (*d*) the power and authority by which worlds are created and permanent laws for their perpetuity ordained; (*e*) the only source and and channel whence life, liberty and all blessings come. 2. *Nature;* (*a*) everlasting; (*b*) without beginning or end; (*c*) all powerful; (*d*) establishing, organizing, building up, and governing power and authority of the church of God; (*e*) the power by which all things are created and sustained. 3. *Source to man;* direct from God (see Doc. and Cov., secs. 107 and 84; CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. III, pp. 33, 65-68). 4. *How conferred;* (*a*) by whom; (*b*) upon whom; (*c*) for what purpose. Ref. Comp. pp. 64–72; Heb. vii; CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. VI., p. 1; Vol. X., pp. 361–363; Vol. X., pp. 307–311; Items on Priesthood.

Self-review:—1. What is the Priesthood? 2. What is the nature of the Priesthood? 3. What is the source of the Priesthood to man? 4. Trace the line or order of the Priesthood from the time of Adam down to the present time. 5. How is the Priesthood conferred?

LECTURE 8.

SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Subdivisions:—Origin.—Object.—By whom administered.—To whom administered. — How administered; (*a*) preparation; (*b*) blessing; (*c*) order in passing.* Ref. Comp. p. 198; D. and C. sec. 77–79; III Nephi, 18: 1–12; Mark XIV; Pearl of Great Price, p. 58.

Self-review:—1. Where, when, and by whom was this sacrament instituted? 2. What is the purpose of this ordinance? 3. Repeat the prayer for the bread. 4. Repeat the prayer for the water. 5. Explain the order of passing.

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*NOTE. 1. Begin with the highest authority present. 2. Persons officiating partake last. 3. Partake with the right hand, ungloved.

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 7.

ISRAEL UNDER THE JUDGES.

Subdivisions:—1. First servitude of the Israelites, under Cushan, king of Mesopotamia (1413).—Othniel defeats Cushan, and is judge over Israel forty years. 2. Second servitude of the Israelites, under the Moabites (1342) and subjugation of Moab by Ehud, the judge. 3. Third servitude of the Israelites, under the Canaanites (1305) and Deborah, the prophetess, judge in Israel. 4. Fourth servitude of the Israelites, under the Midianites, (1252) and deliverance by Gideon, (sacredness of covenant,) the judge. 5. Fifth servitude of the Israelites, under the Ammonites (1205) and deliverance by Jephthah, judge in Israel (sacredness of covenant)—Eli, the priest, judges Israel. 6. Sixth servitude of the Israelites, under the Philistines, forty years. 7. Ruth's constancy. Time 1426 to 1095 B. C. Ref. Judges; Ruth; Josephus, Bk. V, ch. ix.

Self-review:—1. What was the cause of servitude of the Israelites under King Cushan? 2. How long did the children of Israel serve the Moabites? 3. Who was the deliverer of the Israelites from the Midianite captivity? 4. Show that the Lord does not depend upon numbers for victory. 5. Repeat the inspirational expression of Ruth to Naomi at the time she was advised to return to her country.

LECTURE 8.

ISRAEL UNDER THE KINGS.

Special topic; Saul first king in Israel. 1. Samuel the prophet; (*a*) his calling, by the voice of the Lord; (*b*) his ministry. 2. Saul's reign. Time, 1095 to 588 B. C. Ref. I Samuel, 1 to 15; Josephus book VI, chap. i–viii.

Self-review:—1. What is said of

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the worth of divine instruction in the early days of Samuel? 2. Where, when, and how was Samuel called to be a prophet to Israel? 3. How came Saul to be found among the prophets? 4. What was the character of the first king of Israel; (*a*) physically; (*b*) spiritually; (*c*) intellectually? 5. What was the cause of King Saul's rejection?

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

The Reign of the Judges.

LECTURE 7.

GENERAL MORONI.

Time, 74 B.C.

Subdivisions:—The armorial preparations of the Nephites.—The great commander's reliance upon God and his profound respect for Alma, and unswerving confidence in the prophecies.—The plan of battle; (*a*) Moroni's position; (*b*) the position of General Lehi.—The engagement at Sidon River; (*a*) the battle cry of freedom; (*b*) rout and dismay of the Lamanites; (*c*) Zarahemla's partial capitulation by command of Moroni; (*d*) renewal of the terrible conflict; (*e*) final surrender of the Lamanites. Ref. Alma xliii and xliv, and Church Compendium, p. 292.

Self-review:—1. When did General Moroni live? 2. In whom did Moroni chiefly trust for victory? 3. Give proof that Moroni desired to save life rather than to destroy it. 4. Where is the River Sidon, and what is it now called? (See Dictionary of Book of Mormon.) 5. What motive prompted Moroni to take the leadership of the Nephite forces in war?

LECTURE 8.

ALMA AND HIS THREE SONS.

Time, 70 B.C.

Subdivisions:—His commandment to Helaman; (*a*) the sorrows of the condemned contrasted with the joy of the redeemed; (*b*) the transmission of the records to Helaman. 2. Alma's commandments to Shiblon; (*a*) his testimony of angelic visitation; (*b*) his instructions as regards the only means of salvation; (*c*) his admonition against vanity; (*d*) his exhortation to temperance and sobriety. His commandment to Corianton; (*a*) the reproof; (*b*) the resurrection; (*c*) the nature and justice of the restoration; (*d*) the atonement, its necessity and effects. Ref. Alma xxxvi–xlii.

Self-review:—1. Name the three sons of Alma, and mention the inclinations of each. 2. What does Alma say is the only medium of salvation? 3. For what did Alma reprove his son Corianton? 4. What was Alma's opinion in regard to the state of the Spirit during the time between death and the resurrection? 5. Explain the doctrine of restoration briefly as given by Alma?

LECTURE 9.

THE SUBLIME CONSUMMATION OF THE WORKS OF ALMA THE PROPHET, SEER AND REVELATOR.

Time, 74 B. C.

Subdivisions:—1. His authoritative catechisation and blessing of his son Helaman. 2. His remarkable prophecy. 3. His blessing. 4. His prophetic cursing. 5. His mysterious Moses-like departure. Reference, Alma 45.

Self-review:—1. Repeat the three test questions put to Helaman by his father, Alma? 2. What was Alma's special prophecy to Helaman? 3. For whose sake did Alma bless the earth? 4. To whom did he curse the land? 5. What was the supposed final fate of Alma?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Times continued.*)

LECTURE 7.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE EPHESIANS.

Subdivisions:—The dispensation of the fullness of times.—The fixedness of the law of adoption; (*a*) one Lord, (*b*) one faith, (*c*) one baptism.—

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Exclusion of evil by the preoccupancy of good. Time, about 62 A.D. Ref. Ephesians.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by the "Dispensation of the fullness of times?" 2. Explain the expression, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." 3. Repeat the 11, 12, 13 and 14 verses of chapter iv. 4. What lessons of obedience are taught in this lecture? 5. What courageous and inspiring admonition is given in the last chapter of this text reference?

LECTURE 8.

PAUL'S EPISTLES TO THE PHILIPPIANS AND COLOSSIANS.

Subdivisions: — Godly ambition (Phil. chap. ii, 5-7)—Baptism a type of burial and resurrection.—Eternal riches.—Grace and dignity of speech. Time, about 62 A. D. Ref. Philippians and Colossians.

Self-review:—1. What important rule of thought is given in Philippians iv, 8? 2. Show that baptism is a type of burial and resurrection? 3. Compare v. 8, chap. iv, Phil., with Thirteenth Article of Faith. 4. What important lesson in mutual improvement is taught in this lecture, (chap. 3)? 5. What valuable instruction in respect to speech or conversation is given in this lecture?

LECTURE 9.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

Subdivisions:—The necessity of government; (*a*) self; (*b*) home; (*c*) public.—The dignity and honor of a Deacon's official duties.—The preference of entreaty to rebuke.—The evil of gossip.—The danger of tampering with temptation.—The error of discussing inappropriate questions.—The social corruption of the last days. Time, 65 A.D. Ref. I and II Timothy.

Self-review:—1. What qualification is essential to a public officer? 2. Why should everyone avoid criminal gossip? 3. Why should we not tamper with temptation? 4. What is the result of vain contending? 5. What is the consequence of discussing inappropriate questions?

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 1.

DISCOVERIES.

Subdivisions:—1. The Norsemen; (*a*) time of their discovery; (*b*) place; (*c*) circumstances; (*d*) results. 2. Columbus; (*a*) brief biography; (*b*) his inspirational idea (see Book of Mormon I Nephi, xiii, 12); (*c*) extent of his discovery; (*d*) results of his work. 3. The Cabots; (*a*) time, (*b*) place discovered; (*c*) effects of their work; 4. Amerigo Vespucci; (*a*) time; (*b*) the naming of America. 5. Magellan; (*a*) finding a way around the earth; (*b*) time; (*c*) effects of his work. Ref. Montgomery's or other American history.

Self-review:—1. How many years after the introduction of printing into Europe was the discovery of America? 2. What book was a great factor in aiding the spirit of discovery during the latter part of the fifteenth century? 3. Under whose authority did the Cabots discover the mainland of America? 4. How came the new world to be called *America?* 5. Name the places discovered by Columbus and by the Cabots? 6. Give dates of the discoveries made by the Norsemen and the Cabots? 7. How came the Norsemen to discover the Western continent? 8. Why was the Norsemen's discovery of no practical value? 9. What instrument made the deliberate crossing of the Atlantic practicable? 10. What proof have you that Columbus was aided by special inspiration in his work?

We live no more of our time than we spend well.—*Carlyle.*

It requires more than mere genius to be an author.—*Bruyere.*

We credit most our sight; one eye doth please our trust far more than ten ear-witnesses.—*Herrick.*

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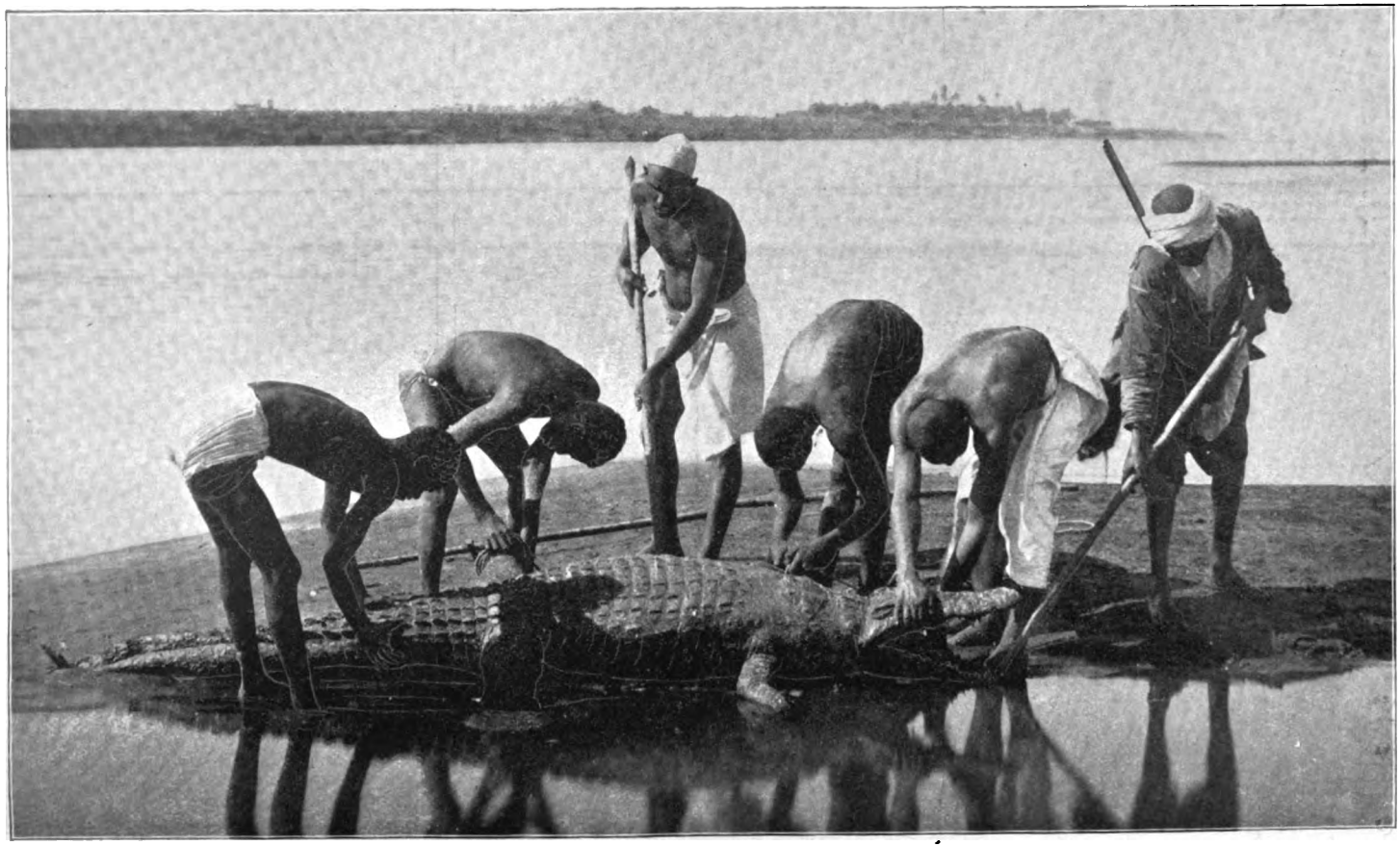

A COMING BANQUET.—NILE FISHERMEN LANDING A RIVER-HAUNTING REPTILE (EGYPT).

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. FEBRUARY, 1894. NO. 4.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

IN the writer's last article, if it is fair to dignify, by such a term, these scattering leaves from the journal of an obscure life, the reader was told something about the two Pharaohs of the Bible record, and all that is worth reviewing of the evil days which came upon Antony and Cleopatra; the story of their brief life, its short love and long decay; but incidentally, mention was omitted of a personage of far greater importance, the Apostle St. Mark, who went to Egypt during the reign of Nero, A. D. 55, and introduced Christianity, after which the worship of the Egyptian gods Isis and Osiris, rapidly declined. Alexandria became a nursery of rival sects; and to their zeal and learning the modern world owes the collection and preservation of the books of the New Testament.

Among the many beautiful mosques at Cairo, one in particular, that of Sultan Hassan, is regarded as the finest. It marks the reign of Hassan, and was completed A. D. 1360, after a labor of three years, and an outlay of three thousand dollars a day; so impressed are the Cairenes with its splendor over other mosques, that they believe in a legend which says the Sultan ordered the hand of the architect to be amputated, in order to prevent him from designing another which might equal it; foolishly ascribing to the hand what was due to the brain. In another mosque, one containing the tomb of a former Caliph, the attendant Egyptian points out a stone slab brought from Mecca, on which Mohammed stepped and left an impression an inch deep, which I need scarcely add, is much deeper than the impression it leaves on the average visitor.

In the village of Gizeh, three miles distant from Cairo on the opposite side of the Nile, is contained the most instructive and valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world. The mummies are especially interesting, assuredly those of the Pharaohs, which are well preserved, the features being clear, and the expression distinct; according to the inscriptions on the monuments, the Pharaoh of the oppression made his son Meneptah his co-regent in the sixty-seventh year of his reign, and must have nearly reached the age of one hundred at his death; there lie near his own mortal remains those of his grandfather Seti I.; then come the mummies of queens, princes and priests, one of the former having an infant at the foot of the open coffin; in one of a princess the incision in the left side for the process of embalming can be seen. In some of the royal mummies glass or enamel eyes were inserted, giving them a very life-like appearance, the artificial orbs being in no wise inferior to those produced in the present age. Many mummies of animals, cats, dogs, gazelles, geese, etc., have been taken from the tombs, also a fraudulent mummy

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IN THE DIM TWILIGHT OF THE BAZARS, SIT THE IMPASSIVE ORIENTALS AND SMOKE SERENELY OR PRAY DEVOUTLY AS THE SMOKING OR PRAYING HOURS REVOLVE AROUND THEM.

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composed of rags and other rubbish supposed to have been placed in the sarcophagus by robbers who stole the original. The collection of gold jewelry is large and curious, especially that worn by an Egyptian queen three thousand years ago. In some instances wooden panels were found placed over the faces of the dead and these contained a portrait of the deceased; the mineral pigments which they always used in Egyptian art, having withstood the ravages of time, the colors are as bright and fresh as if laid on yesterday, and they show more than any other relics, how people looked and dressed four thousand years ago. Their national museum also contains the oldest statue in Egypt, and, therefore, in the world; the life-size wooden figure of a man dug up near the ruins of Memphis, fifteen miles from Cairo. This figure and the Pharoahs are regarded by Egyptologists as the gems of the unrivaled collection.

"No sir, I don't speak a word of the d——d language," replied a New Yorker whom I asked on a Nile boat one day if he spoke Arabic, the language of modern Egypt; nevertheless it's advisable for strangers to understand the, to them, four principle words of the native tongue; the first is *Backsheesh*, a donation, the ever-constant cry of children and beggars, and to meet the ceaseless strain on purse and temper, there are three words, *imshee* (scat! get out!) *mafeesh* (no, nothing) or *bookrah* (tomorrow). The last word I reserved for the usual horde of bootblacks, till one day a little burnt-umbered Arab yelled back in good English, "what time tomorrow?" After that collapse of the writer, *mish-mesh*, was substituted, a slang Arabic term meaning, "when the apricots get ripe," about as definite in that land, as "once upon a time" in this country.

More picturesque people were never seen, and many of their maidens remind me of Venetian girls I saw on the Adriatic lagoons twenty years ago. The thoroughfares are full of strange noises, color, life and motion; full dress and semi-nudity brushing by in contact; beggars and thieves and loafers asleep on the curbstones with faces upturned in the full glare of the noon-day sun, while naked children of a blue-black color are making modern mud-pies; this last shade of interesting humanity are said to be descendants of the time of Candace, that Ethiopian queen who once fell upon Egypt like a lioness on a traveler belated in the desert. The spawn, or children rather, always have a legion of flies swarming about their faces and rimming their eyes; the insects though small, show all the activity of their race and are never by any chance brushed aside, not even from an infant in its mother's arms; some travelers wonder how the children stand it—the writer's sympathies are with the flies.

On arriving at Cairo two phases of the land are ever on the mind, the bazars and the pyramids; I take them in the order named. In the bazars the various trades and nationalities have, as a rule, separate quarters; there is the Egyptian bazar, the Persian bazar, and the abode of the Moors who sell blankets, Fez caps and other articles characteristic of their country; from the Barbary coast, in a district called "within the Chainus," barricaded against donkeys, camels or vehicles, are displayed silks and other Lebanon and Constantinople goods; farther on lies the gold and silver bazar where native jewelry is weighed in the scales against the purchaser's coin, and ten to twenty-five per cent. added for manufacturing and the alloy in the coin, only pure metal being used in their ornaments. Then follows the drug, spice and perfume bazar, some of the latter, heavy and pungent oriental odors, run into fancy prices; the shops are generally of one story, but when two or more

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occur, each succeeding story projects over the one beneath, while all are covered in overhead with skylights and matting, leaving the arteries of traffic in a cool environment. As in China, the shops rarely exceed sixteen feet in width and twenty in depth. Here in the dim twilight sits the impassive, unspeakable Oriental, as in a trance, and smokes serenely or prays devoutly as the smoking or praying hours revolve around him; should you contemplate a purchase, tiny cups of ebony-black coffee and cigarettes are passed around, you sink languidly on the Persian rug or Turkish mat lying in front and, glancing at everything but the one thing desired, assume an indifference you cannot feel, well knowing that the half or even a third of the price asked will finally be accepted; meanwhile the crowd ebbs and flows unceasingly; a water carrier goes by with a pig-skin newly filled, the hair left on, the skin of the legs and stomach sewed up and the neck reduced to a hose controlled by the hand, and thus the narrow, dirty thoroughfares are sprinkled as well as the passers-by. Small as the shops are, many of them contain fortunes, wonderfully cut glass, rare laces from Damascus, gold and silver tissues from Lebanon, strange, antique armor inlaid with old jewels and precious metals, Tyrian purple, treasures from Tunis, Algiers, Smyrna, Arabia, and all the Levantine, Ethiopian ornaments of a wild, barbaric splendor and funeral urns of a bygone age exhumed from tombs in the desert.

One day after making a trifling purchase (the mummied right hand of an ancient Egyptian lady, over whose lost tawny locks some two thousand eight hundred years were supposed to have passed), I returned the merchant three counterfeit coins he had inadvertently given me in change, when a young Englishman who had accompanied me during the day, suddenly rose up from the rug we had been reclining on and, looking suspiciously at the dealer, turned to me hurriedly and said, "let's go;" surprised at his haste, I followed him to a retired part of the bazar where, after a careful examination of his raiment, he informed me it was "honly a hinsect." Only one? I replied, you *are* fortunate.

The next day was devoted to the pyramids lying at the edge of the desert ten miles distant. For the first hour the road winds through a beautiful avenue of acacias leading past the palace of Gizeh, a summer retreat of the Khedive in the neighborhood of the tombs of the Mamelukes. Many have been the ideas advanced as to what purpose the pyramids were intended to serve, temples, granaries, observatories, tombs, etc., but the best judgment of the most eminent Egyptologists call them tombs and tombs only, not the least logical reason being that they are never found away from a necropolis or cemetery. Herodotus, who visited Egypt two thousand three hundred years ago and left a record of his travels, said the great pyramid of Cheops occupied twenty years in building, and employed three hundred and sixty thousand laborers. Its dimensions are seven hundred and fifty-five feet square, its height rather more than twice that of the central spire of the Temple, where the lofty figure of Moroni stands impending. After a talk with the Arabs I concluded to make the ascent, although some misgivings arose, less about the going up than the coming down; the shimmering glare of an Egyptian sun reflected back from the bewildering mass of greyish white stone may well dazzle and confuse stronger eyes than mine. Some Bedouins from the desert, lounging near, offered to guide and assist, for a consideration of course; so selecting two of them, one to carry a gourd of water, the task was accomplished with little fatigue and a minimum of danger, but help was indispensable,

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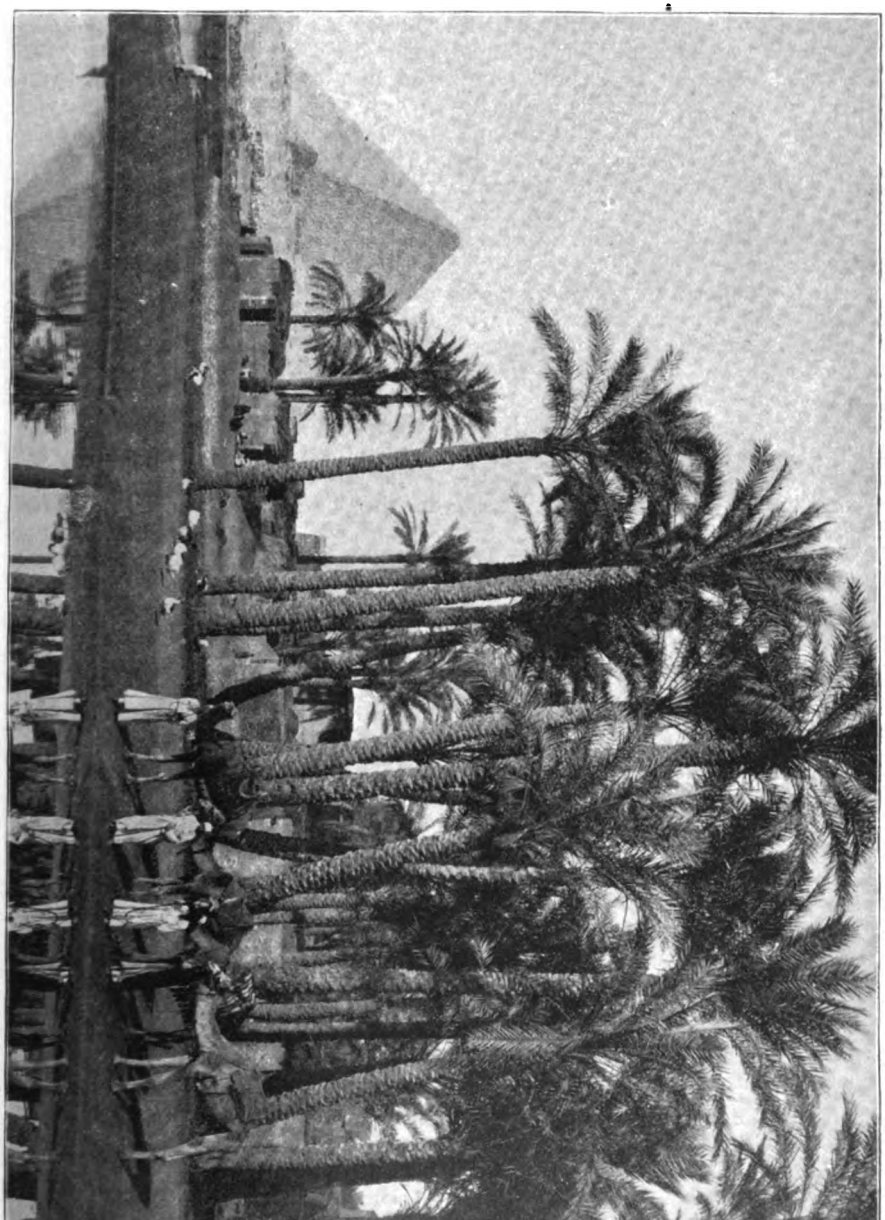
as some of the terraces which form the stupendous monument are but narrow ledges a few inches wide, and regard the ascent as dangerous, others as entirely safe, the truth probably lies between the two. The



BETWEEN THIS GROVE OF COCOA-PALMS AND THE HORIZON OF THE DESERT, THERE EXISTS NOTHING BUT THE WIDE-SPREAD DESOLATION OF THE DRIFTING SANDS.

four or five feet in height, with few footholds, and many of those known only to the guide. Some travelers view from the summit is extensive, interesting and characteristic of Egypt. On one hand could be seen

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the distant mosques and minarets of Cairo, with the tombs of the Caliphs lying between; the range of the Mokattam Hills, with the quarries of Mosarah, whence so many of the limestone blocks used for building the pyramids were taken, the long, silver thread of the Nile winding through a green plain and greener clumps of stately palms in what an artist would call the middle distance. More interesting still was a long caravan with straggling camels, setting out on its weary pilgrimage to Mecca, there to quench their fanatical thirst in the fever-haunting waters of Mohammed's sacred pool. In the other direction, to the south and west, the awful silence of the Libyan desert reigns supreme and undisturbed; between a small grove of cocoa palms and the horizon of that sterile waste there exists only the wide-spread desolation of the drifting sands; this scene is made more desolate still, if possible, when gazing in awe on the solemn, changeless face of the Sphinx, the very spirit in all the world, of loneliness and isolation.

In our day the great pyramid does not taper to a point, there is a flat surface about nine feet square on top; in some forgotten age the stones forming the apex were loosened and tumbled onto the plain below where ingathering sands have buried them. Kneeling on the edge and carefully steadying myself with both hands I look down nearly five hundred feet to the base, where from the hot seething levels below, the lambent heat comes up. Some Europeans have joined the Arabs and shading their eyes with their hands, are trying to make out the figure on the summit, while their own forms show as mere black and white specks on the sun-brightened sands. Remembering what an old man, the "Sheik of the pyramid" had advised about the descent, to keep the eyes on the feet and distrust a wider range of vision, the somewhat perilous task is completed without incident and the interior entered where the entombment commences and where the two Bedouins and the traveler are no longer left out in the heat.

The "Miracle in Stone" has been so generally read in Utah that any description of the interior of the great pyramid would appear superfluous, nor indeed is there much to see or describe. Few writers, I take it, possess the facile imagination of the author of that work who discerns a mysterious motive, a deep-laid plan in every angle and turning of the winding way that leads to the king's chamber. It was probably first broken into about 3,300 B. C., then closed up at some uncertain time, but the tomb was again violated by the Arabs in the reign of the Caliph El Mamoun, son of the famous Caliph Haroun al Raschid (who was only paralleled by himself in the "Arabian Nights"). That Caliph was in search of treasure but found nothing, the mummy itself being gone, if indeed it was ever there. The close, musty air, difficult scrambling and the fine, impalpable dust like that which gathers on the walls and furniture of a closed up house, as well as the reverberating echoes called forth by the incessant jabbering of my Arabs and the irksome progress over long, slippery passages worn smooth by centuries of use, all combine to make the exploration of the interior difficult and a grievance, or, if one may use the detestable slang of the day, a sickener. I had provided myself with some magnesium wire and lighted up the king's chamber long enough to examine the lidless sarcophagus of red granite or porphyry which has been sadly marred by former travelers chipping off and carrying away fragments, a piece of vandalism that will probably result in the coffin disappearing entirely some day. The persistence with which those two Arab thieves kept telling each other while glancing furtively at me, that it was against the law, it really was, to chip off or remove any fragment from

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the king's chamber, convinced me at once that a few piastres would "do the work," if I cared to have the vile work done; their hope failed them; the strong contempt aroused everywhere among the better class of travelers is gradually stamping out vandalism.

Retracing my steps and noting here and there on the walls the imprint of a hand, I recalled to mind the story of a government officer of the Khedive's, Marietta Bey, I think, who caused a tomb in the desert to be opened and being the first to enter, saw in the dust on the floor the footprints of the workmen left there twenty centuries before, when according to the hieroglyphics on the walls the tomb had been closed up and sealed.

Finally reaching the goodly earth and air and the blessed sunlight once more, and feeling faint, I sent to the carriage for a small flask of brandy which had been brought along for such an emergency; evidently the emergency had previously arrived and reached the driver first, he had gone to sleep and taken the brandy with him, another Egyptian who believes in the transmigration of spirits.

Hassan, a son of the sheik referred to, recalled some interesting episodes of former ascents; two are recorded here, as samples only. An English lieutenant made the ascent the year before and rejected alike attendance, aid or advice; he was kept in view by those below, was seen to reach the top safely, linger awhile, and commence the descent; after progressing eighty or a hundred feet, the figure of the man was seen to bound into the air striking at intervals on the way down, each succeeding stone tearing off a piece, until the lifeless body, a mass of splintered bones and quivering flesh, was flung onto the sands below at the very feet of the horrified spectators. When the news reached the hotels in the city, it was called a suicide, but had that been the case the victim would probably have chosen the highest point from whence to make the plunge. It is a fairer chance to believe that under the constant strain, his nerves reached their greatest tension and then gave way entirely. The second instance follows: A man of fifty, at that time a minister of some prominence on the other side of the water, coolly and without comment reached the top and shortly afterwards commenced the return journey. He had descended but a few yards when he suddenly shrank away from the guides, commenced trembling and broke into tears; it became necessary for his attendants to bind his wrists, blindfold his eyes and get him down as best they could.

I rose to go, a late start in that latitude necessitates a late return, daylight fades rapidly in the Orient and no twilight intervenes; when the sun is down, night is at hand, but that night the moon came too. Diana is Mohammedan in the African sky, and hangs her crescent horns up, there was no wet moon in Egypt that month. Hassan and his fellow Arab were paid off and immediately disappeared among the shadows of the second pyramid; the carriage had been sent on ahead to a garden reach at the rise to the avenue of trees while the writer set out on a walk to the rendezvous. I walked leisurely, sauntered is the word, and before entering the shadows of the timber turned for a last look; the melancholy cry of a reed-bird mingled with the distant baying of a watch-dog on the Nile marshes came mournfully up on the evening air; a fitting dirge for that sad cenotaph in the Libyan desert; there, magnified by the moon against the blue-black sky, towered the changeless tomb of Cheops that has troubled the earth and air for ages upon ages. Lingering alone on such a spot at that belated hour, it must be an unimaginative man indeed who cannot dream for a moment that he belongs to his surroundings, to the age of

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Cheops, but that somehow he was overlooked and left behind; seriocomic; to feel as if the last train had gone ages ago and there wouldn't be another. *G. H. Snell.*

A FRANK ACKNOWLEDGMENT:—Pope Pius V. was the son of a humble shepherd. His name, before being called to the papal chair, was Michael Geisler. After his appointment to his high position, he is credited with having often said: "So long as I was one of the ordinary people I felt assured of my salvation; when I became cardinal, I began to have doubts concerning it; now that I am Pope, I am filled with doubts and fears in regard to it." *M. A.*

ANCIENT ARIZONA AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

III.

LET us further consider the evidences going to show that these ancient people were not of Toltec or Aztec origin.

The cardinal and grand chief virtue of the Toltec and Aztec peoples was military valor. They were reared and trained to this end. No monarch was regarded as fit to bear rule who was not a warrior of proven and tested courage. The people upheld and sustained all declarations of war no matter what the cause or excuse. The greatest glory to be attained was to be knighted for heroic deeds in battle. It was their belief that to fall in battle gave the hero immediate admission into eternal bliss. This virtue superseded all others, whether moral or physical, and was their pinnacle of human honor and glory. There are no annals of a semi-civilized people in all the world so incessantly and cruelly bloody. It is easy to trace the cause of this most prominent national characteristic. The murderous spirit that relentlessly pursued the Nephites in their long flight around the Gulf of Mexico and up the great valley of the "Father of waters" into the State of New York, was so deepened into their natures that their warfares have continued ever since with but little interruption until recent years. After the fall of the Nephites, Moroni said, "And behold also the Lamanites are at war one with another; and the whole face of the land is one continual round of murder and bloodshed; and no one knoweth the end of the war."

Now, since according Mexican annals, the Toltecs began to pour into that country from the north northeast, between one and two hundred years after this great event, it is but according to the laws of heredity and the teachings which children ever imbibe from their progenitors that the Toltecs and Aztecs should glory in war as has been stated. But the Zunis and other Pueblos of whom we write have never been a warfaring people; on the contrary for eight hundred years of tradition among the living and by all the evidences of defence among the ruins of the dead, they have ever been a people who have lived on the defensive, and shunned through all their generations the shedding of blood. This is characteristic of the Nephite race as disclosed throughout their history, and could not well have grown out of the Toltec spirit, especially since such a change must have been complete and permanent at the very beginning of their separation. Though their religion may have been taken from them at an early date, if they are Nephites we may look with a degree of certainty to see the chief characteristic of that superior strain of blood handed down to the latest generation, if not crossed with other

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strains and breeded out. The striking contrast in this respect between these people and the Toltec and Aztec life must stand as a towering testimony asserting their identity and one not readily overthrown.

The Toltecs and Aztecs up to the time of their religious conquest by Spain were given over to an idolatry that reached gigantic and appalling proportions. The sacrifice of human beings to their idol gods grew to be the most stupendous religious infamy of all the ages, and this national custom was in its zenith in the days of the second Montezuma when his kingdom fell before the Spaniards whom God had raised up and made the foremost nation of the earth to destroy a government and a religion, which, united, would dare to sacrifice fifty thousand souls to an idol god at the dedication of a single temple. Mormon declares that when the Lamanites drove his people northward giving them battle from time to time, that the women and children when taken prisoners were sacrificed to their idol gods. This institution of human sacrifice thus beginning as we know in the fourth century in North America, continued with ever-increasing horror until the overthrow of the Montezuma regime, of which also the huge sacrificial stones and many other remains found in that country bear a silent but horrible witness. It is an altogether unreasonable presumption that so innocent a people as those of whom we write, who, though they have ever offered sacrifices, do not even shed the blood of bird or beast, could have sprung from such a source, especially when there was no gap in Toltec or Aztec history when the practice was interrupted.

An inlaid shell of remarkable beauty and delicacy has been found in the Arizona ruins. It measures one and a half inches in diameter, on the convex side of it has been laid a coating of fine black cement, into which has been skillfully set one hundred and twenty-three pieces of beautiful oblong turquoise, each one-third of an inch in length, forming a finely shaped tortoise, the black cement being exposed in such a manner as to form the feet. The surface was also beautifully polished. This exquisite little mosaic was carefully copied in water colors and sent to Tiffany's great jewelry establishment in the city of New York. Their expert pronounced it the finest specimen of the kind ever exhumed from the ancient ruins of America. It is needless to remark that what is known of the stone tools and implements of this people precludes the possibility of there being lapidists among them equal to so fine a specimen of the jeweler's art. And the fact that no mosaic work like it has ever been found among them, aside from this piece, shows that they did not produce it themselves, but with the other sea shells of which we have spoken, it must have been brought from another and more advanced civilization. That civilization was not Toltec or Aztec, for the reason that at the time of the Spanish conquest, when the most superb jewelry, it is said, was taken from the conquered people to Spain, it is probable there were no skilled craftsmen in that line, for while the deft artists who wrought such magnificent mosaics in feathers have their successors in Mexico today, there are no lapidists among them. And it is the probability that if the race had ever produced so advanced a craft, there would still be traces of it left. The probabilities are that the exquisite jewelry which the Aztecs had at the time of the conquest was found in the tombs, temples and buildings left by the Jaredite people whose civilization was, according to the record of Mormon, evidently the most advanced of any that has existed upon the continent, save the one of today.

If this be true, the Nephites were first upon the ground to occupy the

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Jaredite buildings and secure their wealth, jewelry and other valuables, and doubtless they in turn left it in their dwellings when suddenly compelled to flee before the fierce army of the Lamanites. Thus this beautiful bit of mosaic work no larger than a silver dollar may be traceable to that most ancient of all the American races since the flood, and if so, is more than two thousand years old.

Thus far we have endeavored to sustain three distinct propositions, namely: first, that the Zunis and other living tribes of the Pueblos did not advance from a barbarous state, but have declined through the trying centuries of their national life, and fallen from a far more advanced civilization. Second, that the ancient inhabitants of Arizona and New Mexico, whose habitations for many centuries have been a desolation, and the now living Pueblos were originally one people. Third, that this race of people were neither of Toltec nor Aztec origin.

We will for the present leave this branch of the subject after quoting from the pen of a justly celebrated historian and investigator, Hubert Howe Bancroft, whose carefully weighed opinions happily sustain the premises we have here ventured to present. Among the many endorsements which this distinguished writer has received, it will be apropos to advert to the statement of the New York *Tribune*, which refers to his ability, not as a historian, already so widely known, but as an archæologist. It says: "The native races gave Mr. Bancroft at once a distinguished position as an investigator. * * * He is now recognized as an authority of the first rank."

In his history of Arizona and New Mexico, referring to the Pueblos, he says: "Long, perhaps centuries, before the Spaniards came, began the decline of this numerous and powerful people. The cause of their misfortune must be traced to wars with savage predatory tribes, like the Apaches, and with each other, drought and pestilence contributing to the same end." And upon the second proposition, he has this to say: "All the ruined structures, (in Arizona and New Mexico) and other relics of the long past were so evidently the work of the Pueblos or cognate tribes that there exists no plausible reason for indulging in conjectural theories respecting the agency of extinct races." Again from the "Native Races" we quote the following emphatic conclusions, endorsing the third proposition: "I can hardly conceive of structures reared by human hands differing more essentially than the two classes in question, (Arizona and Central America). In the common use of adobes for building material; in the plain walls rising to a height of several stories; in the terrace structure, absence of doors in the lower story, and the entrance by ladder; in the absence of arched ceilings of overlapping blocks, of all pyramidal structures, of sculptured blocks, of all architectural decorations, of idols, temples, and every trace of buildings evidently designed for religious rite, of burial-mounds and human remains; and in the character of the rock inscriptions and miscellaneous relics, not to go further into detail—the New Mexico monuments present no analogies to any of the southern remains." Thus Mr. Bancroft emphatically dissents from the prevalent notion that the Pueblo people are of Toltec or Aztec antecedents, and says: "I feel justified in protesting against the too prevalent tendency of most writers to accept in this matter, as fact, what is at the best but vague conjecture."

Briefly, then, the important conclusion now arrived at, not only by abundant evidence which has been gleaned from the field, but concurred in by one of the ablest of investigators, is, that the ancient occupants of Arizona and New Mexico were not of Toltec or Aztec descent

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of Indian origin; and these conclusions bring us face to face with the unavoidable ultimatum, the trend of which it is most natural and easy to follow by the facts of history, that they were either of the Jaredite or Nephite race.

At this point we must part company almost entirely with those who place no credence in the Book of Mormon, for they are limited by the data of historic times to the beginning of the fifteenth century, so far as Indians are concerned, and, from the Mexican point of view, to the rise of the Toltec sway in the sixth and seventh centuries. And yet these annals nowhere respond to the inquiries of ethnologists concerning the people of whom we write, while anterior to these periods our learned friends must grope in the utmost darkness, unless, for the sake of the argument at least, they will accept the light shed upon the subject by the Book of Mormon.

But those who are able to realize and understand that the abridged records of the Nephites and Lamanites found engraven upon metal plates in reformed Egyptian characters, in the State of New York, in the first half of this century, and those of the Jaredites found engraven upon similar plates in Central America at an earlier date, are true records of two great civilizations, and those who understand that these two great peoples account for all the inhabitants that have occupied South America since the great flood which cut off all the human race, save one family, and likewise account for all in North America, save a few Norsemen and Welsh who dwindled away and lost their identity, such persons we say are able to take one long stride in advance of these erudite investigators who have written and are still writing many volumes in endless disputation over the origin of the ancient people of America.

This much we know; these people of whom we now write are either the descendants of those who came from Babel about one hundred and twenty-five years after the flood, called Jaredites, a period so early that it precludes the possibility of any developed civilization occupying America between that event and the flood, or they are the posterity of those who left Jerusalem about one thousand seven hundred and forty years after the flood, and landed at the thirtieth parallel of south latitude on the western coast of South America. We will not take into this consideration the first people of Zarahemla who were found by Mosiah and his people, and who came out of Jerusalem at the time Zedekiah was carried captive to Babylon (a few years later than when Lehi left), and crossed the "great waters," and landed where Mosiah found them, for the reason that they continued to dwell in that land from the time they landed until they were merged into the Nephite race.

The probability that they were of Jaredite origin is exceedingly remote. There is scarcely a sufficient age to their ruins. The Jaredites were destroyed not less than two thousand one hundred years ago, possibly a century earlier. We know this date to be approximately correct from the fact that King Limhi sent the company of forty-three men in search of Zarahemla, by whom the Jaredite records were found, a little earlier than one hundred and twenty-one years B. C. Mormon records the fact that King Mosiah succeeded his father, King Benjamin, four hundred and seventy-six years after Lehi left Jerusalem, that is, one hundred and twenty-four years B. C., and it was three years afterwards that Ammon and his brethren went southward and found King Limhi, who then told Ammon of the trip and the finding of the records engraven upon plates of brass, and of the bones of men and beasts, and ruins of houses where a people had dwelt as numerous as the hosts of

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Israel, and of the finding of swords, the hilts of which had perished and the blades had been eaten with rust, and of breast plates of brass and copper which were well preserved.

These were the remains of the Jaredite race, as attested by the account of the Prophet Ether, contained in the records then found, which were afterwards translated, declaring that the conflicts of the people were so fierce that they fell in mortal combat innumerably, and were left upon the ground without burial. Just how long prior to 121 B. C. this destruction took place cannot be told. But it must have taken some time for the sword hilts to have rusted away. Coriantumr, the last of the race, except it be Ether, visited the people of Zarahemla before Mosiah found them and remained nine moons, but how long before we cannot tell. However, the denudation of timber in the North Country, as mentioned by Mormon, at the time the Nephites emigrated thither, 46 B. C., was doubtless the result of the Jaredite civilization, and indicates that their destruction could not have been far back of 121 B. C. Hence we say that the ancient people who are still dwelling in Arizona were not likely to have been of Jaredite descent, since 2100 years or more appears to be altogether too remote from our times to look for their origin. But aside from this, we have the word of the prophet which is conclusive. The word of the Lord came to Ether and he declared to Coriantumr that if he did not repent it should come to pass that "every soul should be destroyed save it were Coriantumr." And this prophecy having been fulfilled these people cannot be Jaredites.

The problem, then, is narrowed down to the Nephite race as the progenitors of the Zuni; and the probable circumstances of their separation and migration, we will now proceed to consider.

The adobe ruins extend principally from the mouth of the Gila River, at Yuma, near the headwaters of the Gulf of California, eastward along the valley of that river and up the splendid valley of the Salt River, which empties into the Gila, and northward along the valley of the Verde River, a tributary of the Salt, and also eastward into New Mexico. Toward the south they terminate before the Mexican line is reached, barring but a single exception. These facts seem to discredit the idea that their settlements advanced northward out of Mexico, and give rise to the supposition that at some early date they found their way by water into the Gulf of California.

It will be remembered that Mormon gives an account of the building of several large vessels which left the Land Bountiful near the borders of the Land Desolation in the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth years of the reign of the Judges (56 B.C.), and sailed up the West Sea (Pacific Ocean). The first one of these ships took a large company of men, women and children to the "Land Northward," and returned the following year for a second load, which was never heard of afterwards, and Mormon supposes "that they were drowned up in the depths of the sea." Also he states that "one other ship did sail forth and whither she did go we know not." Here, then, were two large shiploads of people completely lost to the Nephites. Though they had occupied the Land Northward ever since that event, and up to the time Mormon writes, a period of four hundred and fifty years, yet they never heard of this people afterwards. It might have been that they passed beyond the settlement made by the first shipload on the Mexican coast, and entered the Gulf of California, and that these people sprang from them.

The theory, however, is not well sustained and we are inclined to discredit it. It is set forth in these papers with

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the view of giving to it all the advantages by which it may be supported as a theory, and in order to show by contrast the far greater probability, nay, the almost certainty of another, which we shall offer in its proper place.

Not a few of the islands of the Pacific waters have been inhabited from early periods, and a number of them contain the crumbled and mouldering ruins of very remote but advanced civilizations. The Sandwich Islands are now the habitation of a dark-skinned people who are physically and mentally a superior race, and who are freely imbibing the principles of the Gospel, far more so than the American Indian, which fact lends emphasis to the probability that they are of Nephite and not Lamanite blood, and the great antiquity of their splendid ruins would indicate that the time of the departure of these ships may have been when their civilization begun. The ruins of a magnificent temple on the Island of Hawaii built, no doubt, in the early period of its settlement would indicate that for a time they enjoyed the Nephite religion, of which temple building was a characteristic.

Had the ships to which reference has been made become disabled and been forced to surrender to the powers of the deep, the oceanic currents and trade winds, they would have floated west on the broad bosom of the great calm sea, because the north-east and south-east trade winds meeting about the latitude at which they sailed forth, make their resultant course to the west, while the North Pacific current sweeps down the western coast of North America and, on the coast of Mexico, makes an abrupt turn to the west.

By these currents the ships may have floated west, and landed upon one or more of the islands which lie in their course; upon the Marshall Islands, or Gilbert Islands, or the Carolinas, or Ladrone Islands, or the east coast of Formosa, or the Sandwich Islands. For they are all the repositories of hoary ruins which speaking with dumb uplifted walls tell of the enlightenment of their ancient builders. One of these lost ships, it will be remembered, had passed over the route to the northern settlement, only the year before and it is not likely they would have so lost their bearings as to have passed by the settlement which, as Mormon states, they had started for the second time. And if disabled neither the wind nor water currents would have taken them north.

Hence the probabilities are against this hypothesis and without some connecting link it can never become anything more than vague conjecture.

In the next and closing paper will be presented an entirely new and, we believe, interesting hypothesis concerning the deflection of these people from the Nephite race.

H. E. Baker.

PRINCELY WISDOM.

FREDERICK WILLIAM the Great, Elector of Brandenburg, had a garden plotted for himself at Berlin. His first wife, Louise of Orange, beautified the entrance to their garden to gratify her husband's taste, with an arch and columns. The inscription, which was placed at the base of the latter, was suggested by the Elector himself and read as follows: "Lord, show me the path in which I should walk."

On one occasion this prince was informed that a rich business man of Berlin, had been guilty of open blasphemy of God. The ruler punished the culprit by fining him two hundred thalers, which money was used for paving the new market place. "The fine," the prince said, "shall be used to provide a more pleasant road for those pious people who desire to attend the religious services." *D.*

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JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Justice and Mercy met one day,
And bowed and wished each other well,
Then paused to reason on time's highway
And these are the words that each did tell:

Justice, the first to speak, began,
To mourn the ills he had met below
At the hands of the puny creature man
Who had blighted the world with sin and woe.

"I am old as the gods," he sternly said;
"I sat in judgment on deeds of wrong
Ere the corners of yonder worlds were laid,
Or the morning stars together sang.

"But in all the spheres I've ever been
It seems that now I am looted more
By pilfering hordes, my paths within,
Than was ever my lot to know before.

"I would gladly do as right demands
And give the erring their proper due,
But they gag my mouth and tie my hands,
And what can a being in fetters do?"

And looking in Mercy's face, said he,
"I hear it rumored in all the land
That your pleas to set the guilty free
Are more than my honor has right to stand."

"Well yes," said Mercy, "I must confess
I help the needy with all my pow'r
But if you were I, would you do less
Than pity the sinner in sorrow's hour?

"Base coward he, who would not lend
A kindly word for another's woe!
May the icy heart in torture end
That would quench the flicker of hope below.

"I know it is hard for you to see
Your sceptre slighted, and scales so true
But the sovereign right belongs to me
To do my duty as well as you.

"You boast your age, as though it were,
A gift that homage and grace secures,
But away up yonder, when you were there
My place was honored as well as yours.

"To quarrel were vain, but let us see
That each shall closely his province scan
And seek by wisdom to guided be
And deal with matters the best we can."

So they both agreed that this was best,
And owned their meeting had not been vain,
And parted friendly, to tell the rest
Some other day when they meet again.

J. C.

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LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER V.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
Burns.

The ministers of Louis XV. now recognized the fact that the nearest road to his favor was through the persecution and injury of the lower classes, whether such action was warranted or not. Not only might the royal favor thus be gained, but as has before been seen, the property of the victims fell to the person bringing the necessary proof of sedition. Thus was fully inaugurated the era of injustice and revenge which stained the annals of France for more than a score of years, and caused untold suffering. Its history can be traced by this narrative only in a few localities, although they can be taken as an index to the general conditions existing throughout all France.

It was the beginning of the year 1770. In the portion of Guienne in which Duruy and his friends lived, the winter was not at all severe. There was very little suffering on account of the cold, but on this particular morning there were few signs of rejoicing in the little town. The sounds of fruitful industry had not been heard in the village for a long time. The crops had all been gathered, and unfortunately for the peasants, nearly all had been consumed. Taxes had been much higher than usual, as the expenses of the lavish court must be met from this source. In spite of the fact that those who had undertaken to farm the taxes had used the power of the law to its full capacity in forcing from the peasants all possible revenue, the empty coffers of state had not been half replenished, when the people were reduced to the verge of starvation.

On the morning of the first of January Duruy remarked to his wife that he would leave the house for a few hours, as he desired to convey the compliments of the season to a number of the poor families of the neighborhood, who had felt more heavily than usual the drain of taxation.

"Claude," she whispered, encircling his neck with her arms, "I fear for you; I am sure there are powerful enemies seeking your destruction. I had a dream last night in which I was forewarned of calamities to befall us if you did not exercise care. O, Claude, where will this thing end? When shall we obtain relief?"

"When we exercise sufficient faith and confidence in the hand of Providence," he answered, thoughtfully and hopefully. "At any rate, do not fear accident or injury to me. I shall be back in a few hours, and desire to spend the day in converse with you concerning our future. Good-bye, love. Watch for me at the little window yonder. The shadows will not become much shorter before you see me. Good-bye."

She returned his affectionate kiss and cheerful farewell, although there was a sense of fear at her heart which she could not quell.

As Duruy proceeded on his way, he noticed that the air was becoming murky. He did not know how to account for this, as such a condition was not at all common in southern France on a morning so bright and tranquil. He had walked but a short distance farther when he heard a piercing scream of grief. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw smoke bursting from the window of a peasant's cottage. He then understood the cause of the murkiness of the atmosphere. He hastened toward the place, giving the alarm of fire, but before he reached the burning house, he was seized by a party of three men, and kept from assisting the owners of the house, who in their excitement and grief were running to and fro and calling on the Virgin

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Mary to save their cottage from the wrath of their enemies.

"Why do you detain me?" Duruy shouted, frantically struggling to break away from his captors.

They laughed at his struggles and expostulations, and coolly bound his hands with cords. "We know you," said one of them. "It is through your teachings to the peasants that this trouble has been brought upon the family whose house you see tumbling to the ground. Had it not been for you they would have paid to the king the pitiful hoard they have held so tenaciously, and would not have forced us to burn all their possessions as a warning to others. It is of no use for you to expostulate. The new year is beginning with reforms of which you little dream, and you need not think for a moment that you will escape their effects." By this time the light, unsubstantial structure had been destroyed, and with it all its contents; of little intrinsic worth, perhaps, and yet all the possessions of a family whose prospects for the year would have been discouraging even under the most favorable circumstances. They sat for a few moments as if stupefied at the magnitude of their misfortune, and then, as with one impulse, arose and ran toward Duruy, whom they had recognized. "Master, master," they cried in agony, "we shall starve! We have nothing in the world. O God, we cannot beg!"

"You will overcome that pride with two days of fasting," coolly and heartlessly remarked one of the marauders, smiling sardonically at the grief of the unfortunates.

"Help us avenge our wrongs upon our enemies," they cried with sudden fierceness. "They are powerful, we know, but a good God will assist us, and we are strong!" With a movement of his hands Duruy displayed his weakness. "What! bound?" they exclaimed in indignation. Then, before the marauders could interfere, the old man rushed toward Duruy with his knife, cut with one stroke the bands upon his wrists, and dragged him into the little group which had by this time been considerably augmented by the arrival of others of the villagers.

The emissaries of the king retreated before this formidable array, and the group gathered around Duruy, of whose advice they seemed just then so much in need. "My neighbors," he said mildly, "God sometimes allows misfortunes to come upon us to try our faith and trust in Him. Let us hope that He will give us strength and resignation to bear these trials."

Among the younger members of the crowd there were murmurings of revenge, but a kind admonition from Duruy called them back to a sense of their duty. In spite of the soothing influence of Duruy's presence, the crowd seemed restless and apprehensive, and even their mentor partook of this feeling to a degree which greatly surprised him. "Hark!" cried one of the party as muffled sounds reached them from the direction taken by the tax gatherers. They listened closely, and soon the agonized wailing of an old man's voice became distinctly audible. With one impulse the entire crowd rushed in the direction of the sounds, which were becoming continually fainter. Lying upon the ground, just outside his cottage, was a man seventy years of age, gasping in the extremity of mortal agony. He was almost naked, and on his back and breast were deep cuts and high ridges made with a heavy lash.

Duruy bent over him in time to catch the last accents of his voice. "Master, they beat me because I would not tell them where my money was hidden. They have taken away my two daughters. Bring my girls back, dear master!" For a moment he was silent, and then with a cry of "God forgive them!" he died.

"God forgive them!" cried Duruy, rising with streaming eyes. "Can He forgive such crimes?"

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"God may forgive them, but we cannot," shouted one. "Follow them! Let them know that we are not as helpless as they think!"

With this the crowd surged after the tyrants, and Duruy was carried along with them, almost against his will. In half an hour they were overtaken. They had carried the girls with them, and on this account their motions had been retarded. Upon seeing their pursuers they ran behind a small clump of trees, and called to the crowd, "Advance at your peril!"

Duruy advanced a short distance in front of his companions and said, "Give up the prisoners you have taken, and we will allow you to depart unmolested."

"The victor makes terms, not the vanquished," was the defiant answer.

"By what right have you seized those maidens?"

"By the right of which you understand nothing. They were taken in default of taxes. We are given full authority to take the property, the persons, or the lives of delinquents. You oppose us at the peril of the king's displeasure."

Finding that further parley would be useless, Duruy held a brief consultation with his companions. Their conclusion was that the helpless prisoners must be retaken at all hazards. The peasants had no weapons, except a few axes and scythes, but they determined upon charging the party with these, and attempting the recapture of the girls.

Duruy gave a few hurried instructions, and then shouted, "Follow me!" The peasants rushed upon the marauders. The latter, each being provided with a revolver, fired repeatedly into the approaching crowd, and six of the attacking party fell dead. Seeing that the impetuosity of the charge was not in the least abated, the three turned and fled, leaving the girls in the hands of the peasants. In vain Duruy ordered the pursuit to cease. Inflamed at the killing of their companions, the mob would not listen to reason or command. The men were soon overtaken and bound.

"Kill them! Burn them! Whip them to death! Cut them in pieces!" These were a few of the cries which arose from the frenzied crowd. The faces of the prisoners blanched. "Have we no friends here?" they asked in alarm.

"What friendship did you show us when you burned our cottage to the ground?" asked a member of the despoiled family.

"It was a most friendly and noble act for you to beat an old and helpless man to death and carry off his daughters," cried another.

"Our father! Is he dead?" cried the girls in anguish. "O God, O God!" and the two orphans fell into each other's arms and gave way to bitter tears and heart-rending sobs.

"Behold their work!" shouted one. "They have robbed us, they have burned our possessions, they have killed the old man, they have insulted his daughters, they have driven us to starvation. To death with them! To death with them!"

"Save us! befriend us! the king will reward you," cried the wretches in agony. "A thousand *louis d'or* to him who will rescue us?"

The crowd gathered closer about the doomed men. They tried in vain to attract the attention of friends. Their voices could not be heard by those who would be willing to assist them. Duruy interposed in their behalf, but in the melee he appeared rather to be assisting their executioners.

As the circle closed narrowly around them, they tried to intimidate the mob by threats of the vengeance of the king, but it was vain. They were borne a short distance from the scene of their capture, and made to face the bodies of the men whom they had slain. On the spot where these bodies lay a long iron crowbar was driven into the ground, and the un-

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happy victims were bound to it. They struggled and shrieked as now the method of their approaching death became apparent to them, but their captors were inexorable. Fagots were brought and piled up around the wretches, and they were told to prepare themselves for death.

Duruy made a last appeal for the lives of the prisoners. He called attention to the enormity of the offense of putting a man to death, even under the most humane circumstances. He told them how much greater was this crime when the death was to be attended by such suffering. He cited to them the teachings they had received from him, and spoke of the mercy and forgiveness of Christ, whose followers they were expected to be. "My friends, the vengeance of the king and his emissaries will not be satisfied until their deaths are avenged a hundred fold upon you, and the scourge of God will attend you forever as a result of your cruelty. Reconsider your determination. There is yet time for you to save yourselves from the devouring flames of your own remorse. Remember who he is that speaks to you!"

"We have ever honored and obeyed you," returned the spokesman of the crowd, "and we acknowledge our debt of gratitude to you for your counsel. But these men have by their crimes placed themselves beyond the reach of our mercy and have sacrificed their right to live. As a warning to others they wronged us; as a warning to others shall they be slain. Their fate is sealed. You cannot change it, and therefore no one can."

"What confessions have you to make?" he asked, turning to the prisoners.

"May we see a priest?"

"He is here," answered the spokesman, beckoning Duruy forward.

"By whose orders did you commit the crimes for which you are to receive punishment?" asked Duruy.

"By the order of the king through Paul Levon," was the answer.

"Why did he wish the peasants of this village to suffer so?"

"One of your number came to the king, bringing word of the former cruelty practised here on a nobleman and demanding that punishment be meted out."

"Who was the man?"

"His name is Pierre Lemoyne."

"Pierre Lemoyne!" exclaimed Duruy involuntarily. "It is as I thought. He has sold himself for the favor of the king. Do you know where he is now?" he asked the prisoners.

"No. If he were here he would save us."

Duruy again appealed for the lives of the wretches, and the leader of the executioners answered angrily, "By the Lord! I believe you desire their reward! Have you turned traitor to our cause?"

The look of remonstrance and pain from Duruy's eyes recalled the speaker to his better judgment, and he apologized for his hasty accusation, but persisted in his determination to enact the scene of death.

Duruy then asked the victims if they had any confessions to make. They answered that they would make their confession to him as a Catholic priest, and receive from him prayers for their souls.

Then did this good man kneel down, and with as much earnestness and faith as if the three were his dearest friends, offer his vain prayers in their behalf, petitioning forgiveness for their sins, and asking for the admission of their souls through the pangs of purgatory to the place of eternal rest.

He withdrew, and the torch was brought. Again the blood-curdling shrieks and frantic struggles of the wretches, as the flames curled around their limbs and mounted to their shoulders. The mob danced and laughed in glee at the sufferings of the assassins, while Duruy, overcome

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with grief at the terrible scene, turned away and wept bitterly.

The agony, though intense, was of short duration. Gradually the struggles of the victims became weaker, and at length one by one the bodies fell into the ashes and cinders, and the stillness of death came upon them. The former wrongs of the peasants had been avenged, but their vengeance was to bear fruit of agony and terror to them!

CHAPTER VI.

Contentions fierce,
Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.
Scott.

LEMOYNE, who had witnessed this scene at a distance, left the spot fully an hour before the peasants, in company with Duruy, had buried the ashes of the victims and obliterated all traces of the deed. He walked toward the village, his mind occupied with thought upon his best method of making use of the important testimony of which he had just come into possession, for the destruction of Duruy and the advancement of himself. "What will be my satisfaction in possessing the wealth I may gain from this and future transactions, and even in securing revenge upon the cause of my sorrow, if she who has been and still is the dearest object on earth to me, cannot be mine? My love for her becomes stronger and more fervent eaeh day. Hour after hour, I think of her, and the thought that her graces of mind and person are never destined to increase my happiness, makes my waking thoughts of her tortures, my dream's nightmares."

A cloud threw a shadow upon him and then passed off, leaving the sun apparently brighter than before. "Is that not a token of my state?" he thought with a feeling of exultation. "The sun of my pleasures has been obscured by her infatuation for Duruy. Surely when she hears of the deed he has this day assisted in perpetrating, her infatuation for the priest will be hidden by her loathing for a murderer. We shall see."

His head was bowed as he proceeded on his way, and he scarcely thought of the course he was taking till he observed with a start that he was before the house of Duruy. He stopped where a group of trees hid him from view of the window, and seemed debating in his mind what he should do. At length he assumed a determined air, and approached the door. Jeanne sat at the window awaiting the arrival of her husband. She started at the sight of Lemoyne, and arose with some embarrassment to bid him enter.

As the two stood face to face, over each came the memory of the past, with the changing relationships between them, and for a few moments both were silent. At length she gained sufficient control of herself to ask in great anxiety if he had seen her husband.

"I have seen him," he answered with an air of concern.

"You have seen him? Where?" she cried in alarm. He hesitated. "Pierre," she cried with intense urgency, "tell me where my husband is. Is he—is he in danger?"

"Yes, he is in danger," answered Lemoyne, "by the terrible deed he has helped perpetrate today, he has exposed himself to danger, the magnitude of which neither he nor you can understand."

"What do you mean by speaking in riddles?" she asked impatiently. "If my husband were a criminal condemned to death, you could not assume a more serious mien. Speak openly. Again I ask, where is he?"

"The deed he has committed is as serious as you have said. It is such as to doom him to a fate which you cannot even imagine. There were witnesses to the crime, who will not hesitate in bearing information of it where it will do him the greatest possible harm. When it becomes known to the king that three of his

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ministers have received such treatment at the hands of the villagers, he will not stop in the execution of his vengeance until all the guilty have been punished. And do not think that the intelligent leaders will receive lighter punishments than they who were led in ignorance and blindness to the commission of the deed. Claude Duruy's superior education and intelligence will bring him a heavier punishment, for he was not a follower, but a leader in the atrocity."

"Your words inspire in me a nameless terror, because the offense of which you speak is thus far nameless. Tell me the worst. If he has been guilty even of murder, he is yet my husband, and I have a right to know his crime, that I may be the first to judge him."

"He has committed murder. Not the murder which is content with seeing its victim die, but that which delights in prolonged torture. I shudder even now to think of the crime!"

"Tell me of it!" she cried impatiently. "I must know it!"

"Then listen. Three of the king's tax-gatherers were passing through the village, when a mob, your husband at its head, set upon them, bound them, and burned them at the stake!"

"Burned them at the stake?" shrieked the poor woman, staggering to her chair. "Burned them at the stake? O, my husband, what spirit of cruelty possessed you?

"Jeanne," said Lemoyne in an insinuating tone, "it was cruel. The poor wretches screamed and begged in terror, but your husband and his companions were inexorable. I could not endure the scene. It was appalling!" He came to her side and laid his arm on the rail of her chair. "Jeanne, tell me if you do not consider his crime a cruel one. Do you still think the man who committed this offence, worthy of the love of such a woman as you? Your nature is so refined, so gentle, so trusting, so considerate. You were led into marriage by him, thinking him as noble as yourself. You see now your mistake. Consider his crime and the punishment he must suffer through it. Think of the dis grace in which you shall have to share. He will surely suffer death, or a worse punishment even than that. You will be known as a murderer's wife. You will be shunned by your former associates. Every species of infamy endured by your husband, shall be shared by you. Think of your prospects, Jeanne! How could he expose you to such a fate?"

Jeanne was weeping bitterly, and each word uttered by Lemoyne added to the poignancy of her grief. He continued: "Jeanne, I loved you before you saw Claude Duruy. As a child I adored you. In my venturesome spirit, I was willing to scale the mountain heights or descend into the depths of the valley, to pluck the brightest flower for your garlands. Do you not remember how we plighted our faith to each other while playing on the banks of the Gironde? How we gathered the pebbles along its course and built miniature houses, in anticipation of the one we were to erect and occupy where the river is wedded to the sea? Ah Jeanne, constant as the sun to his course has been my love for you. The thought of that happy time brings with it a renewal of my hopes. You spoke to me in kindness then, almost in tenderness. I almost think you loved me. Your infatuation for him changed this feeling for a time, but your knowledge of his crime has overcome that. There is now no barrier. Escape from the fate to which he would consign you. Renounce your allegiance to him who is no longer worthy to be called your husband, who has forfeited all claim to your love and obedience. Jeanne Jeanne, my love, my hope, fly with me!" As he spoke, his arm encircled her half-fainting form, and his lips were pressed upon her brow.

In the extremity of her grief she had scarcely heard his words of love;

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she had not understood their import. His touch, however, burning as it was with passion, aroused her from the lethargy of grief into which his news had thrown her. She sprang to her feet and faced him with scarlet cheeks and blazing eyes. "Pierre Lemoyne," she cried, in a tone of mingled horror and indignation; "did you come here to comfort me in this manner? Is this your friendship? Is it not enough that you should bring me the first bitterness my heart has known, but you must add insults to the injury you have done my feelings? I understand now. The report you have brought me regarding my husband is false. He could not have done such a thing. You have told me this to draw my loyalty from him and fix my thoughts upon you. Leave me! I loathe you!

"Another word," said Lemoyne, haughtily. "What I have told you is true, as you shall soon hear to your sorrow. Not only was your husband capable of committing this crime, but he led others into it. I saw him. I will be the witness against him. With the testimony I give, his life will not be worth so much as a ripple of the Gironde. Hear me patiently!" he exclaimed, as she was about to interrupt. "You will find it worth your while. A few days ago I was in the presence of the king. His courtiers were ranged around him, and his beautiful companion, the Comtesse Du Barri, was at his side. The question of the rebellions of the peasants came up for discussion. In his anger and hatred of all things plebeian, the king vowed that he would not rest until the leaders of rebellion in his domain were brought to justice. That vow has been recorded; it is unchangeable. To make it still more binding, the Comtesse Du Barri offered a reward of a thousand *louis d'or* for the first apprehension and conviction of a man engaged in the leadership of the peasant mobs. What his punishment will be, you can judge by the magnitude of the reward. Do you not think that I who saw your husband commit this act today, can with a word claim this reward, and consign him to his punishment? I alone, of all who saw the deed committed, can give this testimony and secure his conviction. He is in my power!"

The eyes of the faithful wife were filled with pleading. "Save him! save him!" she cried in anguish. "Surely you will not sell so noble a man to the vengeance of his enemies. You will not betray the cause in which you took so active a part, for the sake of this reward! Consider your thoughts and feelings if you are forced to look upon yourself as a Judas to the cause of freedom. Withhold your testimony and save him!"

He shook his head. "Again I entreat you," she exclaimed, with renewed energy. "We will give you this reward. We will double it, treble it, though I labor till my death to pay the debt. Will this move you?" In her earnestness she grasped his hand and looked with intense pleading into his face.

He leaned over her. "Jeanne," he said, in a voice husky with passion, "I will do it on one condition!"

"Name it." He hesitated. She looked at him again and saw the baleful glare of his eye. Her face assumed an ashy pallor, and she tried to withdraw her hand. He grasped it more firmly. "Yield!" he said; "your husband's life and liberty are the price!" "My husband would rather die a thousand deaths! Unhand me!"

She shrieked and struggled in her efforts to free herself. At length, with a supreme effort she broke from him and ran to a little shelf which stood in a corner. He sprang after her. Quick as thought she seized a small pistol from the shelf, and leveled it at him. He saw the movement and recoiled. She followed him until he crept out of the

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door and escaped through the fields. Then her overburdened spirit gave way, and she sank fainting to the floor. When she recovered consciousness, her husband was bathing her temples and wrists, and calling her by endearing names.

"Tell me it is not true," she earnestly said. "Say that you have not committed this dreadful deed. Ah Claude, you could not do it!"

"I have done nothing of which I cannot speak to you openly," he frankly replied. Then he told her the events of the morning, with which the reader is already familiar.

"Thank God!" she fervently cried. "My husband did an act of mercy and love, and not one of cruelty and hate. Thank God!"

"But Jeanne," he asked in alarm, "why do I find you here fainting, all indications pointing to a struggle, a pistol at your side? What does it mean?"

"Let it pass, my love," she answered, nestling contentedly in his embrace. "It was only a—a—dream, a terrible hallucination."

"Nay, my girl," he replied earnestly, "there has been more than the shadow of a dream here. These signs indicate a stern reality. Tell me, darling."

After much hesitation, with downcast eyes and burning cheeks, she told him of the perfidy of Lemoyne. "Claude, stay!" she cried, as her husband rushed toward the door, "What would you do?"

"I would kill him!" he replied in anger. "He has forfeited his life to my honor."

"No, my dearest," she said pleadingly, "do not give way to anger. It is past now. He knows I can defend myself, and he will not be here again. If you are innocent of the crime he tries to prove upon you, he can do you no harm. Stay with me. I am not well."

Her pleadings produced their effect upon him. They were soon discussing, with almost as much lightness and joy as if the events of the day had been but a dream, the hopes and plans of the future.

The next day Duruy met Lemoyne in the village street. "You are a traitor and a coward," said the former. "Your soul is black with your treachery. Resent this as you see fit." As he spoke, he struck Lemoyne and felled him to the ground. Lemoyne sprang to his feet and drew his sword. Duruy was similarly armed, for in those days of injustice, violence, and treachery, each man had to carry a weapon for his own protection. As Lemoyne rushed upon him, thinking to take him at a disadvantage, Duruy adroitly parried the thrust, and the contest began. Duruy had taught fencing in the village school, but he little thought when engaged in mimic battle with his pupils, that one of them would ever use the skill acquired from him, in a cause so serious as the present. When the conflict was at its height, a man stole along the hedge, and hiding himself behind it, watched the fight with evident interest. It was Paul Levon.

At length the superior skill of Duruy became apparent. Lemoyne began retreating. His eyes became unsteady, his brain whirled, and before Duruy could withdraw his point, his enemy fell forward with his full weight upon it. The sharp sword was driven directly through his right lung, and protruded some three inches behind his shoulder. Duruy withdrew his sword, looked warily around, and retreated to the little church, where he changed his citizen's dress for his priestly vestments, and sallied forth to see the dying man.

In the meantime, Paul Levon advanced to the side of Lemoyne. "Well, my Pierre," he said in a mocking tone, "you bleed well if you are a a stone. How do you like the service of the king? It is ended so far as you are concerned, for in the place where you will meet him soon he will

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hardly care to associate with you or engage you."

"You villain!" exclaimed Lemoyne, "Is this the reward you have been promising me? How have I been paid for entering your service?"

"Not with the thousand *louis d'or*," said Levon, laughing sarcastically. "I think, since the priestly pedagog, Duruy, has brought you to this condition, and I am a witness of it, I can easily claim the thousand, eh? *Mon Dieu!* it is excellent. I would not have thought that an ass like you could have served me so well. Good-bye, Lemoyne. When you reach the gates of purgatory, take your station there and wait for me. I will be along"—he added after a moment's pause—"when there are no fools here to do my bidding." With these words he departed.

Duruy soon reached Lemoyne's side. "Forgive me, Pierre," he cried in sorrow. "I did not mean to kill you."

"Claude," said Pierre in shame and repentance, "Take to your wife my regrets for my insult to her. I see my mistake now. I trusted in the promise of a traitor to a traitor. No wonder I was deceived. Farewell."

"Farewell, old friend," said Duruy, in deep grief. "Your mistakes deserved death, but not at this hand. God, whose vengeance I have taken upon myself, judge between us!" He took the hand of the dying man and offered a prayer for his soul as it departed.

A crowd of peasants gathered. Seeing Lemoyne's sword, now covered with blood, lying at his side, they raised the cry of suicide. Duruy did not undeceive them. The secret of the death of Pierre Lemoyne was in two bosoms. Claude Duruy and Paul Levon knew. All others were ignorant of it.

Laertes.

(To be continued.)

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

II.

OUTLINE OF MATHEMATICS (CONTINUED).

I.—FUNDAMENTAL DIVISIONS.

"THERE are but three things," says De Morgan,* "of which we cannot divest ourselves so long as we imagine ourselves to retain both existence and consciousness of existence: they are thought, space, and time. With everything else there is a possibility of dispensing; that is, the imagination can conceive everything got rid of, and out of existence, except its own consciousness in some kind of activity, and the space and time without which it cannot conceive existence. The necessary laws of thought are the subject matter of logic: the necessary properties of space and time are the subject matter of mathematics." Kant, the great German philosopher, defines mathematics as the "science of the laws of space and time, since it treats of quantities occupying space and time, and representable by diagrams, numbers or symbols." These extracts clearly indicate the general field of mathematical investigation. They do not, however, disclose the philosophical character of the science, nor its specific functions.

The true principle of division has been indicated in our definition. The function of mathematics is either to deduce the properties of number and figured extension or to determine unknown magnitudes from those that are known. But in the deduction of the properties of number and extension and in the determination of magnitudes, mathematics has for its subject-matter the ideal world of space and time—geometrical forms and the combinations of number.

* *Cyclopedia of Arts and Sciences*, vol. v., p. 530.

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The primary and fundamental relations of thought are the relations of space and time. For whatever exists, so far as is known to us, exists in space; and whatever acts, acts in time. Consequently the conditions of all existence and of all activity are the properties of space and time. The laws under which things exist and act cannot be proved, nor even stated, without express or implied reference to these properties.

Space, as here used, is considered independently of anything which it contains, and may be defined as boundless extension. It embraces all matter, in whatever form it may exist. Time, which comprises all motion, may be defined as endless succession.* Mathematical science gives the laws of both space and time, and applies those laws to all practical investigations. It may, therefore, be logically divided into two fundamental divisions, *pure* and *applied*. *Pure mathematics* has for its object the deduction of the laws of space and time. It considers magnitude or quantity abstractly, without reference to matter. *Applied mathematics* treats of magnitude as subsisting in material bodies, and consequently embraces the applications of the principles and laws of the pure mathematics to all investigations in which the mathematical language is employed,—to the solution of all questions of a practical nature, whether they relate to abstract or concrete quantity.

II.—SUBDIVISIONS OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS.

The applied mathematics includes all those subjects in which a few axioms are mathematically shown to be sufficient for the deduction of the most important phenomena. Hence the relation among its subdivisions is determined by the nature of the phenomena with which they deal, and therefore calls for no dialectic. Among the sciences which it includes are those treating of pressure, motion, light, heat, sound, electricity, and magnetism; and among the principal arts, are surveying, architecture, fortification, and navigation. Any grouping which these branches may require, in order to render clear their mutual relations, will sufficiently appear in the tabulated outline at the close of this article; so that no further consideration of this division of mathematics is necessary than merely to mention the fact that the number

*Though these definitions are vague and, like all definitions, are open to criticism and may be improved, still they convey a general idea of the mathematical conceptions of space and time.

The *infinite continuity* implied in "boundless" or unbeginning and unending extension, and "endless" or unceasing succession or motion is a thought entirely beyond the comprehension of the conceptive understanding. To it nothing but the *finite*, the *externally* limited, is comprehensible. However, these thoughts of the infinite need not be rejected as meaningless abstractions; for, by the aid of the reasoning faculty, they may be brought within the *finite* and, therefore, to their more intelligible phase: in the infinite of space, this faculty locates the *point*, and finds a *here* and a *there;* in the continuity of time it posits the *instant*, and finds a *then*, a *now*, and a *hereafter*. Between these as limits, the whole mystery of *extension* is resolved into a *limited extent;* and that of motion into a *distance traversed in a given time*. Now, by conceiving these finites, extension and duration, to be indefinitely extended, their correlates, space and time, in their more general signification as applied to the infinite, may be understood; for, as Noah Porter says (*The Human Intellect*, p. 569), "Though space and time cannot be conceived or defined in the sense in which those objects can be conceived and defined which bear relation to them, yet, on the other hand, they can be thought by means of their relations to these objects. Limited objects must be related to their unlimited correlates. These correlates can be known and described by means of the relations which they in their turn hold to these objects. In whatever sense they may be said to be unconditioned, infinite, and absolute, they are not so in any such sense as to exclude the possibility of being related to the limited finite. By means of these relations they can be both conceived and known."

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of its subdivisions is potentially unlimited, and will continue to increase with man's increasing knowledge of the material world.

III.—SUBDIVISIONS OF PURE MATHEMATICS.

Turning now to pure mathematics, we have in this division the essence of the whole problem of classification. It corresponds to what Howison designates as *speculative* mathematics, and includes Comte's *abstract* and all but mechanics of his *concrete* division. The subdivisions of this portion of mathematical science have been variously stated. Since it involves the "investigation of the numerical laws which connect the parts of figures and the constituents of motions with each other, and the working out, from the relations given by these laws, of the actual magnitudes or motion-elements sought," Professor Howison maintains* that "the entire field of [speculative] mathematics divides itself into two main provinces: the one a *body of doctrine* concerning the numerical combinations which have to be made of given parts of figures, or given parts in a moving system, in order to obtain required parts; the other, a *theory of operations* by which the doctrines of the first may be represented, transformed, and finally evaluated by means of the processes which we call the essential properties of number." He accordingly divides his speculative mathematics into a *Mathesis* and a *Calculus*, the former *creating* the system of functions and the latter *transforming* and *evaluating* its members when created. The mathesis he subdivides into geometry and mechanics; and the calculus, into algebra and arithmetic. Algebra is again divided into lower calculus or common algebra and higher calculus, including the differential and integral calculus and the calculus of variations. †

* George H. Howison. *Departments of Mathematics*, Jour. Spec. Phil., vol. v., p. 170.

† The following is a detailed statement of Professor Howison's attempt at classification:

A. SPECULATIVE MATHEMATICS=the Science of the Functional Laws by which to convert Figure and Force into Number.

I. THE MATHESIS=the Science which *creates* Functions, by establishing the Laws of Derivation.

1. *Geometry*=the Science of Figure.
   - *a.* Computative, in which the Derivation of Quantities is left to be effected by *Calculation.*
     - *α.* Pure Geometry.
     - *β.* Analytic Geometry.
   - *b.* Constructive, in which Derivation is effected by proportional drawing.
     - *α.* Graphics=Direct constructive Geometry.
     - *β.* Descriptive Geometry=Indirect constructive Geometry.

2. *Mechanics*=the Science of Force.
   - *a.* Statics=the Science of Equilibrium.
   - *b.* Dynamics=the Science of Motion.

II. THE CALCULUS=the Science which *computes* Functions, either in Form or in Value.

1. *Algebra*=the Science of the *Transformation* of Functions.
   - *a.* Lower Calculus (Common Algebra).
   - *b.* Higher Calculus.
     - *α.* Differential and Integral Calculus.
     - *β.* Calculus of Variations.

2. *Arithmetic*=the Science of the *Evaluation* of Functions.
   - *a.* Theory of Numbers.
   - *b.* Theory of Operations.

B. APPLIED MATHEMATICS=the Use of the Science in reducing Phenomena to Number.

I. Astronomy. II. Surveying. III. Navigation. * * *

For a statement of Montucla's and Comte's subdivisions, see CONTRIBUTOR, vol. xv., pp. 158, 159.

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This division, however, is open to serious criticism. For, even though it be one of the provinces of mathematics to investigate the numerical laws connecting the parts of figures and the constituents of motions, there is no philosophic reason for designating it as a mathesis (*learning*) of mathematics. Moreover, the term *calculus*, though primarily meaning to *calculate* or *compute*, has for nearly a century, since the days of Comte, been used by mathematicians to designate a particular field of mathematical investigation. In fact, it has been more or less restricted in its meaning ever since the invention of the notation of fluxions, or the "fluxional calculus," by Newton in 1666; and of the notation of differentials, or the "differential calculus," by Leibnitz in 1675. There is no justification, therefore, for its present use as a general term applied to all computative mathematics. Besides, if the calculus *were* used in its original meaning, its subdivisions would not be restricted to the subjects named above, but would include all *computative* work whatever, and hence, Howison's "computative" geometry, both pure and analytic, "in which the derivation of quantities is left to be effected by *calculation*." Again, even should we grant that the mathesis, as a method of "creating functions," is a division of pure mathematics, the classification of geometry as a subordinate province of mathesis is unscientific: as a "science of figure," geometry, in the determination of the properties of figured extension, can hardly be regarded as any more *creative* in its methods than are other branches of mathematics.

Professor J. M. Long also attempts* the classification of pure mathematics by dividing it into two fundamental divisions; namely, *computative*, "treating of the general science of numbers," and *geometrical*, "the science of extensive quantity." The object of the computative mathematics is to "compute the phenomena of nature by means of number and ratio," while the geometrical division relates only to "the sphere of figured extension." Under the computative division, Long places arithmetic and analysis, the latter including calculus and algebra; and under the geometrical, demonstrative and constructive geometry. The demonstrative geometry he divides again into quantitative and qualitative, referring to the former division trigonometry and mensuration, and to the latter, analytical and synthetic geometry.

But this scheme is likewise unphilosophical, both in its fundamental divisions and most important details. In Euclid's *Elements* most of the propositions involve more or less directly the idea of measurement, and all of book v. is devoted to a discussion of the theory of proportion. Very few of the propositions relate merely to the position or form of the figures with which they deal, without involving measurement or computation. Besides, in modern geometry there are chapters on anharmonic *ratios* and other metrical properties. Hence, what Long calls geometrical is also largely computative, and *vice versa*. The unscientific character of his classification is further shown in the subdivisions. First, arithmetic and analysis cannot be regarded as co-ordinate branches of computative mathematics. Long gives no reason for considering them as such; nor, indeed, could he give any logical reason, because arithmetic, the primary operations of which, as shown below, are synthesis and analysis, may, as well as algebra and calculus, be classed as a subdivision of analysis. Again, analytical geometry is undoubtedly a subject of analysis, as well as of geometry, and may as well, therefore, be classed with the first as with the second grand division. There is no distinctive differ-

*Classification of Mathematical Science, Jour. Spec. Phil., vol. xx., pp. 417–25.

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ence; for, considered with reference to its object-matter, it is geometrical; and with reference to its methods, analytical. It is at this juncture that the root of Long's inaccuracy is apparent: his error arises naturally out of an attempt to find, at the same time, the divisions of mathematics both according to their object-matter, and the methods according to which a subject is discussed.

But had he attempted to determine the departments of mathematics either by their object matter or by their methods of investigation, his classification would doubtless still have been defective, as are those of both Comte and Howison. As stated above, the subject matter of mathematics is the ideal world of space and time, the correlates of extension and duration; but time objects and space objects are so related as to preclude the possibility of discussing either independently of the other. There is no existence except in time, and no consciousness of time except through the relations of things. It is not possible, therefore, in our investigations, to separate space and time so as to build upon each a distinctive division of mathematical science. Neither does it seem possible to classify the subjects of pure mathematics by distinguishing between the methods according to which a given object matter is discussed. All the branches of mathematics consist more or less of both the great processes, synthesis and analysis; so that, as seen in all three of the above outlines, a subject which, in some of its divisions, is analytic may, in others, be synthetic, and according to method therefore could be classed with either of two great departments.

What, then, is the basis of classification? Since there are some twenty subjects of pure mathematics, besides their various subdivisions, there must be some logical means of classifying them; else it would be impossible to form any conception of the science as a whole—to reduce it to an organic unity. The principal divisions of pure mathematics must be subjects with *certain specific and characteristic functions, from which the various other branches of the science may be seen logically to unfold.* They may, however, to some extent, employ the same general methods in the investigation of different subjects; or, different methods in the discussion of the same object-matter. But each must occupy a special field of operation, separate and distinct from that of any other.

There are four subjects which, upon examination, will be found to satisfy these conditions. They are Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Calculus.

1—Arithmetic.

"Number was primarily a thought in the mind of Deity. He put forth His creative hand, and number became a fact of the universe. It was projected everywhere, in all things, and through all things. The flower numbered its petals, the crystal counted its faces, the insect its eyes, the evening its stars, and the moon, time's golden horologe, marked the months and the seasons. Man was created to apprehend the numerical idea. Finding it embodied in the material world, he exclaimed, with the enthusiasm of Pythagoras, *Number is the essence of the universe, the archetype of creation!* He meditated upon it with enthusiasm, followed its combinations, traced its relations, unfolded its mystic laws, and created with it a science—the beautiful science of arithmetic."*

With number as its subject matter, arithmetic may be defined as the science which treats of the relations of numbers, and of the methods of computing by means of them.

* * * * * *

The origin of arithmetic is not definitely known, but the term is

*Edward Brooks. *Philosophy of Arithmetic*, p. 67.

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derived from the Greek word *arithmos*, number reckoning. Notwithstanding the obscurity and uncertainty in which the origin of the elementary processes of arithmetic must, of necessity, be involved, it is evident that every people, however uncivilized, must have possessed some ideas of numbers, and employed them in their transactions with each other. Even *barter*, the most primitive method of exchange, could not be carried on between individuals without some system of estimating values by *how much* and *how many*. From this, however, it must not be inferred that the *science* of arithmetic is coeval with the race; for, although all races of which there is authentic record knew something of numbers and mechanics, and although the majority of them were also acquainted with the elements of land-surveying, yet the rules they possessed were in general founded on the results of observation and experiment, and were neither deduced from any science nor did they form part of any science.

The modern perfect form of the science became possible only through the denary system* of notation, the invention of which was the most important event in the history of arithmetic. This system has been attributed to various nations, the honor of its invention having been claimed at different times for the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Phœnicians and Greeks, respectively; but each of these claims has gradually faded away, and modern investigations point unmistakably to its origin in India. The so-called Arabic characters also originated among the Hindoos. The influence exerted by the Arabs in the introduction of the system into Europe led to the belief that it originated with them, and caused it to be called the *Arabic* system. It is now positively known, however, that the Arabs were not its originators. They were not acquainted with the denary characters before the eighth or ninth century, and did not adopt the denary system until after an easy communication was opened with Hindoostan. It should be said also that the Arabs do not claim* the invention of these figures, but universally ascribe them to the Indians, and there is little doubt that the latter were the original inventors of the numerical symbols and the system of denary arithmetic.

According to Professor Ball of Cambridge, the earliest work known to contain a systematic exposition of the decimal system of numeration, or *algoristic* arithmetic, was the *Lilavati*, a work on arithmetic which was written by Bhaskara, a noted Hindoo mathematician of the twelfth century. Dr. Brooks, however, ascribes to Avicenna the honor of having written the oldest arithmetic in which were employed the Arabic figures and the decimal system. Avicenna was an eminent Arabian physician, who lived in Bokhara about the tenth century A. D. His work was found in manuscript in the library at Cairo, Egypt. To a translation of *Lilavati* by Henry Thomas Colebrooke,† an author equally remarkable for his profound knowledge of oriental literature and for his scientific acquirements, is prefixed a dissertation on the state of arithmetical knowledge among the Hindoos, Arabs, and the

* The notation by nine figures and zero, generally known as the decimal or common scale, in which the ratio is ten. It is the system universally used in modern arithmetics.

See note, p. 237.

* The first Arabian who wrote on the Indian method of computation is stated by Arabic authors to have been Ben Musa, who lived about the end of the ninth century (Colebrooke. *Dissertation*, p. 69). This testimony is confirmed by almost every subsequent work on arithmetic in which these figures, called *Hindasi*, are written from left to right, after the manner of the Hindoos, directly contrary to the Arabic order of writing (Silvester de Sacy. *Gram. Arab.*, vol. i., p. 76).

† *Algebra, with Arithmetic and Mensuration from the Sanskrit.*

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Greeks. In this work Colebrooke discusses the respective merits of these people to originality in the possession and invention of the rules of arithmetic, and establishes beyond controversy that Brahmagupta, an author frequently quoted by Bhaskara, and whose treatises on arithmetic are extant, lived in the early part of the seventh century. He also shows that Arya-Bhata, who is referred to by Brahmagupta, and considered the oldest of their uninspired writers, lived at least as early as the fifth century, and probably at a much earlier period.*

Speaking of the early Hindoo writers, Professor George Peacock of Cambridge University says† that "in no case is the original invention of the notation by nine digits and zero referred to by any of these authors, but is always stated to be one of the benefactions of Deity, which is the best proof of its possessing an antiquity antecedent to all existing records. * * * There can be no doubt of the Hindoos possessing this notation long before the Persians, Arabs, or any western people." Again, referring to this system, Greenleaf says, "It is evident that our numeral characters and our method of computing by them were in use among the Arabians about the beginning of the eighth century;" and George M'Arthur, sub-editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica, in his article on arithmetic, makes this statement:‡ "The [denary] system was known to the Arabians in the ninth century, and in course of the tenth it seems to have come into general use among them, especially in their astronomical tables and other writings." From these statements, notwithstanding the discrepancies in regard to dates, it appears that the denary system was not in use among the Arabs earlier than the eighth or the ninth century; and it is therefore evident that the Hindoo arithmetic, which, as shown above, is at least as old as Diaphantus, preceded by four centuries the introduction of this science among the Arabs.

The earliest writers on arithmetic, of whom there is definite knowledge, were the Greeks. Pythagoras, an eminent geometer who lived about 600 B. C., attached great importance to numbers. He classified them into prime and composite, perfect and imperfect, redundant and defective, plane, solid, triangular, etc.,—a division which is followed by modern writers. Euclid was the first writer on arithmetic whose works have come down to us. He treats of numbers in the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth books of his *Elements*. Among other early writers who have added to arithmetical science are Archimedes, an eminent mathematician of the third century B. C., and Eratosthenes, who flourished about a century later. The latter invented what is known as *Eratosthenes' sieve*, a method of determining prime numbers. Diophantus of Alexandria, who lived about the middle of the fifth century, composed thirteen books or chapters on arithmetic, and is also celebrated as the first writer on the science of algebra. Boetheus wrote a work on arithmetic about the beginning of the sixth century, "which," says Dr. Brooks,* "was the classical work of the middle ages, and became the model of many subsequent writers, even down to the fifteenth century."

It is still a question when and by whom the modern system of arithmetic was originally brought into Europe. It is generally believed, how-

* Professor Ball gives (*History of Mathematics*, pp. 153–6) the date of the birth of Arya-Bhata as 476, A. D.; of Brahmagupta, 598; and of Bhaskara, 1114. He also states (p. 161) that the Arabs were in possession of Brahmagupta's work on arithmetic before the beginning of the ninth century.

† *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, vol. i., pp. 412, 413.

‡ *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. ii., p. 526.

* *Philosophy of Arithmetic*, p. 34.

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ever, to have been by Leonardo of Pisa, who, having spent several years in Barbary, where he became familiar with the Arabic numerals, returned to Italy, and in 1202 published his work called the *Liber Abbaci.** In the preface to this work Leonardo gives a short account of his travels in Egypt, Barbary, Syria, Greece, and Sicily. His language implies that the Arabic system was previously unknown to his countrymen, for having found it much more convenient, as he says, than that used in Europe, he published it "in order that the Latin race might no longer be deficient in the complete knowledge of that method of computation." But that the *Abbaci* was the first work on this subject that appeared in Italy is evident from other authority than that of Leonardo himself, as nearly all subsequent Italian writers on arithmetic ascribe the honor of priority to him. It is however probable that, although the system was not then in common use in Europe, a knowledge of it as a method was previously not uncommon among travelers and merchants, for the intercourse between Christians and Mohammedans was sufficiently close for each to learn something of the language and common practices of the other. It was Leonardo, however, who brought the system into general use. His work had a wide circulation, and within thirty or forty years the Arabic system of numeration was commonly employed by the merchants of Italy. Lucas Pacioli, an Italian monk, was the author of the first printed treatise on arithmetic. His great work, called *Summa di Arithmetica*, was printed at Venice in 1494. It is founded on the writings of Leonardo of Pisa.

After the appearance of the first few printed arithmetics, others appeared in rapid succession; new symbols of operation and of relation were invented or improved by different writers; and the science, augmented by the additions of modern genius, rapidly developed to its present perfect form.

All numerical ideas begin with the *unit*, which is the origin or basis of arithmetic. It is the fundamental idea from which originate all numbers and the science based upon them. Now the multiplication or division of the unit gives rise to two general classes of numbers, integers and fractions, which are treated of in arithmetic. Hence this science, from its primary conception, consists of two things, to increase and diminish numbers—to unite and to separate them. Its primary operations, therefore, are *synthesis* and *analysis*. Then to determine when and how to unite and to separate numbers, a process of reasoning is employed called *comparison*. By this process numbers are compared and their relations determined. Synthesis and analysis are the fundamental mechanical operations, suggested in the formation of numbers; and comparison is the fundamental thought process which controls these operations. The fundamental synthetic process is addition, of which multiplication is a special case in which the numbers added are all equal. Of the latter, composition, multiples, and involution are all special cases. Subtraction, the reverse of addition, is the general analytic process of which division is a special case where the same number is to be successively subtracted with the object of finding how many times it is contained. The special cases of division are factoring, evolution, and common divisor. By comparison is gained the general idea of relation, out of which arise several distinct arithmetical processes, such as ratio, proportion, progression, percentage, and properties of abstract numbers.

Arithmetic differs from all other branches in that it *deals with only*

* Dr. George Peacock. *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, vol. i., pp. 413–415; W. W. R. Ball. *History of Mathematics*, pp. 172–175.

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positive numbers—integral and fractional: its function is *the determination of values, the final reduction of all mathematical results to figures*, thus making them available in practice. It explains the methods of representing and reading numbers by means of figures, together with the operations, addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, raising to powers, and extracting roots of numbers. It also treats of the transformation of numbers from one scale to another.* Since the number of distinct arithmetical operations is limited to the number of possible combinations of the ten figures, the domain of arithmetic is, by its nature, narrowly restricted; still, it is more extensive than is commonly represented. There are many incidental questions treated of in analytical researches which consist of the determinations of values, and are therefore truly arithmetical. Of these are the calculation and construction of logarithmic and trigonometrical tables, and the

Theory of Numbers.

The object of the theory of numbers is to discover the properties inherent in different numbers independent of any system of numeration. It is a sort of transcendental arithmetic, which, originating with Euclid, has been developed in modern times, in the hands of Fermat, Euler, Lagrange, Gauss, Smith, and others, into a most extensive and interesting branch of mathematics.

The art of arithmetic consists in the judicious and skilful application of the various principles of the science, and is intimately blended with the every-day affairs of life. Indeed, of the practical utility of arithmetic, we may say, with Davies,* "It is at once an evidence and element of civilization. By its aid the child in the nursery numbers his toys, the housewife keeps her daily accounts, and the merchant sums up his daily business. The ten little characters, which we call figures, thus perform a very important part in human affairs. They are sleepless sentinels watching over all the transactions of trade and commerce, and making known their final results. They superintend the entire business affairs of the world. Their daily records exhibit the results on the stock exchange, and of enterprises reaching over the distant seas. The mechanic and the artisan express the final results of all their calculations in figures. The dimensions of buildings, their length, breadth, and height, as well as the proportions of their several parts, are all expressed by figures before the foundation stones are laid; and, indeed, all the results of science are reduced to figures before they can be made available in practice."

Wm. J. Kerr.

University of Utah.

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* The ordinary numbers used in arithmetic are expressed by means of multiples of powers of 10; for example,

$$264 = 2\times10^2+6\times10+4;$$
$$3475 = 3\times10^3+4\times10^2+7\times10+5.$$

This method of representing numbers is called the *denary* or *decimal* scale of notation, and ten is the *radix*.

Now all rules of decimal arithmetic are applicable to arithmetic in any scale, the only difference being that, in the scale of 7 say, there are only seven digits, 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and that the "carriages" go by 7's and not by 10's. To illustrate, in the scale of 7 (1) subtract 3465 from 6553: (2) add 3465 and 5432.

	Solution.	*Explanation.*
(1)	6553	$3+1\times7=10$, $10-5=5$;
	3465	$4+1\times7=11$, $11-6=5$;
	3055	$4-4=0$, $6-3=3$.
(2)	3465	$2+5=7=1\times7+0$;
	5432	$3+1+6=10=1\times7+3$;
		$4+1+4=9=1\times7+2$;
	12230	$5+1+3=9=1\times7+2$.

The results are (1) 3055; (2) 12230.

$$3055 = 3\times7^3+0\times7^2+5\times7+5;$$
$$12230 = 1\times7^4+2\times7^3+2\times7^2+3\times7+0.$$

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*Dr. Charles Davies. *The Nature and Utility of Mathematics*, pp. 383, 384.

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PREACHING AND PREACHING.

IV.

SUBJECT MATTER—GLITTERING GENERALITIES.

IF some writer should present for publication an essay of a few thousand words gravely arguing that, before a miller begins making flour he should see to it that he has some wheat to grind, would he get into print? Perhaps. At any rate, it seems that I am in print to the extent of a few thousand words on a similar proposition. In the light of this comparison, the work of holding up the thought that the preacher should know something, should be a man of some ideas, is humorous enough. But my justification is the wide-spread notion that preaching, like luck, is a gift to be waited for, rather than worked for, which notion, if true at all, is true only of the "gift of gab."

There is an admirable motto among us which is fast becoming popular with Latter-day Saints. It is this: "Let us be not only good but *good for something*." Now as applied to preaching, the "gift of gab," must certainly be counted good; and it becomes "good for something," when the instrument in question, having ceased to vibrate to mere muscular irritation, responds promptly to the dictates of a well-stored mind and a chastened heart.

Now comes the question: What should the mind be stored with? How should the heart be chastened? In other words, what may the Elder use as subject matter for sermons? What spirit should animate, i. e. make alive, this subject matter? To the first of these questions, every Sunday school child can truly answer: the word of God; and to the second: the Spirit of God. The revelations quoted in former articles declare that an Elder must continually treasure up in his mind, "the words of life;" and that he must speak, "in solemnity of heart in the spirit of meekness.

But what is meant by the *words of life* and by the *Spirit of God?* Certainly no Latter-day Saint would hesitate long in answering these questions. But would they be answers, or merely changes of expression? Let the reader try a number of replies. He will find it difficult to get beyond mere synonyms. Suppose we say the *words of life* signify "all that God has revealed, and all that He will reveal." What does the expression mean?—the Bible, the Book of Mormon, and other such revelations? Surely it must mean more than this. What of the truths and beauties of history, of literature, and of science? What of that most precious of all records, known as common sense, written by the rough pen of experience on every man's "book of life." Shall these be included or excluded? In short, where shall we limit the meaning of "words of life?"

The fact is, these familiar expressions mean little or much according to the mind that uses them. They are general names only, which to one soul bring a sound and to another a universe. To the simpleton, such an expression as the "words of life" causes less mind-activity than does the latest slang phrase. But to the sage, all that he knows and a million things besides that he despairs of knowing in this life, are comprehended in the words. In chemistry, in botany, in astronomy, in each of a thousand sciences and arts stand men staring with dismay at the ever-expanding field before them. Divisions and subdivisions have been made in each, and men have chosen narrower and still narrower branches of research, and life is then too short. Yet all this is included in the possible subject matter of an Elder in Israel. If all that men have observed, or thought, or discovered, invented, or come into contact with in any way, were combined and preserved so as to be within reach, it might take a

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million years for one man to master it all; yet what part of the meaning of "words of life" would he even then have gained? For answer, drop a bucket into eternity and when it is filled, see what intelligence is still left to draw from. Try to locate the place where the vessel was filled. Only in some such way as this can we bring home the conception of the awful truth.

No doubt every Elder whose mind has been lighted up by the Spirit of Truth has had a glimpse into the vistas of eternity and gained some perception of what the gospel embraces. Scarcely a Sunday passes that we do not hear some general expression of this as: "The gospel comprehends all that is good and true in all the world and in all the eternities." The thought is turned over and over, and illustrated by calling in the heathen, the sectarian, the infidel, and even the devil himself to contribute what truths they may have, to our system. And thus we glory not to say gloat over the thought that God has been so kind to us, that all the beautiful, the good, and the true in the universe is ours—ours to have and to enjoy.

But we do not enjoy. Too often we merely brag about the greatness and extent of our riches. No sooner do we get through with the catalogue of our good and great things than we begin over again.

"All the truths of history," says the Elder enthusiastically, "are ours, and God gives us His Spirit to understand them."

"Is that so? Stop, preacher, I'm overwhelmed with the multitude of these truths that are ours! They are far from me, and I see them only as I do the stars, with dim light and no warmth. My soul is sick and faint with all this immensity. Give me *one*, just one, of these truths, with its human bearings and relations. Clothe it in mortal garb and story form as Christ did.

"'Nature,' you say, 'proclaims the handiwork of God. Our Father may be seen in all His works.' Give me, then, some of these sublime lessons. Show me the loving Father in *one* of His works. Open my eyes to these beauties of nature. Only *one* lesson about a flower, one truth about the sunrise, and the rainbow in the dew-drop, and I shall be content. But no; you pass on still telling of the wealth that is ours. Not one specific idea! Words, words, words. Alas, alas!

> "'Water, water everywhere,
> But not a drop to drink.'"

Such is the cry of the hearts which here and there in our meetings, can articulate. But others are dumb and cannot tell what it is that pains them; while many are entirely oblivious to the want, and perhaps even gratified by a childish vanity that "we own so much."

Is it not pitiable to be told that this glorious gospel of ours embraces all the truths known to man, and immediately thereafter have to sit and listen for an indefinite period to the same old ideas dressed in the same old clothes? Might not a cynic be pardoned if he sat through such a meeting drawing silent conclusions like these: "Is that so? Well, I don't think all the truths in the world have been canvassed in this ward; suppose we have a fresh one or two today." "'The Lord's table.' That gives me an idea. Now, if all the good mental eatables in the universe belong to this gospel, why have we got to sit down today to husks?

"'Shakespeare and Milton inspired?' Heard it before. Now, I wonder if you're going to give us a single inspired passage to prove it? No. Did you ever read a page of Milton or Shakespeare? I'm afraid you're one of the nine out of every ten, that praise but never read Shakespeare and Milton. They'd give you ideas.

"'Heard 'em when you were a boy?' So did I. 'Good to have

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'em said often, over and over again?' I suppose so—if whatever is, is good. But—*good*—that must mean good to somebody. Whom, I wonder. Not to Brother Puffy who's been snoring for half an hour. The lounge at home would have been decidedly better. Not to that row of boys. They'll *be*, next Sunday, where their minds have been today. To me, perhaps? I've listened, so I must have developed the power of voluntary attention. There's a little grim satisfaction in that. But I feel for all the world as I used to when as a boy they kept me in the same grade three years, after I knew all the lessons off by heart. How I used to lam that old third reader down when I got home, and swear I'd never go again. Good? Yes, I suppose we'll have to call it good, but I can't help thinking it might have been better."

Forgive my illustrations when they are crude. Here is one: Have you ever observed the actions of a cow just taken from the remnants of a winter's hay stack and placed in a fresh new pasture where the tender grass and meadow flowers wave in the spring breeze? She gets excited. Her eyes grow wickedly large, and each becomes a mirror for a square rod or two of daisies and dandelions. Her tongue, long whetted on cornstalks, mows away at all this beauty and innocence like the sc, the of fate. Like fate, too, it mows here and there. Stopped for a moment in her mad fury by the necessity of swallowing, she gazes over the beautiful expanse of this bovine paradise, and away she goes! No more rest for her this day. Oh, for a pair of infinite jaws to gather and masticate all this greenness in one greedy bite! Not succeeding in this wish, she snips here, then runs, and snips there, and tramples into the ground a hundred times what she eats.

Now that my materials are gathered, I wish I were rid of the cow. However, one must often choose between elegance and force. Without stopping to call attention to the analogy that might be drawn on the change from cut and dried fodder to the living, growing food, I simply desire to point out that Elders too often imitate the cow, with this difference: that while the cow's rambling is a mere intoxication, seldom repeated more than once or twice, with the Elder it frequently becomes a habit.

The notions thus picked here and there from the field of truth have been well named "glittering generalities." God has wisely endowed us with the power to take general views. Without it we should never be able to see the grand whole; never be able to relate part to part in coordination or subordination, as the case may require. We should, in fact, be irretrievably lost in the labyrinths of particulars. Let us then duly sense the greatness of the endowment. But shall we for this reason, neglect the specific, the particular? What would you think of the farmer, for instance, who dipped into the work on his plantation, as some Elders dip here and there into the field of truth? Depend upon it, the world has scarcely any place of influence left for the man of merely general notions. And the reason is plain. He who cannot get down to specific ideas demonstrates the fact that so far as thinking is concerned, his mind is still inert; and ability to think is certainly required of one whose duty is to arouse thoughts and produce convictions in others.

Besides, this dwelling upon generalities, and constantly cataloguing and enumerating the points in which we surpass the *isms* of the sectarian world, not infrequently begets a pride as superficial and empty as that of the biblio-maniac, who is always buying books and committing to memory their names, but who never reads one. This self-complacency is the most fatal malady a mind can get, so far as progress is concerned; and when it strikes in upon an Elder

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about the time he has the first glimmering outlines of the Gospel, it stultifies his mental powers by puffing out his vanity, and leaves him a mere automaton capable thereafter of canvassing the entire scheme of salvation from beginning to end in one sermon!

But on the other hand, many who are not thus self-satisfied, who are in fact vaguely dissatisfied, seem to have lost the power to think themselves out of the rut of generalities into which habit has thrown them. For instance: it is so easy a thing to keep in memory, so indicative of profundity, to say: "The cure for all the ills that curse society is to be found in the Gospel, and only in the Gospel. The vain philosophies of men only lead mankind farther away from the light." This may be true. It is no purpose of mine to dispute it if it were not. Here we have a sweeping generalization, very gratifying to minds constituted like the one that gave utterance to it. Analyze that gratification for a moment. Does it come from perception of truth? No. It comes from praising our side and hitting the other side. What good comes from such a remark? How are those who heard it made better able to realize in *acts* the truth which the generalization sets forth? Absolutely no better, unless it be counted a gain to have a better opinion of ourselves and a worse one of our opponents.

But the awakened mind is not satisfied with such generalities. Here is an Elder that makes reckless and sweeping assertions on three points: (1) ills that curse society; (2) cures in the gospel for such ills; (3) the vain philosophies of men. Surely the preacher who dares thus generalize must have concrete ideas on these points.

"Tell us, Mr. Preacher, which are the ills that curse society? Well, name one ill? Why is it an ill? Do all men believe it such? What is the extent of it? To what sex, and age, and class of people does it do harm? What causes it? What are its effects, as already observed—upon man physically, mentally, morally, socially, religiously? Its ultimate effects if not eradicated?

"The gospel, you say, has a cure. I believe you, because of my faith in God. Please point out this cure. I want to find it, for I see this same evil right in our own midst. Don't tell me it is in the gospel, tell me where it is, what it is. That is your business as a preacher. I am anxious to apply this cure. No, it will not do to tell men to live according to the gospel. That merely shifts the question. You must draw from the teachings of the gospel a cure just as far-reaching and specific as is the evil.

"Then I notice you make a sweeping denunciation of the philosophies that attempt to deal with these evils. I was not prepared to go so far, as I have read only a few of them. Of course you have weighed them all in the balance and found them wanting. What, for instance, is wrong with 'Progress and Poverty?' With 'Looking Backward?' With—*haven't read any of them?* Wouldn't waste time on them? The gospel enough for you?" (—!—!!—!!!)

Now every general statement such as the one I have used for illustration is capable of analysis. And this is the only way we can get down to *things*. A dozen sermons, for instance, might be preached from the reckless generalization just cited, and each one would then go to the spot, if my readers will pardon the phrase. Moreover, what is true in it would be strongly exemplified; and instead of merely having our vanity tickled, we should be stirred up to action; and what is unjust or false in it would likewise be shown, and we should have charity rather than contempt for the efforts of our fellowmen.

I am thoroughly convinced that the Lord has revealed truths unto us, the light of which, if turned upon the subjects that engage men's

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thoughts today, will result in revolutionizing the knowledge of the world. But I am equally convinced that, from a variety of circumstances not least of which is a sanctimonious self-sufficiency, we are scarcely beyond the word-period in the elaboration of these truths. I believe also that we shall conquer the world in the exact ratio that we realize in clear, specific thought and action, the revelations which the Lord has given us in this dispensation.

Consider for a moment the channel into which our missionary efforts in the world have been driven. What class of people, as regards their mental qualifications have our Elders been able to reach? Humility is their supreme virtue, nor could any man have a higher. But what of the mental and material acquirements—or rather want of acquirements—that make them thus more humble than their fellowmen? That these wants are not to be counted among the virtues—although they seem to make the virtue of meekness possible—is best evidenced by the fact that as soon as these people accept the gospel, we make strenuous efforts to educate them and make them well-to-do. The problem with us is to preserve the humility and yet take away its apparent conditions. It is a mighty problem, not often solved successfully.

But this is not my point. I merely wish to call attention to the correspondence between the preaching of our Elders and the minds of their converts. Sermons full of generalities will go begging for an interested audience until they reach minds untutored and unaccustomed to thinking. Here they will find lodgment, and this, too, when more specific ideas would be unheeded and misunderstood.

Now, if we compare the sermons preached in the early history of this Church, as we have them in the "Journal of Discourses," with the ordinary sermons of today, we shall be forced to the conclusion that we have gained nothing. On the contrary, we have lost much of the freshness and vigor of those early efforts, and become more and more contented with glittering generalities.

It is a striking concurrence that with this decadence in preaching consequent upon thus going from the specific to the general, our Elders have been forced gradually from populous and cultured centers to the backwoods and country hamlets. I am aware that other explanations of this circumstance might be suggested, such as the greater facility for slander and misrepresentation in cities where all have access to the daily papers. To which I may reply that no Elder expects to find a field of labor where the Mormons have not been painted black. Country people know just about as much of us that is bad as do city people, and with them it make a much deeper impression and lingers longer in memory, not being covered up so quickly by the rubbish of succeeding sensations. I believe, therefore, that after these things are duly balanced up, it will be found that we make converts mostly among the uncultured because these find our general talks interesting enough to set them to investigating, and that the cultured, whose minds have been accustomed to severe exertions, find so little in them to arouse thought, as not to set them investigating. Indeed, if further confirmation be needed of this view it may be found right at home in the fact that the brainy men of our communities, commonly known as worldly-minded, go with reluctance to our Sabbath meetings.

Here then is the conclusion I have been aiming at. If a process of generalizing has led our proselyting from the centers of intelligence, a process of specializing will as surely lead it toward the centers again. All the institutions of mankind are just now in very unstable equilibrium.

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Society is everywhere in a turmoil. Even where things appear quiescent, forebodings hang like black clouds. Ministers in the sects are alive to these evils and have this advantage over us; they have made a careful diagnosis of the ills into which mankind are plunged. But here their advantage ceases. So far as the remedies they propose are concerned, they are the by-word of thinkers. That only seems popular which is atheistic in conception with perhaps a few pious incidentals.

Why should not we enter into this field, and grapple hand to hand with these evils. We actually have the remedy. The science and philosophy of the world—the knowledge which is alike the spring of the hopes and the fears of mankind—remains to be re-written from the Latter-day Saint standpoint. Think what a revolution the single element of pre-existence will make in the learning of mankind, when its bearings are worked out! What then, also, of a personal God, the perfected man; of a Savior who is our Elder Brother, in the truest, holiest sense; of family ties for eternity; of a heaven not floating around in ethereal nothingness, but connected with soil and trees and flowers and birds and sparkling rivulets? What of all these principles so specialized as to combat point for point the silly superstitions that are now disgusting mankind under the name of Christianity?

But these principles must be specialized, must be made concrete, must be humanized, must be dressed in the garb of the nineteenth century. It will not do to stand aloof from intelligent men and poke faith, repentance, and baptism at them with a long stick. Pardon the remark, if it seems irreverent. But is not this what we do when we refuse to enter into their councils, and treat with scorn what they hold dear: when we say, in effect: throw all those things down! They are worthless. About face! Have faith—the faith that Paul defines; repent—with the kind of repentance that Peter commands; be baptized—or you shall be damned! The man chooses the latter alternative and walks away.

The principles of the gospel can never become antiquated while the universe is organized as it is. But does it occur to the ordinary missionary that perhaps the garb of these principles, the statement, explanation, and illustration of them may? Does it occur to every Elder that faith in God may be taught in as many ways as there are blades of grass on the hillside? that every impulse and emotion of the heart is a possible door to repentance, if we but held the key? But not so; we are sticklers for the Jewish garb of these principles. Men must see through Paul's eyes ere they can see our faith. But there are thousands of honest men who have lost all faith in the Bible; who have become so disgusted with biblical disputation, that the very naming of these things is a signal for impatience. Sectarians are wily enough to take advantage of this. Their doctrines, stripped of verbiage, are frequently the most absurd of superstitions, but they so manage to dress them in modern garb and life-like illustration that they win the converts, while we stand by and call it trickery.

Perhaps it is. "Use a little guile," said Paul. It seems to me that it is not our business as missionaries to make men bend to the stiffness which we mistake for our dignity. We should so love mankind as to make our ministration of the word fit their wants and necessities. Get them, by hook or crook, to begin to investigate—only get them. Truth will take care of the rest.

In conclusion, let me say to my fellow-laborers. I scarcely expect your plaudits for the merciless way I have spoken of a certain kind of preaching that abounds today. Perhaps I am unjust. It is quite certain that I shall be misunderstood.

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But let me say, it is not so much to gain you to my way of thinking as to stir up mind-activity upon this important subject, that I write thus pointedly. Above all I have a savage desire to *wake up* certain of us that are steeped over head and ears in a vain self-sufficiency that bars all hope of progress and growth. Even as a people we are great admirers of ourselves. Far be it from me to disturb the balmy sweetness of this repose, but—

N. L. Nelson.

JUDITH DARE.*

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

PICTURE to yourself a quaint old manor-house of colonial days, set far back at the end of an elm-shaded lane, leading from the public road, its rear windows overlooking acres of its own fields and orchards, its front facing the view of a green stretch of valley, at whose eastern edge glimmers the broad blue line of the historic Delaware. Picture at its west side a path hedged with a double row of feathery asparagus and current bushes and shaded with thick-leaved elms, the afternoon sunlight slipping deftly through tiny rifts in their dense foliage and putting transient patches of gold on the faces and figures of two people standing underneath — one a stalwart and handsome young man of twenty-four, arrayed in the costume affected by ardent loyalists at the time, the customary knee-breeches and clocked hose surmounted by the scarlet vest and coat worn by the British soldiery, and the other a young girl, her bright chestnut hair, blue-gray eyes and clear, warm complexion rendered even more striking for the contrast of her quiet Quaker garb—a drab bonnet and gown with white kerchief crossed primly on the plain bodice.

Both are standing silent—a shadow strangely dissonant to their youthful years brooding upon each countenance—on his, regret and hopelessness, and on the young girl's downcast one a strange flush of embarrassment and pain.

Presently the young man spoke.

"Nay, Mistress Dare," he said, in answer to a half-playful, half-serious accusation made previously by his companion, "Indeed you do me grievous wrong by claiming that I am pleased to leave this spot. Should I speak all my heart, I would perforce confess that life has set me no harder fate than that I must part ——" He paused, suddenly, biting his lip, and turned away with a sigh.

"It had been, at least, less selfish and heedless in thee, John Fielding," said his companion, speaking with painful effort, and strangely tremulous lips, "if thou hadst thought more of the pain of those left to grieve for thy absence, than of the laurels thou mayst hope to win in this wicked war."

The young man started, gazing at her downcast face with eager questioning.

"Judith!" he said, his breath coming fast, his voice tremulous with strange and sudden hope, "If I had thought that one here for whom my heart yearns, could care for my going, I would have been less eager, I confess, to take active service in this useless war. The king will win his right without our little help, and I am bold to say that it is less the love of this warfare against my country that urged me to this step I have taken than the hope of forgetting in its excitements the vain desires which have lately filled my heart."

"Hadst thou been so distraught, John Fielding, thou wouldst better

* First Prize Washington's Birthday story.

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have spoken thy thoughts, lest, perchance, that Evil One whose delight it is to set snares of discord, should blind thee with some false device of causeless doubt."

"Judith," cried the young man, coming quickly to her side, and gazing with eager but still doubting eyes upon the flushed face of the young girl, but fearing, in fact, to speak, lest the hope that thrilled him should prove vain.

She stood, downcast and silent, but presently raised her eyes, brimming with tears to his own.

"Hadst thou been of my faith, John Fielding, thou wouldst have spoken frankly at any cost, and spared me this unmaidenly confession."

At these words John Fielding's arms clasped the slender figure in a swift and tender embrace. "My love—my Judith!" he cried joyfully, "I had not dreamed of this; nor could I think it aught but an unfair and useless act to tell my love deeming you pledged to your cousin Henry."

"No word of love has ever passed between us."

A puzzled look came into young Fielding's eyes.

"Yet from his speech," he commenced.

A rustle behind the double row of bushes interrupted him, startling them both, but as no one appeared, Fielding stepped aside and looked over the top of the hedge.

"It must have been a wren or a linnet," he said, returning to Judith's side. "No one is there; but we will leave all thought of the past," he continued, "and think only of present happiness."

"And thou wilt abandon this useless and perilous hazard thou hadst planned?" questioned the young girl eagerly.

A shadow crossed her lover's face.

"I fear it is too late, sweet one," he answered. "I have asked for and received my commission, and to withdraw now would bring upon me the taint of cowardice and dishonor."

"True," she answered simply, "yet, I could say farewell with a better heart if thou wert but to fight for thy country's cause."

A smile crept over the young loyalist's moody countenance; he was well aware of the patriotic sentiments of the Quaker girl, but the cause of the colonies seemed then, to many, so insane a hope that he could well afford to treat as a jest this charming obstinacy on the part of the young girl.

"Nay, my fair rebel!" he exclaimed lightly and fondly, "before I return to you with my soldier laurels, you will have become as staunch a loyalist as myself. Well, well," he continued, as she shook her head with evident seriousness, "we will let time speak for itself. But meanwhile I must have a promise, for my peace of mind whilst I am gone, that you will not let these differing sentiments rob me of your love."

"Nay there will be evil enough come of this unhappy quarrel without the sacrifice of our happiness;" answered Judith quietly, "I have a higher faith to guide me than the opinions of my imperfect heart, and the light that has come to me through prayer, lets me sacrifice no jot of love, or friendly feeling upon the altar of this wicked strife."

John Fielding took both her hands and pressed them reverently to his lips.

"You are a saint, Judith," he whispered, a sudden moisture dimming his eyes. "Were there more of your pure faith, I can believe we would have a better world. I shudder when I think what I had lost, had not your pure heart given you pity to speak."

A warm color surged for a moment in the girl's cheeks, then fled leaving them pale as before.

"It came to me that I must let you know my heart," she said simply. "It was hard—and yet

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wrong, as I well knew to let you go without a word.

What John Fielding's answer was to this, can as well be imagined as confessed—but their bliss was doomed to be of short duration—a sharp voice from the direction of the house bringing it abruptly to an end.

"John Fielding!" it called shrilly, "have you changed heart about this journey? If not, I should say 'twas time you made some start. Jacob has held the horses here at the porch-steps till his wrists throb, and Henry has vented his spleen at you with such a will I should fear your ears were scorched quite off if there were any truth in the sign."

"I am coming at once," answered the young loyalist smothering a regretful sigh; and pressing his lips in a last farewell upon the brow of the fair Quaker maiden he was gone.

It was the most exciting period of the Revolution. The Declaration of Independence had just passed causing a ferment of dissension throughout the colonies Whilst the majority of Americans were strong in their adherence to the cause of national liberty, a large number of people in every city and town throughout the colonies still held loyally to the belief of the "divine right" of the king to govern the people, and while conceding that injustice had been perpetrated, still claimed, in spite of all past experience that the king would yield to the demands of his American subjects, looking upon the stand taken by the patriots as little less than blasphemy. To this latter class belonged young Fielding's family, and also the greater part of the household in which Judith Dare was domiciled. The latter's uncle, Henry Standing, had lived in Boston up to the time of Howe's evacuation of that city, and his family were among the large number of loyalists who left the city shortly after its possession by the American troops. They, together with their friends, the Fieldings, had decided to settle in New Jersey—the latter making their home in Bordentown, the former purchasing an estate in the country some few miles distant—the manor house described in the beginning of the story. Henry Standing did not enjoy his home for long. The strain and excitement occasioned by the events transpiring in the colonies were more than his enfeebled constitution could endure, and in a month's time he died leaving as his last wish, that his son Henry might spend his life and energies for the suppression of the rebellion. The result was that after the Declaration of Independence, the young man joined his friend John Fielding in applying for a commission in the army.

This favor was the more easily won, as the policy of those of authority both at home and in the British army in America was to award special marks of favor and distinction to those loyalists who arrayed themselves openly on the king's side.

Many were given important positions in the army even when no special cause for preeminence existed, and the slighest act of loyalist valor was rewarded with immediate promotion.

Under the circumstances it was no difficult task for the two young men to obtain favors from the general in command of the British forces, the families of each being particularly distinguished for their devoted allegiance to the king.

Hence, having received favorable answers to their applications both were, upon the day with which our story opens, about to set forth for New York, in order to report at the headquarters of the British army in Brooklyn.

Judith Dare, the object of both the young men's attention, was the daughter of Henry Standing's sister, and both her parents having died, Judith, and her brother Alma some three years older than herself, were made welcome inmates of their uncle's home.

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The children of sternly patriotic parents the two young people had imbibed from them principles of a nature entirely opposite to those of their uncle's household.

But though the latter were grieved at what they considered to be the wickedly rebellious sentiments cherished by the young orphans, yet it made no difference in the kindly and affectionate spirit with which both were treated. Alma, to be sure, sometimes tried to the utmost, the patience of his aunt, whose obstinate loyalism brooked ill of opposition; and when the fiery young patriot at length declared his intention of enlisting in the army to serve the country's cause, the result was the commencement of an unconcealable hostility on the part of his firm-willed relative which threatened to develop into a serious breach.

Unyielding as herself in his convictions, the young patriot held to his decision and the month following Washington's triumphal entry into Boston, saw him enlisted in the American troops.

During the time preceding the operations of both the armies at Long Island, little of note was heard from the newly enlisted young soldiers. Letters came frequently. from all, the greater share falling to Judith, and her pretty cousin Nell Standing, the latter young person keeping up a correspondence with Judith's handsome and dashing brother Alma, notwithstanding the slight feud existing between the latter and her mother.

To Judith came letters regularly from Alma and John Fielding, the latter breathing in each the earnest conviction that a few months at most would see the end of the conflict; and building up wonderful pictures of their future, when he should be at liberty to return to her side.

Whilst Judith could not share his confidence with regard to the troubles of her country, she yet found no harm in letting her mind linger upon those visions of their future happiness which his letters conjured, and this occupation helped to make bearable the lonely hours endured in his absence.

But even this comparative bliss which remained for her solace was destined to be annihilated. With the customary letters which came to her from her lover and brother one morning, was also one addressed to herself in a strange handwriting; and with the natural impulse of curiosity to know who her new correspondent might be, she at once broke open the envelope and hastily scanned the contents of the enclosed epistle. With momentarily increasing wonder she read as follows:

"*Mistress Judith Dare:*

"DEAR MADAM.—In taking the liberty of writing to you, I do so with the strong conviction that the information and warning which I desire to convey to you will prove sufficient excuse for its exercise. I have lately had the ill-fortune to be to some extent associated with a certain young gentleman of your acquaintance now serving in the British army—John Fielding by name, who upon various recent occasions has seen fit to mention your name, both in my presence and that of others, in what I should consider anything but a respectable manner.

"That you may judge of the matter for yourself. I will state that it commenced in the first place with certain insinuations upon his part of having won without effort the affections of a *pretty patriot Quaker girl* who according to his hints, had without any sign of preference on his part, deliberately declared her love for himself; or as this elegant gentleman expressed it, had deliberately thrown herself at his head; and ended, finally, on the occasion of some expression of doubt or disbelief on the part of his listeners, in his not only disclosing your name, but also your place of address.

"Being one of those who heard

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this, and having heard incidentally of yourself, and especially of your decided modesty of character, my indignation at this uncalled for affront towards a lady of your standing and character determined me to take means for securing the punishment of him by whom it was unchivalrously perpetrated, and upon mature thought decided it could be effected in no better way than to place in your possession the facts I have above stated—having no doubt that you will be able to proclaim the falsity of this conceited coxcomb's insinuations, and also to take such steps as shall eventually bring to the shameless fellow such confusion and humiliation as his ungallant conduct deserves.

"Hoping the kindly impulse which inspired this missive may condone the liberty I have taken in addressing you without leave, and also that my acknowledged lack of any personal authority in the matter may prove sufficient excuse for my remaining incognito, I subscribe myself your sympathetic and sincere well-wisher, *Anon.*"

When she had read the last line Judith Dare sat white and motionless as marble, her eyes gazing unseeingly at the letter in her hands. The shock of its cruel surprise had seemed to deprive her of the faculty of feeling or sensing anything clearly, and she sat dazedly trying to bring herself to some condition for reason and action. Presently the sitting room door opened and her aunt came in, bustling to the fireplace.

"Why, Judith, girl, what ails thee?" Elizabeth Standing asked, pausing in the act of taking a string of peppers from a nail in the rear of the deep chimney place, and regarding her niece with a look of alarm; "Thou lookest as if thou hadst seen a ghost or a vision of purgatory. Art thou ill?"

The speaker was not of the Quaker sect, but used the "thee" and "thou" in playful ridicule of Judith, having as little tolerance of the latter's religious as her political feelings,

"No, I am not well," the young girl answered, rousing somewhat at her aunt's words; "I think I had better go to my room."

"I should think so, too, by your looks, dearie; and don't let us see you down again till there is enough color in your cheek at least to prove you flesh and blood. I confess your white face gave me a turn; and besides, we can ill afford to have our little saint ill, lest we miss the sunshine of her spirit that is so sweet."

She came and put her arms around Judith, kissing her fondly, and Judith had a great yearning to confide her anguish to the kind heart which she knew dwelt beneath the seemingly stern and firm exterior. But the nature of it was such that she could not feel secure of the sentiment which might be aroused by the confession of her own seeming boldness in regard to declaring her true feeling for John Fielding. She knew her aunt's prejudices too well to be able to hope that she would understand the pure faith and truthful feeling which had prompted her to reveal her heart, or show anything but consternation and disapproval of her act. No, she had brought the trial upon herself, and she would endeavor to bear it alone.

Returning her aunt's caress, she went quietly to her room upstairs.

When she again appeared, in answer to the bell, which summoned the household to the evening meal, she was very calm and quiet, though her face bore traces of the struggle through which she had passed. It had been one in which no gleam of hope or comfort could appear; for two facts loomed darkly against any avenue of light—that only John Fielding and herself had known of that which had passed her lips on the day of their parting—hence leaving but one way possible by which it had become known to others; and that

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being unable to deny that what he had brutally chosen to make public, she could take no steps to shield herself, or bring the despicable being to punishment. Facing this insurmountable proposition she had bravely come to her decision.

The next morning making a package of the letters that Fielding had written her in the past, together with the two she had received yesterday which still remained unopened, she sent them to him with a single line from herself.

"*John Fielding:*

"I return thy letters. There must be no further communication between thee and me. *Judith Dare.*"

A week later news came of the movement of the two armies at Long Island, the masterly retreat of Washington's army across the Sound, and then the thrilling rumor of the advance of the American troops toward Trenton. Before the people in the vicinity had had time to fairly realize the position, the bugles and drums of the patriotic vanguard startled the peaceful echoes of the locality of the capital city, and by the sundown of another day the tents of the American troops dotted the opposite banks of the Delaware. Then, close on their tracks came the British pursuers, only the broad line of the impassable river, preventing them from falling with all their superior force upon the desolated ranks of the patriots, and completing their annihilation.

But, thanks to the ingenuity of the commander-in-chief, no boats were to be had, and the British army must content itself to wait until the frosts of winter should bridge the deep-flowing gulf with strong ice timbers before achieving final triumph over the skilled and stubborn patriot troops. No dismay was in their hearts at this, however; for victory was too certain to make the delay of a month or more of little consequence in the winding up of this foolish rebellion. So it was confidently settled; and with the lusty host of Hessians encamped at Trenton, to watch the course of the frost-building, and the opposite enemy at Princeton, whom the finished structure was to place at their mercy—with Cornwallis bidding farewell to the troops at Princeton, and hastening back to New York to take passage for England, secure in his confidence of the result of the pending battle, what wonder the British army could wait so nonchalently for the future event?

Up and down the banks of the river, and in all the villages from Trenton to Burlington, red-coated troopers came and went as thick as bees—lounging and living at ease. Some of them in the houses of patriots whom such harboring hurt deeper than sword thrusts, who were yet helpless to rebel. Loyalists, too, had their share of entertainment to yield these idle guests, though this was of course done by them with comparative lightness of heart.

At The Elms (the name of the Standing manor) they had had at first three of the English officers as guests, but as Christmas approached, these had left to spend a gay holiday season with loyalist relatives in New York.

Henry Standing and John Fielding, who had been as near as Princeton, had gone back also to the same place, having had the honor of receiving invitations to a grand fete be to held at the house of a loyalist there, in honor of their General's departure from the country.

A letter from Henry announced that they would both be home for Christmas, and *for good*, as the letter ran, and both the Fieldings at Bordentown, and the household at The Elms, were in a bustle of preparation for their coming.

The news of John Fielding's approaching presence at his home, brought to Judith a renewal of those sensations from which she had been

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striving to recover since receiving the anonymous letter. With the two households so closely allied, it seemed impossible but that they two must meet, and she spent many hours of the time before the date fixed for his home-coming, in prayerful effort to prepare herself for the dreadful encounter. He had written to her once after the return of his letter; but she had sent the message back unopened, as a decisive and final declaration that nothing further could pass between them.

Now that a meeting seemed inevitable, she trembled at the thought of being forced, perhaps, to endure the humiliation of repeating with her own lips his hopeless treachery. However, no step could be planned at present for avoidance, and she could only wait and pray that some way might open for her escape.

Christmas eve came, and with it the coach bringing to their homes the two young soldiers. Nell Standing and her mother were on the front porch to receive them, and Judith, from her place in the parlor, listened with beating heart, lest she should hear John Fielding's voice, and see him entering the door.

Her aunt's question, as they all came into the room, however, at the first moment reassured her.

"Why, what has happened with John Fielding, Henry, that he could not look in to bid us a merry season?"

"Nothing, mother," answered her son, casting a somewhat stealthy and questioning look at Judith; "but anxious, as you may guess, to go on to Bordentown."

"'Twould have taken but a moment to have greeted his old friends, and no harm done either, if I guess right."

"Well, well: he will make it up in future, mother, after he has greeted his own kin; there will be time enough for peace-making now that this strife is coming to an end." He stole another furtive and watchful look at Judith, and then as his mother led the way to the dining room, offered his arm, with great gallantry to his fair cousin, escorting her, and his sister, who had clasped his other hand, to the table.

He was talkative and attentive to Judith during the meal, and afterward throughout the evening, but a certain secret watchfulness which he kept of her, made her feel ill at ease, and she was glad when the time came for retiring, so that she could escape from his unpleasant and unaccountable influence.

The next day, though free from the strange espionage which her cousin had seemed to keep, was rendered almost as uncomfortable to Judith by his attempts at gallantry—which he took no pains to conceal. She had little heart for it at any time, but now, with the pain of her love's betrayal still wringing her soul, the thought of such advances filled her with revulsion. No visitors came during the day, and Christmas night closed in dark and quiet, bringing no sign of warning to the household at The Elms of the stealthy movement, whose clever result was to startle them and the entire country on the morrow.

All night, whilst the two young loyalists who had returned to their homes, fondly imagining that the last faint fires of the rebellion were stamped out, slept and dreamed of future days of peace and honor, seemingly now close at hand—a hundred boats filled with silent and resolute men were being rowed with muffled oars through blocks of broken ice in the swift-flowing Delaware, and the lonely roads for miles up and down the banks of the river were black with lines of patriot soldiers marching to surprise, in their drunken slumber, the brutal Hessian soldiery at Trenton.

The guns fired upon the dazed troops the next morning by the patriot column, was the sound which first roused the startled sleepers at

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The Elms and at Bordentown—and in less than a half hour both the young loyalist soldiers were in the saddle—each spurring toward the sound, and striving to rally the flying Hessians, who passed them in their escape toward Burlington. All efforts to turn the tide were vain in that eventful struggle, and the victory which resulted from the brilliant manœuvre of the American forces at this crisis of affairs was a miracle which changed not only the entire aspect of present affairs, but also the destinies of both armies. Cornwallis, quickly back again at his post, and with his entire forces mustered at Princeton, still felt confident of the result of the coming conflict—a confidence certainly excusable in the light of the position of the enemy and his own superior forces. The encampment of the patriots on the east side of the river, brought them within two miles of The Elms, and the inmates of the house found little time for anything outside the excitement of watching the camp-fires gleaming in parallel lines in the distance, and waiting for the first sounds of the battle which could not for much longer be delayed.

Elizabeth Standing had been urged by the Fieldings to close up her home, and bring her household to take up their abode at Bordentown till the withdrawal of the contending armies, but to this she would not listen.

"I gave up my home, and all in it, once, to the rebel mob," she said in answer, "but never again shall it be—if I set torch with my own hand, and burn with them. Let the rest go, if they fear to stay, but I shall remain in my home, till all is safe. I shall feel better, besides, with Henry in the fight, to be near and know the worst or best, as it happens."

So they remained; and each day of that thrilling week, after the momentous Christmas, watched from the garret windows the two armies in the distance preparing for the decisive battle, and listened for the opening sounds of the conflict.

They came on the morning of the New Year, the roar of guns along the river bank leeward Trenton telling though they could not see, of the warfare which had commenced between the two armies. All day the cannon boomed behind the strip of forest three miles away, and which cut such view as might have been gained from The Elms; and the hearts of the three women throbbed fearfully at thought that the lives of near and dear ones might perchance have gone out at those ominous sounds.

To Judith the commencement of the battle brought disappointment as well as anxiety. On the day before, there had come a brief scrawl from Alma saying he would make an endeavor to obtain a few hours leave on the night of the New Year for a final parting word before the conflict, and now the struggle was on, and she might, for all she could foretell, never look upon him alive again. Nell, too, was well nigh inconsolable with her double anxiety for lover and kin, and the two cousins spent an anguished day, harrowed by thoughts of all they had at hazard in that near scene of action.

At sunset the booming guns ceased—the silence falling like the peace of heaven upon purgatory; and to the anxious ones at The Elms bringing a partial sense of reassurance spite of their uncertainty. A little after nightfall a messenger came from Freeman Fielding with word that his wife had been taken ill, the result of a severe attack of nervous prostration brought on by the exciting event in which she had reason to fear her son was engaged, and begging her old friend to come and pass the night at her bedside. The messenger brought news also that no victory had been obtained by either army during the day, and that the conflict had been abandoned for the night to be reopened for the final

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battle at daybreak on the morrow. This was a call which Elizabeth Standimg could not and would not disregard. Her plan was at first to take the two young girls with her, but Judith, hoping from the news brought that she might yet see or hear something of her brother, begged hard to be left behind—a prayer to which her aunt at last reluctantly yielded.

Nell she insisted upon taking with her, much to that young woman's chagrin, thus cutting off the chance of her daughter's meeting with Alma, in case that daring young rebel should come to The Elms.

In half an hour they were ready, and leaving minute instructions with Jacob Rand, the old man who had been the devoted servant of the Standings for a quarter of a century, as to his care for her niece and his role as an incendiary in case the "rebels" should raid the house during her absence, the firm willed woman went away to her friend.

After they were gone, the doors were securely locked, and whilst Jacob read his Bible by the light of the tall candles on the table in the sitting room, Judith drew the heavy window curtains between herself and the light, and pressing her face against the pane, waited and watched patiently for her brother's coming.

The chances, she knew, were hardly two in twenty for it—even if he were safe and well; for the eve of battle is hardly the time when a man may gain leave to be absent from camp even for a few hours. Yet on the other hand she knew that if any favors might be yielded it would be to Alma, for the young volunteer's daring and patriotism had won him the attention and admiration of the entire command. Before the removal of the troops from Boston he had skillfully contrived the capture of an English officer and his two adjutants at the house of a loyalist in the vicinity, and in every engagement or movement of note since, his bearing had commanded marked attention; and besides his promotion, he had received flattering notice from the commander-in-chief, with an intimation of interest in any reasonable favor he might desire.

This made her only reason for cherishing hope; having faith that were Alma unhurt he would leave no effort untried to keep his appointment.

Eight, nine, and ten o'clock struck, and still he had not come. Leaving Jacob to listen for his knock, Judith went up the two flights of stairs to the garret, a large, airy room under the roof, with windows opening at the rear and front of the house.

It was used as a workroom by the family, a large loom standing in the rear corner, and two spinning wheels near the fireplace in the middle of the room. Since the presence of the troops in the vicinity, the room had been used both night and day as a watchtower, the windows opening toward the front giving them a good view of the country toward the river.

A log which had been placed on the hearth at nightfall was still burning, making, however, but a dim light in the long room, and pausing to light the candles on the chimney-piece, Judith went to the window and looked out. Near the house all was darkness and quiet, not a sound heard save the branches of the clump of tall elms at the entrance to the lane, moaning in the light night wind. Two miles away to the north, along the banks of Assanpink Creek, the campfires of the patriot army gleamed redly in the darkness, the glow creating a halo of yellow light in the vapor-laden air above.

Between these lights a shadow now and then passed, the figures of the sentinels walking their beat at the edge of the camp.

Farther away to the northeast a dimmer glow was visible, the glimmer of the British camp fires, giving the only hint of the great army hidden by the darkness and waiting

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only for daybreak to completely annihilate the American forces.

As Judith stood gazing, a low rap sounded at the door, and with a glad exclamation she threw it open, expecting to see her brother. But it was not Alma. Standing before her, his eyes fixed with earnestness and entreaty upon her own, was John Fielding.

So unexpected was his coming that Judith staggered back, faint and trembling; and before she could recover, he had advanced into the room and was speaking.

"Mistress Dare," he said, "I know not what treatment I deserve and may receive for intruding myself upon you without leave, but"—and he paused suddenly—"fate may give me no other chance of meeting you, and I must hear from your lips the justification for my sudden and cruel dismissal."

He came forward eagerly toward the trembling figure leaning against the mantel. At his motion Judith drew back, and with a sudden effort at self-control, faced him with flashing eyes.

"Nay, is it not bad enough, John Fielding, that thou hast wronged me with thy cruel boasting and ridicule, that thou shouldst stand before me with such shameful boldness and hypocrisy?"

The man she addressed stood upright, looking at her with pale, questioning face, and unquailing eye. For a moment there was silence, then he spoke in low, commanding tones.

"I can better reply to your harsh words when you have told me their meaning."

Judith stood as resolute as himself, though with a strange thrill in her heart at his words and bearing.

"It will be needless, I think," she answered, "to put my accusation in words. If there is any manliness left in thee thy own heart must accuse thee of thy base treachery."

John Fielding's face became a shade paler, and he took a step toward her with a commanding gesture.

"Speak!" he said, "I have a right to know what stain you impute to my honor."

"Dost thou mean," said Judith, turning upon him her white face and burning eyes, "that thou wouldst force me to put in words again my foolish confession made at our parting—to taunt myself and amuse thee with the tale of its repetition before thy fellows in the camps?" She stopped suddenly arrested by the look on his face.

"Judith, Judith!" he cried bitterly, "is it with the belief of a tale like this that you have wronged me? Surely, surely, I can trust you better than this—and you—oh, Judith, what had my former deeds or character betrayed that you should believe this true?"

Judith gazed at him with dilated eyes—a tinge of hope and belief lighting them, spite of her unwillingness.

"Thou canst tell me then, perhaps, who it was that betrayed the secret contained in this missive?"

She took from her bosom the anonymous letter—kept there as a charm against the tender and regretful memories of her unworthy lover.

He read it through once and again, an amazed and troubled look crossing his face. Then he turned quietly to Judith. "I can give you no knowledge as to the writer of this contemptible falsehood, or how he came by his secret," he said. "It is a mystery which my present thought is unable to fathom, but which I promise you, if I live, I shall spend the years of my life in finding out, that I may both repay him, and prove to you his villainy. Meanwhile, I can only plead with you to cast away these unworthy suspicions, by which you wrong my manliness and honor; for you will believe me, will you not, Judith, when I declare by all that is most

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sacred to my conscience, that I am innocent of this foul aspersion?"

Judith still stood leaning against the mantel, but with her face flushed and downcast. As her lover finished speaking, she looked up, and gazing into her tearful, yet happy eyes, John Fielding clasped her to his heart.

As they stood, the neigh of a horse was heard outside beneath the window. John Fielding turned with a start. His own horse was tied in a clump of trees close at the entrance to the lane, and the sound close at hand told of some visitor to the house—a suspicious, if not alarming, circumstance, at so late an hour. He had, in fact, run considerable risk in venturing beyond the British lines, to pay his visit to The Elms, not only from the proximity of the "rebels," but also that the army lay between the house and his own camp. It was only by making a wide detour that he had been able to approach the spot in safety, and so near was the enemy that any hint of his presence might bring a squad of soldiers from the ranks of the creek to effect his capture.

Not knowing what might be his fate on the morrow's battlefield, he had obtained through special favor, a few hours leave, determined to have his heart eased at least from the uncertainty and mystery of Judith's dismissal. He had already spent too much time in his coming and visit, and at the startling sound outside, turned hastily to go.

Judith laid her hand detainingly on his arm.

"Stay," she said, "there is no cause for alarm—I have reason to think it is Alma. He promised that if possible he would see me to-night."

"Alma! your brother—here!"

"Yes, but surely—"

"Quick—I must leave at once!"

"But, John Fielding, art thou and my brother no longer friends?"

"Friends! why yes! Yet surely, Judith, I need not explain to you that we must not meet."

"Must not—but why?"

"Hush! Is that not some one on the stairs?"

"Why, yes, it is Alma's step," said Judith, turning toward the door.

John Fielding turned pale, and then with a swift, determined gesture, drew his sword. Judith came back to him, her face white as his own.

"John Fielding, what does this mean?"

"It means death or capture to one of us, I fear, dear one," he answered slowly, with a pitying look into her upturned face. "We are all enemies in this insane war."

A look of sudden resolution came into Judith's face.

"It must not be," she whispered, shudderingly. "Quick—there is the loom there in the further corner; stand behind it till he is gone. There shall be no bloodshed between thee and my brother tonight."

Her resolution, as well as his own pitiful heart, impelled him to do her bidding. In a moment he had taken his station behind the loom in the further end of the room, its great hulk shielding him effectually from view.

An instant more, and the garret door was flung open, and Alma Dare, with his characteristic dashing and restless movement, had caught his trembling sister in his arms.

"And what are you hiding here for, in the garret, like a gray little mouse?" he asked, with a quick glance around. "Are you afraid someone may come to carry you off? I should have thought in fact, from poor old Jacob's efforts to keep me from mounting the stairs, that he feared I might do it myself."

"I can see the camp fires from the window there, and I came to see if I could catch some glimpse of your coming across the fields," said Judith, answering his fond look.

A strange expression flitted for an

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instant across the countenance of the young patriot, and he hastily left her side and went to the window.

"I hope there will be no other watchers beside thyself, Judith," he said, coming back to the fireplace, and falling back to the quaint Quaker dialect, which his camp life had taught him to forego.

"The camp fires can indeed be seen plainly from the window and the road, too. I wish it were otherwise, if only for tonight. Pitch darkness we should have, so that neither earth nor object could be distinguished from the other.

"But, why Alma?"

"'Twould be best for our plans, little one."

"Plans—surely there is to be no battle tonight, Alma," asked Judith, her face blanching with sudden fear.

"No battle, my sister, but an enterprise that means the only hope of salvation for our army and country. Nay, have no fear," he continued, as Judith put her hand warningly to her lips. "I run no risk in trusting thee with our secret, for Jacob tells me the house is empty save for us three, and he, as you know, is too deaf to overhear outside, even if he listened. In any case we should be safe with no one to ride with the alarm, for our troops will be on the move at midnight, and at dawn——" "Yes," he went on, misinterpreting her look of uneasiness and alarm, "we have but one means of salvation, to retreat secretly from our present position, and surprise the enemy's left wing at Princeton. If the plan succeeds, we shall win, and if not——" He paused, kissing fondly the cheek pressed anxiously against his telltale lips.

"Well, well! at least I am glad to be able to see thee once more, little one, and bid thee farewell. It was a favor I hardly dared to ask, in fact, in such an emergency; but as the distance was so short, and they knew I could well be trusted to be back in time, my request was granted."

"So, as it is," he went on, as Judith still clung silently around his neck, too much agitated to speak—"I must be off at once, my sister, and look for a longer meeting with thee at a happier time."

"I should like well to have seen Nell," he said, as having pressed a farewell kiss on his sister's trembling lips, he started toward the door, "but I suppose aunt will plan to have our meetings few and far between, whilst I choose, as she terms it, to serve the devil in my country's cause. But," he continued, "I shall win my sweet Nell still, if I live, and I leave the words with you to give her as my best message—if you will." And with a smile and a look of mischievous daring in his eyes that Judith knew well, he closed the door and was gone.

As his light step sounded on the staircase, Judith sank into a chair. In a moment John Fielding was beside her, a look of dismay and pain on his pale face.

"Judith," he said, taking her cold hand in his, "I need not tell you what I feel at this—I would have given my life almost rather than have this fate fall to my lot."

"Hush!" said Judith, whisperingly, "there is no—no harm done; none but us two have heard what he has told me, and we need only to keep silent."

"God help me, Judith," cried Fielding. He dropped her hand, and pressed his own to his hot temples.

"Dost thou mean, John Fielding," said Judith, rising and confronting him, with a sudden flush on her face, "that it is in thy thoughts to betray this secret to our enemies?"

"Can I go back to them tonight and keep silent, Judith?" he asked. A moment passed, then Judith spoke in a hushed voice. "Thou needst not go at all, then, John Fielding."

"Would indeed that I need not,

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Judith! but I must," he answered, bitterly. "To be granted furlough on the eve of battle, and fail to reach my post in time—you see what it must mean.

Judith stood trembling, the color fading again slowly from her face.

"It would have been better had I held my peace and let thee meet him," she said half-moaningly; "I betrayed him to save thee—and for this?"

John Fielding groaned. "Tell me a way out of this wretched fate that I may use with honor, and I swear that I will take it, Judith."

The girl stood pale and irresolute, a look of pity softening for a moment her reproachful and pleading face. Then, suddenly she started—thought had come to her bringing a swift flush of excitement to her cheeks.

"I will give thee a way," she said, a sudden resolute ring in her tone, "wait here." Turning from him she walked quickly to the door and went out, and ere John Fielding could divine her purpose she had turned the key in the lock.

She heard the rush of his footsteps to the door and his voice calling her name wildly, pleadingly—then with her two hands pressed to her heart to still its quick beating, she groped in the darkness toward the stair. With her foot on the first step she suddenly paused.

A noise had reached her ears from the room she had just left that filled her with a strange dread. It was the sound of the window raised within, and though she knew that in this way there was no escape, the silence following made her heart thrill with fear. A moment more and she had groped her way back to the point of light showing through the keyhole of the door, and stood there listening breathlessly.

Not a sound broke the stillness inside, and after a moment's uncertainty Judith called his name.

No answer came, and in an instant she had turned the key and was inside. It did not take a glance to see that the room was vacant, and she was quickly at the wide-opened window, straining her eyes to pierce the darkness below.

Not long was she there; down the steep flights of stairs, past the light from the sitting-room where Jacob sat reading his Bible, and out into the darkness she sped, kneeling with a quick broken cry beside the still figure lying beneath the bare rose-bushes under the windows, and calling him piteously by name. No answer came, and groping her way blindly back into the house, she touched the startled Jacob on the shoulder—leading him outside—without strength to make explanation to the frightened old servant.

Together they brought the helpless form into the house, Jacob even more bewildered and alarmed than before when he saw the face of the young loyalist.

He did not wait to ask questions, but after laying the body on the lounge hastily went to chafing the hands of the unconscious man whilst Judith bathed his head and applied a silver flask of brandy to his white lips.

A sign of consciousness at length rewarded them, only to result at sight of Judith's face in a violent effort to spring to his feet, a movement which brought him back prostrate, and again unconscious.

At her wits' end, Judith sent Jacob to build the fire in the kitchen, hoping in his absence to gain wisdom as to some right course.

She knew the injuries of the helpless man demanded a doctor's attention, yet dreaded should she send, that some revelation from her lover's lips might yet defeat all that she had made such sacrifice to accomplish. Doctor Spaulding, the only physician near at hand, was as staunch a loyalist as her aunt, and would not hesitate, she knew, to carry out any action that Fielding's revelations might suggest. On the other hand, if she did not summon such assistance, her

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lover's life might perhaps—she paused, shuddering in her thought, realizing what part she had herself taken in bringing about this terrible denouement.

Then in a moment she was kneeling—her soul and heart, in her sore distress—poured out in prayer; and from the light and peace which came in answer, she could make her decision. As she rose, Jacob came in, and she turned to him quietly. "Thee must go for my aunt, Jacob, and for Doctor Spaulding. Say nothing to alarm the Fieldings, but let thy mistress know of this accident."

"Was it that he fell from his horse, Mistress Judith?"

Judith turned to the sick man without answering, and the old man hastened away—getting assent from her silence.

After he had gone Judith barred the door again and took her place at John Fielding's side; with the aid of the camphor and brandy keeping him in a semi-conscious condition till at last, after the weary waiting she heard the welcome sound of Jacob's voice again at the door.

With the coming of her aunt and the doctor, Judith's sternly forced self-control gave way, and in a moment she was sobbing and talking with almost absolute incoherence. While her aunt attempted to calm the nerves of the overwrought girl, the doctor attended to the injured man—with Jacob for his assistant, setting the thigh which had been broken, and bandaging the deep gash in his head.

Waiting only to hear that the patient was in no danger Judith was sent up stairs to obtain her much needed rest.

As she mounted the flight of stairs to her room a sudden uncontrollable impulse came to her and she made her way to the garret. The log was still smouldering on the hearth and by its dim light Judith made her way to the window. Looking across the valley she was startled to see the camp-fires still gleaming along the banks of Assampink Creek the figures of the sentinels passing and repassing as before. It was now two o'clock, and according to Alma's words the army must by this time be moving on its way to Princeton. Had some unforeseen emergency prevented the accomplishment of the plan?

Hark! What was that? Out on the highway which ran past the house came a strange sound. It was the muffled tread of horses' hoofs—not one nor a dozen but hundreds, tramping down the road which led from the north. With beating heart Judith leaned far out of the window straining her eyes to pierce the darkness. Yes, she was not mistaken. Out along the road leading from Assampink Creek was a long black line of moving objects dimly outlined under the starlit sky.

The patriot troops making their detour to Princeton had taken the unfrequented road past The Elms.

For a moment Judith held her breath, fearing lest the rest of the household, too, might hear the tread of the many hoofs.

They were too low, and too far from the house, however, to penetrate to the ears of those inside; and kneeling by the window, Judith watched till the last of the dark moving line wended slowly from sight and sound in the darkness; then went down stairs to her uneasy, dream-burdened slumber.

The faint grey tinge of dawn which disclosed to the astonished eyes of the sentinels walking their beats within the British lines, the deserted banks of the creek where the American army had been encamped at nightfall, and which brought to the ears of the commander of the British troops the sound of the American cannon at Princeton, thirteen miles away, brought also the first glimpse of consciousness to John Fielding.

Judith was at his side and watching with the others for its sign. She had

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but just come down stairs, and the faint sound of the booming guns in the distance removed the last vestige of excuse for longer silence. She guessed what doubts were in the minds of the doctor and her aunt at the strange occurrence of Fielding's absence from his post on the eve of battle, and also the difficult position in which he might find himself if questioned in regard to the event; and was glad, therefore, when the cue came which made her free to speak. She told without reserve all that had passed, not seeking to extenuate in the least her own part in the matter.

The doctor in spite of his intense prejudices and disappointment could not repress a smile of admiration at the young girl's pluck and determination, but her aunt had no forgiveness for her act. She gave no outward vent to her bitterness, but her changed demeanor toward Judith was a more effectual expression of her anger and displeasure than any words.

Fielding, faint though he was, assayed to defend Judith's position, but his words were of no avail to change her aunt's attitude. In response to his anxious request, a message was sent to his general, explaining the cause of his non-appearance, a communication which Dr. Spaulding gladly undertook to fulfill.

As Mrs. Fielding was better, word was sent to Bordentown, announcing the accident, and a few hours later, found the aged father and mother at The Elms. The combined influence of the household, though not expressed outwardly, was such as to make it anything but a pleasant home for the young girl who had been the cause of this trouble and anxiety to all. Fielding, after the first day, had a serious time from his injuries, and in spite of her own anxiety and desire to be near him, Judith felt that her presence was a burden to all, as her sight only kept alive their animosity.

Hence at the end of a week, she wrote to Jane Ferris, an old friend of her mother's in Philadelphia, stating her situation; and the warm and pressing invitation she received to make her home her own, decided her to leave her aunt's house, at least for a time, till the influence resulting from her act should have had time to abate. With Jacob for an escort, she was driven away—leaving her aunt and the Fieldings politely expressing their regret, yet with a secret sense of relief at her departure,

Nell, who was the only disaffected one in the household at The Elms, had promised to keep up a correspondence, and through her letters Judith was kept apprised of Fielding's condition.

Two months passed before news came that he was out of danger, and another before he was well enough to be removed to his own home.

The letter therefore which came from Nell some two weeks after Fielding's departure from The Elms was to Judith something of a mystery.

After a long summary of everyday events, her narrative wound up as follows:

"I vow, the house was lonely enough with you out of it, but now that John Fielding is no longer here to fuss about, the place is like a tomb. I for one am sorry that he is well and gone, for it was something to have the excitement of hearing him argue my mother, Dame Fielding, and his father into fits with hints against the king's cause. Did I tell you or not, that since he has been ill he has shown signs (dangerous or favorable as you may choose), of going over to the rebel—I mean the other side! and his household are out of their wits at every random word he may let fall, hinting of the change. It commenced with a mention of your scene in the garret and at some word said of your being at fault—'Nay!' he cried,

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rising up on his elbow and flushing up to the bandage on his bruised head, 'she did what any brave and loyal woman *must* have one—and I am not so sure either,' he wound up, with an obstinate inflection in his tone, 'that the cause she furthered was not a just one.'

"Do you remember the looks on the faces of the household that morning the guns boomed at Princeton? Well then—it was a thundercloud like that fell on them when he spoke, and since then his talk has but made it blacker. He waxes worse in this as he grows well; but mother swears 'tis his brain has cracked from his fall, and that he will lose his fantasy as his skull mends. Time will tell; but if the change comes I trust it may not be till there is some new excitement to take its place in the life of your deserted and lonely—*Nell.*"

"P. S. I have but just time to tell you that Henry, who dropped down on us from the skies last night after I had finished my letter, brought news that the officers of the British army, who have been making a great fuss over our invalid, since learning of *the leap from the window that night*, sent to him lately a letter, and a promise of promotion to the rank of colonel, when he should be ready for active service, and that he not only declined the honor, but also hinted at his possible resignation from the army. *Cracked skull or not—I was glad of the news.*"

Two months later she wrote that John Fielding had not only resigned from the British army, but also openly announced allegiance to the patriot's cause; and on the day after Nell's epistle, came to Judith the longed, yet unlooked-for letter from John Fielding.

It was almost of the nature of a diary, and filled with all the thoughts which had been troubling him since they had last met.

"I cannot, perhaps, explain my long silence," it read; "but the struggle I have been waging between the arguments of conscience and those of prejudice and tradition, could not let me feel worthy of again forcing upon you my attentions till I could come to you at least with *settled convictions*. Not till I heard your prayer of faith, and offered sacrifice, that night at my side, had I doubted of our cause's righteousness, but even through my dazed consciousness there sounded a note of prophecy in your unstudied words."

"'I know Father, this cause is in Thy hands, that Thou hast designed this country to be a haven of peace for uncounted souls—a land ordained and set apart for great and holy destinies, and if to further this, Thy aim, Thou shouldst require my sacrifice—then let Thy will be known, and it is done.'

"Ah, dear one—is it a wonder, thy inspired words ran in my mind like some clear note of warning? For through thy prayer alone, such truth as I now have, could be revealed.

"'This land ordained and set apart for great and holy destinies, must wear no yoke of human bondage. *Freedom absolute and unquestioned must be the heritage of them upon whom shall fall the work of the redemption of the races and nations of the earth.*'

"This truth—flashed upon me by the light of your pure prayer o faith, has lifted me at last above the petty influences of human prejudice, and I am free to act in the interest of that cause, now dearer to me than life. When the conflict is ended I shall come to thank thee for thy guidance and to claim still another blessing at thy hands."

CHAPTER II.

A year has rolled around, and the cherished aim of the British Commander-in-Chief, thwarted by the clever move of the patriot army at Princeton, had been at length gained by a trick, and the army was now

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encamped at ease in the city of Philadelphia.

Patriot and loyalist alike had the quota of soldiers to house, and Jane Ferris, at whose home Judith was staying, was no exception to the rule. Their care, though disagreeable in a sense, yet helped to break in upon the monotony of the lonely life of the young girl, separated as she now was, from her kin, and the friends dearest to her on earth. With her brother and John Fielding enlisted in the patriot army, there was excitement enough outside her home life, however, to keep her thoughts well occupied; especially, since a week ago had come the news that both those in whom her affections were centered, had been captured, and brought as prisoners to Philadelphia: the two having been surprised, so the report came, whilst making a stealthy visit in the vicinity of Bordentown. Through what means they had been betrayed was not known, and could not be guessed, since the British troops were too far distant to make the enterprise in the least degree perilous. Here they were, though, fast prisoners in the enemy's stronghold—and without prospect of release, till at least the long years of warfare should be ended.

Owing to the crowded jails, the two friends had been placed in the strong room of a loyalist's residence, being guarded by officers who were quartered in the household.

This was better than the prisons, at least, thought Judith, though she knew her brother and lover too well to hope that either could have peace at all in any restraint.

There was some sort of comfort at least in knowing them so near, and it made her life in a way seem somewhat less desolate than before. But a short time after their coming, however, Judith received the surprise of an affectionate letter from Elizabeth Standing, in which she begged that all differences and feelings between them be laid aside, and asking Judith to return at once to her roof.

Though the latter's heart responded to her aunt's goodwill, she was, as matters at present stood, little in the mood for leaving Philadelphia. She could not well neglect the appeal, however, without incurring a suspicion of resentment, and was therefore making preparations to go back to The Elms.

It was February and the day of her departure had been set for the fourteenth; Henry Standing, who since the occupancy of the city by the British troops, had been a frequent visitor at the house, having arranged to call for her, and accompany her upon her journey.

Appearing at the appointed time, with a carriage hired for the occasion, he found himself doomed to a slight disappointment. Jane Ferris, who was to go the greater part of the distance with them, having decided to accept the invitation of a relative living in the vicinity of Trenton to make her a lengthy visit (more from a desire to escape the trial of entertaining her country's enemies than any other sentiment), had been seized with a violent attack of neuralgia, which made it impossible for her to start upon the trip.

"The spell may last an hour or all day," she said to Henry Standing, "and I advise you to take back your carriage till I send word 'tis all over—that is, unless you choose to start now, and leave me behind."

This suggestion Henry could not well embrace, as there was no pressing reason for hastening their departure, so he was obliged to do her first bidding. It was agreed that he should be ready at a message from her to start at any time, and thus settled, he rode away, promising to call through the day, in case she should prove well enough to start upon the journey.

He would have been much surprised had he seen a half-hour after his departure, Jane Ferris, whom he

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had left moaning with pain—her face bundled with flannel and onion poultices, come out of her house, arrayed in her best silk gown, and with alert step, hasten off toward a house in the suburbs of the city.

The residence was that of Eunice Dalton, a staunch loyalist, and once an intimate friend of Jane Ferris, the two having become estranged by the different sentiments of each on the vital question affecting the country. Of late, Jane Ferris had renewed her visits to her old acquaintance's house —a change construed by the imperious and self-willed old lady, into an admission of wrong on the part of her friend—a sign which she treated with a pitying condescension, and I-told-you-so manner, which was tended to try to the utmost a woman of Jane Ferris' nature. Strangely enough, however, she bore it all with a equanimity which Eunice Dalton, construing into humility, abused according to the dictates and delight of her decidedly aggressive nature.

That the presence of two young patriot prisoners in her house might furnish a cause for Jane Ferris' unexpected overtures, could never occur to her, as she knew nothing of the friendship between them, nor even of Judith Dare's presence in her household. Therefore, Jane Ferris came and went without suspicion, the two British officers domiciled in her house, looking upon her as a trusted friend of the family.

Calling upon her friend today, however, Jane Ferris found her not at home; but instead of withdrawing, she entered the house, telling the maid she would wait for her return.

Leaving the visitor in the parlor, pretty Kate hastened back to the kitchen, fearful of missing a flirtation with the handsome sergeant who, during the absence of his superior officer, had left his post in the upstairs hall, where the prisoners were quartered, and was drinking a mug of cider by the fire in the kitchen.

When, a half hour later, Kate came up with the sergeant, from the kitchen, she found Jane Ferris tying her bonnet-strings with somewhat nervous hands—having no time, she declared, to stay longer, as she was about to start upon a journey, and would therefore be obliged to leave without bidding Eunice Dalton good-bye.

"Give her my farewell," she said to Kate, on the door-step, "and mind you tell her, if we are to be friends henceforth, she shall make the next call at my house." With this she turned, a strange smile on her honest and rugged face, and was gone.

Some few minutes before sunset, Henry Standing received a message from Jane Ferris, saying that she was better, and had decided that they would start upon their trip at once.

"Tomorrow I may be worse," the note read, "and our journey like enough, be delayed for a week; so I shall try to go between twinges and thus save disappointing you young people again."

Though it was now somewhat late to start, Henry was far from being displeased at the arrangement, and in less than an hour, had his carriage once more at Jane Ferris' door.

It took some time for the latter person to get her many bundles and bags distributed under the seats and upon the top of the carriage, then, at last, the eccentric woman must have the coachman go into the kitchen for a mug of hot cider, and a plate of doughnuts, before starting on his long ride through the cold and dark; so that it was well after nightfall when they at length set out upon their journey.

Jane Ferris, muffled to the eyes in flannels, and woollen comforters, settled back in her seat, with her hand pressed closely upon her mouth, fearful of opening it for a word even, lest the night air should play havoc with the swelled gums. So that Henry Standing found himself confronted with the prospect of a long

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drive, with only his pretty cousin to entertain.

And well did he acquit himself of the opportunity. Never did gallant make greater effort at pleasing than did the young loyalist during the long ride. Nor was he much anxious or sorry, either, when, the carriage having come suddenly to a standstill, he found, upon putting his head out of the window, that they had missed their way, and were upon the wrong road. It but gave him more time to deepen the favorable impression he was conscious of having made, and was therefore carried off by him, merrily as a joke.

Finding that the locality was strange, even to himslf, he bade the driver stop at the next farmhouse, and enquire the way; but when they reached it, the man was so busy striving to manage the horses, which were rearing and plunging at some sudden fright, that Henry himself was constrained to leave the carriage and make inquiry at the door.

No sooner had he set step upon the porch, than the horses with a lurch, were off at a breakneck speed along the road—leaving the bewildered Henry gazing distractedly into the darkness, whither they had disappeared; nor did they stop until they came to a standstill at the door of a cozy cottage in Trenton.

Tying the now tractable horses to the hiching post in front, the three in the carriage went hurriedly into the house; and when, a half hour later, they emerged, Alma Dare, with Jane Ferris' skirts clinging awkwardly round his long limbs, climbed up to the seat in front; and the former driver, taking his place in the carriage beside Judith—with a voice strangely like John Fielding's, was tenderly addressing our heroine as "wife."

CHAPTER III.

During the years which passed, before the ending of the country's struggle, there were many anxious and suffering days for the lonely bride; an experience which, however, was made lighter by her duties of caring for the aged parents of John Fielding, with whom she made her home—who soon bestowed upon her not only their forgiveness, but also their tenderest love.

After Henry Standing's death, which occurred the following summer, both her aunt and Nell came to dwell with the Fielding's, giving Judith the added solace of her vivacious cousin's companionship.

The end of the strife found both of the dear ones at home again, each happy, safe and sound; and the day which saw Nell Standing and Alma Dare united, was chosen not only as the anniversary of that which had witnessed the memorable events of the night of the young patriot's escape—but also of that of the birth of that great hero, whose genius and patriotism had given freedom to the country destined to be the greatest amongst all nations of the earth.

Josephine Spencer.

PRIZES FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY STORIES.

THERE were presented in the competition for THE CONTRIBUTOR prizes for Washington's Birthday Stories six articles, only one of which, we are pleased to say, was unworthy of publication. The other five contained very much merit. Indeed, it was somewhat difficult to decide between several of the pieces as to which was entitled to the first, and which should receive the second prize. After careful consideration, however, the conclusion was reached, by the majority of the judges, that the article entitled "Judith Dare," by Miss Josephine Spencer, was worthy of the first prize, and that "Tallie," by Nephi Anderson, should receive the second prize.

The first prize article we present to our readers in this number, and will give place to the second prize

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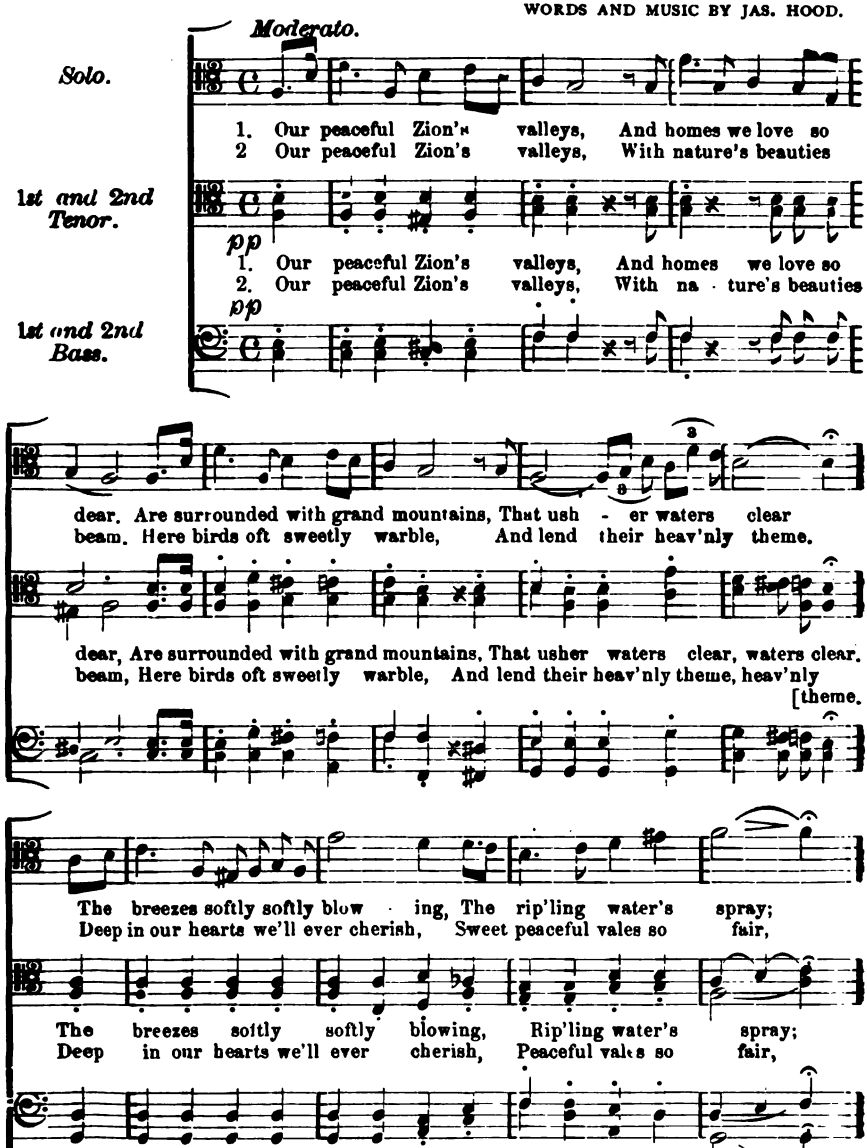
article in the March number of THE CONTRIBUTOR.

We are pleased to note the interest which is being taken in this literary work, and by the encouragement we are giving in the way of prizes, we hope some of the latent talent which is so abundant among the young people of this Territory will be developed.

SWEET PEACEFUL VALES.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JAS. HOOD.



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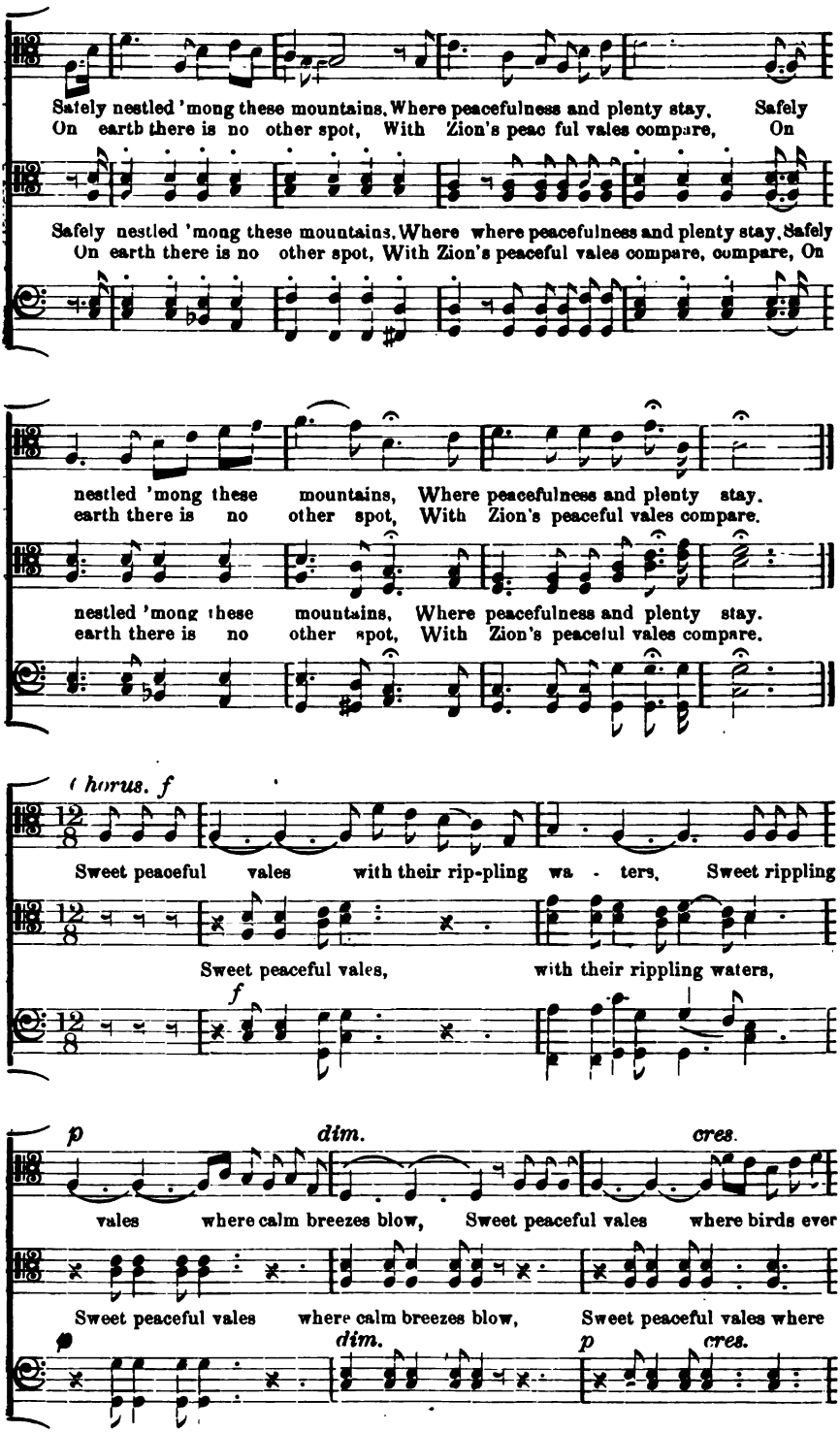

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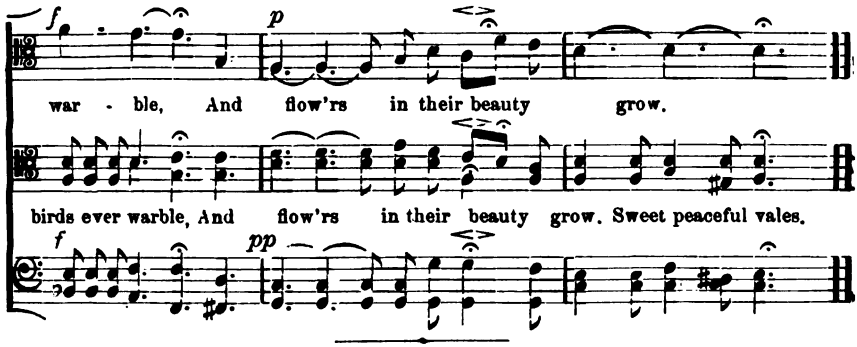

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 9.

PRIESTHOOD II.

Subdivisions:—1. *What the Priesthood implies when used in a personal sense.* 2. *Divisions of the Priesthood*; (*a*) Melchisedek; (*b*) Aaronic. 3. *Distinction* as to (*a*) the Priesthood itself; (*b*) the offices; (*c*) the officers. 4. *Organizations;* (*a*) First Presidency; (*b*) Council of the Apostles; (*c*) Council of the Seventy; (*d*) High Priests' councils and quorums; (*e*) Presiding Bishopric; (*f*) councils or quorums of Seventies; (*g*) councils or quorums of Elders; (*h*) councils of Priests; (*i*)councils of Teachers; (*j*) councils of Deacons. Ref. CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. VI., p. 1; Vol. X., pp. 361-363; 307–311; Doc. and Cov., sec. 107; Items on Priesthood; Pamphlet by Elder John Jaques on "The Priesthood, Organization, Doctrines, Ordinances, and History of the Church."

Self-review:—1. Why is the Melchisedek Priesthood so called? 2. Why is the Aaronic Priesthood so called? 3. What is the nature of the two divisions or Priesthoods with reference to their perpetuity? 4. What is the relation of the Aaronic Priesthood or order to the Melchisedek? 5. Who presides over the High Priesthood and therefore over the entire Priesthood of the Church? 6. Write the names of the present Twelve Traveling High Councilors.

LECTURE 10.

PRIESTHOOD III.

Stake organizations.

Subdivisions:— (*a*) Stake Presidency consisting of three High Priests; (*b*) High Council, consisting of twelve High Priests; (*c*) High Priests' quorum (number not limited), with a presidency of three; (*d*) Stake Patriarchs; (*e*) Elders' quorums or councils each of ninety-six men, with a presidency of three. Ref. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 107; Items on Priesthood; "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," by Elder John Jaques; Article by Elder F. D. Richards, Church Historian, in "What the World Believes," pp. 593–596.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by a Stake of Zion? 2. How many Stakes have been established. 3. Where is the center Stake located? 4. Write the names of the operative Stakes to date. 5. Of what does the general organization of a Stake consist?

LECTURE 11.

PRIESTHOOD IV.

Ward organizations.

Subdivisions:—(*a*) Bishopric and Presidency, consisting of three High Priests, one of whom is ordained and set apart as a Bishop to preside over the Aaronic Priesthood in the Ward, and to officiate in temporal matters, and who by virtue of his High Priest-

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hood and official calling presides locally over the entire Ward; (*b*) Priests' quorum, consisting of forty-eight members presided over by the Bishopric; (*c*) Teachers' quorums or councils of twenty-four men, each with a presidency of three; (*d*) Deacons' quorums of twelve persons each with a presidency of three. Ref. Doc. and Cov., Sec. 107; "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," by John Jaques; "What the world believes," p. 596.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by a Ward of the Church? 2. Who presides over the entire Ward? 3. Who presides over the Priests' quorum? 4. How many Teachers constitute a quorum? 5. How many Deacons form a quorum?

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 9.

KING DAVID.

Time, 1063 B. C.

Subdivisions:—1. His divine calling. 2. As an armor bearer. 3. As a champion of liberty with the armor of faith. 4. His noble example of modest humility in receiving public praise. 5. His perfect integrity and his reverence for the Lord's Anointed. Ref. I Sam., xv to end; Josephus, Bk. VI, ch. viii–xiii.

Self-review:—1. In what century did David live and reign? 2. What is meant by David's divine calling? 3. What was David's duty as an armor bearer? 4. On what special occasion did David receive praise that aroused the jealousy of Saul? 5. As David did not hesitate to slay the enemies of Israel why did he spare Saul who sought his very life?

LECTURE 10.

KING DAVID (CONTINUED).

Time, 1055–1015 B. C.; Place, Palestine.

Subdivision:—1. As king of Judah. (*a*) Temporary division of Israel; (*b*) the internecine war. 2. David king over all Israel; (*a*) as subject to and supporter of the Priesthood; (*b*) as a mighty warrior and deliverer; (*c*) as a political economist; (*d*) as a prophet-poet. Ref. II Sam., i to ix; Josephus, Bk. VII, complete.

Self-review:—1. How long did David reign over Judah only? 2. Who reigned over the remaining portion of Israel while David was king of Judah? 3. What caused the temporary division of Israel? 4. How long did David reign over all Israel? 5. What evidence have we that David was a prophet-poet?

LECTURE 11.

KING SOLOMON.

Time, 1015–975 B. C.

Subdivisions:—1. His being anointed king. 2. His father's last charge. 3. His desire for the gift of wisdom. 4. His extraordinary wisdom; (*a*) as a judge; (*b*) as a moral philosopher; (*c*) as a poet; (*d*) as a naturalist; (*e*) as a statesman; (*f*) as a diplomat; (*g*) as a financier; (*h*) as a temple builder. Ref. I Kings, i to ix; Josephus, Bk. VIII, ch. i to viii.

Self-review:—1. When was Solomon King of Israel? 2. What were the chief points of David's last charge to his son Solomon? 3. Which do you consider to be Solomon's wisest thought? 4. Give evidence that Solomon was a naturalist. 5. What proof can you give of Solomon's skill in statesmanship and diplomacy? 6. Give quotations from his proverbs to prove that he was a moral philosopher.

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

The Reign of the Judges.

LECTURE 10.

GENERAL MORONI (CONTINUED).

Time, 72 B. C.

Subdivisions:—1. Amalikiah the traitor. 2. The Standard of Liberty;

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(*a*) the symbolic banner; (*b*) the immortal inscription, "In memory of our God, our religion and freedom, and our peace, our wives and our children." 3. Moroni's invocation for the success of the Christians' cause. 4. Moroni's personal heralding of the "Title of Liberty." 5. The inspirational rally around the prophetic ensign. 6. The covenant of freedom. 7. The national hoisting of the "Standard of Liberty." 8. The suppression of the rebellion. Ref. Alma xlvi.

Self-review: — 1. What was the cause of the rebellion at this time? 2. What was the inscription on the "Title of Liberty?" 3. What was Moroni's prayer or invocation concerning liberty? 4. What was the covenant of freedom? 5. Show how the Title of Liberty was made the national standard at the close of the war.

LECTURE 11.

GENERAL MORONI (CONTINUED).

Time, 71 B. C.

Subdivisions:—1. General fortifications, building and repairing the Nephitic line of defense. 2. The invasion by the Lamanites. 3. Brilliant victories of Generals Moroni, Lehi, and Teancum. 4. Maintenance of the republic and the overthrow of the kings men. Ref. Alma xlvii to li.

Self-review: — 1. What was the nature of Moroni's line of fortifications? 2. How came Amalickiah commander-in-chief of the Lamanite armies? 3. What two generals aided Moroni in the maintenance of the republic? 4. Explain the Morianton trouble? 5. What was the fate of the braggart Amalakiah who swore to drink Moroni's blood?

LECTURE 12.

GENERAL MORONI (CONTINUED).

Time about 63 B. C.

Subdivisions:—Sending of reinforcements to the northern division of the army commanded by Teancum. —Order for retention of prisoners and securing the narrow pass.—The successful western campaign.—The capture of the city of Mulek and defeat of the enemy under Jacob the Zoramite.—Correspondence of Moroni and Amaron (*a*) Amaron's epistle requesting exchange of prisoners, (*b*) Moroni's bold answer stipulating terms of exchange, (*c*) Amaron's arrogant reply rejecting the terms of exchange.—The capture of the city of Gid by stratagem. Ref. Alma ch. 52–55.

Self-review:—1. What was Moroni's special object in retaining the Lamanite prisoners? 2. Why was it necessary for the Nephites to secure the narrow pass that led into the land northward? 3. What was the decision of the council of war? 4. What was the plan for taking the city of Mulek? 5. What two objects did Moroni have in view in keeping his prisoners at work?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Time, continued.*)

LECTURE 10.

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

Rome, A. D., 65–66.

Subdivisions:—The supremacy of the Son of God.—The victory over Satan through death.—The learning of obedience through suffering.—The impossibility of the redemption of an absolute apostate.—The law of Tithing.—The incompleteness of a testament without the death of the testator.—The unpardonableness of willful sin against truth.—The nature and power of faith.—The fatal mistake of not appreciating a birthright.—The inability of man to comprehend the higher principles of progress except through the appreciation of the elementary ones. Ref. Hebrew i–xiii.

Self-review:—1. Show from the text the superiority of Jesus over the angels. 2. How is victory over Satan through death brought about?

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3. What is the object of suffering? 4. What is said of willful sin?. 5. What is faith?

LECTURE 11.

GENERAL EPISTLE OF JAMES.

Time, A. D. 62.

Subdivisions:—The standing promise of wisdom when asked for in faith.—Temptation not from God.—Religion in general.—Living faith.—Use and abuse of speech.—Evil banished by resistance.—Proper procedure in case of illness. Ref. James.

Self-review:—1. Repeat the standing promise of wisdom. 2. Show that the Lord does not tempt men to do evil. 3. What explanation is given of pure religion here? 4. What is the result of belief without works? 5. Explain the expression "No fountain can bring forth both salt water and fresh." 6. How may you cause evil to flee from you? 7. What is the direction in case of sickness?

LECTURE 12.

EPISTLES OF PETER.

Place, Babylon. Time, A. D. 63–65.

Subdivisions:—The Savior an example of patience and suffering.—Head of the family, beauty of home government.—Influence of a chaste conversation.—Dignity of administrative work.—Persecution for righteousness and not for evil.—Judgment to begin at the house of the Lord.—Cultivation of qualities of mind and heart enjoined.—No prophecy of Scripture of private interpretation.—Self-justification and speaking evil of dignitaries barring progress.—Purification of the earth by fire. Ref. Epistles of Peter.

Self-review:—1. What is Peter's instruction respecting family government. (I Peter, ch. iii.) 2. What instruction is given in regard to chaste conversation? 3. Quote 11 verse, iv ch. II Peter, and explain the meaning of it? 4. What is Peter's prediction concerning the beginning of judgment? 5. Why are we to be humble? (See vi verse, ch. iv, II Peter.)

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 2.

EXPLORATION AND COLONIZATION.

Subdivisions:—1. The Spaniards; (*a*) Ponce de Leon discovers Florida and Balboa discovers the Pacific Ocean, 1513; (*b*) Cortez discovers Mexico and establishes the power of Spain on the Pacific slope, 1519; (*c*) attempt at the conquest of Florida by Narvaez and Cabeza, 1528; (*d*) De Soto discovers the Mississippi River, 1541. 2. The French; (*a*) Verrazano's voyage to the Atlantic slope, 1524; (*b*) Cartier discovers the St. Lawrence, 1535; (*c*) two attempts to plant the Huguenots on the Atlantic coast, 1562–64. 3. The English; (*a*) Frobisher's and Davis' failure, 1576; (*b*) Gilbert's attempt to settle Newfoundland, 1583; (*c*) Drake's piratical passage around the globe, 1577–79; (*d*) Raleigh's attempt at the colonization of Virginia, 1585–87.

Self-review:—1. Name in chronological order the Spanish explorers. 2. Give names of the French explorers. 3. Who were the chief English explorers from the Cabots to Raleigh? 4. What seems to have been the chief motive of the Spaniards in their explorations? 5. What do you consider the principal aim of the early French explorers? 6. Why was England so anxious to find a water passage through the "New World?" 7. Who were the Huguenots, and what were they seeking in America? 8. Which is the oldest modern city in America and where is it located? 9. How can you account for the enmity that existed between the Spanish and French colonists? 10. Why would not the French government resent the massacre of the French Huguenots?

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GROUP OF PALESTINE JEWS.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. MARCH, 1894. No. 5.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

XI.

IT is a far cry from the city of the Caliphs to the city of David yet sea and land between is barren of interest. I left Cairo in the throes of a carnival birth when the streets were thronged with masked and romping revelers of every shade and condition, wealthy aristocrats of tawny complexion playing the mendicant, while the latter for a brief night at least, were squandering accumulated alms in robing themselves with gaudy splendor, flashing the sheen of their rich dresses in the glancing sunlight and for that fleeting hour, building "castles, in Spain" with turrets and towers, drawbridge and moat.

An error in my itinerary made it necessary to pass a night in Port Said at one of the two hotels there, and should the writer ever contemplate extolling either, which Allah forbid, he scarcely remembers which would gain the evil preference, so equally matched they were in utter worthlessness. A restless night was finally passed in the "Buda-Pesth house," as that birth mark appeared to promise fewer evils than the other hostelry.

Early next morning a coasting vessel of the Austrian-Lloyd line spread her sails for Jaffa at which port arriving and departing vessels are subjected to the caprices of the four winds which frequently render landing or embarking passengers a matter of much uncertainty. In approaching Jaffa from the sea, the traveler is struck with wonder at the rare beauty of the spot, and the still greater pleasure of looking upon a land that above all others in this wide world is sacred. The Holy Land, the country of Jacob and David, of Rachel and Ruth, where the prophets of Israel taught and the Redeemer of all men lived and died. The roadstead of Jaffa is the port from which Jonah sailed on his perilous and much-disputed voyage. The sandy stretch and fertile fields dotted now and then by a solitary palm, fig-trees or a pomegranate is the threshold of that plain of Sharon, on which all the roses of memory bloomed and shed their perfume.

In a changing sea, landing at Jaffa is impossible as no harbor exists. The rolling waves beat fiercely against the rocks and the coast is dangerous. In Solomon's time, when Hiram, King of Tyre, sent the cedar and pine for the building of the temple, he said in his contract, "we will cut wood out of Lebanon as much as thou shalt need, and we will bring it to thee in floats to Joppa and will cause it to be discharged there, and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem." It was there Peter raised Dorcas to life, and there the Apostle had that remarkable vision, showing him that the distinction between Jew and Gentile was forever abolished. The house of Simon the tanner, or rather a fragment of it and his ancient well and stone tank are still shown, they face the long bright sweep of the Mediterranean, its nearer waves

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broken by the reefs, famous in mythological story as the rocks of Andromeda. Today the black wave-worn hulk of a Russian merchantman, wrecked there three years ago, lies on the partially submerged reef and rocks, and rolls at every blow of the pounding sea. In the town, the narrow winding streets are dirty and malodorous. Donkeys and camels crowd each other and dispute the thoroughfare with pedestrians. Few of the by-ways, steep and rocky, are available for vehicles and hence the latter are rarely seen. In the suburbs there are many extensive orange groves laden with fruit of rare flavor and unusual size, many specimens measuring five inches in diameter, and as large numbers of the trees are in flower as well as fruit, the bloom-laden air in the evening and early in the morning is delightful.

From Jaffa I went to Jerusalem by diligence up an ascent of three thousand feet and a distance of forty miles over a road that has been used in all ages. A railroad had been commenced and a few miles of track laid, but no rolling stock or other equipment was seen and no hands at work. I learn it has since been completed. Its projectors have the gravest reasons for doubting the success of an enterprise which must depend almost exclusively on the patronage of a few isolated travelers.

The flowery plain of Sharon is passed through, and the valley of Ajalon, where Joshua obtained the victory over the five kings of the Amorites, and the sun stayed its downward flight until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Within view from the roadside are the ruins of Gezer, captured and burned by Pharaoh, who gave it "for a present to his daughter, Solomon's wife." (1 Kings ix, 15–17). Proceeding towards Jerusalem, the traveler zig-zags his course along a steep defile, where on every hand the hills are gray, sterile and rugged. Wild flowers grow among the bleak crevices, but the few trees and bushes seen are stunted and spare, a wild and desolate region seven-eights sterile and rocky, and if geology is not a dream, the greater part of it is "rock in place." As the higher regions are approached the most dispassionate of men may well reflect on the associations connected with the road he is traversing. Along it the ark of God was borne in triumph to Mount Zion; somewhere along the route Christ joined the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. From age to age thousands of Israelites have gone up there to the solemn feasts of Jerusalem, and in after times those desolate regions have echoed to the tramp of Roman legions and the no less victorious shouts of the crusaders.

Most travelers have a sense of disappointment on first viewing Jerusalem, its dimensions are so much less than the imagination had pictured. Associated as it is with the greatest and most sacred events of history, it is difficult to realize that the little town, which may be circled in an hour, is the Holy City. And indeed it is not, for the city whose streets the Savior trod was of far greater magnitude. The gorgeous city of Solomon lies buried under the debris of sixteen sieges and sixteen times it fell. Excavations have shown that the foundations of the ancient walls, in some places are one hundred and thirty feet below the modern surface. In digging the foundations of new buildings the workmen sometimes pass down through a series of structures, showing that one city is literally built upon the ruins of another. All this throws grave doubt upon many sacred places within and without the present walls; the real localities lie buried far beneath in some instances. But the natural features of the country about remain unchanged. The present population is thought to be fifty thousand, the Jews numbering about three-fifths of that number. These latter are mainly sustained by

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GIRL OF BETHLEHEM (PALESTINE).

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public charity, Hebrews everywhere having sent contributions to their poor brethren of the Holy Land. Many go there as an act of piety, and among the devout Jews of some countries, burial at Jerusalem is regarded as a fitting end to a life of holiness. The Greek church flourishes in the city, having at its head the patriarch of Jerusalem, who resides in a convent beside the church of the Holy Supulchre. Fourteen sees are subject to him. The Greeks possess some twenty monasteries in the neighborhood and that race furnishes all the guides and dragomen employed by strangers who traverse the hills and plains of Judea. Then follow a few Armenians, Copts, Latins and Christians of more remote countries. The greater interest centers about the church of the Holy Sepulchre. I approached the spot with uncovered head, few men can do less. Ramblers who have traveled far and wandered wide lose faith in man as they become acquainted with men, but in that enclosure all alike are awed into silence and humility. It may be the very spot where the cross stood on Calvary, and the sepulchre may be that which Joseph of Arimathea gave "wherein never man lay." And yet there is no historical or other evidence that the site of the Holy Sepulchre was determined until the third century, when it appears that over the sepulchre had been erected a Pagan temple of Venus. In the fourth century the Empress Helena was believed to have had a vision, in which she recognized the site, and by means of a miracle identified the true cross. Some of our biblical students may remember the legend—how the empress was divinely directed to the spot; how she watched the excavating until eventually the three crosses, with vails, crown of thorns, superscription and other relics were found. How difficult it was to determine which of the three crosses was the true one, and at last a noble lady on the point of death was carried there, and as soon as her body touched the third cross she was immediately cured of her otherwise hopeless malady; and thus the identity of the Savior's cross was established. Yet this, and seemingly all other sacred sites in the still sacred city are in controversy, if as mild a word as that may cover the fierce and vindictive quarrels of Christian sects, who are only prevented from tearing each other to pieces by Mohammedan soldiers of the Sultan. Those soldiers compose the guard, that with thinly veiled contempt enforce order, quiet and decency among the Christian worshipers there, whose "superior" religion cannot leave hate and jealousy behind, even on such a threshold.

I took lodgings in the street of David near the Jaffa gate, and made outlying excursions from there accompanied by a young Greek named Tamari, whom I employed as a dragoman during my stay in Palestine. These Greeks, by the way, have much the best of temporal as well as spiritual matters within the gates. I could not learn, even approximately, the membership of their church in Syria, but it must be large in proportion to that of the other sects.

Everything there is reminiscent of the Savior and His Apostles, although the latter perhaps never lingered long in the winding ways of the ill-paved city, their unresting feet were constantly going to and fro among the branches, they being frequently called on missions until, having done their work faithfully and in good faith, they lay the burden down. Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome: Peter, Phillip, James the Less, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. The travel-worn forms of three lie round about Naples, Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi and Thomas at Ortona. One, James the Greater, having fought the good fight, sleeps soundly in Spain at St. Jago de Compostella. Of the

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TOMB OF ABSALOM IN THE VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT (PALESTINE).

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whereabouts of the Evangelist there is much dispute; perhaps no man knoweth. Mark and Luke, "life's fitful fever o'er," laid down their weary frames in Italy, the former in Venice, the latter in Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy.

An enumeration of the principal sights and localities which, for time immemorial, have drawn to Palestine the wandering footsteps of pilgrims of every race and clime, will meet the desire of the writer and yet not burden these columns with the iteration of mere legend, superstition or story. After the Holy Sepulchre, comes the Stone of Unction, where the body of our Lord was laid for anointing when taken down from the cross; the Chapel of Apparition, from the fourteenth century legend that there our Lord appeared to Mary after his resurrection, the Rent in the Rock, the Tomb of Melchisedek, the site of Solomon's temple, the Tombs of David, Absalom, and of the sons of Aaron; the spot where King Solomon was found dead, the so-called house of Pilate, the spot where the cross was found; the Via Dolorosa, that mournful way along which He bore the cross until relieved of it by one Simon, a Cyrenian. These, and many places of lesser interest lie within the gates. Outside the walls are the Mount of Olives, of Zion and Calvary, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Field of Blood, where Judas betrayed his master, the Pool of Siloam, Tomb of the Virgin, Tomb of the Judges, the Pools of Solomon, etc.

A fragment of a wall of the temple remains, and is known as the Wailing place of the Jews. It is composed of enormous blocks of marble, some fifteen feet long and three or four deep, with rough paneled surfaces and smooth, leveled edges, five or six courses of this masonry at the bottom, bear smaller stones higher up; some have been displaced, possibly by the various sieges, or the earthquake which followed the crucifixion. Many remain as they were first laid. To this spot comes a strange congregation of Jews every Friday afternoon, from whence they go to their synagogues, old men in dingy caps and long, greasy black cloaks falling to the feet, a grizzly soap-lock or curl hanging in front of either ear, otherwise the hair is rather short; ashen features, whether young or old and ghastly in their pallor; their long, bony fingers clutch at the wall and their plaintive voices wail out lamentation after lamentation.

We beseech thee, have mercy on Zion!
And gather together the children of Jerusalem.
Let Zion find again her kings.
We sit alone and weep,
Because of the temple which is destroyed,
Because of our priests who have erred and gone astray,
Because of our kings who have contemned God—
We sit alone and weep.

Moss clusters thick in every crevice of the massive wall, the long laces of a poisonous vine rambled in and out among the stones. Lank weeds grew out of some fissures near the top and, dropping far downward, waved wearily to and fro over the almost inanimate objects huddled in the mire below. And on the day of the writer's visit the desolation of the scene was not lessened in any degree by a dripping rain that was falling, or the fitful sobbing of the wind that now and then drove it into the faces of the passers-by.

The next day preparations were made for a horseback ride to the ruins of Jericho, the Valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, or Sea of Lot, Sea of the Plain, as it is variously called there. My dragoman was sent to procure saddle horses and the services of a mounted Arab guard, as the shores and neighborhood of the Dead Sea are a favorite haunt of marauding Bedouins. Wishing also to procure a supply of small change for use on the journey, the money changers in the street of David were visited and, while quite

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content to pay the reasonable percentage they asked for small money, I endeavored to get all good coin in exchange, but the hope failed me. They insisted that a few counterfeits and short weight pieces must go with the rest, I must take my share, there would be no trouble in passing them outside the gates, etc. But this "uncircumcised dog of a Christian" declined standing twenty per cent. discount on English sovereigns in exchange for Turkish money that, if it had any uniform value, was liable to change it in thirty days without notice, for of such is the imperial Ottoman currency in the confines of Palestine. Verily the money-changers in the city of David have not altered much since they were driven from the temple in the days of the Savior, in the writer's opinion they should have been driven from the city as well. The chosen race were told to waste the Egyptians, not the Americans.

Passing out of the Jaffa gate early next morning on my way to the rendezvous of the horses, I went by the lepers' quarter. A more awful spectacle than is presented by these poor creatures cannot be conceived; they are not permitted to enter the city, and are cut off from association with the outside world. They are literally falling to pieces with disease, limb after limb becoming shapeless or altogether lost. The faces of some of these sad-eyed lepers are so knotted as to resemble bunches of grapes; in others the features are scarcely discernible. The disease generally attacks the throat first and causes them to make peculiar sounds which have a piteous sadness, and once listened to, haunt the memory ever after. Unhappily these poor creatures intrude their misfortunes before the eyes of the stranger, who is often sorely tried at witnessing the distorted faces and wasting lines, and to hear their plaintive cries, horrible, husky wails that are peculiar to them. They dwell apart and marry only among themselves. Their children, until the age of ten or eleven, are as pleasing in appearance as other children, but after that age the deadly taint appears on the surface, and they, too, dwell apart, and so must they come and go, until that final hour when

The pilot of Galilee seen on the strand,
Stretches over the waters a welcoming hand,
Where no longer heeding Apollyon's baffled roar,
The hapless will turn to their rest evermore.

That day in winding down Calvary I suddenly came upon nine lepers in a row, mostly women, and was warned off by a boy who at a safe distance, had been harassing them; two of the nine who still had an arm apiece, crawled forward, gathered stones and drove the boy away, while he, seemingly not caring much and yet retreating, still sent back a warning cry, "Be careful, oh, Effendi, they are lepers."

Mounting our horses later on we set out for the Dead Sea. My dragoman had provided himself with an Arab saddle, an easy, comfortable arrangement, with a high pommel, something after the sonora or cowboy pattern. The writer, whom he supposed required more style, was furnished with one of those wretched little pancake abortions affected by English dudes and supplied only by "purveyors to the queen." After an hour's ride, my horse became vicious and the saddle, too, so the dragoman was ordered to change with me. He rode in an English saddle the next three days, but has probably not used one since. That night we camped near modern Jericho, three miles below the ruins of the ancient city destroyed by Joshua, who placed a curse upon anyone attempting to rebuild it. By daylight next morning a start was made for the Dead Sea, and at 10 a.m. I was bathing in its bright and sparkling though dense waters, and wondering vaguely how far beneath the ruffled surface lay the silent and

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AT TIMES, THE FACES OF THESE SAD-EYED LEPERS ARE SO KNOTTED AS TO RESEMBLE BUNCHES OF GRAPES.

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deserted streets of Sodom and Gomorrah, those two cities of the plain from which the angel of the Lord drove Lot and his family. The waters of the sea are denser than those of the Salt Lake and, while clear and transparent, they leave a sticky feeling on the skin. Resuming my dress, I mounted again and started for the banks of the Jordan, remembering Lot's wife and not looking back. I found the river banks difficult of approach, the stream itself a turgid yellow, full of swift currents, caving banks, a treacherous bottom with tangled roots, ooze, slime and other perils. So the river was not entered, but the return to Jaffa was commenced next day, and three days later a vessel there took me off.

There is always someone getting left in this world, and the day I sailed from Jaffa, it chanced to be a party of spinsters traveling alone, nice old ladies, but they would wait for another cup of tea, notwithstanding their dragoman's warning, that the last surf boat was about to take off passengers for the ship. Half an hour later they appear on the beach all in a flutter as we pass out of the roadstead and, standing under the awnings on the hurricane deck, I see them wring their hands, and hear their voices calling to us faintly from the shore, but our inexorable captain, a stubborn Portugeuse having weighed anchor sails away for other Syrian ports, and leaves those ancient dames to strain their longing eyes out to sea for other ships.

G. H. Snell.

SCIENCE AND MORMONISM.

II.

PANPSYCHISM AND PANBIOTISM.

FOR ages past men have been concerning themselves with attempts to explain in some manner or other the different phenomena of the physical universe. Many theories have been advanced, which it would be useless to describe here, as the propounders of them have generally admitted themselves, that no adequate explanation could well be offered that would be of a satisfactory nature. And so modern scientists busy themselves rather with enquiries into the nature of existing laws than to metaphysical theories and speculations concerning their origin. There are, however, a large number of philosophers who find a greater delight in wandering through the realms of what they are pleased to call "the unknown" and "the unknowable," and who are very well satisfied to leave the examination of known phenomena to those who like Professor Huxley make the very sensible assertion that there are sufficient beauties in nature so lavishly bestowed upon this little planet of ours, the investigation of which is so very profitable, that it is in a sense somewhat foolish to concern ourselves with questions which at best will only have the effect of increasing doubt and lending aid to skepticism.

There is, for all this, a certain amount of justification for philosophic speculation into some, at least, of the causes of physical phenomena and it shall be my object in the present article to show that "Mormonism" contains some inherent ideas which will rank with the best of modern speculative thought in the matters to which I refer.

In that best of modern philosophic magazines, *The Monist*, of date, July, 1892, Professor Ernst Hæckel in an article entitled, "Our Monism," propounds the theory of panpsychism as follows: "One highly important principle of my monism seems to me to be that I regard *all*

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matter as *ensouled*, that is to say, as endowed with feeling (pleasure and pain) and with motion, or, better, with the power of motion. As elementary (atomistic) attraction and repulsion, these powers are asserted in every simplest chemical process, and on them is based also every other phenomenon, consequently also the highest developed soul-activity of man.

"Simplest case: Sulphur and quicksilver rubbed together form cinnabar, a new body of entirely different properties. This is possible only on the supposition that the molecules (or atoms) of the two elements, if brought within the proper distance, mutually *feel* each other, by attraction *move towards* each other; on the decomposition of a single chemical compound the contrary takes place: repulsion. (Empedocles' doctrine of 'The love and hatred of atoms')."

It will be observed that Professor Hæckel presents the doctrine of Empedocles in a somewhat modified form. By "panpsychism," according to him, we understand that every particle of matter has enshrined within itself the elements of feeling; these elements existing to a greater or lesser degree according to the complexity of chemical composition or otherwise. In other words all nature is *alive*. Further than this, Professor Hæckel intimates that by elements of feeling we are to understand "pleasure and pain," and the various actions and reactions between atoms and molecules are the outgrowth of the minute degrees of sentiency possessed by these particles. This idea is, of course, by no means new. We find, for instance, the great French thinker, Michelet, in his excellent work, *L' Oisean*, advances the same idea in a somewhat bolder form: "La douleur est en quelque sorte l'artiste du monde, qui nous fait, nous façonne, nous sculpte à la fine pointe d' un impitoyable ciseau. . . . Et ce qui reste, plus exquis et plus fort, enrichi de sa perte même, en tire le don d'une vie superieure*

A thought very similar to this is presented in a most sublime manner by Tennyson, as follows:

> "If so he type this work of time
> Within himself from more to more;
> *And, crowned with attributes of woe*
> *Like glories*, move his course, and show
> That life is not as idle ore;
> But iron dug from central gloom,
> And heated hot with burning fears,
> And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
> And battered with the shocks of doom,
> *To shape and use*."

Dr. Paul Carns, the able editor of *The Monist*, in an article under date of January, 1893, being unable to accept Professor Hæckel's idea in its entirety, propounds the theory of panbiotism, by which, to quote his own language, we are to understand that "everything is fraught with life; it contains life; it has the ability to live." The term "life," we are further told, is held to mean "spontaneity or *self-motion*."

So very matter-of-fact and practical a man as Thos. A. Edison, the great electrician, has been giving this matter some attention. In *The Monist*, Vol. III, No. 2, under the heading of "Intelligent Atoms," Mr. Edison writes: "All matter lives, and everything that lives possesses intelligence. Consider growing corn for example. An atom of oxygen comes flying along the air. It seeks combination with other atoms and goes to the corn, not by chance, but by intention. It is seized by other atoms that need oxygen and is packed away in the corn where it can do its work. Now carbon, hydrogen and oxygen enter into the composition of every organic substance in one form or another of arrangement. The formula, C H O, in fact, is almost universal.

*Pain is in some sort the artist of the world, which makes us and which fashions and shapes us as with the fine point of a pitiless chisel. And that which remains, more beautiful and more strong, enriched by its very loss, forms the gift of a superior life.—*G. F. P.*

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"Very well, then, why does a free atom of carbon select any particular one out of 50,000 or more possible positions, unless it wants to? I cannot see how we can deny intelligence to this act of volition on the part of the atom. To say that one atom has an affinity for another is simply to use a big word. The atom is conscious, if man is conscious; is intelligent, if man is intelligent; exercises will-power, if man does; is in its own little way all that man is."

I have here presented to the readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR some very pertinent thoughts on a subject of fascinating interest. There seems to be but little doubt that in some such supposition as this the action of matter can better be explained than on the basis of Sir Isaac Newton, that matter is inert. An examination of the principles of Mormonism in this regard, as we find them in the writings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, given to the world many years before any of the above thoughts were penned, will doubtless prove interesting.

We find in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, first lecture on faith, verse eighteen, the Savior says (Matthew xvii, 19, 20): "For verily I say unto you, that if you have faith *as a grain of mustard seed*," etc. The implication to be drawn here is that the mustard seed is possessed of an inherent amount of intelligent power called FAITH, by virtue of which it conforms to the laws governing its growth and development, and in obedience to which it "lives, moves, and has its being." For in verse twenty-four of the same lecture the Prophet Joseph Smith declares: "Faith, then, is the first great governing principle which has power, dominion, and authority over all things; *by it they exist; by it they are upheld. . . . Without it there is no power*, and without power there could be no creation nor existence!" It is clear from the foregoing that the power or force which exists in things does so by virtue of the exercise of an intelligent principle which is undoubtedly an attribute of things themselves.

We find this idea more beautifully expressed in Lecture vii, verse 5: "It is only necessary for us to say that the *whole visible creation*, as it now exists, is the effect of faith. It was faith by which it was framed, *and it is by the power of faith that it continues in its organized form, and by which the planets move around their orbits and sparkle forth their glory.*" It is evident from the above that this principle of power is contained within the various things mentioned. In section lxxxviii, verse 13, the following statement is made: "The light which *is in all things, which giveth life to all things.*" And in verses twenty-five and twenty-six of the same section the following lucid assertion is made: "And again, verily I say unto you, the earth *abideth the law* of a celestial kingdom, for it filleth the measure of its creation and *transgresseth not the law.* Wherefore, it shall be sanctified; yea, *notwithstanding it shall die*, it shall be quickened again, and shall abide the power by which it is quickened, and the righteous shall inherit it."

There can be no doubt then that the principles of panpsychism and panbiotism exist in the religion of the Latter-day Saints. The explanation of the orderly course of events in the universe can thus be rendered intelligible. Professor Orson Pratt, over a quarter of a century ago, pointed out that the application of this principle demonstrated a very illogical position on the part of modern scientists. Two of Sir Isaac Newton's laws are as follow: (*a*) Every particle of matter in the universe will continue in its state of rest or of motion unless acted upon by some other force (*vis a tergo*). (*b*) Every particle of matter in the universe *attracts* every other particle, etc. The position stated in these two laws is as follows: (1) A particle of matter has no power

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of acting over or controlling itself or its own motions, but has the power of acting over and controlling the motions of all matter outside of itself. (2) Matter has no capability of acting where it is present, but acts everywhere in the universe where it is absent.

The position here assumed is at variance with reason and is simply inconceivable. According, however, to the revelations contained in the religion of the Latter-day Saints this error would be untenable. For matter being possessed of a certain amount of intelligence is capable of responding to the will of a Supreme Intelligence, which governs all things. To suppose that inert matter possessed the capability of conforming to law is to assert something that is stultifying to one's common sense. And as the earth "abideth the law," it must do so intelligently, and not in a blind and ignorant manner. And if "it shall die," then assuredly it must possess life.

Summing up the arguments hereinbefore set forth, we arrive at the following conclusions: First, matter is possessed of intelligence and life. Second, this fact, now gradually dawning on the minds of scientists, was revealed *sixty-one years ago* by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Third, Mormonism is therefore shown to contain elements of scientific and philosophic truth far exceeding the knowledge of the world's best thinkers.

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LEAVES FROM HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY.

VII.

HERCULES was the son of Jupiter and Alemena. He being persecuted by the anger of Juno, traversed the earth, destroying monsters, giants, and oppressors of various kinds. For his illustrious actions he was deified and regarded as the god of strength. He was also named Alcides, from his extraordinary force and valor.

Twelve of his most remarkable actions were particularized by the name of his labors. He killed, in the forest of Nemea, an enormous lion, whose skin he afterwards wore. He destroyed, in the Lake of Lerna, the hydra, a dreadful serpent, which had seven heads; as fast as either one of which was cut off, another instantly sprang up in its place. He bound the Erymanthian wild boar, an animal of astonishing size and fierceness. He, on foot, hunted down, after a chase of a year, a hind consecrated to Diana, the feet of which were of brass, and whose horns were of gold. He killed or drove away the Stymphalides, birds which fed upon human flesh. He defeated the Amazons, a nation of warlike women, and took prisoner, Hippolyte, their queen. In one day, by changing the course of a river he cleansed the stable of Augeas, which had not been emptied for thirty years, although three thousand oxen were constantly lodged in it.

He tamed a furious bull which did a great deal of mischief in Crete. He vanquished Diomede, tyrant of Thrace, who fed his horses with the flesh of his murdered guests. He slew Geryon, king of Spain, a cruel giant with three bodies. He destroyed the huge dragon who guarded the golden apples of the garden of Hesperides. He dragged up to the light of day, Cerberus, the triple-headed dog of the infernal regions. Amongst other remarkable actions ascribed to him are the following: When in his cradle he strangled two serpents sent by Juno to destroy him. He delivered Hesione, daughter of Laomedon, king of Troy, from a

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horrible sea monster to which she was exposed.

At last, he burnt himself to death on a funeral pile, formed of trees, which he had torn up by the roots, when driven to distraction by the intense agony he suffered from a garment poisoned by the Lernean hydra.

He was represented as a prodigiously muscular man, clothed in the skin of the Nemean lion, and leaning upon a formidable club. The poplar tree was consecrated to him.

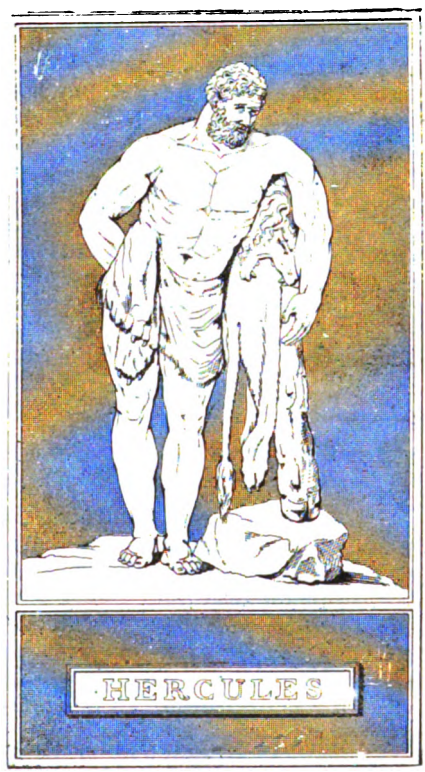
"The choirs of old and young in lofty lays,
Resound great Hercules' immortal praise,
How, first, his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew,
That Juno sent; and the dire monsters slew.
What mighty cities, next, his arms destroy,
Th' Oechalian walls, and stately tow'rs of Troy.
The thousand labors of the hero's hands,
Enjoined by proud Euristheus' stern commands,
And Jove's revengeful Queen. Thy matchless might
O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight,
Hylæus, Pholus sunk beneath thy feet.
And the grim bull whose rage dispeopled Crete;
Beneath thy arm Nemea's lion fell;
Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell.
Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,
With her hundred heads that hissed around.
Hail, mighty chief! advanced to heav'n's abodes,
Hail, son of Jove! A God amongst the Gods.
Pitt's Virgil.

Allied to Hercules we find the names of Theseus, Dædalus and Jason.

Theseus was the son of Egeon, king of Athens; a hero who, like Hercules, went about destroying oppressors and combating wild beasts. Pirithous, king of the Laputhæ, a people of Thessaly, was his friend, and his companion in many of his enterprises. The poets relate a number of extravagant tales about them both.

Dœdalus was great grandson of Erectheus, king of Athens, the most ingenious and celebrated artist of Greece; a skillful architect and most expert sculptor. He invented the wedge, the axe, the level, and the auger, and was the first who made use of sails. He is said to have built for Minos, king of Crete, an edifice so curiously constructed that a person once placed in it, could not find his way out again. This edifice was called Labyrinthia. Hence the saying, to be in a labyrinth—that is, in a situation from which it is very difficult to extricate one's self.

Jason, the son of Eson and Alcimede, was the leader of the Argonauts, or heroes who sailed in the ship *Argo*, from Greece to Colchis,



to fetch the golden fleece. This was an expedition undertaken to recover some treasures, which had been carried thither from their own country. This enterprise, and the dangers attending it, were highly ornamented by poetic fiction. The treasure was represented as a ram having a golden fleece, and the difficulties they met with, as formidable monsters guarding it. These were overcome by Jason through the magical aid of

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Medea, daughter of Aetes, king of Colchis, who fell in love with and accompanied him to Greece. Hercules; Telamon; Castor and Pollux—the famous twin sons of Jupiter and Leda, the former celebrated for his skill in horsemanship, the latter in pugilism—Orpheus, the great musician and poet; Calais and Zethes, the winged sons of Boreas; all these, together with Lynceus, famous for astonishingly quick sight, and many other famous heroes, were engaged in this great expedition.

The various gods and goddesses hitherto described are the principal ones we find mentioned in Greek and Roman mythology. We see that underlying all of them is a basic principle of truth, although the preponderance of error is so great as to render it a very difficult matter indeed to discern it. We shall conclude this the first part of our subject with a brief description of the seven ancient wonders of the world, as this is a very appropriate place for such description.

SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

First: The Colossus of Rhodes, a statue of Apollo, seventy cubits high; striding across the mouth of the harbor, so that a large ship, under sail, could pass between its legs. A man could not grasp its thumb with his two arms. After having stood fifty years it was overthrown by an earthquake.

Second: The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, an edifice of astounding magnificence. It was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high. It took two hundred and twenty years to finish it It was designedly set on fire on the day that Alexander the Great was born, by a wretch called Erostratus, who hoped that by so doing he would hand his name down to posterity.

Third: The Mausoleum, a most beautiful sepulchre made of the finest and most magnificent marble, embellished with gold and precious stones. It was built by Artemesia, Queen of Caria, in honor of her deceased husband, Mausolus.

Fourth: A statue of Jupiter, in his temple, in the city of Olympia, formed with wonderful art, by Phidias, of ivory and gold. The statue was of the most prodigious proportions.

Fifth: The walls of Babylon, built by Semiramis, whose circumference was sixty miles, and whose breadth was so great that six chariots could drive upon them abreast.

Sixth : The pyramids of Egypt, three of which still remain to astonish mankind, alike for their mammoth size and the apparent significance of the measurements. The largest of them is one hundred and forty-three feet long and one thousand feet high. It is constructed of enormous stones, thirty feet thick. It is recorded that three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in building it during the period of twenty years. It is supposed that they were intended as sepulchres for the kings of Egypt.

Seventh: The palace of Cyrus, King of Persia, which is recorded to have been a most splendid edifice, of which the stones were cemented with gold. It was built with equal skill and magnificence by an architect named Menon.

Geo. F. Phillips, M.A.
Principal Weber Stake Academy, Ogden.

WITHIN.

Our lives are made of thoughts
As well as deeds;
Within ourselves is comfort great
As are our needs.

Not grandeur rare nor pow'r
Can furnish peace;
Content at home is richer wealth
Than golden fleece.

He lives life best who looks
To his own soul
For courage to press ever on
To a great goal.

January 1, 1894. *Kennon.*

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TALLIE, BILL WHITE'S GIRL.

SECOND PRIZE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY STORY.

"I never trod a rock so bare
Unblessed by verdure-brightened sod,
But some small flower, half hidden there
Exhaled the fragrant breath of God."

My acquaintance with Tallie dates back to my first day's experience as a school teacher. I will never forget that first day—nor Tallie. They are companion pictures, stamped indelibly on my memory.

The afternoon session of that first day's school had just begun. I had barely succeeded in getting a little order out of the chaos which reigned, when the door opened with a push, and the figure of a little girl darted through the doorway into the room. She left the door open and was making rapid strides up the aisle.

"Close the door, please," said I, trying not to appear vexed. Of course the whole school turned and looked. The girl went back and placing her weight against the door, closed it with a bang. Then she marched up to my desk, where she stood for an instant looking at me.

I, too, had to gaze. She was a small girl, perhaps eight or nine years old. Her form was slender, and she carried a well-shaped head well back on her shoulders. A mass of brown hair hung in tangled confusion down her back. I noticed that it had been tied with a bit of soiled blue ribbon which had slipped down to the extreme ends and was on the point of falling off altogether. Just a small circle on her face—encompassing the eyes, nose and mouth—had been washed clean, especially for the occasion, I judged. A blue gingham apron covered a shabby dress. Her shoes were new; by the ring on the floor, I knew the soles were made to wear. In her left hand she swung a straw hat to and fro by the strings. She was a curious bit of humanity, thought I. There was something so strange, so unlike the other children about her. Did she belong to the same race or did she come from up in the mountains where she had lived all her days with nymphs and goblins? No, she held up a slate and a book with but one cover—these were articles of human manufacture for mortals to use.

"Mr. Schoolteacher, I'm comin' in to school now," she said. "I couldn't come this forenoon, cuz Bill didn't have my shoes ready."

"All right, little girl. What's your name?"

"Tallie."

"Tallie what? What more?" I enquired.

"Oh, Tallie, Bill White's girl."

Here my school, without being asked, gave me plenty of information regarding her. She was Tallie, Bill White's girl—Bill White who lived up in the "Hotel." I had scarcely got order restored again, when Tallie arose and with great earnestness announced in a loud voice:

"Say, teacher, I haint got no slate pencil. I wanted Sal to give me an egg to buy one with at the store, but she said she didn't have any. I know she did though cuz I seed the old red hen——"

"Well, well, never mind. You can get one tomorrow." I quieted her, gave her a seat by my desk and in the evening enrolled her as my twenty-seventh pupil.

It is many years ago since I taught my first school. I was quite young then, not twenty. I had "graduated with honor," from the Normal department of the high school and, equipped with my certificate, I was ready for a position. Mountain Dale needed a teacher for the winter, so I was informed by the chairman of the board of trustees, who coming to town with a drove of cattle, engaged me in conversation from the back of his horse. I conferred with my old teacher. It was, of course, an ungraded school, and the salary was low.

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"Take it," he said. It will be just the experience you want to bring out what teaching qualities there are in you."

Mountain Dale is twenty miles from the city, a small settlement just where the valley closes in to form the canyon; a wild romantic spot. It was quite late in the fall when I arrived to open school. Jack Frost had already painted the fields and mountains with his many colors—especially the mountains, those grand old piles of the Wasatch! They reared their hoary heads on each side of the narrow valley. Though no summer rains come to make possible a green dress, there is something so grand about them. Though bare and brown, they are rugged and stately. And when one comes right up among them, as at Monntain Dale. he feels the giant's breath and tastes of the wild air as it circles around the peaks and comes as a breeze through the clefts down to the vales below. And then there is such an awe-inspiring silence up among the mountains, a silence made doubly still by the sighing wind or the soft silence of some distant waterfall.

As I walked up from the railroad station on the morning of my arrival at Mountain Dale I noticed that the highest peaks had donned their caps of snow. The air was bracing cold, and I buttoned my overcoat. As I passed the farm-houses I saw faces at the windows and no doubt there were exclamations of "There goes the teacher!" The houses were scattered along the road, as a rule on the upper side, on the slopes of the dry hills.

I had heard that at the time of the building of the railroad, Mountain Dale had been quite a prosperous place, having had stores and hotels; but when the rails were laid through the canyon, and the trains passed on to the valley below, they took with them the business and life of the camp and left a sleepy village behind.

But the "Hotel" stood there yet, a large frame building, some distance from the road. In those early days prosperity had been transitory. The building was therefore but a "shell" now tumbled in and fast going to its native elements. One wing, however, showed signs of previous paint and repair, and in this part life was visible. On one side of the door was a woodpile; on the other, the long accumulated kitchen refuse.

The stores were used as barns now, and the one saloon had been converted into a stable. Where once the merchant bartered for grain and the bartender dealt out that which destroys, now stood the plow horses of the farmer and the cow contentedly chewed her cud.

The same day I went to look at the school house. Strange to say, it was not perched on the dryest, most barren, and in winter the coldest hill that could be found. It was below the road, well back in a hay field. In the days of Mountain Dale's prosperity, it had been painted white. Grass and weeds grew rank, covering the path and reaching up the sides to the windows. I brushed away a cobweb hanging right across the doorway. Alas, that the children of Mountain Dale had been deprived of those happiest of school days—summer time, with mountain breezes and green fields with which to mingle with their lessons! An unutterable sense of loneliness came over me at the scene and thought that here was to be my field of labor. These meagre surroundings, and being hemmed in by walls of stone, did not seem so stifling as the contracted social conditions. To bury myself up here like this, thought I. Well, I must make my field of operations the boundless souls of my pupils—there will be scope enough for me!

You see, I was fresh from school, I had with me all my beautiful theories and grand ideals, and the sight of them buoyed me up.

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Well, my first day of actual work came. I wished to make the first impressions good as I understood that it was those that counted. I tried to apply the teachings I had received to my school. What a task it was? How conspicuously real was the real, and how far off the ideal! My whole stock of fair images was destroyed; but strange to say, during the peaceful silences of the night, some fairy hand builded them up again. Yes, only to be smashed and erected over again, times without number. Still, I have them with me today, the same beautiful ideals, only a little modified and embellished by each resuscitating process.

But there! I am dealing too much with generalities, I fear, and my story has to do with but one member of my school. My text book on psychology informed me that a teacher should study the temperaments of his pupils and apply this knowledge in regulating and governing his school. I tried to classify my pupils according to this theory. Tallie White was certainly of a bilious temperament. So the second day I placed her by the side of a round-limbed, rosy-cheeked girl. It wasn't ten minutes before there was a scuffle and Tallie was pushed off the seat onto the floor.

I enquired what was the matter.

"I don't want to sit with Bill White's girl," explained the girl of sanguine temperament. I gave Tallie another seat, but with the same result. No one would sit with "Bill White's girl"—they did not say Tallie till I, with some emphasis, required it of them—and I found that there was a general hostile feeling towards the child. So, I gave her a seat by herself which seemed to please her as much as it did the others.

Tallie was a study; and it took me a long time to understand her—in fact I never did until that twenty-second day of February of which I will relate shortly.

Her disposition was a peculiar makeup of reticent moods and bold affrontery. At times she was very quiet and a gentle spirit seemed to predominate. At other times Tallie was stern and sullen, a sort of mind callousness, I thought. At such times no amount of coaxing or scolding would get her to prepare her lessons. She would steal other pupils' pencils and nicknacks. She would slyly pinch some unaware child and then blame some one else for the mischief. She was apt at rough slang phrases. But her greatest fault was that of telling untruths. When her mean "streak" was on I could never trust her, not even in the most commonplace matters. Nevertheless I felt an interest in Tallie; perhaps because of her peculiarities. I talked to her during recesses and sometimes detained her after school. When we were alone I tried to draw her out, but she was a puzzle still. She called her mother "Sal" and her father "Bill." She had no brother or sister "'cept a little baby that just come," she informed me.

I questioned her about the baby one evening—she had been restless during the day. At the mention of the baby the hard face relaxed and her eyes sparkled. I got her to talk and tell me all about it, and when I asked her if I could call some evening and see it, she gave a quick assent. Then she suddenly grew serious as if doubtful of the propriety of my making such a visit.

As I remember it was about two weeks before Christmas, when, Tallie having been absent for a number of days, I decided to call and see what was the matter. The evening was cold, the canyon wind piling the snow in fence corners and in the lee of the houses. A feeling of timidity crept over me as I made my way up the path towards the "Hotel." The drifting snow had covered the usual display of debris by the door. In answer to my knock the door was opened by a woman, who with a

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number of apologies for her untidy room, bade me come in, giving me a chair to sit on. The room's air was foul; its furnishings were meagre in the extreme. A rusty stove emitted a mixture of soot and smoke into the room, besides making it stifling hot. The walls were plastered, but were now covered with soot and dust. Rags supplied the places of some broken panes of glass in the window. I noticed the drifting snow gather in on the sill, then melt and with a drip, drip fall on the floor. A rude cradle stood in the middle of the room. In it lay the baby, asleep. In a corner was a bed—not snow white—on which I could see a little body trying to hide itself in the quilts.

"Yes, that's Tallie," answered Mrs. White to my look. "She's been ailin' fur some time, but she's better now. Tallie, here sit up. Here's yer teacher come to see you."

Tallie crawled but the closer to the wall.

"Come, girl, don't be silly—here's yer teacher, d'yer hear!"

Mrs. White explained that the child's indisposition was due no doubt to a cold. I went up to the bed and spoke to the girl, but I could get no more than a half-smothered yes or no to my questions.

"I came to see your baby," I said.

The mother picked up the ragged clad bit of humanity to quiet its sharp cry, and smiled and seemed pleased at my declaration.

There was a stamping of feet outside. The door opened and "Bill" White had come home. I had met Mr. White before, but not in the state of mind and body he was that evening, for it needed not a second glance to see that he was intoxicated. He was surprised to see me.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, as he gained a seat and tried to control himself. He threw his hat on the bed, and pulling off his boots, tossed them under the stove.

I did not feel at ease, so concluded to make my stay as short as possible. I stated my object in calling.

"Yes, Mr. School-teacher, yer right," he said, as the tobacco sputtered on the stove. "I s'pose Sal ther"—and he pointed to his wife, "has been tellin' ye that Tallie's got the measles or so'thing else, but I'm going to tell ye the truth, Mr. School-teacher. I'm mighty glad ye come, so as ye can git the straight of it."

"Now Bill, stop yer nonsense," said his wife.

"Nonsense?" rejoined he, "d'ye think that cause I'm a little full I don't know wat I'm talkin' about? I'am going to tell the teacher about yer darned meanness to that air child. Ye see"—and he turned to me, "Talitha there, is a mighty pert young un. There's talent in that child, and she'd make her mark some day, if she had half a chance—if her mother'd stop a beatin' her every time she got mad at me for taking a drop now and then."

"Bill White," exclaimed the woman with indignation, "ye know it's yerself who does the beatin' and yer tellin' the gentleman it's me."

"Shut up Sal. Ye lick the gal fur nothin'. Ye take out all yer spite on her. Didn't ye beat her the other night, and isn't that the reason she's in bed now? Measles, cold, durned me—!"

There was a storm coming, and I didn't care to be in it. I said good night and went out. And what a relief it was! Worse than the smell of tobacco and rum; worse than the smoke and putrid air, was the spirit that pervaded the house—a spirit born of sin, strife and degradation.

Poor Tallie! A flower of God's planting in such soil, with such surroundings! What would come of it? What could a teacher do with a soul so hardened by such sounds and scenes at home! Poor child! My heart went out to her, lying on her dirty bed, aching with undeserved blows inflicted by brutal hands!

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My visit that night threw much light on Tallie's strange character. She had no doubt acquired the habit of lying to escape punishments, and her other evil inclinations were but reflections of life at home—reflex actions—involuntary motions, not controlled by the real, inner child.

After that I learned more of the family. Bill White had come with the railroad and had prospered as proprietor of the hotel. But with the going of the road his prosperity went too. Bill remained in his old quarters. The stream sped on; rough hard rocks, as well as the shining gold, settle to the bottom of the current and there stay. With the decline of Bill's prosperity, it seems that he lost much of his stable character. He was acknowledged as a rough but good-hearted fellow, easily led into shiftless ways. His great bane was drink, in which he indulged as often as his limited purse would allow. The neighbors' tales about his wife were not much better than those of Bill. She had a sharp temper and tongue, took a toddy now and then herself, and when aroused generally wreaked her vengeance on poor Tallie.

Tallie was in her usual corner at school next morning, not much the worse for the "cold." She was at her seat, busy when I came in. As I passed her I gently tapped her on the head and said; "Good morning Tallie. Better this morning?"

There was a pleased expression in her face as she raised it to me and said, "Yes sir."

What force in a touch, other than that of blows and cuffs!

I worked hard with that school and as time passed I thought I could see a marked improvement in the pupils, and not the least in Tallie White, though no doubt she still continued to be punished for real and imaginary wrong-doings.

But now I must tell you about that twenty-second day of February.

It was the day before Washington's Birthday, and I had promised the school a story. So, just before the hour of dismissal, all books were put away, and I told them about the great and good George Washington, and why we should have a holiday in the morning. I explained to them the nature of a holiday and how we should make the best use of one.

How they did listen to the account of the war and Washington's part in it! "Now," said I, "I am going to tell another story about George Washington; and this is for the special benefit of the smaller boys and girls, as it is about the great man when he was a boy."

The little folks shifted about to get an easy position for listening. Then I told them the story, or fable—or whatever the modern ideal smasher is pleased to call it—of little George and his hatchet, bringing into prominence the nobility of the boy in not telling a lie, though with the prospects of a whipping ahead for his act of mischief.

It is said that a deed or spoken word is never lost, but like the pebble thrown into the sea, its energy imparted to the waves, goes on from wave to sea, from sea to sky; thus on and on forever!

When I had finished, I glanced towards Tallie's corner. The child sat like a statue, her usual pale face paler still. Her eyes were shining, and I am sure a tear trickled down her cheek. Tallie had been forcibly impressed. I could see it. I told the class to remember the story and write it out as a composition for the next lesson.

The twenty-second was a clear day, but not very cold. As train time would not permit me to take a trip home, I spent the day in study. Towards evening I went out for a walk. The short winter day was drawing to a close, the sun having gone down behind a western peak, though to the south I could still see its golden light burnish the snow-covered mountains. I strolled down

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towards the canyon, then called at the station to watch the coming train. In the waiting room of the old red station house a number of men were busy with their jack knives and horse talk. Bill White was one of them. He had been to town the day before with the carcasses of a number of deer, and was now "celebrating" in his usual manner. I paused but a moment within, but went out on the platform. As I was thinking where next to go I caught sight of Tallie's slight form coming down the road. She held her thin shawl close to her head, half hiding her face. Some boys, playing near by, soon saw her, and with a shout, began to snowball her. She drew her covering closer, and began running down the road, some of the boys after in full chase. Before I could interfere, one of the boys had caught the girl by the apron and in his endeavors to hold her had torn it from top to bottom, so that it hung in two pieces, flapping in the wind.

Tallie stood still and looked aghast at her torn garment. No doubt visions of what would follow flitted before her. The boys scampered off before I could reach them, and Tallie walked hesitatingly towards the station, entered and told her father that he was to come home, right away, mother wanted him.

Bill took no notice of the order to come home, but fixed his eyes on the torn apron.

"Come here, gal!"

Tallie shrank back and would have escaped, but her father grasped her roughly by the arm.

"What ye been doin'? How did ye tear yer dress?"

"*I* didn't do it."

"Ye didn't? None of yer lying now; come, tell me?"

"I *am* tellin' ye the truth!"

"Ye little—" and without finishing the sentence he proceeded to strike the little head, first on one side then on the other, to make her tell the truth about her dress.

Tallie tore herself away and ran towards home, trying hard not to cry. Knowing words would be wasted on a drunken man, I said nothing, but followed the child up the road. But misfortune never came singly to poor Tallie. Ere she had reached the "Hotel" I could plainly hear and see her enraged mother beating her, because of her supposed carelessness in tearing her apron.

"How will I learn ye to quit lying to me," she screamed. "*You* didn't tear yer apron? Who did then?"

"O, mamma, mamma, I didn't tear it. Tom Jenkens, he caught me and—"

I came to Tallie's rescue, and explained the cause of the rend. Tallie was sent into the house. I should have talked a little to the mother but her crying baby called her in.

Some thirty minutes later, I was startled in my walk by seeing a dense smoke arising from the direction of Bill White's house. I hurriedly retraced my steps, and soon saw that the "Hotel" was on fire. Smoke was forcing itself through holes in the roof, and tongues of flame soon followed. On my arrival, the fire was rapidly spreading, and fast devouring the old shell. Some of the neighbors came running with buckets but all hope of saving the house was gone.

Where were the family! Bill, I was informed was lying insensibly drunk at the station. But where were Mrs. White and Tallie, and the baby? They were not to be seen; the neighbors didn't know—yes; one had seen the mother going to the store, and it wasn't long before she was seen up the road coming at her fastest rate towards her burning home.

"Bill! Bill!" she shouted with a voice of anguish. "Baby, Baby! have ye got baby?"

She rushed up and stopped, seeming to have lost her mind. With outstretched arms she pointed to the burning building and cried, "My

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baby! My baby's in there—and Tallie!"

It was an awful thought. The back of the house was in flames; but the occupied wing of the house was but yet full of rolling smoke. An entrance could be made by being careful. The woman would have rushed wildly into the house, but I, instructing the neighbors to hold her back, tied a wet handkerchief over my mouth and crept through the door into the room. The lower part of the room was quite free from smoke and I could see the objects on the floor. I crawled to the cradle. It was empty. Then to the bed in the corner—no one was there. She must have been mistaken, I looked well in every corner. I knew that one room only was occupied, so I did not venture into any of the other already burning compartments. A second round was made. No; there was neither Tallie nor baby: that was certain. It was dangerous to linger as I could feel the effects of the smoke, so I crept out again, and in a few moments the roof fell in and the whole was one mass of flames.

At the sight of my coming without her children the mother fainted and was carried to a neighbor's. Everybody was awed at the scene, and was puzzled to know the fate of the children. The flames leaped skyward. I walked around the fire, and at the back, some distance out in the snow, I saw a dark object. I went up to it—it was Tallie—Tallie and her baby—the baby wrapped in an old shawl and crying feebly. Tallie was terribly burned and still, with the precious bundle in her arms. I shouted. We lifted them out of the snow. The baby was not hurt, the shawl having protected it. But Tallie, poor, heroic Tallie, Bill White's girl, was a pitiful sight. I don't care to describe her injuries minutely. It seems that she had escaped through the burning building by some back exit, had herself caught fire, as her clothes were burned nearly off the little body.

We carried them to the neighbor's. The mother, awakening to consciousness, was given her baby, We wrapped Tallie in soft cloths soaked with oil. A telegram was sent for a doctor, and meanwhile every earthly help was rendered her. After we had worked some time with her, she awoke and looked quietly around, suppressing the cry of pain which came to her lips, though I believe Tallie was, by an all-kind power, spared a great deal of suffering. I was by her side, and when she saw me a faint smile passed over her face.

"Where's the baby?" she said.

Her mother brought it for her to look at, which seemed to satisfy her. She closed her eyes again. One by one the neighbors went home. They proffered their help, but they could do nothing. I stayed with them, I couldn't leave Tallie. About ten o'clock the doctor came, but he shook his head at sight of her. All he could do was to give her something to ease her pain, he said, and to let her die in peace. That would be in a few hours.

We turned the light low that it should not hurt her eyes. We stepped softly. Her large, dark eyes would open and close—the poor eyebrows and lashes were singed to the skin.

I sat by her side. How glad I was that I had been her friend! Yes, I thought of it as I sat there.

The door opened—quietly this time and Bill White came into the room. He was perfectly sober, and if ever his bloated face showed traces of departing color, it was then.

He glanced at his wife and child, then walked gently to the bedside and looked at Tallie. The clock on the wall ticked audibly. The wind whistled outside. I went to the stove and laid a piece of wood on the fire.

"Pa."

It was Tallie.

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"Papa!"

The father bent his head, she opened wide her eyes.

"That's you isn't it 'pa?"

"Yes, my child."

She reached out her strongest arm. The man bowed his head. She laid her hand on his neck and drawing his shaggy head down to her face, whispered distinctly in his ear:

"*Pa, it wasn't me that tore my apron!*"

That was too much for the man. A great sob came from his breast. His head sank on the pillow beside his child's and he lay there sobbing. Then he assured her that he believed what she said. At that she closed her eyes again and lay thus for a long time.

We were all around her bed expecting each minute to be the last.

"Mamma."

This time it was fainter. The mother told her she was there.

"Mamma, I'm going to tell the truth, always—*it wasn't me that tore my apron*—but don't whip Tom for it"—this faintly, we could hardly hear it.

The moaning wind outside seemed in sympathy with the breaking hearts within.

Tallie opened her eyes and seemed to take a last look at us, then there was a flutter in the little body and the spirit of a noble being left its earthly tabernacle and took its flight to another sphere. She had completed the mission assigned her by the Master. Her task was done—well done. This I know, for it was just the other day that I met Mr. White and had a long talk with him. He is now a prosperous farmer of Mountain Dale.

Among my odd bits of treasure I have a piece of brown paper with some writing on. One corner is charred. It was found in the dress pocket of Talitha White and given to me. It reads, verbatim, as follows:

"Techer—onct there was a grat man and his name was george washington and he was a good man cos he was presdent when he was a little boy his pa gave him a hatchet and he cut a tree with it and then his pa ast him if he don it and he wouldnt tell a lie but said he did. then his pa didnt whip him.

"Talitha wild."

There is a post script to this composition which seems to have been written some time after, and in a hurry. It reads as follows:

"techer you no it wasnt me that tore my apron."

Nephi Anderson.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER VII.

But years must pass before a hope of youth is resigned utterly. *Christina G. Rossetti.*

WITH a heavy heart Claude Duruy returned to his anxious wife on that fatal night. He felt that the sunlight had forever departed from his home, and the brightness from his prospects. He had killed a man. True, it was done in punishment for a terrible crime. It had been done in self-defence. It might even be called an accidental occurrence, as he intended only to defend himself, and had not expected that Lemoyne would fall upon his sword point Lastly, and this must not be considered the least important fact, the general impression was that Lemoyne had committed suicide. Duruy firmly believed that none but himself knew the truth. Why might he not keep the fact of their conflict a secret from the world forever, even from his beloved Jeanne. Would it not be better for him to

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bear the shame and grief alone, than to make her a sharer of the knowledge?

These thoughts passed through his mind again and again as he pursued his mournful course homeward. Nor were they idle thoughts. When a man has entered upon a new chamber of horrors in this great museum known as the world—when he comes to a scene in the great drama of life where he must act the part, even against his will, of a criminal, though like the mimic player on the stage, he be none at heart, it requires time for him to become thoroughly familiar with the scene, and conversant with his lines. We are not merely actors in the Divina Comedia we are just now presenting for the entertainment of one another. We are to a limited extent dramatists, formulating our lines under the direction of the great Master Playwright. Duruy believed that the part he was to play during the rest of his life must be determined to a very great extent by the lines he should speak to his wife and his friends. If he could keep from them the fact that he had, as he firmly believed, committed a crime, his position as teacher in the village school, his place as pastor of the little church, would still be his. He might pursue the even tenor of his way, as if nothing of the kind had happened, for the soul soon banishes remorse for a justifiable sin. If, however, his act should become known, he justly considered that he could retain neither of his positions, for the thought that he had taken human life was poignant enough even when the knowledge thereof was confined to himself; how could he continue to teach the children and confess the sins of those who knew him to have committed a greater offence than they? No; it would not do. Should his offence become known, he must give up his cherished hopes, and fly to another place, there to work out his destiny among people in ignorance of his act.

When he reached his home he had determined upon secrecy. He assumed as cheerful a mien as was possible under the circumstances and greeted his wife affectionately. With a woman's intuition, she saw that his mind was not at ease. He seated himself in a chair, and she knelt at his feet, with her arms around him.

"My Claude," she said, "you are not well. Something weighs upon your mind. Let me share your grief."

"Jeanne," he replied, "our enemy is dead."

"Pierre Lemoyne?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Lemoyne dead? How did he die?"

The words, "I killed him!" rose to his lips, but he resolutely quelled them, and answered with assumed calmness, "It is thought he committed suicide."

"Poor Lemoyne! his treachery has brought him to the end common to traitors. Did he die penitent?"

"I received the last words he uttered, and they were words of prayer and supplication for forgiveness. Jeanne, let us bury our fear and sorrow in his grave; he alone could have injured us, and he is dead."

"God have mercy upon his soul," said the pious Jeanne, as, kissing her husband, she began to prepare the evening meal.

That night Duruy retired early. Worn out with the action of the day, he was soon sleeping heavily. Oppressed with her sorrowful thoughts, his wife sat at his bedside, holding his hand. Two of the villagers came to the house to transact some business with him. Jeanne pointed silently toward the bed, and they turned to withdraw. As they stepped toward the door, Duruy started in his sleep and cried, "Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" His wife bent over him, but before she could soothe him he shouted, "Pierre Lemoyne! Pierre Lemoyne! Yes, I know it, I know it! I did not mean to do it!

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You would have killed me! You have forgiven me, Pierre! Lemoyne, Lemoyne, leave me! I killed you in self-defense. You fell upon my sword point. I did not mean to do it! Mon Dieu! have mercy upon my soul! have mercy upon my soul!"

He sprang from the bed. He seized his wife's wrist and rudely shook her, then gasped and awoke. His wife looked at him in terror for an instant, and then fell fainting to the floor. The two men came to Duruy's assistance and Jeanne was placed upon the bed. They worked with her until animation returned, but with it came delirium. A fever, caused by the excitement and grief of the two days just past, had seized her, and was shaking the foundation of her reason. She raved, tore her hair, and called for her husband to come to her and prove himself guiltless of the crime of murder.

Ah, he who sees the sweetest flower in the field withered by the sun and the drouth, feels regret and commiseration for the ruin he has had no hand in bringing about. What then were the feelings of Duruy who saw the one flower in his field of love smitten to the ground and bereft of sense and feeling through an act by him committed? He wept bitter tears, and kneeling by the bed, vainly tried to restore his wife's mind to its normal condition.

While he was thus engaged, a martial tread was heard at his cottage door. As he arose to his feet, he heard a click of muskets, and found himself facing twelve soldiers, with Paul Levon at their head, their weapons leveled at him.

"I arrest you for the murder of Pierre Lemoyne, the emissary of the king," said Levon.

Duruy stood as if petrified with astonishment and grief, while Levon regarded him with a sardonic smile of complete satisfaction.

"It was not murder," indignantly replied Duruy. "It was done in self defence."

"That must be proven before his majesty, Louis XV," was the answer.

A sense of complete helplessness oppressed Duruy. He was at the mercy of this determined man. His protestations of innocence would be ridiculed by the king and his tools. What fate might not await him? He turned to Levon again. "My wife is ill," he said, simply and humbly. "You will surely permit me to remain here until she recovers?"

"Her recovery will probably be hastened by your absence," said Levon, laughing at his prisoner's grief. "If your crime has caused her illness, your presence to remind her of it will not be very efficient medicine. No; you must come with me at once."

"Where is your authority for my arrest?" asked Duruy.

Levon drew from his mantle a *lettre de cachet*, authorizing the arrest of Claude Duruy for the crime of murder. (This was a form of order, usually signed and sealed in blank by the king, the filling out being entrusted to his emissaries). "Here is my authority," said Levon, "an authority which no man has yet had the temerity to question."

Duruy glanced at the paper, and bowed his head in submission. He returned to the bedside of his wife. "My darling Jeanne," he soothingly cried, "speak to me, my love! One word, one look of recognition, and I will be content. O God! Not a look to guide me in the dark valley of death? Must she lie here and realize my fate only when told of it by others? Then I must be resigned. Farewell, my love! My heart will ever be with you, but it may be torn and bleeding!"

"Pierre Lemoyne," cried the delirious woman, "your breast is bloody! Can it not be washed clean and pure? Must it always be as red as the blush of shame?"

Duruy wept in the extremity of his grief. "God protect you my own. I know not what your future

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will be; alas, mine is all too plain before me!"

"Seize those two men!" said Levon suddenly, pointing to the peasants. As the soldiers advanced to obey the order, one of the villagers sprang through another door and escaped; the other was taken. His name was entered upon a *lettre de cachet*; but his offence? My dear reader, there wanted no charge against him. That the king's emissary wished him retained, was sufficient.

The rude hand of a soldier was laid upon the arm of Duruy. Mutely and with tears he kissed his unconscious wife. One long, lingering caress, and his overburdened heart gave way. In a dead faint he was borne away by his captors.

* * * *

In the audience chamber of the palace at Versailles, the king and his counselors were assembled. Word had been brought to them that a claimant for the reward of a thousand *louis d'or* offered by the Comtesse Du Barri, would appear that morning with his prisoner. The king had sent for the beautiful Comtesse, and she was in the place frequently occupied by her, at the side of his majesty. The arrival of the officer and his prisoner was announced, and they were bidden to enter. All eyes were turned toward the door, as Levon came into the room with the hapless captives.

"There are two," said one of the courtiers.

"One is a witness, and he may be found of use to us after his testimony is given," answered Levon.

"What is the charge against these prisoners? As I have offered the reward, I have a right to act as judge," said the Comtesse, laughing at her own caprice.

"Three tax gatherers were burned at the stake in the village of La Brede a few days ago," said Levon. "What do you know of the occurrence?" This was asked of the trembling peasant. He turned his eyes questioningly toward Duruy, whom he still regarded with all the devotion of a faithful parishioner.

"Tell them openly what you know," said Duruy. "Do not fear man. My fate is sealed even now. Your testimony will not injure me."

In a straightforward manner the peasant told the story of January 1st, 1770. Levon smiled with satisfaction.

"I have another charge," he said. "This prisoner, Claude Duruy, killed one of your servants in a duel. I saw the victim fall. I even spoke with him while he was dying. Do you deny this?" he asked, turning to Duruy. The latter shook his head. "Denial and explanation are alike useless.

"Then there is a third and last charge, which in my opinion exceeds in seriousness both the others. This man was born an aristocrat. In his early life he became a traitor to his station and went to La Brede, there to become the teacher and pastor of the village. While there he has taught the peasants a doctrine of equal rights. He has told them that they are the sovereigns of France, and that the time will come when their rights will be respected by the nobles. It is through his influence that the troubles encountered by the crown on the Gironde have been brought about. Do you deny this?"

Then Duruy proudly faced his accuser. "If there is one thing in my life's work of which I am proud, it is the last fact you have stated. I *have* taught the people of France their sovereignty. I *have* told them that the power of Louis XV. and his lecherous nobles is usurped. I *have* said that this sovereignty will be thrown down, and that of the people substituted. I have told them that Madame de Pompadour and the strumpet who now sits beside the king have been the real rulers of France, through the passions of the ministers. I have said that harlotry

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and crime, as personified by the Comtesse Du Barri, are sapping the energy and vitality of the nobles, who will soon fall an easy conquest before the vigor of the commons. This I have said, and this I still say, that God will avenge the wrongs of France against king and noble, vice and wickedness. God knows I have said true. May He hasten the time of its fulfillment."

With cries of rage, several courtiers rushed upon Duruy with their daggers. The Comtesse stepped between them and him, and said with assumed calmness, though her face gave token of her choking passion: "Hold your hands! He is under my protection. Let him be taken away and carefully guarded. I will soon fix upon his punishment and acquaint you therewith. This beast," pointing toward the peasant, "must be hanged at once. As for you, Levon, you have fully earned your reward. My order on the royal treasury will be yours presently."

She resumed her place. The king and courtiers bowed in submission to her will. The prisoners were taken away. The dignity and majesty of the justice of France had been vindicated!

* * * * *

After the arrest of Duruy, the news of the strange events of the day were carried through the village. Willing hands were soon in readiness to alleviate the suffering of Jeanne Duruy. Careful attention was given her, and in a few days consciousness returned. She asked for her husband. They told her that he had been forced to leave her during her illness, but would soon return. How she clung to this promise through the days of her sickness, and the months following her recovery!

Six months after the arrest of her husband, a child was born to her, a lively, laughing, handsome boy, strangely at variance with the circumstances attending his birth. In the hands of friends she passed safely through the ordeal, and was willing to work with comparative cheerfulness for the support of her child. On account of his lively, sunny, joyous disposition, she gave to him the name of Vivian. The activity of life had come to her, to displace the stillness and sadness of death.

Hope still remained bright in her heart, that her husband would return in safety. Years passed on, and this hope remained unrealized. But she was young and sanguine, and when questioned about it, her reply was always the same: "My husband will come to see and claim his boy." How much better is the light even of hope deferred, than the darkness of certain despair! *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

III.

OUTLINE OF MATHEMATICS (CONTINUED).

III.—SUBDIVISIONS OF PURE MATHEMATICS.

2.—Algebra.

AN essential characteristic of mathematical science is that all its truths are established by reasoning. Though they may be suggested by observation and confirmed by experiment, still they must finally be settled by rigid deduction, showing that the statements to be proved are necessary consequences of other statements already known to be true, or, at least, taken to be true. In the statement—"All snow is white, this is snow, therefore this is white"—the mental process is so simple as

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almost to escape attention; yet it is by the constant repetition of just such processes that the most profound researches in mathematics are carried on. "The successive steps are easy; the difficulty lies in seeing what steps to take."

All reasoning must be carried on by some kind of language, and the more perfect the language, the more clearly it brings before the mind the required statements and their relations. The intricacy of the reasoning of mathematics has necessitated a language peculiar to that science, the beginnings of which are found in the arithmetical notation. In arithmetic, however, the notation is limited to the nine Arabic figures and zero, and the properties investigated are *particular* relations. For example, the problem, "To divide the number 10 into two parts, one of which is double the other," is arithmetical. Although it is abstract, since the number merely expresses the relation of one quantity to another of the same kind, whether the unit be an inch, a year, or any quantity whatever, yet the relations of the parts, into which it is proposed to divide this number, to each other and to the whole, are particular. But if it be required "to divide *any* given number a into two parts which shall bear to each other a given ratio m to n," we pass from the consideration of particular numbers to the consideration of numbers in general —from *arithmetic* to *algebra*. In thus passing from arithmetic to algebra, the mathematical language is enlarged. New terms are added, and the meaning of the old ones is greatly extended. Numbers are represented either by the Arabic figures or by letters which may have any value we may choose to assign to them. The known quantities considered are generally represented by the first, and the unknown quantities, by the last letters of the alphabet; the operations to be performed are indicated by signs.

Algebra may therefore be defined as that branch of mathematics the object of which is the investigation of the general properties and relations of numbers by means of *symbols*. The different symbols used represent the numbers themselves, their relations to one another, and the operations performed on them. This symbolic language is one of the characteristic features of algebra. By it numbers and their relations are more conveniently expressed than in the ordinary language of words.* Among its many advantages are brevity, clearness, and generality of statement; the ability to bring before the mind as a whole all the steps in a long and intricate investigation; and the facility of tracing a number through all the changes it may undergo.

* * * * *

Algebra is therefore distinguished from arithmetic *as having wider generalizations, as using a symbolic language, and as dealing with negative and imaginary numbers.*

As shown above, algebra has its origin in arithmetic, and on that account it was designated by Newton as *universal arithmetic*. This title conveys a more accurate impression of the ob-

* For example, to find a number such that if its double and its triple be added to it, the sum shall be 42.

By arithmetic this example is easily solved, as follows: If to a number its double be added the sum is three times the number; and this sum increased by three times the number is six times the number, which is 42. Since then 42 is six times the number sought, that number is a sixth part of 42, *i. e.*, the number is 7.

In this statement the words *the number* are used seven times, and the process may be shortened by writing some letter, as x, for these words and expressing the operations and relations by signs. In this symbolic language, $2x$ stands for the double of the number and $3x$ for its triple; and it is easy to translate into algebraic forms what the above statement gives in words:

A number increased by its double and triple is 42;

$$x + 2x + 3x = 42;$$

i.e., $x+2x+3x=42$, $6x=42$, $x=7$, as before.

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jects and methods of algebra than do some of the more elaborate definitions of modern writers, such, for example, as the definition of Sir William Rowan Hamilton as the *pure science of time*, or that of De Morgan as the *calculus of succession*, or of Auguste Comte as the *calculus of direct functions*, but it inadaquately expresses the nature and extent of the science. The word algebra is from a work called *Al-gebr we'l mukabala*, which was written about 830 A. D. by Alkarismi, an Arabian mathematician, and on which were founded all the subsequent Arabian, and most of the mediæval works on algebra. *Al-gebr, the restoration*, refers to the fact that any the same quantity may be added to or subtracted from both sides of an equation; *al mukabala* means the process of simplification, used in connection with the combination of like terms into a single term.

With reference to its development, algebra may be considered under the three divisions, *rhetorical*, *syncopated*, and *symbolic*. Rhetorical algebra, according to Nesselmann, is the first stage in the development of the science, and consists in the expression of all processes in words, without the use of symbols. It was used both by Ahmes, a noted Egyptian writer of the twelfth century B. C., and by the earliest Arabian, Persian, and Italian algebraists. Though a cumbersome system, considerable progress was made by it in the development of algebraic processes. But the work was fragmentary, and little was accomplished in the co-ordination of its parts—in their reduction to a system. About the middle of the fourth century, however, Diophantus introduced a system of abbreviations for the operations and quantities which constantly recur, and practically created a new science. This science was called by Nesselmann, *syncopated algebra*, a sort of shorthand. This system was used, with little change or improvement, until about the close of the sixteenth century, when symbols were introduced to represent quantities and operations. In 1591 Vieta, a noted French mathematician, wrote his great work *In Artem*, which is the earliest work on *symbolic* algebra. It introduced the use of letters for both known and unknown quantities, and a notation* for the powers of quantities. Vieta denoted known quantities by the consonants B, C, D, etc., and unknown quantities by the vowels A, E, I, etc. He also explained how algebra could be applied to the solution of geometrical problems. The present use of the first letters of the alphabet, a, b, c, etc., to represent known quantities, and the last, x, y, z, etc., to represent unknown quantities was introduced by Descartes in 1637. It was Descartes, also, who first expressed the relation of lines by the aid of algebraic symbols, thus interpreting the doctrine of curves. In speaking of Descartes and this great discovery, Hallam says, "One man, the pride of France, and the wonder of his contemporaries, was destined to flash light upon the labors of the analist and point out what those symbols, so darkly and painfully traced, might represent and explain."

The first algebra published in the English language, the *Whetstone of Witte*, was written by Robert Record in 1557.†

* Until this time new symbols were introduced to represent the square, cube, etc., of quantities which had already been used in the equations; thus if R or N stood for x, Z or Q stood for x^2 and C or K for x^3, etc.; but when Vieta used A to denote the unknown quantity x, he sometimes employed A *quadratus*, A *cubus*, . . . to represent x^2, x^3, . . . , which showed the connection between the different powers. Later the successive powers of A were commonly denoted by the abbreviations A*q*, A*c*, A*qq*, etc.

† For a history of algebra, see *A Short Account of the History of Mathematics*, and *History of the Study of Mathematics at Cambridge*, by W. W. R. Ball; *Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry*, by J. M. Greenwood; *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and other encyclopedias.

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As to grade, the divisions of algebra are *elementary* and *transcendental* or higher. Elementary algebra explains the symbols employed, and investigates the methods and principles of performing the ordinary operations, which are addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and the raising of a quantity to a known power or the extraction of a known root. It also embraces an investigation of the nature and properties of all equations in which the relation between the known and the unknown quantities is expressed by the ordinary operations of algebra. Transcendental algebra treats of quantities which cannot be expressed by a finite number of algebraic terms, and investigates the nature and properties of transcendental equations; that is, of equations which involve the use of variable exponents, or logarithmic and trigonometrical formulæ.*

Some of the subdivisions of algebra, which have grown to be separate sciences, are theory of equations, determinants, theory of probability, and method of least squares.

a. The Theory of Equations and determinants are closely related. The former is used to denote the theory of a *single* equation of *any degree* in *one* unknown quantity,* but does not include the theory of a *system* of *any degree* between *any number* of unknown quantities. There is a case, however, which presents itself at the outset of algebra, in which a system of linear equations is given, involving any number of unknown quantities.

β. Determinants is the science by which the solution of such equations is effected. It was first used by Leibnitz in 1693, but lay dormant until about the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was rediscovered by Gabriel Cramer. Since that time important advances have been made. Among those who first developed the subject, Cauchy and Jacobi are perhaps to be considered as the greatest. A work by Jacobi, published in 1841, estab-

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* The equations,

$$32x^2 + 20x - 7 = 0,$$

$$(x+a)^n = \frac{\sqrt[p]{x^m - a^3}}{(x^2+a^2)^{\frac{3}{2}}}, \text{ and}$$

$$(a+x)^{\frac{1}{3}}\ (b-x^3)^{3} = (x^3+c)^{m} - (b^2+x)^{\frac{1}{n}},$$

in which a, b, c, m, n, and p are all constant, are expressions of elementary algebra; while

$$a^{\frac{1}{y}}\ e^{\frac{2x-c}{2a}} = (x^2+3b),$$

$$x\left(1+\frac{1}{x}\right)^x - e\,x^2 \log\left(1+\frac{1}{x}\right) = 0,$$

$$y = \log\sqrt{\frac{2x^2-2x+1}{2x^2+2x+1}} + \tan^{-1}\frac{2x}{1-2x^2},$$

in which x and y are variables, are transcendental expressions.

* The equation

$$x^n + p_1 x^{n-1} + p_2 x^{n-2} + \ldots + p_{n-1} x + p_n = 0$$

is the general type of a rational integral equation of the nth degree, in which it is required to find the values of x which satisfy the equation. The coeficients $p_1, p_2, \ldots, p_n$ may be positive or negative, integral or fractional, real or imaginary, or zero.

If in the above equation n equals 2, and p_1 p_2, p_3, equal 2,—3, and $\sqrt{5}$, respectively, the equation becomes

$$2x^2 - 3x + \sqrt{5} = 0;$$

or if n equals 4, and p_1, p_2, p_3, p_4, and p_5, equal 3, 1, 0, $\sqrt{-2}$, —15. respectively, we have

$$3x^4 + x^3 + \sqrt{-2}x - 15 = 0;$$

and so on for equations of any degree, the principles involved in the solution of which constitute the theory of equations.

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lished the foundation of a treatise on the subject; and "his writings," says* Professor Hanus, "as well as the works of many eminent mathematicians during the past fifty years, attest the wonderful power of determinants as instruments of mathematical investigation."†

The Theory of Probabilities,

which Laplace describes as common sense expressed in mathematical language, originated about 1654 in a correspondence between Pascal and Fermat. This correspondence arose from a problem which was proposed by the Chevalier de Méré to Pascal who communicated it to Fermat. The problem was as follows: "Two players of equal skill want to leave the table before finishing their game. Their scores and number of points which constitute the game being given, it is required to find in what proportion they should divide the stakes."

"The following," says Pascal, "is my method for determining the share of each player, when, for example, two players play a game of three points and each player has staked thirty-two pistoles. Suppose that the first player has gained two points and the second player one

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* Paul H. Hanus. *Elements of Determinants*, p. 2.

† While in the theory of equations each problem requires the determination of the values of but one unknown quantity in a single equation, in determinants there may be any number of linear equations involving as many unknown quantities, the values of which are required.

As an example of the determinant method and its applications, let it be required to find the values of x, y, and z from the equations

$$5x+3y+3z=48, \quad (1)$$
$$2x+6y-3z=18, \quad (2)$$
$$8x-3y+2z=21. \quad (3)$$

Solving, we obtain

$$x = \frac{\begin{vmatrix} 48 & 3 & 3 \\ 18 & 6 & -3 \\ 21 & -3 & 2 \end{vmatrix}}{\begin{vmatrix} 5 & 3 & 3 \\ 2 & 6 & -3 \\ 8 & -3 & 2 \end{vmatrix}} = \frac{-693}{-231} = 3;$$

$$y = \frac{\begin{vmatrix} 5 & 48 & 3 \\ 2 & 18 & -3 \\ 8 & 21 & 2 \end{vmatrix}}{\begin{vmatrix} 5 & 3 & 3 \\ 2 & 6 & -3 \\ 8 & -3 & 2 \end{vmatrix}} = \frac{-1155}{-231} = 5;$$

$$z = \frac{\begin{vmatrix} 5 & 3 & 18 \\ 2 & 6 & 48 \\ 8 & -3 & 21 \end{vmatrix}}{\begin{vmatrix} 5 & 3 & 3 \\ 2 & 6 & -3 \\ 8 & -3 & 2 \end{vmatrix}} = \frac{-1386}{-231} = 6.$$

Now to illustrate the way in which these values of x, y, and z are determined, let the above equations be written

$$a_1x + b_1y + c_1z = d_1, \quad (1)$$
$$a_2x + b_2y + c_2z = d_2, \quad (2)$$
$$a_3x + b_3y + c_3z = d_3, \quad (3)$$

in which a_1, b_1, c_1, and d_1, represent the respective coeficients of x, y, z, and the absolute term of equation (1), as indicated by the subscripts; and similarly with a_2, b_2, c_2, d_2, and a_3, b_3, c_3, d_3, in equations (2) and (3) respectively. By using the second set of equations, the values of x, y, and z would be

$$x = \frac{\begin{vmatrix} d_1 & b_1 & c_1 \\ d_2 & b_2 & c_2 \\ d_3 & b_3 & c_3 \end{vmatrix}}{\begin{vmatrix} a_1 & b_1 & c_1 \\ a_2 & b_2 & c_2 \\ a_3 & b_3 & c_3 \end{vmatrix}}; \quad y = \frac{\begin{vmatrix} a_1 & d_1 & c_1 \\ a_2 & d_2 & c_2 \\ a_3 & d_3 & c_3 \end{vmatrix}}{\begin{vmatrix} a_1 & b_1 & c_1 \\ a_2 & b_2 & c_2 \\ a_3 & b_3 & c_3 \end{vmatrix}}; \quad z = \frac{\begin{vmatrix} a_1 & b_1 & d_1 \\ a_2 & b_2 & d_2 \\ a_3 & b_3 & d_3 \end{vmatrix}}{\begin{vmatrix} a_1 & b_1 & c_1 \\ a_2 & b_2 & c_2 \\ a_3 & b_3 & c_3 \end{vmatrix}}.$$

In these equations the numerators and denominators are called *determinants*, and are obtained as follows:

In the denominator, which, it will be observed, is the same in all three equations, the rows indicated by the subscripts 1, 2, 3, are formed by taking the coeficients of x, y, z, in equations (1), (2), (3), respectively; and in the numerator for the value of x the rows are formed in the same way as in the denominator, except that for the coeficients of x are substituted the absolute terms. The same substitutions are also made in the numerators for the values of y and z,

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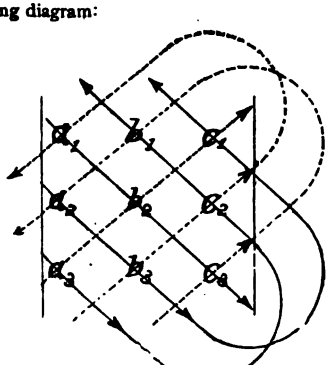
point; they have now to play for a point on this condition, that if the first player gains he takes all the money which is at stake, namely sixty-four pistoles; while if the second player gains, each player has two points, so that they are on terms of equality, and if they leave off playing each ought to take thirty-two pistoles. Thus, if the first player gains then sixty-four pistoles belong to him, and if he loses then thirty-two pistoles belong to him. If, therefore, the players do not wish to play this game, but to separate without playing it, the first player would say to the second, 'I am certain of thirty-two pistoles even if I lose this game, and as for the other thirty-two pistoles perhaps I shall have them and perhaps you will have them; the chances are equal. Let us then divide these thirty-two pistoles equally and give me also the thirty-two pistoles of which I am certain.' Thus the first player will have forty-eight pistoles and the second sixteen pistoles.''* Pascal also obtained two other results, based on the different stages of the game at which the players withdrew. Fermat obtained the same results, but his solution depends on the theory of combinations;† and, being more general, his

the coefficients of the quantity the value of which is sought, as used in the denominator, being replaced by the absolute terms, the subscripts in each row always being the same.

Thus it will be seen that the relations between the *coefficients* and *absolute terms*, and the *values* of the unknown quantities are such that the determinant values, as given above, may be written at once by inspection.

The way in which the above determinants may be conveniently expanded, and the values of x, y, and z obtained, is illustrated by the following diagram:



Three elements, or letters, connected by a full line form a positive term; three elements connected by a dotted line form a negative term. The expansion thus obtained from the diagram, or denominator of the values of x, y, z, is

$$\underset{1\,2\,3}{a\,b\,c} + \underset{2\,3\,1}{a\,b\,c} + \underset{3\,2\,1}{a\,c\,b} - \underset{3\,2\,1}{a\,b\,c} - \underset{3\,2\,1}{b\,c\,a} - \underset{3\,1\,2}{c\,b\,a};$$

or, taking the first set of values,

$$5\cdot6\cdot2 + 2\cdot-3\cdot3 + 8\cdot-3\cdot3 - 8\cdot6\cdot3 - -3\cdot-3\cdot5 - 2\cdot3\cdot2 =$$

$$60 - 18 - 72 - 144 - 45 - 12 = -231.$$

Similarly, the numerator in the value of x,

$$\underset{5\,d}{\quad}$$

$$\begin{vmatrix} \underset{1}{d} & \underset{1}{b} & \underset{1}{c} \\ \underset{2}{d} & \underset{2}{b} & \underset{2}{c} \\ \underset{3}{d} & \underset{3}{b} & \underset{3}{c} \end{vmatrix}, \text{ or } \begin{vmatrix} 48 & 3 & 3 \\ 18 & 6 & -3 \\ 21 & -3 & 3 \end{vmatrix} =$$

$$\underset{1\,2\,3}{d\,b\,c} + \underset{2\,3\,1}{d\,b\,c} + \underset{3\,2\,1}{d\,c\,b} - \underset{3\,2\,1}{d\,b\,c} - \underset{3\,2\,1}{b\,c\,d} - \underset{3\,1\,2}{c\,b\,d},$$

or $48\cdot6\cdot3 + 18\cdot-3\cdot3 + 21\cdot-3\cdot3 - 21\cdot6\cdot3 - -3\cdot-3\cdot48 - 3\cdot3\cdot18 = -693.$

The value of x is thus found to be 3, as given above.

*Translated from the correspondence with Fermat, 1654. For other solutions, see Ball's *History of Mathematics*.

† Fermat's solution is illustrated by the following example the substance of which is taken from a letter dated 1654, which occurs in the correspondence with Pascal (*History of Mathematics*, p. 301, by W. W. R. Ball). Fermat discusses the case of two players, and supposes that the first wants two points to win and the second three points. The game will then be certainly decided in the course of four trials. Take the letters a and b and write down all the combinations that can be formed of four letters, as follows:

$a\,a\,a\,a$	$a\,b\,a\,a$	$b\,a\,a\,a$	$b\,b\,a\,a$
$a\,a\,a\,b$	$a\,b\,a\,b$	$b\,a\,a\,b$	$b\,b\,a\,b$
$a\,a\,b\,a$	$a\,b\,b\,a$	$b\,a\,b\,a$	$b\,b\,b\,a$
$a\,a\,b\,b$	$a\,b\,b\,b$	$b\,a\,b\,b$	$b\,b\,b\,b$

Now let A denote the player who wants two points, and B the player who wants three points. Then in the sixteen combinations every combination in which a occurs twice or oftener represents a case favorable to A, and every combination in which b occurs three times or oftener represents a case favorable to B. Thus it is found that there are 11 cases favorable to A, and 5 cases favorable to B; and since these cases are all equally likely, A's chance is to B's as 11 is to 5.

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proof is regarded as better than that of Pascal.

Having thus originated in games of chance, the science of probabilities had long to encounter an obloquy, hardly yet extinct, due to the prevailing idea that its only end was to facilitate and encourage the calculations of gamblers. But as is true of most subjects of worth, this science needed but to be understood to be appreciated. It has been called for in every department of natural science, both to assist in discovery, and to minimize the unavoidable errors of observation. Nor are the commercial and other practical interests of life less indebted to it. Its methods are used in computing the elements employed in the subjects of annuities, reversions, assurances, and other interests depending upon the probable duration of human life.

The word *probability*, as used in mathematical reasoning, means a number less than unity, which is the ratio of the number of ways in which an event may happen or fail, to the total number of possible ways, each of the ways being equally likely to occur. Absolute certainty for an event is therefore denoted by the degree of probability 1; and absolute certainty *against* an event, by the degree of probability 0 *for* it. The probability *in favor* of an event or *against* it is such a proportion of 1 as the number of *favorable* or *unfavorable* cases, respectively, is of the total number of cases, all the cases being considered as equally probable. For example, if an event can happen in a ways and fail in b ways, and all these ways are equally likely to occur, the probability of its happening is $\frac{a}{a+b}$, and the probability of its failing is $\frac{b}{a+b}$. Thus, if there be in a bag twenty-one red and thirteen white balls, and one is to be drawn out, the probability that it will be red is $\frac{21}{34}$, and that it will be white is $\frac{13}{34}$. Events are said to be *equally probable* when there is no reason to expect any one rather than any other: if a ball is to be drawn from a bag which is known to contain unknown numbers of black and white balls, and none of any other color, there is just as much reason to expect a black ball as a white one; hence, as either a black or a white ball must be chosen, the probability of drawing either is $\frac{1}{2}$, for there are two equally likely cases, in one of which the event happens, and in the other it fails.

In astronomical and physical researches the values of certain elements are frequently obtained by means of several equations which express the relations existing between the elements only approximately. The approximate equations of condition are derived from a series of observations or experiments, all of which are necessarily liable to certain errors. Such errors may be produced by well understood causes, which may be removed from the observations by the application of computed corrections, such as the effect of temperature upon the length of rods used in measuring a base line, or a known discrepancy between the length of the rods and the standard of measure; or they may arise from numerous causes, the effect of which cannot be brought within the scope of physical investigation. Of the latter are the errors in levelling which arise from sudden expansions and contractions of the instrument, or from the effects of the wind or the changing refractions of the atmosphere, but more than all, from the imperfections of the touch and sight of the observer, which render it impossible for him to handle his instruments delicately, or to keep them continually in adjustment. The theory of probabilities affords one of the best methods for combining the

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equations involving these errors in such a manner that the values of the required quantities will be affected with the least errors. It is found that the probable error will be *least* when the sum of the *squares* of the errors is a minimum, and the method s therefore known as that of *least squares*, one of the most useful that has been furnished by mathematics for the advancement of the physical sciences.

The Method of Least Squares

is thus seen to be a special subject of the theory of probabilities. It is the application of that theory to the results of observation. The honor of the first statement of this method of correction is due to Legendre, who, in 1806, proposed it as an "advantageous and convenient method of adjusting observations." In his work on comets, Legendre gave examples of its application to the determination of the orbit of a comet and to the form of a meridian section of the earth. He called it the *méthode des moindres quarres*. In 1809 Gauss deduced the law of probability of error, and from it gave a full development of the method. His demonstration is based on the hypothesis that "the most probable value of a quantity which is observed directly several times, with equal care, is the arithmetical mean of the measurements."* This is the simplest case of the application of the theory of probabilities in determining the most probable mean, or average, of a great number of observed results in general physics and practical astronomy. To take a numerical illustration, let the four measurements of the length of a line give the values 720.2, 720.3, 720.4, and 720.5 feet; then the arithmetical mean, 720.35 feet, is recognized as the most probable value of the length of the line, since the mathematical probability of this result is greater than that of any other. Again, if thirty measurements of an angle, with a theodolite, give results the arithmetical mean of which is 27° 13′ 46″, and if there is the same probability that the error of this result is greater than 2″ that there is of its being less than 2″, then 2″ is the *probable* mean result obtained.*

The law of probability of error applies also to the phenomena of

* Professor Mansfield Merriman. *Method of least squares*, p. 22.

* As an example of the application of the methods and formulæ of least squares to the adjustment and comparison of observations, consider the following twenty-four measurements of an angle of the primary triangulation of the United States Coast-Survey, made at the station Pocasset in Massachusetts, and recorded in the Report for 1854:—

Observations.	v	v^2
116°43′44″.45	5.19	26.94
50. 55	−0.91	.83
50. 95	−1.31	1.72
48. 90	0.74	.55
49. 20	0.44	.19
48. 85	0.79	.63
47. 40	2.24	5.02
47. 75	1.89	3.57
51. 05	−1.41	2.00
47. 85	1.79	3.20
50. 60	−0.96	.92
48. 45	1.19	1.42
51. 75	−2.11	4.45
49. 00	0.64	.41
52. 35	−2.71	7.34
51. 30	−1.66	2.75
51. 05	−1.41	2.00
51. 70	−2.06	4.24
49. 05	0.59	.35
50. 55	−0.91	.83
49. 25	0.39	.15
46. 75	2.89	8.35
49. 25	0.39	.15
53. 40	−3.76	14.14
z=116°43′49.″64		Σv^2=92.15

To determine the probable error of the arithmetical mean, the most probable value of the angle is first found by adding all the observations, and dividing the sum by twenty-four; this gives 116° 43′ 49.″64. From this mean value, z, each observation is subtracted, the difference being placed in the column headed v. The squares of these quantities are placed in the column headed v^2, and the sum of these squares, Σv^2 (92. 15), is obtained. Then it is

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social and political science. In a table taken from Gould's Statistics, New York, 1869, is given a comparison of the theoretical and observed heights of 18,750 soldiers, including men of all nativities and ages. By arranging these men in groups, according to their heights, there were found to be few dwarfs and few giants, and the number in different groups closely agree with the theoretical distribution required by the law of probability. Numerous comparisons of this kind have been made by Professor Quetelet and others, which clearly establish that stature and other proportions of the body are governed by the law of probability of error; the same is also true of intellect. By a discussion of social statistics, therefore, it is possible to discover the mean type of humanity, not merely in physical proportion, but in intellect, capacity, judgment, and desires. "The average man," says Quetelet, "is for a nation what the center of gravity* is for a body: to the consideration of this are referred all the phenomena of equilibrium." The value of the statistical method as applied to social and political science can hardly be overestimated. "Without its aid social life, or the history of life and death, could not be conceived at all, or only in the most superficial manner. Without it we could never attain to any clear ideas of the condition of the poor, we could never hope for any solid amelioration of their condition or prospects. Without its aid sanitary measures, and even medicine, would be powerless. Without it the politician and the philanthropist would alike be wandering over a trackless desert."*

The above illustrations merely indicate the general nature and object of the theory of probabilities, since they involve only the most elementary principles in the consideration of the simplest observations, which are made directly. But in the consideration of the general case of indirect observations, it is required to find the most probable values of quantities by measurements on *functions* of those quantities. Any number of quantities may be considered and the computations become, in many cases, very complicated, involving the use of the differential and integral calculus.

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found that the probable error of a single observation is

$$r = 0.6745\sqrt{\frac{92.15}{23}} = 1.''35;$$

and the probable error of the mean is

$$r_0 = \frac{1.35}{\sqrt{24}} = 0.''28.\dagger$$

Hence the final value of the angle is 116° 43′49.″64 ± 0.″28; that is, the precision of the mean of these twenty-four observations is such that the mean value differs from the true value of the angle by less than 0.″28.

† For proof of these formulæ, see *Method of Least Squares*, by Merriman, or any work on least squares or geodesy.

* If equal weights be applied to a number of points in space, the center of gravity is a point so placed that the sum of the squares of its distance from all the points is a minimum.

THE ELECTOR AND THE FARMER.—An Elector of Cologne, who at the same time filled the ecclesiastical office of archbishop, gave expression on one occasion to some most terrible oaths. A farmer, who was close by, exhibited the greatest astonishment at the unexpected occurrence, and was asked why he was so surprised. He replied, "my surprise is caused by hearing an archbishop swear."

"I do not swear as archbishop," responded the Elector, "but as prince."

"But, your worship," answered the farmer, "if the prince goes to the devil, what will become of the archbishop?" *C.*

* Professor William Spottiswoode. *Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine*, vol. xix., p. 406.

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PREACHING AND PREACHING.

V.

SUBJECT-MATTER—THE STAND-POINT.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you this morning?"

"Oh, Brother Maeser, I'm utterly discouraged. I think I'd better go home. I don't know anything, and I'll never be able to learn anything. I did think I knew a little something when I left home, but when I get into the classes here, they're so far advanced, and everything I did know leaves me, and I sit there looking on stupid, and can't say a word, or understand a question that's put to me. I can't stand it any longer. I'll have to go home."

"My dear boy,"—with a caressing touch of the hand—"you have learned the first great lesson, and I'm glad you have learned it so well. This is the Lord's way of starting a student in aright. Be thankful that you have learned so soon that you know nothing. No student can remain here long who does not learn the lesson of humility. Even if he could, he never would be a real student. Go now, my dear boy; make the Lord your friend. The light will soon begin to shine, and you will find yourself in a new world."

How many times this little scene has been enacted in Brother Maeser's private office! Hundreds of young people in this territory will recall such an interview as the turning point in their lives.

But this experience is by no means peculiar to any one school in Zion. Elders in the missionary field must begin in the same way, if the Lord is to make any use of their talents. Is there, in fact, any place in the Church that a man can fill without this lesson of humility? Nor is it generally enough to be humbled once. Latter-day Saints need to visit themselves—every little while,—in the private office of the Spirit of Truth, and learn the lesson over again. I am convinced that nine-tenths of the Elders that preach before the Latter-day Saints, should at this very writing take the full, heroic dose. We are too well satisfied with ourselves as preachers. I have said many uncomplimentary things in this line of thought. Let me be candid. I am preaching to myself. The tendency to feel satisfied and pleased with one's self is so insidious that I aim directly at it. I want to kill your vanity and my own. I am severe because I feel nothing short of severity will reach *me*.

Years ago, returning from a mission, I was invited to preach in the Tabernacle. I said some beautiful things. More than one of my hearers confirmed me in this view. But there was one who told me the truth in two short sentences, viz: that I had trampled over everything generally, and reached nowhere in particular. He was my true friend. I have often pondered his rebuke since, and find I am in a numerous company, but unlike him, without the moral courage to be "cruel in order to be kind."

"How long," says the young missionary, "did I hold out this time?"

"Twenty-four minutes."

"Well, that's encouraging. That's ten minutes better than I did last time. I'm growing."

Before the Elder returns he has learned to "hold them" an hour, and alas! for the poor Saints in the valleys thereafter! I say *alas!* for it is the Elder who thus measures his growth that needs most of all to learn again the great lesson of the student. Candidly, brethren, let us recognize, once for all, that it is no evidence of preaching that a man can occupy the time. More miseries are often inflicted upon a congregation in these desultory talks, than the preacher is given years to atone for. "Momentous

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times," "peculiar people," "in these the last days when," etc., etc.,—how the vagrant phrases loom up in the distance and come trooping this way when memory's door is opened!

Tramps, we say, are individuals out of *human* relation—specks of floating humanity that collect in police eddies for a single night then scatter again. Now, some minds open, upon occasions, just like such police stations; turning loose whole beggarly hosts of tramp ideas—ideas out of *rational* relation. But enough of this. The reader may well say: It is easy to find fault: show us the better way.

This is exactly the task I set before myself. But I claim no special qualification for the work. I do not set up for teacher. I merely invite my brethren to join me in thinking aloud on these matters. My only qualification is an unbounded faith that there is a better way, and I can find it by the Spirit of truth.

Father Smith, in the vision, was told by the angel to walk through the mountain. "Impossible," cried the venerable patriarch, "can a human being pass through a granite wall!"

"Look," replied the angel, "do you see one step before you? Take it, then." And when he did so, there were two steps before him, and he was soon in the midst of the mountain, which proved to be only a cloud.

The mountain before me is the subject matter for sermons. I penetrate but dimly as yet. But, one step is clear—the standpoint from which all subject-matter is to be viewed. Let us take this step, resolutely trusting that the way will be opened further.

In the first place, we must try to sense how important is the standpoint to a proper comprehension of any subject that can claim human attention. Let a photographer expose his sensitive plate for but an instant, then move his camera to complete the exposure, and what kind of a picture will he produce? But this is only in the case of an inert piece of glass. The human eye, it may be urged, adjusts itself instantly to every change. This may be true in slight changes. But it is easy to conceive utter confusion even to the human eye, from a change of base. Let a writer begin a splendid description from one point of view, and then, without warning to the reader, finish it from another, and utter bewilderment is the result.

No two persons ever saw the same rainbow, nor, indeed, did any *one* person for two consecutive minutes, unless he stood stock still; for if he moved but an inch, the combined refraction from an entirely different set of rain-drops brought a new rainbow to his eye. For a similar reason no two persons ever see the same identical landscape, even though the powers behind the eye be equal, which is never the case. One step disarranges the whole. We may not, indeed, become sensible of the fact, but that the view is changed, will readily be admitted by anyone that has climbed a mountain and stopped occasionally to look behind him. At every pause for breath new effects are sprung upon his surprised vision and old ones have faded from sight.

Now, if in any description, narration, drama, poem, painting or other product requiring the co-ordination or sub-ordination of parts, there be found want of clearness, expressiveness, or power to move the feelings, and this, too, while we confess that talent and perhaps even genius has produced the work, the fault may usually be attributed to a lack of unity. Our minds are distracted by conflicting purposes. But what caused this want of unity? Confusion in the standpoint of the artist. It is quite safe to say that if the standpoint is once correctly taken and persistently maintained, half the work is done.

But what is a correct standpoint? Now, if no two persons viewing the

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same object *can* see it exactly alike, even though they themselves be alike—which is impossible—whose point of view shall we say is the correct one? And if we selected one, would not the very standpoint thus assumed in making the decision be disputed at once? The fact is, the differences and disputations rife among mankind, could be harmonized, if such a thing were desirable, only by casting every human being in the same mould, and making all human beings thus cast, stand in the same pair of shoes.

Now, what is so obvious in the material world concerning the standpoint and its relation to the product, is equally true, though perhaps less obvious, in the thought-world—the realm of ideas. In the former the faculty engaged is the natural eye, in the latter the eye of the mind. And as there is with the natural eye much more uniformity than with the mind's eye, since men generally agree as to color, form and extension, we should expect to find the differences among mankind chiefly in the world of thought and belief, and this is the case. Ten thousand winds of varying force and directions playing upon the ocean do not produce more choppy waves and ripples upon its glassy bosom than do the agitations of thought and emotion upon the mind of mankind. And as on the ocean, forces arise which drive all opposition before them, so philosophies spring forth that lead mankind irresistibly in a single direction. But not for long; both in due time, are stopped, and, this, too, by finite shores: the first by barriers they cannot surmount, the second by phenomena they cannot explain.

Here it will be profitable to enquire why it is that one man's views prevail over those of his fellow-men. The reason will be found in two circumstances. First, his stand-point is more nearly correct than theirs. They concede this because it explains phenomena, their's cannot. Second, he has the persistence not to leave his point of view. This is his center and he strives to make all knowledge, bearing upon the subject, revolve about it. Orbit after orbit is created as this philosopher reaches out and draws floating, cometary truths within the attraction of the new system. For the first few orbits outward things move harmoniously and apparently according to fixed law; but strangely enough, many of the truths thus fixed revolve equally well around a rival system. The fact is that truth, contrary to many wise old saws, accommodates itself much better to a theory, even a false theory, than does error. For truth, like a faceted diamond, shines from every face and angle, while error, which may be counted the diamond's charcoal counterpart, shines not at all, and is serviceable only as a foil against the rays of truth not wanted.

The philosopher now, if he would die an honest man, must needs die early, ere his theories have reached remoter connections; otherwise his venerable age will be given to the disreputable trickery of bolstering an artificial system; of straining facts, suppressing daylight truths, and inventing unheard-of devices and explanations to keep men's faith in a light which so far as eternity is concerned is as ephemeral as a sky-rocket.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with the importance of the stand-point? Much. I desire thereby to show that the learning and wisdom which sway the world now this way now that, are, in fact, only the judgments of fallible men, from finite stand-points; that what passes for truth in philosophy, is nothing more than the aspect things present to the eye of the philosopher; that, consequently, there may be as many philosophies passing for true as there are philosophies with different points of view; that truth shines in all directions thereby frequently giving

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credence to each of many diverse beliefs; that, in consequence, the opinions of mankind revolve in orbits which cross and recross and interlock in such a multitude of intricacies, that did each leave a luminous track behind it, there would be presented a tangle past the power of angels to unravel; and that when these opinions for any given period revolve mostly in a similar direction, it is owing to one (or both) of two causes; either (1) a new and correcter stand-point has been found, i. e., one which harmonizes a greater number of things, or (2) a more determined effort is made by the arts of sophistry to make things fit an old stand-point. From all which we may justly conclude, first, that the thing of most importance in entering upon a subject is the correctness of the stand-point; and second, that he who would influence his fellow-men, must not desert his stand-point; which is only another way of saying that he must not be desultory or scatter-brained.

But enough of abstractions. Let us consider a few concrete examples and see whether they illustrate the foregoing deductions.

Take, for instance, the history of the development of science. One of the earliest Greek philosophers held that water or rather the ocean is the source of all life, vegetable and animal, including even man. Also that the earth has been built by the ocean and is constantly being changed by it.

Surely, says the reader, such a standpoint must have been taken by a sheer guess. By no means. On the contrary, it was, for that day a glorious conception. So far from being a guess, it took keen observation and close reasoning to discover that all things visible on the earth were a unit with the ocean as a center. It is marvelous, indeed, what things may be explained from such a point of view. There can be no vegetation without water. Deserts are but the neglected children of the great mother of all—the ocean. The earth—is it not being eaten away by the waves, and moved hither and thither by the rains? Even man—does he not quickly perish when water is withheld from him? And seven-eighths of his body is water. Is it any wonder that such a theory found believers?

But another philosopher arose who pointed out that the ocean is but the servant of a greater power—the sun. All the facts which lent themselves so readily to the first system, now revolved equally well around the new stand-point. And since that day, how the center of things has shifted and changed! The last generation has gone mad over the Darwinian stand-point—evolution. Curiously enough this latest *rerum omnium mater* is closely allied to the first, differing only in keener penetration. Somewhere in the boundless deep, says the science of today, a protoplasmic speck found itself and began forthwith to evolute! Thus again men believe that all things came from the ocean, including the lords of creation themselves. How like children with wise old heads must these sage philosophers appear to the angels—disposing and arranging the works of creation, as if they were the furniture of a doll-house, to suit now this whim, now that!

But evolution has struck the rock. Like all other systems it has stranded on a finite shore, unable to encompass even one little globule of space, the planet on which we live. A system that cannot harmonize the few scattered facts which man in his short years of mortal life can gather—how can it be depended upon to explain the universe?

A new stand-point is needed—one as far from this earth as the Pleiades. In astronomy the world long ago gave up the notion that we are the center of the universe; but the same absurdity remains yet to be abandoned in philosophy.

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Only from the summit of eternity can the works of creation be viewed in their true relations. But how shall mortals attain this summit? Only by the revelations of the Master Builder. If he has not revealed such a stand-point to the Latter-day Saints, then the world must yet wait for the true science of world-building.

Such is the babel of unrealized theories that has scattered mankind intellectually. But what of the scattering of mankind spiritually? A thousand-fold more numerous and fantastic have been the stand-points in this domain. From the same sun and moon and stars and earth and sea and light and darkness and life and death, what diverse religions have sprung! Surely I need draw no illustration from what are called Pagan beliefs; enough if I devote a paragraph to the sects professing to believe in the one God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and to follow in the footsteps of the one Savior of the world.

Here then is the one broad stream of divine truth, the Bible, enlarged and enforced at intervals down the valley of time, by new fountains and rills. And here, too, along its banks are a thousand diverse sects, drawing more diversities than unities from this same stream. What is the explanation of it? Not to carry the figure further, how can divine truth be made to support such varying and opposite opinions? Only for the same reason that similar truths in nature have supported in turn all the theories of science. Truth, as before remarked, shines from all sides. Half its rays intercepted or unheeded, it becomes a dangerous lie—dangerous because it still passes for truth. But how, on the other hand, can men draw such opposite systems from the same source of truth? Just as philosophers can from the same facts in nature support antagonistic theories.

It is simply the question of the stand-point again. Every distinct sect in Christendom means merely the aspect of things divine as presented to the spiritual eye of the founder. Having selected his point of view, he proceeds to marshal the sacred writings into line with it as best he can. He soon finds it impossible to unify the Scriptures. First class passages bend readily; second class need much twisting; third class require acrobatic feats in exegesis; all other passages will not bend at all, so he dubs them mysteries.

He is now ready to go forth and convert the world! What his share of souls will be depends upon his enthusiasm, his combativeness, and his persistence. Soon he will have a lot of elders about him, who, "though vanquished, yet can argue still." And now, behold, there is noise in the land. The air is full of writhing and contorted scripture. The people take sides, and shout and sing and pray and sprinkle and pour and baptize! The air vibrates to hallelujah and damnation enough to arouse spirits of every stripe and color. But many people go away disgusted with this jangle and wrangle of interpretation. Then comes a Wesley with a new creed, also from the Bible, specially adapted to capture this emotional class. There remains then the "submerged tenth." These are hunted in slums and gutters by drums and tambourines. How it makes one's ears buzz to picture all this sanctifying strife!

And there can be no end. Learned men only add learned, but still human, stand-points to complicate the difficulty. What Tom Paine said is literally true: "If thou dost not believe as thy neighbor doth, what is it but a proof that thy neighbor doth not believe as thou dost? And there is no power on earth that can decide between ye."

Nor is there. For, unlike the differences in science, whose subject-matter is here on earth for re-examination, religious disputations turn on

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what will transpire in another world; and every disputant is quite ready to await the trump of Gabriel.

And yet what is all this strife but a multiplied proof of man-made religions! Systems whose ability to fulfill the promises made to mortals is no greater than their power to influence the stars! Shall the Scriptures be counted contradictory then, that they occasion all this confusion? To hold such a view is to discredit their divinity. No; there must be some key to the whole, some standpoint from which every revelation harmonizes with every other revelation. This stand-point, like the other referred to above, can be known to man only by the Divine Author's revealing it. This He has done in our dispensation. To us is given the key to the mysteries of heaven and earth. We have been made to see the stand-point whence the works of eternity issue.

But the novelty of possessing has satisfied us. We have put off the day of exploring. Outside the knowledge necessary to "confound the wise" among the sects, we have not sought these "hidden treasures." But when they shall be sought and applied to the problems of the world there will be such a revolution as will "make all things new."

This is the standpoint the Elder must ever keep in view. Whatever be his topic, he must seek to see it as God sees it—from the summit of eternity; and not as man sees it, amid the fog and smoke of mortality. So viewed, the Fall becomes a blessing and the Atonement a natural sequence; the trials of adversity and the pangs of death are mercies in disguise, and wealth and pampered ease ofttimes curses.

One of our visitors viewing the Temple made the observation that there seems to be ages of anticipation in every representative act of the Latter-day Saints. This remark falls short of the full truth. There should be *eternities* of anticipation in every representative act.

It was this lofty standpoint that made Christ incomprehensible to the Jews. When He closed His sermon on the Mount, it was not some earthly ideal He held up for emulation, but said He: "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Probably this stand-point has never been more tersely stated than by Joseph Smith: "*As man is, God once was; as God is, man may be.*" Expanded and worked out in all its relations, this is the key to the universe.

It will be found that the stand-point whence all Scripture becomes consistent and intelligible, is likewise the stand-point whence all true science harmonizes. Herbert Spencer, after fifty years of attempting to construct a universe without a God, comes to this sublime conclusion: "Amid all mysteries, there remains one absolute certainty: we are ever in the presence of the Infinite and Eternal Energy, from whom all things proceed."

It has been counted the most glorious achievement of this age of science that the forces of nature known as sound, heat, light, electricity, etc., are demonstrated to be only varying manifestations of the one great force which Spencer calls the "infinite and eternal energy" of the universe. But all this is revealed in the eighty-eighth section of the Doctrine and Covenants. It is moreover pointed out that the power of intelligence, known to psychologists as consciousness, is only another manifestation of this infinite and eternal energy; that this force, variously known in the Bible as the Spirit of God, the Spirit of truth, the Holy Ghost, is in fact the eternal energy that gives life to all things that are in a state of development, and is the motor-power of the universe.

So also concerning the law of the conservation of energy, pronounced by Tyndall the greatest discovery of

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the age. Years before, Joseph Smith proclaimed the doctrine that nothing can be created, nothing destroyed. I might go on citing other instances, such as the Word of Wisdom, where science has but recently caught up with revelation, but I will content myself by remarking that in spite of mighty truths thus made plain, some of these same revelations are a sealed book to most Latter-day Saints, perhaps to all. They await a time when the minds of Zion's youth, enlightened by the Spirit of truth, shall be able to grasp their sublimities and be prepared to apply them for the redemption of the world.

In conclusion let us glance briefly at the standpoints Latter-day Saints must meet in the thought-world. In science the center is confessedly unstationary. Every scientist holds himself ready to adapt his point of view to new truth whenever it shall come Not so in the religious world. Here bigotry reigns. The Roman Catholic stand-point, viewed in the light of science or reason, becomes pitiful; which is probably the explanation of why that church absolutely denies the right of reason or science to question it. Note now wherein its strength lies. While in a few flexible details it flatters every popular movement by concessions, it maintains its central heresies with undeviating consistency and dogged pertinacity. Let us learn from this church the lesson not to leave our moorings for speculative excursions.

The Protestant sects have never had well-defined stand-points. The Calvinistic wing has, it is true, pretty strongly intrenched itself behind the cast-iron doctrines of the great expounder of predestination. But these doctrines are crumbling now under the hammer of every heretic who, like Briggs, dares to strike for reason and common sense. The Wesley wing "rely solely on the merits of Jesus." Other stand-point than this I have been unable to discover. But as long as men are found who will risk an easy route to heaven this creed will be popular.

"Religion must keep pace with science; creeds are antedated. Science must be the interpreter of religion also." Such is the way the sects are now tearing loose. And "Mother Church" smiles grimly, knowing full well that a routed army finds no time to intrench itself. Again we should learn the lesson, this time from the weakness of fugitive sects, not to desert our stand-point even in an exhortation.

The controversy of the future, the great religious Gog and Magog, will be between the Latter-day Saints and the Roman Catholics. No need of the light to ask the darkness what the end will be. But in the meanwhile it may be well to bear in mind that only in one particular do we now excel them, viz: the stand-point. In power and resource and persistence in holding this stand-point, we have scarcely made a beginning, compared with them. *N. L. Nelson.*

MEN WHOM GIRLS DISLIKE. — The man who thinks women are sweet, but brainless, creatures.

The man who whispers "sweet nothings" because it is too much of an effort for him to think of sensible things to talk about.

The man who persists in talking business affairs when she is trying to forget them and would rather talk about anything else.

The man who thinks kisses are of less value than banknotes.

The man who glories in sarcasm. And he is, without doubt, hated more vigorously than any other man on the whole list.

Do not deprecate the gift which you give, nor laud immoderately that which is received; in each case it is the sentiment which prompts the offering that is vastly more precious than what is offered.

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JOSEPHINE.

'Mid luxuriant vegetation,
In the tropic regions seen,
In the isle of Martinico,
Lay the home of Josephine.

Day had almost closed her portals,
In that sultry clime and warm,
As fair Josephine descended
Marble steps of ancient form.

Slowly through the flow'ring shrub'ry,
Breathing the perfume-laden air,
Where the breeze is gently waving
Myriad blossoms rich and rare;

Alone she wandered, save her maid,
Caroling melodies sweet;
Then breaking the deep'ning stillness,
With her ringing laugh complete.

Suddenly across their pathway
Loomed the shadow, bent and old,
Of a woman, strangely witch-like,
Who futurity foretold.

In her eye crept looks of wonder
As she scanned the young girl's palm,
Tracing in the rosy outlines
All the future's storm and calm.

"The flowers 'mong thy braids are bright,
Yet by far more bright, some day,
Gems of a royal diadem,
On thy noble brow will lay."

But smiles of mocking unbelief
Stole over the lovely face;
"Nay, smile not, for bitter sorrow
Is mingled in thy strange fate."

Sunset was slanting o'er the lawn,
Flowery beauty to enhance;
Josephine tripped the winding path,
Bordered with tropical plants.

The rose-tint deepened on her cheek,
As she saw in hammock-chair,
Her lover, Viscount Beauharnais,
Safe sheltered from sunshine glare.

Deeply intent on a letter,
He heeded nor saw her not;
Till a shower of fragrant blossoms,
By the open page were caught.

A few years passed; in southern France,
In a chateau, rich in scene,
By her husband's side reclining,
Josephine again is seen.

Gazing with maternal fondness,
A most happy tender mien,
At her children's upturned faces,
Fair Hortense and fond Eugene.

Years sped on; their flight brought changes,
Such as time alone can tell;
Changes strangely sad and bitter,
Happy Josephine befell.

Day was softly, gently fading,
Setting sun's last ling'ring rays
Shone on glittering domes and spires,
Of proud Paris, through the haze.

Few the beams whose brightness entered,
In that cheerless prison cell,
Where in hopeless resignation,
Josephine is forced to dwell.

'Tis not strange her pale face shadows,
Deep despondency and woe,
For the dawning of tomorrow,
Brings her execution'r's blow.

Mem'ry backward turns in silence,
One sad farewell glance to take
In the mirror Retrospection
Oft by magic seems to make.

Vividly the scenes of girlhood,
Crowd around her thick and fast;
Then the love of husband, children—
Blissful dream too dear to last!

Mem'ry brings events more recent;
Reconciled they each became;
For around him threat'ning dangers,
Through the Revolution came.

Then a deep-drawn shudder passes
O er the slender drooping form,
As before her mental vision,
That most fatal scene is borne;

He among that fated number,
By the guillotine to fall—
She by ruffian hands dragged onward,
'Neath a gloomy prison wall.

O'er her cheek the tears fast falling,
As in mock'ry flits before
Her mind that weird prediction,
Made in happy days of yore.

Long o'er those false words she pondered,
Sad thoughts with bitterness fraught;
Till a messenger came in haste,
And Josephine freedom brought.

Reunited with her children,
Mingling with gay Paris' best;
None among the host outrivalled,
The accomplished Viscountess.

Such was her life when first she met
Napoleon, gallant and brave;
And e'er long unto another,
She again her heart's love gave.

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'Twas a day in cold December,
But the crowd that onward came,
Heeded not but quickly entered,
The Cathedral, Notre Dame.

There were many who assembled,
To witness the brilliant scene,
Of the conqueror, coronated
Napoleon and Josephine.

Silence reigned in that vast building,
Scarce a movement could be traced;
As upon her raven tresses,
The imperial crown was placed.

Tears were trembling on her lashes,
Clasped her hands upon her breast;
Once more flashes back the warning,
In her island home confessed.

Even now the witch's dark glances,
Seemed to meet her upturned eye;
There was only tender lovelight,
From her noble consort by.

'Tis true an empress diadem,
Now rests upon her brow;
And at the shrine of happiness,
She once more stops to bow.

Ah, well might words of sadness fall,
From those lips with pain distrait;
As lone she sits at Malmaison,
Reflecting on her sad fate.

The breeze that fans her burning brow,
By thousand blossoms caressed,
Now offers its fragrance in vain,
To the broken heart oppressed.

Through calculating policy,
Her place another is giv'n;
An Empress now in naught but name,
Lone forsaken Josephine.

Alas, but this could not repay,
Love wasted and outraged pride;
Nor yet bring back the errant love,
For which the true heart still sighed.

Not long before a procession,
From pow'rful Europe's vast dome,
And a long train of weeping poor,
Followed to her last long home.

A monument of marble white,
Placed by Hortense and Eugene;
Now marks the sacred resting-place,
Of beloved Josephine.

Nov. 4, 1883. *Hyacinth.*

ANCIENT ARIZONA AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

IV.

IT WAS stated in the last paper that this one would be devoted to the presentation of an entirely new hypothesis respecting the origin of the ancient people of Arizona and the living Pueblo tribes. To this end the traditions which bear upon their antiquity will first be laid before the reader.

The noted ruins of Casa Grande, located on the Rio Gila in southern Arizona, when visited by Padre Eusebius Francis Kinto in 1694 were even then ruins of great antiquity. And Father Kinto reports that the Pima Indians who lived in the vicinity declared that according to their traditions, which reached back nearly four hundred years, the place was even then nothing but ruins. This carries us back to about 1294, or the close of the thirteenth century. The same place was also visited by a number of other Catholic missionaries and Spanish adventurers, among whom we mention Father Font, whose visit occurred in 1775. He makes this statement regarding their antiquity: "According to the histories and meagre accounts we have from the Indians, they must have been built some five hundred years ago." This also dates back to the close of the thirteenth century. Again, it was reported by the Navajos to Professor Jackson of the Hayden Geological survey, and others, that the Colorado ruins were visited by their forefathers, "five old men's ages ago"—that is, five hundred years since—and that even then they were nothing but ruins. This tradition would carry the date back to 1387. It will be remembered that our hypothesis holds that the Colorado ruins must have been some later than those of southern Arizona

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as the inhabitants of the latter place were driven north and occupied the Colorado at a later date.

The Zuni people, the most intelligent and advanced of all the Pueblos, have a distinct and well fixed tradition that they came to their present territory eight hundred years ago. Mr. Garlick, an accomplished gentleman residing at Phœnix, who visited the Zuni country with the Cushing party and remained there a year and six months, gave the writer the above information, adding this significant remark: "If the traditions had among them as to the Spanish expeditions made three hundred and fifty years ago, are correct and fully verified by history, as is the case, why are not their earlier traditions fully as trustworthy?" Thus the Pueblos probably first appeared where they now are at the close of the eleventh century. And their companions, who doubtless at the same time built the Colorado ruins to the west and south, were destroyed some time prior to the year 1387, while those of Southern Arizona and New Mexico were partly destroyed, and the remainder driven to these northern retreats at some period prior to 1294, and why not, we ask, in the eleventh century or at the time when the Zunis claim to have entered their present country?

These conclusions, drawn from the traditions of the Pueblos and Pima Indians, are sustained by a very remarkable legend handed down through the Papago Indians of Southern Arizona, which was minutely related to Mr. J. C. Dyer, whose splendid collection of antiquities we have before mentioned, by an aged Indian of that tribe. It runs in this wise: Many winters back their people lived far to the south and a great famine came among them, so great that their cattle perished, and the people were on the verge of starvation. A big council was held to determine what should be done and it was decided to send a company out in search of a better land for their people to occupy. Accordingly they set out to the northward, and after traveling many days came over the brow of the mountains that skirt the Salt River Valley on the south. They there beheld a beautiful green valley many miles in extent, through which silver streams of water were running. The party at once divided upon the mountain. Three of them descended into the valley and the remainder returned south after their warriors and people. The three, fearful of losing their lives, disfigured themselves in order that they might excite the sympathy of the inhabitants, and when they came among them plead for bread, claiming that they were upon the verge of starvation. The strategy was successful. They were kindly received and to their great astonishment found the inhabitants to be a bearded race of white men. They remained there for some time closely watching the mountain top, according to arrangement, for the signal fire denoting the return of their friends. After some days it appeared, and the three spies departed stealthily. They reported the resources and military strength of the people and then piloted the army down into the valley. A fierce and bloody attack followed in which the men, women and children of the white race were put to death. The newcomers took possession of the country and attempted to cultivate it. But they had no knowledge of the science of irrigation, and in time the canals choked up with sediment, vegetation gradually perished and the trees died for want of water, and after a while this once beautiful valley, now again the gem of modern Arizona, went back into the arms of the wilderness.

The many evidences furnished upon the ground show beyond all controversy that these people were overthrown, and that suddenly, by an enemy from the south. That they fled northward through the many openings of that mountainous coun-

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try from along the entire east and west line of their settlements, there are hastily constructed fortifications of stone, and upon the mountain heights watch towers innumerable, to prove. The whole face of the land to the north after a certain distance is passed, bears evidences of the crudely and hastily provided homes, which a scattered and terrorized people had prepared. Some secreted themselves in caves, and others searched out inaccessible cliffs and fortified themselves behind massive stone walls, far up the dizzy heights which none could scale except by finger and toe hold, and from which they could be hurled down to destruction by even a pebble from the trembling hand of a Nephite girl.

But the Cave Dwellers and the Cliff Dwellers had retreated to a region which, while it amply protected them from a savage foe, did not shield them from want and hunger, and though they ventured forth to till small patches of ground or carried soil high up the rocky cliffs and constructed artificial gardens, upon which to raise a little corn, and though they dared to go out upon the chase to procure meat, yet they were doomed to dwindle in numbers and perish. Their women dreaded to become burdened with new life, when housed in such dizzy and frightful heights, and when the enemy, which from the terrible experiences of the past they had learned to fear with the dread of death, might be expected at any hour of day or night, and above all they must have sorrowed and shrank at the very thought of ushering innocent little souls into so forbidding, and perilous, and cursed a human lot, for like some of the Nephites of old, they must have sorrowed out their days. Possibly, however, for a century or two they held on to the thread of human life, precious even in that gloomy wilderness of the Colorado.

But while these scattered people were pining and dwindling away a few others reached the more open and inviting valleys further to the north and east, and boldly occupying the land, erected buildings of massive stone walls with no openings on the ground floor, the entrances being in the roofs and reached only by ladder; and there they have lived and flourished, after a fashion, for all these weary centuries. These were the Zuni and cognate tribes, who, according to their tradition, made their first settlements there in the eleventh century.

But the enemy from the south, who were they? Who was it that came out of Mexico at the close of the eleventh century? Let us turn to Toltec history and see if the annals of early Mexico throw any light upon the subject. Most assuredly they do.

According to the most remote accounts had among the people of Anahuac, which for centuries was the chief center of Mexican civilization, the Toltecs began to appear in Mexico from the northeast in the sixth and seventh centuries after Christ. There was a long period, it may have been a century or two, during which these people gradually moved by tribes out of the northeast. The twilight annals of Mexico throw but a dim light on these early migrations. And we are ready to believe, even upon slender evidence, that the movements commenced a century earlier than history makes any account of, that is, in the fifth century, or soon after the great Nephite conflict which took place in what is now the State of New York, at the close of the fourth century; though doubtless many of the Lamanites after the conflict remained in the magnificent valley of the Mississippi to enjoy the abandoned cities and cultivated fields of the Nephite race, who, by reason of the ruins which are still left, are now termed "Mound-Builders."

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Yet, war was upon the face of the whole land, according to the statement of Moroni, and it was doubtless waged between divisions of the Lamanite army which must have broken into fragments like the army of Alexander and entered into many disputations over these very lands. Hence many must have fled into Mexico.

Says an ablė historian, in speaking of these people from the north: "The three most powerful nations established themselves in and around the Valley of Mexico, where their capitals soon became flourishing cities, and the people were called Toltecs. Meanwhile," he continues, "other bands of Toltecs, from the regions towards the north, settled after a long pilgrimage on the banks of the river Quetzalatl, founding there a city named Tollan, on the site of the present village of Tula, about thirty miles north-west of the city of Mexico." Indeed the Toltecs spread over the greater part of Mexico. And they all "acted under the guidance of their Prophet Hueman," though each tribe was ruled by its own chief or king. Attention is directed, in passing, to the similarity in this practice to that of the Nephites, as well also as the Jaredites and Israelites, where the rule was in the hands of the king, but he in turn was subject to the Prophet of God. This single fact, reaching as it does to the very foundation of the political and religious training of the people, ought to completely disprove the theory that the Toltecs were of Phœnecian origin, and make their Jewish antecedents manifest to every intelligent investigator.

Permit us to pause also at another coincidence. The name Hueman it will be seen much resembles the name of a great Nephite Prophet who lived a little before Christ, the prophet Helaman, the only difference being in the change of a single letter. The l has given place to u, while the a between H and l would be silent between H and u, and hence would naturally be dropped when it came to be written in later times. In the year 994 Huemac ascended the throne. Here again Hueman is changed by the alteration of a single letter, and later on the names of some of the Toltec gods are so similiar to this one that it would not be a surprising disclosure to learn that Helaman himself had been deified by the Toltecs, since their gods all originated by the deification of their greatest heroes.

But now as to those people who went north of Mexico and drove the inhabitants from southern Arizona. In the early part of the eleventh century occurred among the Toltecs, as desolating and destructive a famine and pestilence as human history has ever recorded. The appalling destruction of life wrought in the frightful experiences of the six years through which it lasted is said to have reduced the Toltec population to one-tenth of its original numbers. Says an historian, after describing the dreadful scenes of those few years, "Many of the Toltec nobles had already abandoned their country to seek refuge in other provinces, and this movement was constantly on the increase." This famine was so terrible that it utterly overthrew the Toltec power in Mexico and ushered in the Aztec regime of more modern times.

Is not this famine and the consequent dispersion of the people in quest of a better land the one referred to by the Indian tradition which we have given? It occurred in the eleventh century agreeing exactly with the Zuni tradition as to the time of arrival at their present place. It agrees with the manifold evidences that they were driven into that retreat. It agrees with the stated traditions of the Navajos and Pimas. And it agrees with all the detail of the story itself, as to the authenticity of which it may further be said: the Papagos of whom it was obtained, are the

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most christianized and upright of all the barbarous tribes of Arizona. They branched off from the Pimas at the time of the establishment of the Catholic missions in the sixteenth century. The word Papago means baptized, and these Indians were so called because they were then baptized into the Catholic fold. Their forefathers, the Pimas, were the ones from whom the traditions were obtained in the sixteenth century concerning Casa Grande. They are a people careful to retain a knowledge of their past and have always set apart certain individuals to learn and hand down their tribal history, traditions, and folk lore. And when their story agrees so exactly with the known events of the Toltec people and with the Zuni who are as remote from them as if they dwelt at the North Pole, who will say that they have not handed down to us a lost link in history?

If we have here shown how these people were driven out of Arizona and forced to an inhospitable lodgment in the wilds of the Colorado, the far greater task still remains to account for their original migration and settlement. With this in view we will now push our inquiries a little further into the deep recesses of the past—once dark it is true, but now illuminated by the light of that grandest and truest of all books, the Book of Mormon, brought forth in these last days by the hand of the Almighty, through the great prophet of this dispensation, to make known to man not only the true Gospel of His Son, but to reveal the long and eventful history of His children, which has hitherto slumbered in the dust of two continents.

For two hundred years after the eventful visit of Christ to the people of this continent, they lived in peace and righteousness, having all things in common and there being no Lamanites in all the land. After that time, however, a few who had lost their faith and turned again to paths of iniquity turned away from the body of the people and declared themselves to be Lamanites. The ancient curse was thus revived. They dwelt in South America, and in course of time became a numerous and powerful people. Near the close of the fourth century, they began a desperate warfare against the Nephite nation, whose capital was at Zarahemla. At that time the Nephite dominion extended from the Land of Zarahemla, now Venezuela and the eastern portion of Colombia, northwest through the Central American states and Mexico, through Texas, and up the valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and far into the east towards the Atlantic. They had followed up the fertile regions of the continent, and though their numbers were very great, they were altogether too scattered to wage successful warfare against the countless hordes that came up against their capital from the south.

Mormon, though but a boy, was put in command of the Nephite forces. He led them to many victories and still more defeats through several years of a most bloody warfare. Little by little the Nephites were forced to evacuate their cities and towns. Zarahemla, the ancient and renowned city of their fathers, and for centuries the seat of their government, was forced to capitulate. Repulsed upon every hand the entire populace retreated with the army of Mormon through the Isthmus of Panama and the Central American States. Cities were left desolate as the army fled through them. The Lamanites captured many of their women and children and sacrificed them to their idol gods. Their victories were ascribed to this, and hence all who fell into their hands alive were doomed to perish in that way. Desperate men, because of these horrors, turned with the fierceness of lions upon their demon pursuers and here and there gained a victory. But the countless numbers of the savage

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hordes that swept upon them were like the thundering waves of the deep when it rages against a human craft. Though one wave might be withstood until it broke at the feet of determined resistance, it was only to make room for the next and the next coming with ever-increasing power. Thus a very sea of human wrath and blood heaving beyond its bounds drove the Nephite people before it, men, women and children, until their flight became the routing, overthrow and destruction of a once noble race and splendid civilization.

Mormon's retreating army, of course, followed the settled country around the Gulf and up the Mississippi. This it did to obtain recruits from the northern settlements, and to keep within its base of supplies, that provisions might be obtained for its men as well as for the vast number of women and children who accompanied it.

The Lamanite king pushed his victorious arms rapidly to the north, sweeping every vestige of Nephite glory before him. At this point I reflected much upon the probabilities of a deflection of a small company of Nephites to the north-west as the army rounded the Gulf of Mexico. Could they not see that it was the great final conflict of their people and that the appalling doom of annihilation hung over them? They knew that the Lamanite army would follow the main body, and if a handful would turn aside and bury themselves in the wilderness of the northwest there was a strong probability that they might escape its terrible and avenging wrath. But while thus meditating upon the probabilities of the case, a gentleman of Phoenix handed me a clipping from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* dated March 29th, 1893, which to my astonishment and great delight threw a stream of beautiful light upon the whole matter. I will quote that portion of the article which relates to the question before us:

"In the mountainous district of one of the Southern States, in a bend of one of the great rivers, is situated a natural fort, known to the surrounding inhabitants as "Indian Fort." Surrounded on three sides by perpendicular cliffs, at the bottom of which flows the river, wide and deep, the only way of approach is by ascending a steep declivity from the open side, near the summit of which is still to be seen traces of an ancient embankment, almost obliterated by time. Within the space enclosed by the river and embankment have been found a great many stone and flint implements of Indian warfare, and a few bronze axes. There are also a number of tombs, formed of large, flat stones, containing nothing but dust and dirt at the present. In the time of the early settlers the native Indians had a tradition of a great battle having been fought at this place years previous to their own time, in which an entire race was exterminated. The legend is: the exterminated race, who were called 'worshipers of the sun,' had been gradually driven southward from the far north, by the Indians. Before reaching the 'Great River' (the Ohio), they separated into two divisions, one going to the southwest, the other going directly south. What became of the first part is not told in the legend. After innumerable battles the fleeing race made a final stand at 'Indian Fort,' and after a siege of many months, during which time the besieged subsisted on provisions previously gathered, they were conquered, and every man, woman and child was killed. The legend says these people came from the vicinity of the Great Lakes, and the few bronze implements discovered seem to give some truth to that part of the story. It is supposed that these people were the ancestors of the Mexican Aztecs, and that that portion who escaped when the tribe divided, wandered toward the southwest and entered Mexico from the

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north. At the time of the conquest of Mexico, by Cortez, the Aztecs claimed that they came from the north, and sun worship was the national religion. To investigate these relics of a departed race, the Smithsonian officials have sent Professor Snow and a corps of assistants to the scene. They are making their headquarters in this city. They will probably be engaged on this work for a month, and hope to secure some rare specimens for the collection of the institute at the World's Fair. (Signed)

"*Garnett C. Porter.*"

Here is a very revelation. Not thoroughly authenticated as yet, but brought within the strongest probability by a most remarkable and unexpected concurrence with the Book of Mormon. Moroni declares that at the great Nephite Waterloo in the State of New York, his people were all put to the sword save a few who fled to the south. And of them he has this to say: "And now it came to pass that after the great and tremendous battle at Cumorah, behold the Nephites who had escaped into the country southward, were hunted by the Lamanites, until they were all destroyed." Moroni lived many years after the great battle, during which time it is probable he received this report from the south. That he lived a long time is evident. He wrote additional matter from time to time, even after he supposed that he had finished the record. He said, "Now I Moroni, after having made an end of abridging the account of the people of Jared, I had supposed not to have written more, but I have not yet perished; and I make not myself known to the Lamanites lest they should destroy me." It is probable that he here refers to his identity—the son of Mormon the Nephite commander. It seems that he must have ventured among some of them, or how could he have heard the report that those who had fled to the south were put to death? Mormon writes that they marched forth to the hill Cumorah and pitched their tents round about it, and that when three hundred and eighty-four years had passed away they had gathered in all the remainder of their people. Then came the Lamanites upon them. While Moroni states at the close of his record, "And I would that they should know that more than four hundred and twenty years have passed away since the sign was given of the coming of Christ." Thus according to Moroni's own statement he had lived after the battle, and up to the time his last words were written, about thirty-six years.

It appears, according to this most timely and valuable tradition, that those who fled southward divided into two parties, one going directly south, and the other to the southwest. This fact Moroni had evidently not heard of. His informants knew only that a party which had fled to the south, had been overtaken and put to death, men, women and children, leaving absolutely none; and supposing that of course, it was the entire party, he made a record of the event. The very fact that his statement proves to be only apparently true, deviating in the single fact of which he had not heard, lends a strength of circumstantial support to the genuineness of his record which it could not otherwise have. It shows also that the record was made from information received and not by revelation, and hence that he must have associated with Lamanites after the battle.

The division that went to the southwest, fortunately, must have escaped pursuit, since the Lamanites supposed, according to their report to Moroni, that they had destroyed them all. This was their salvation. They fled toward the great west and with the cunning of the rabbit crossed the trail of their pursuers, facing the vast wilderness beyond the Father of

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Waters. Well they knew the annihilation that awaited them should they return into Mexico. To the north also were the Great Lakes, which they knew they could not cross. Whither, then, could they fly in that hour of deadly peril, except toward the setting sun? On with swift foot they sped over the trackless plains or through the dense solitudes of the forest. Away into the West. Mighty rivers they encountered. The broad Mississippi, the treacherous Missouri. Yet the hope of life gave wings to the women and children, and like the swift eagle, the little company left their mortal foe behind them. Then came the waterless desert. They crossed the same waste of land, five or six degrees further to the south, which was destined to be crossed by the people of God, also fleeing from their enemies in the East fourteen and a half centuries later, a people who were to be called, strange to say, after the very name of their fallen leader, who, according to a Gentile custom, might well be styled, Mormon the Great.

After countless long and weary marches, during which the women and children must have suffered the agonies of hunger and thirst, and left their crimson trails upon the cruel rock from sore and bleeding little feet, they halted in the "valleys of the mountains," among the same hoary "Rockies" that greeted the Mormons of later times. Rainless, barren, forbidding region. But crystal streams broke from the mountain sides, and with diligence they went to work building canals and ditches (they are there today) that they might provide food for those heroic women and children who had with weary foot traversed not only the inhospitable deserts, as far east as Nauvoo, but beyond, even to the State of New York, and thence from the far distant land of Mexico and some doubtless even from the remote land of Zarahemla. Oh, what a journey! Can a woman or a child walk ten thousand miles, more than half of which is a trackless wilderness? Such was the length of that journey. Compared with this the afflictions of our own pioneers are scarcely to be mentioned.

They hastily built adobe houses as in 1847 and under the hand of industry ere long the wilderness began to "blossom as the rose." Strange parallel in history, but, oh, the sorrow and affliction of those people? What hardships they endured, what trials, what deprivations! The suffering of the wild beast in years of famine that goes howling over the barren waste for food, or weakened with hunger, lies starving in his den, could not have been more terrible than the afflictions which those people must have passed through. I can hear the cry of the little ones for bread, and feel the anguish of the fond mother, who between the hope of prayer and the despair of fate, clasps it to her faint and milkless bosom and from the awful anguish of a crushed and broken heart weeps tears of blood. I can see those brave hearted men climb the rugged mountain sides in search of the nettle and other weeds that grew in the caverns of the rocks that they might prepare greens to assuage the mortal hunger of their dear ones. Oh, God! how terrible is Thy wrath, how awful are Thy judgments! Yet, Thy mercy also is extended over the children of men, after the workings of eternal justice. For although doomed to destruction according to the words of Thy prophets because of their iniquity, nevertheless by reason of the long and bitter afflictions which brought them down into the depths of humility and repentance, Thou didst deliver them from the sword and from death, and this, too, according to the words of the prophet, for a remnant of the seed of Nephi was to be left upon the earth.

For more than six centuries they continued to live in this place to which they had fled, but in an evil

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day they must have fallen again into great transgression, for by reason of the dark years of famine and scourge that overshadowed Mexico, they once more were put to the sword and as we have shown a remnant of them fled to the north. But among these only a few, as was the case with a handful in the days of Moroni, were righteous enough to escape the judgment of destruction. These fled to the Zuni country and there they have lived to this day, lives of integrity and uprightness, eschewing all the vanities of the world; having, it is true, a false religion, but God's wrath has never yet been kindled against errors of doctrine as against vice and iniquity.

Another little company fled far beyond the Colorado. The ruins in south-western Utah at the village of Paragoonah are precisely similar to those found in Arizona. The same adobe walls, the same small square rooms, the same large community buildings with fortifying walls, the same quantities of broken pottery, the same traces of irrigation ditches. There was this lone little settlement isolated from their friends and the world by hundreds of miles, having deserted kindred and fled for life's sake.

They felt that they had gone beyond pursuit. Having crossed the giant chasms of the Colorado, scaled the rugged mountains, range upon range, and traversed the desert suffering for water and food, when they reached the beautiful valley at Paragoonah where they found pure water and a sunny sky, they must have sat down and wept, wept over the past, wept as the daughters of Zion once wept by the waters of Babylon, remembering their forefathers who had perished at the great Zarahemla and in all the lands whither they had been driven, and finally remembering how their loved ones, into whose faces they had looked, had perished in the valleys of Arizona, cut to pieces in cold blood by a fiendish and devilish enemy. Yes, they must have sat down and wept, and hoped that perhaps God had now mitigated their awful curse and led them again to a place of safety, and that the tribulations of their sorrowful journey were to be crowned with a small degree of peace and comfort. Bravely again they set to work, builded houses, cut canals and began to till the soil. But, alas, they were mistaken. The Indians, God's scourge, were upon them. With jingling ornaments, feathery plumes, hideous faces and a yell that all but rends the very rocks, they swept down upon the little colony and blotted them from the earth. Mr. McGuire uncovered eleven of their skeletons in January of last year, every one of which presented a fractured skull. Man may flee before the decrees of the Almighty and for a season struggle against them, but God is God.

The tradition which we have taken from the columns of the *Globe-Democrat*, must ever be of vital service and value to the future ethnologists of the Church. It stands as the only direct traditional or historical evidence of that great conflict outside of the Book of Mormon. The few bronze axes found at the fort, verifies the account of the use of copper in the times of Mormon. The statement that the race were sun worshipers is, of course, a mistake, and one which might readily have occurred since the event took place, long before the existence of the tribe which has handed it down, as the account states, "years previous to their own time." The fact that the tradition says, "the exterminated race had gradually been driven south by the Indians," would imply that those who were driven were not Indians. The Ohio reaches to the east as far as the west boundary of the State of New York, though fully a hundred miles south of that state and then divides into the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers. This fact

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would indicate that the fleeing party coming southward out of New York, were trending to the west, and the cause of their division may have been over a dispute as to which way they should flee. The party going south, after leaving the Ohio, must have passed down through western Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The letter to the *Globe-Democrat* was written from Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, and states that officials from the Smithsonian Institute were then in that city to make investigations. Hence the ruins of the fort must be in the mountains of eastern Tennessee, which would be exactly on their line of march southward out of West Virginia. The "great river" probably refers to the Tennessee.

The party had fled fully six hundred miles before making the stand at Indian Fort. The military tactics displayed in the construction of the fort are precisely similiar to the fortifications found in Arizona. Three sides of solid impenetrable embankment with the front more or less open, affording the defenders an opportunity to slay the attacking party rather than give them protection under the eaves of their own defenses. It will be remembered that there is an apparently inexplicable termination of the Arizona settlements towards Mexico. Entrance from the direction which we have described fully accounts for it, and the terror with which the Nephites must have looked upon the occupants of Mexico also furnished a good reason why they never would build up the country to the southward.

We have said that prophecy declares that Nephite seed should remain upon the earth. It has been somewhat generally supposed, from Moroni's statement, that they were extinct except as mixed with the Lamanite blood. But according to the words of Lehi, Nephi and Alma, it seems they must still exist somewhere in North or South America, fallen to the condition of the Lamanites, it is true, and therefore numbered among them, though all these years maintaining distinct tribal relations.

Near the beginning of the third chapter of Second Nephi, Lehi tells his little son Joseph that his seed should not be destroyed, but that the promise of the Lord made to Joseph who was sold into Egypt that his seed should remain upon the earth (referred to elsewhere in the same chapter,) should be fulfilled through his (Lehi's) loins and the loins of his son Joseph. Again near the close of the same chapter, Lehi says to Joseph, "Wherefore, because of this covenant (God's covenant with Joseph who was sold into Egypt,) thou art blessed; for thy seed shall not be destroyed, for they shall hearken unto the words of the book." And Lehi further declares that of the loins of his son Joseph shall come forth the mighty one whom we are looking to see appear among the Lamanites who is to do much good both in word and deed and to manifest exceeding great faith to the working of mighty wonders and to do that which is great in the sight of God.

Reference is also made to Second Nephi, chapter twenty-nine. verses one and two: When a marvelous work and a wonder was to come forth the Lord was to remember the seed of Nephi. Further references. Alma, xlv, 11 to 14. First Nephi, xiii, 30, 31 and 35.

The Zuni today, and for eight hundred years, have been an object of the bitterest hatred to all the surrounding Lamanites and they have maintained the strictest and most complete marital separation. There are now among them four or five Zuni as white as the fairest blond on the continent, with flaxen hair, and some of them light eyes. Their parents are as dark as the other Zuni, and in turn their children also are dark. What is the meaning of this phenomenon manifested as it

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is among the Pueblo tribes only? Is it not a cropping out of the white blood of their Nephite ancestry in obedience to the law of nature by which we often observe other physical and mental characteristics appearing in later generations?

The statement is made by trustworthy brethren of Arizona, that President Woodruff when at Sunset, Arizona, in the winter of 1880 and 1881, said: "If there is any pure Nephite blood left upon earth, I believe the Zuni and Islata Indians are that people."

Also it is credibly reported that President Young, when down on the Muddy many years ago, made the statement that the Piutes were descendants of the Gadianton robbers, and in the winter of 1875 and 1876, at a council meeting in the Tabernacle at St. George, said the Moqui Indians were of the Nephite blood. The Moqui and Islatas are Pueblo tribes closely related to and domiciled near the Zuni.

The inference of the *Globe-Democrat* correspondent that, "It is supposed that the people were the ancestors of the Mexican Aztecs and that that portion who escaped when the tribe divided wandered toward the south-west and entered Mexico from the north;" cannot be true because the "Mexican Aztecs" did not come from the north, but from the east. They were not a roving people but the settled occupants of Yucatan and the East, who went into Mexico to the number of three million. The Aztec advent was the sudden migration of a very numerous and powerful people. He may mean the Toltecs who came from the north, but that cannot be true because this was but a small band and the Toltecs kept pouring into Mexico from the north for two hundred years. Mexico was the last place on earth this driven, pealed and plundered little company would have ventured into—the land just conquered by their deadly enemy.

But the comments of the gentleman serve to show how wide of the mark speculations reach when not supported with correct data, and furnishes an illustration as to how ethnologists have been able to invent so many hypotheses as to the origin of the ancient American races. But when once the true line of events is found, then all recorded history, all authentic traditions, together with all the ruins and antiquities of the planet pay homage to the discovery. Then, like a great Chinese puzzle all the fragmentary evidences of the past come together and fit themselves into their proper places, or like a grand and beautiful mosaic, formed by the myriad events of time, passes from the drama of speculation and fiction to repose for aye as a noble monument of knowledge over the real grave of a real past.

H. E. Baker.

A MODEL HUSBAND.*

If ever I marry, which I hope some day to do, I will wish for a man possessing as many as possible of the following characteristics. Perhaps, however, men will be as scarce as "the gold of Ophir" before I have any opportunity to wed, in which event I suppose they will be so noble as to be almost above criticism:

I would like him to be of good parentage, for with mankind as with animals, much depends upon the stock.

He should honor his parents, and love the Lord with all his heart; I will then be able to fearlessly follow wherever he may lead.

* Answer to "The Wife I Want," in the December number of *The Young Woman's Journal.*

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I desire him, if possible, to be of good outward form, but more particularly to be pure and upright in spirit, as these qualities will make a person beautiful and attractive whatever may be his peculiarities of form or feature.

I desire him to be industrious, methodical and prompt in the performance of all his duties, but never to be so much occupied that he cannot spend some portion of his time in conversation with myself and our children, if God blesses us by the bestowal of such gifts.

I desire him to consider me his helpmeet, and not his slave; thus he will talk with me about his business, that when the cares of life burden his soul, I may be allowed to help carry the load, as in his prosperity and blessing I expect to share the joy.

I desire him to give me a monthly allowance, such as he can afford, for personal use and household expenses, so that I may not be taunted by him with the words "It's money, money, money, whenever I come in the house." I hope to have some wisdom about expenditures, and not be required to ask my "lord" for every nickle I need, or to render an account for every dime I expend.

I want him to help make a HOME, whether the place of abode be a hovel or a palace. The way to assist in this is by him making his cheerful presence felt there as often and as much as his duties will permit.

I want him to reprove me kindly for my mistakes and short-comings, but not to compare me with other women either dead or alive whose qualifications may excel my own.

He should not torture me by even appearing to take more delight in the society of other women than myself. Plural marriage not being now possible, he should not waste his time or try my soul by "flirting" with other females.

His character and actions should be such as he would delight to see reproduced in his children.

He should be faithful in the gospel, courageous in spirit, wise in leadership, just in decision, kind in reproof, industrious in work and study, and truthful continually.

I want him to be proud of me, and not feel ashamed to introduce me in *all* society where he goes as his "wife."

I would like him to be charitable in considering my failings, and when I give offense offer me kind reproof, but never treat me with silent contempt.

I will admire him, though it may sometimes cause me disappointment, if he will steadily and unswervingly pursue the path of duty, attending with fidelity and promptness to every requirement of his religious office.

I desire that he should speak to me kind words of encouragement to show that he appreciates my efforts to please him, and not take everything in a matter-of-fact way, as though it was exactly what he should receive. Even if he is worthy of my deepest thoughts and most devoted labors to please and comfort him he might occasionally express a word of praise.

I want him to be the head of the household, directing the footsteps of myself and family towards the goal of future and eternal glory and exaltation, where I hope we may be found worthy to dwell in the presence of our Maker. *Muchacha.*

I call it improper pride to let fool's notions hinder you from doing a good action.—*George Eliot.*

Always give preference to elders' visitors, those of superior position and those who are weak or ill.

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Do not forget a kind word to each member of the family on parting at night, or a pleasant greeting on meeting in the morning.

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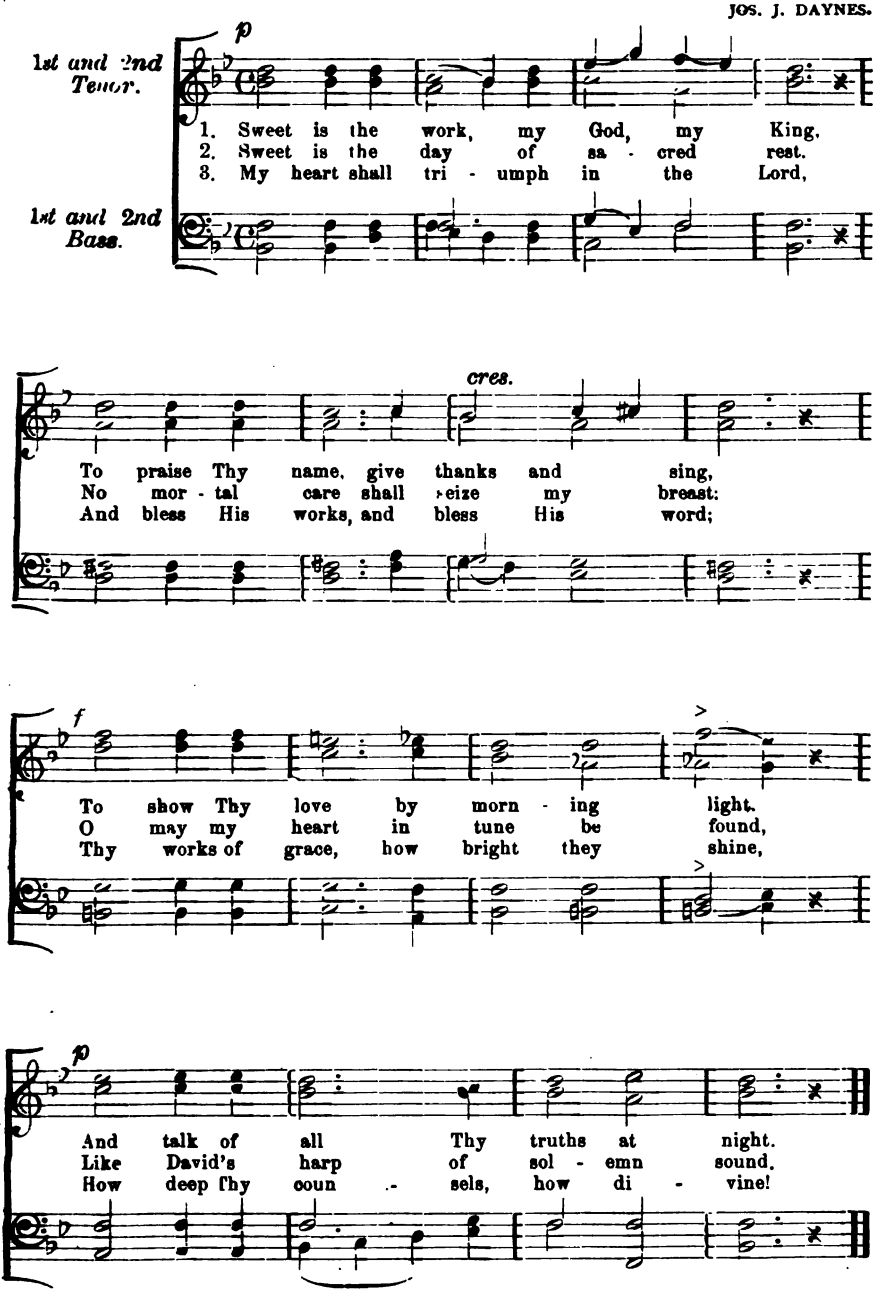
"SWEET IS THE WORK."

MALE CHORUS.

JOS. J. DAYNES.



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OFFICE-SEEKING.

THERE is perhaps nothing in ordinary business life so destructive to the usefulness of young men as the ambition for office. The chronic office-seeker, whether young or old, seems to become unfitted for the pursuit of any regular calling. Men otherwise capable of making a good living for themselves and families, when once imbued with a desire for public position seem to lose their energy and to feel that their success is dependent upon their receiving the desired position. It is very often the case, too, that those who do receive the positions they desire are losers financially by their success. One of the greatest annoyances to which public men in Washington are subjected, is the persistence with which they are followed by men and women who seek positions under the government. There are at least ten applicants for each vacant position, and frequently the ten applicants are the ones who are disappointed, and someone who has spent but little time in seeking the position obtains the coveted prize.

There has seemed to be a disposition among quite a number of young and middle-aged men in our cities and Territory to seek for office; not so much, perhaps, for ecclesiastical positions, where men are expected to serve without pay, though even here the ambition for prominence is manifested, but more particularly under the municipal, county and territorial government. It is quite proper that men should prepare themselves to labor in various positions, and quite right when men are tendered positions of responsibility and trust, for them to accept the same, and endeavor to perform the duties with fidelity to their constituents and credit to themselves. But it is deplorable to see men neglecting their legitimate business to belittle themselves by begging and fawning for positions which neither nature nor education has fitted them to occupy, but which they doubtless seek with a view to some little financial gain, but sometimes for the honors of men which are to follow their success.

We would like to see the young people of the Territory qualify themselves for any position, either private or public, that men and women are required to fill. Then, when office comes, accept it with dignity and fill it with honor, so that no after regrets may follow. Young people who will carefully, diligently and in the best manner possible perform the duties required of them today, will tomorrow, or at some time in the future, find themselves advanced in public confidence and esteem, and will undoubtedly receive all that they can properly desire. Only let the point for which you aim be high, the goal exalted, and you will undoubtedly make a mark in the world which will do you credit, and bring you all the worldly reward which is necessary for your enjoyment and future exaltation. If, however, the spirit takes hold of one to be satisfied with mediocrity, and to feel that the world owes him a living, he is bound to fall very much short of that destiny which the Lord has set for every faithful and persevering soul.

Be content to let others feed at the public crib, but be thou content to make thine own way in the world, and overcome the difficulties which beset thy path.

ECONOMY.

VERY much is said and written at different times on economy, and yet the subject is one that is by no means exhausted. Every young person

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should study to economize the means which God provides, so that nothing may be lost, but all subserve the purpose of its creation. It is sinful to wilfully waste property of any kind, and however rich one may become the duty is still incumbent upon each individual to put to the best use everything which comes into his hands or under his care as a steward. How admirable is the lesson of economy which our Heavenly Father teaches us in all His works! "There is no waste in nature" is a statement which finds greater verification the more men become acquainted with the laws of the universe. Every atom of dust, the smallest insect, every creature or thing, has been made for a wise purpose in the economy of the Great Ruler, and all these answer the ends for which they were formed, unless it be that man himself has transgressed the laws of his being, and made himself worthy of destruction.

We have much to learn in regard to economy. On every hand we see extravagance and wastefulness. In the household food is allowed to spoil, dishes are carelessly broken, furniture is uncared for, clothing is destroyed and many things daily occur which show thriftlessness. About the home, whether it be in the country or city, the tools and machinery are exposed to the weather, thereby becoming rusty and useless, fences are broken down and are not promptly repaired, animals are untended and become sick, hay and grain are wasted, land is uncultivated and allowed to grow up to weeds, and in a thousand different ways negligence, which is almost criminal, is exhibited. Yet we complain of "hard times," when the fact is there is enough wasted about many homes to provide comfortable living for those who are in distress. It is said, and doubtless with considerable truth, that a French family can live comfortably upon that which an American family wastes.

If we as a community or as families desire to be prosperous, we must study principles of frugality, and learn to utilize all that is given us for good. Not that we should be stingy, for this is not pleasing to God. We should be wisely liberal and always save that we may be in a position to give.

Economy, however, means something more than a saving of means. It incorporates within its meaning the care of time. Some people who cannot be tempted to unnecessarily spend money, have no regard for the minutes and hours they spend in idleness. If there is any difference of criminality between the wasting of money and time, doubtless the latter is the greater sin, for means wasted can sometimes be regained by wisdom and care, but no exertion of mind or body will return to us the moments that are past. They are forever gone, and the only thing we can gain by them is the remembrance of the lessons their neglect teaches.

In very many other ways, which will readily suggest themselves to the minds of the young people, we may practice economy. Nor will we be justified before the Lord unless we do acquire the virtues which His precepts and examples inculcate. The present is the best time to begin to follow the principles which this article is written to impress upon our minds. We see want for temporal things all around us, even if we have not felt it ourselves. Let us accept the lesson of the times and profit by it for all time to come.

A gentleman never indulges in winks or grimaces when talking with another; he does not talk "shop" or business outside of business hours; he never laughs at his own jokes, or at coarseness, profanity or indelicacy from others; he never intentionally wounds the feelings of another, or brings a blush to the check of modesty.

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M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 12.

DIVINE COMMANDMENTS.

Subdivisions:—They are authoritative directions based upon some principle or law of right.—Commandments furnish opportunity for the increase or the decrease of our agency; the Lord through Noah, commanded the antediluvians to repent; by refusal they lost their agency to be saved from the flood, much as they may have desired salvation after it was too late.—Commandments are predicated upon power to reward obedience and punish disobedience justly.—Commandments are either positive ("*do*") or negative ("*not do.*")—The decalogue is mostly negative ("thou shalt not"). (See Exodus 20.)—The new law is "love thy neighbor as thyself;" the commandments of Jesus are chiefly positive.—The divine commands have always been suited to the people, place and period.—The Priesthood is the only power to command with divine authority.—The elements obey when divinity commands; "God said let there be light," and there was light. (See Genesis 1.)—All divine authority exercised by man must be in the name of Jesus Christ. (Doc. and Cov. sec. 18, and 23.)

Self-review:—1. What are divine commandments? 2. Why do we conclude that divine commandments are predicated upon some principle or law of right? 3. What is the distinction between the positive and the negative form of commandments? 4. Prove that God adapts His commandments to the people and their conditions. 5. Give instances of the elements obeying divine commandments. 6. Prove that ordinances are not authoritative unless performed in the name of the Savior. (See Acts iv: x.

LECTURE 13.

OBEDIENCE.

Subdivisions:—Obedience is compliance with law. Obedience is the evidence of love; "If a man love me he will keep my words" (John xiv, 23); some of the children of Adam proved their greater love for Satan by obeying him rather than God. (See Pearl of Great Price, p. 13.) "Obedience is the price of salvation." (See Roberts' Gospel, p. 3.) The result of obedience is a home in heaven. (Matt. vii, 21 to 27.) Obedience to higher law extends a man's agency, power and dominion. (See Doc. and Cov., sec. lxxvi, 50 to 70.) No blessing except through obedience to law. (Doc. and Cov., sec. cxxx.) Man must learn to obey before he is fit to command. There is no genuine obedience without perfect willingness.

Self-review:—1. What is obedience? 2. Give scriptural proof that obedience is taken as evidence of love. 3. Show the inseparableness of obedience and salvation. 4. What is the relationship between obedience and agency? 5. Show that obedience leads to power to command. 6. Why is willingness necessary to perfect obedience?

LECTURE 14.

RESPECT FOR LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY.

Subdivisions:—Jesus respected His Father's authority and became the Savior of the world. Lucifer had not respect for the decision of God and fell into perdition. (See Pearl of Great Price, p. 9.) Adam so respected the word of the Lord that he offered sacrifice without question. (See Pearl of Great Price, p. 12.) Moses had not only respect but reverence for God's authority; yet he absolutely refused to show respect to the usurped authority of Satan. (See

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Pearl of Great Price, p. 2.) Pharaoh held in contempt the authority of Moses, God's delegated authority, and perished after much suffering. (Exodus v, 12.) Aaron and Miriam sought to dictate the leader, Moses, and were severely punished for it by the Lord. (See Numbers xii.) The Lord respects the legitimate authority of every one; Nephi was commanded not to write what was reserved for John to record. (Nephi xiv, 20-25.) The promise is that "whatsoever is bound on earth is bound in heaven," if done by the proper authority, and "whatsoever is loosed on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (See Doc. and Cov., sec. cxxxii, 45-48.) Ordinances performed by legitimate authority are of effect beyond the grave. (Doc. and Cov., sec. cxxxii, 19-20.) Family government would cease to exist without respect to legitimate authority. Civil authority becomes chaotic and anarchy reigns in the absence of respect to legitimate authority. Military government becomes puerile without respect to that authority.

Self-review:—1. What is legitimate authority? 2. Give scriptural evidence of the necessity of respect for legitimate authority. 3. What effect does respect for legitimate authority have on the family? 4. How would the absence of respect for legitimate authority affect society? 5. How is respect for legitimate authority related to the business affairs of life?

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 12.

DIVISION OF THE KINGDOM.

Subdivisions:—Rehoboam, king of Israel. (*a*) His abuse of kingly power; (*b*) the petition of the people; (*c*) the king's arrogant answer in fulfillment of prophecy.—Separation of Judah and Israel, Rehoboam, king of Judah, and Jeroboam, king of Israel.—The idolatrous alienation of the ten tribes from the sacrifices at Jerusalem.—Sacrilege of the king.—His severe chastisement.—The sad fate of the disobedient prophet.—The king of Egypt plunders the House of the Lord at Jerusalem. Time, 976, B. C. Ref. 1 Kings, xii–xvi. Josephus, Bk. VIII. ch. viii.

Self-review:—1. What was the character of the administration of King Rehoboam? 2. When did the separation of Judah and Israel occur? 3. What plan did Jeroboam follow to alienate the ten tribes from the sacrifices at Jerusalem? 4. What circumstance in this lecture shows the importance of implicit obedience to devine commands? 5. Describe the ignominious end of the house of Jeroboam.

LECTURE 13.

ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

Subdivisions:—The three years of drought in fulfillment of his prophecy; (*a*) the brook Cherith; (*b*) the ravens; (*c*) the widow of Zarephath; (*d*) the meal and oil; (*e*) the restoring to life of the widow's son.—The promised rain.—Elijah as an exile at Sinai; (*a*) his revelation; (*b*) his meeting Obadiah the preserver of one hundred prophets.—The sacrificial test of his divine authority at Mount Carmel.—His divinely-authorized interference with the king's embassy.—His marvelous manifestation of power over the elements.—His translation. Time, 910 to 896 B. C. Ref. I Kings, xvii to end; II Kings, ch. i. Josephus, Bk. IX, ch. ii.

Self-review:—1. What provision was made for Elijah's support at the brook Cherith? 2. How was he provided for while at Zarephath? 3. How was he preserved while in the wilderness, a day's journey from Beersheba? 4. Give instances of his power over the elements. 5. Describe the sacrificial test of his divine authority at Mount Carmel.

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LECTURE 14.

ELISHA.

Subdivisions:—His meeting Elijah. —His request of Elijah.—"The spirit of Elijah doth rest upon Elisha."—The purification of the waters.—The widow's oil multiplied.—The Shunammite's son raised.—The deadly pottage.—Naaman, the Assyrian military officer, cured of leprosy.—The curse of leprosy upon Gehazi.—Death of Elisha. Time, 901 to 836 B.C. Ref. I Kings xix; II Kings i-xii; Josephus, Bk. ix, ch. iv, viii.

Self-review:—1. Where and when did Elijah and Elisha live? 2. What was Elisha's request of Elijah? 3. Describe their parting. 4. Relate the circumstances of the healing of Naaman. 5. Relate the testimony of Josephus concerning Elisha.

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 13.

GENERAL HELAMAN AND HIS YOUNG BRIGADE.

Subdivisions: — Helaman's high sense of the sacredness of covenant.—His patriotic devotedness to the cause of liberty.—Helaman's official report to General Moroni; (*a*) the enlistment of the two thousand Ammonite volunteers; (*b*) his election to leadership.—His march to the support of the southwestern division of the Nephite army under General Antipus.—The four capitulated Nephite cities.—The fortification of the city of Judea.—The skillful decoy of the enemy from the city of Antiparah.—The behavior of the young volunteers; (*a*) their faith through parental training; (*b*) their superior valor; (*c*) their implicit obedience; (*d*) their miraculous preservation from death. Time, about 63 B. C. Ref. Alma liii, lvi-lviii.

Self-review:—1. How did Helaman regard the covenant of the people of Ammon? 2. How did they assist in the cause of liberty and still keep their sacred oath? 3. Name and locate the Nephite cities held by the Lamanites at the time General Helaman arrived at Judea. 4. Give an account of the "two thousand young men" led by Helaman. 5. Give a synopsis of General Helaman's official report to General Moroni.

LECTURE 14.

GENERAL MORONI (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions:—The general publication of Helaman's report of success in the west.—His request as commander-in-chief for reinforcements and supplies for the support of the army.—The unwarrantable neglect of the government to support the army.—Moroni's demand upon the government for the speedy relief of the famishing troops.—The reply of Pahoran, chief judge; (*a*) his declaration of fidelity to the government; (*b*) the dissension in Zarahemla; (*c*) the banishment of the chief judge and enthroning of a traitor-king; (*d*) the proclamation and general rally for the maintenance of the republic. — Moroni's march to the rescue, the second suppression of the king-men's aristocracy and restoration of law and order.—Sending supplies and reinforcements to the western division, general defeat of the Lamanites.—Establishment of peace.—Retirement of Moroni and Helaman from military service.—General religious and social reformation.—Death of Generals Helaman and Moroni. Time, 60, B. C. Ref. Alma, lix-lxiii.

Self-review:—1. What was the result of General Helaman's report to General Moroni? 2. What was the military situation after the capture of Nephihah by the rebels? 3. Why did not Governor Pahoran send men and provisions as requested by General Moroni? 4. What was the result of raising the standard of liberty by General Moroni and the united rally of Moroni's and Pahoran's armies? 5. In what capacity did Generals Moroni and Helaman and Governor Pahoran act after the close of this long war?

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LECTURE 15.

THE FIRST EMIGRATION NORTHWARD.

Subdivisions:—The company of five thousand four hundred. Hagoth's line of ships.—Success of the first vessel.—The ill-fated companies.—The publication of the written law and testimony.—The traitorous work of the apostates; (*a*) exciting the evil inclinations of the Lamanites; (*b*) the attempt to dispossess their brethren of their liberty and property by force of arms. Time, 56–54 B.C. Ref. Alma lxiii.

Self-review:—1. Give an account of Hagoth's line of ships. 2. What was the success of the first company? 3. What general emigration took place during this year? 4. What important publications were sent among the people at this time? 5. How did the thirty-ninth year of the reign of the judges close?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Time, continued.*)

LECTURE 13.

THE EPISTLES OF JOHN.

Subdivisions:—Principles taught: (*a*) the unchangeableness of the word of life; (*b*) the absolute necessity of a fraternal sentiment; (*c*) the incompatibility of worldly lusts and the love of God; (*d*) the philosophy of persecution; (*e*) the incapacity for the physical eye to see God; (*f*) the fearlessness of true love.—The three witnesses; (*a*) in heaven; (*b*) on earth.—Source of a parent's greatest joy.—The test of love is keeping the commandments.—The ready witness of the true believer.—The Spirit of Truth and the spirit of error, how known? Time A. D. 90. Ref. John's Epistles.

Self-review:—1. What is secured by brotherly love? 2. How may we know the spirits of men? 3. What is the result of perfect love? 4. What is the test of love? 5. Name the three that bear record in heaven, and the three witnesses on earth.

LECTURE 14.

REVELATIONS OF ST. JOHN, THE DIVINE, (ONE YEAR BEFORE WRITING HIS GOSPEL).

Subdivisions:—Introductory; (*a*) the attempt to martyr John; (*b*) his banishment to the Isle of Patmos in the Mediterranean Sea.—Object of the revelation.—Promise to those who read and keep the things therein contained.—The epistle to the Seven Churches.—Sealing up the tribes of Jacob.—Restoration of Gospel declared.—The command to "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."—The fall of Babylon.—The resurrection.—The general judgments.—The Millennium.—The New Jerusalem.—The River and the Tree of Life. Place, Isle of Patmos. Time, A.D. 96. Ref. Revelations of St. John; Pearl of Great Price.

Self-review:—1. Was this revelation before or after the writing of the Gospel by John? 2. What is the object assigned for giving this revelation? 3. Repeat the verses foretelling the *restoration* of the everlasting Gospel. 4. Repeat the verses proving the universality of the resurrection. 5. Describe the holy Jerusalem as shown to St. John.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 2.

PERMANENT COLONIZATION OF VIRGINIA.

Time, 1607 to 1673.

Subdivisions:—1. The London company; (*a*) what it was; (*b*) its object; (*c*) its charter; (*d*) the number and character of its first colony. 2. The founding of Jamestown; (*a*) location or site; (*b*) the aristocratic name; (*c*) the great leader, John Smith; (*d*) temporary abandonment of the town. 3. The new charter under Lord Delaware, giving him absolute military power. 4. Governor Dale's paradoxical policy (cruel, yet kind). 5. Tobacco; (*a*) as a source of wealth; (*b*) as a source

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of scattered population; (*c*) as a factor in introducing slavery into the new world. 6. The beginning of a republican form of government (House of Burgesses); (*a*) time, 1619; (*b*) place, in a church; (*c*) composed of twenty-two members, one from each of the eleven boroughs, towns or plantations. 7. The providing for American families by the emigration of young women from England. 8. The introduction of slavery, 1819. 9. The bond servant practice; (*a*) persons who bound themselves to the companies for their transportation; (*b*) kidnapped young people bound out as apprentices. 10. The hundred criminals from the jails of England. 11. Virginia, a royal province; (*a*) Berkley's tyranny; (*b*) Bacon's rebellion. Ref. any good history of America.

Self-review:—1. What portion of America was called Virginia in 1607? 2. Between what two companies was Virginia divided by King James? 3. Of whom was the first colony, sent out by the London company composed? 4. Give some of the leading features of the charter given to the company, (see American History by Montgomery, p. 51.) 5. Give two reasons why the colony was not thrifty at first? 6. Mention three ways in which tobacco has affected the history of Virginia? 7. Why is Virginia entitled to the honor of being called the birth-place of American Republicanism? 8. How is Cromwell related to the history of Virginia? 9. How can you account for so many of the early presidents of the United States being furnished by Virginia? (Virginia had a strong element of nobility in its colonists.) 10. What conclusion concerning governmental policy do you aim at from Governor Berkley's following remark, "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing here, and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years"? 11. What is the relation between the Bacon Rebellion and the American Revolution?

BE CONTENT.

A lab'rer out in the wind and sleet,
Whose business it was to clean the street,
Espied a carriage and four drive by
Whose liv'ried driver a lash did ply.
Within were cushions a king might please,
Where a rich lord, seemingly, sat at ease,
And peered from curtains, as on he went
With signs of pleasure and sweet content.

The lab'rer wondered how it should be
That some are favored such bliss to see
While others plod in the mud all day
And waste, as drudges, their lives away.
But his thoughts had not been squandered so
Had he known the burden of pain and woe
That sad heart suffered, seated there
Midst robes and cushions and trappings rare.

If luck had flattered his pride before
Well might the present his fate deplore;
For lameness now, and shattered health
Had baffled the skill that favors wealth.
No peace or pleasure his life could find,
His hope in the distance was left behind;
His wife and children, his joy and pride
Slept under the marble side by side.

And his ample wealth, and the stranger's hand
Were all the sólace at his command.
As he looked from his carriage, passing by
"Oh what would I give," he said, "had I
The strength of that brawny, toiling one,
Who, when his honest day's work's done,
Can rest in peace, secure from pain;
While I am suing for rest in vain."

How fit the words, but faint and few
To measure the bliss that the lab'rer knew;
No ache or pain his limbs had known;
His humble cottage was all his own;
His rosy children and wife at home
Would wait for supper, til "pa" would come.
And the tidy kitchen with laughter rings
As the big fire roars and the kettle sings.

Now, let this story a lesson teach
To value the blessings within our reach;
And never despise our lot and sphere
If others shall better than ours appear;
For what are pomp and fame, or wealth,
Denied the treasure of peace and health;
The truest riches to beings sent
Is to prize our portion, and rest content.

J. C.

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VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GALATA TOWER FROM THE BOSPHORUS (TURKEY).

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THE CONTRIBUTOR

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RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

XII.

A TRAVELER rambling over the earth's crust finds it worn very thin in places, with an occasional chance of breaking through, at least to the usual mortuary depth, and without the usual services over the remains. What with Japanese earthquakes terrifying that simple arcadian people from sheltered Umoto in the north to far Sapporo in the south; Chinese lepers in Kowloon and Canton; smallpox in the "black towns" of Singapore and Ceylon, and the departing footsteps of Asiatic cholera leaving Damascus by the Eastern gate as the writer, weary of waiting, enters the city through that immemorial thoroughfare known in Paul's day as "the street called straight."

The traveler fares slowly who fares towards Damascus by Imperial Ottoman Diligence. He leaves Beyrout at the first streak of dawn, while the Anti-Lebanon hills are yet purple in the fast fading gloom, and taking his seat, the monstrous, lumbering diligence with its six mules, three abreast toil up the zig-zag ascent from whence came and still come the cedars of Lebanon; a young Turkish lady, veiled as to face, who shares the seat, insists with quiet but persistent pantomine, as the day wears on, that he must share her lunch, which comprises coarse bread, an assortment of sweetmeats wrapped in lotus leaves and a small jar of a substance resembling stewed tripe or some other interior arrangement.

We passed through numerous settlements on hill and plain but they wore the sad look of all Mohammedan towns due to the absence of women's faces. Then again there was a fly-blown inactivity about their streets which look as if nothing could ever happen there, where only the moon goes up and down, nothing else waxes or wanes. If two or three shops are seen, they are generally expiring in the last stages of commercial decay; whenever the diligence stops to change horses, which they do every hour, no curious lookers-on appear in the silent, deserted streets; only some drowsy ostlers come out, evidently in a trance and with listless apathy commence undoing the hempen tugs; once during the day a stableman who appeared to wake up with an effort, asked our Bulgarian driver, "How many have you got?" but the condition of the driver and the man's glance at the coach, made it uncertain whether his question applied to delirium tremens or the number of passengers.

Finally, we descended through a mountain defile and entered Damascus, the oldest city in the world. Its fame begins in Genesis, with the earliest patriarchs, and continues to modern times. While Babylon is a heap in the desert, and Tyre a ruin on the shore, it remains what Isaiah called it, "the head of Syria." And here is the river which made the city for all time and which Naaman, the leper, not unnaturally preferred to

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all the waters of Israel. The habitations of men must always have been gathered around it, as the Nile has inevitably attracted a numerous population to its banks. The desert is a fortification round Damascus, and the river is its life. For miles about it is a wilderness of gardens, with roses thick among its clustering shrubberies and ever-ripening fruit on the branches above. Caravans of laden camels come and go from Mecca and Bagdad as of old; Oriental merchants sit and smoke over costly bales in dim bazars; drowsy groups sip black coffee from tiny cups, in kiosks overhanging the river, while all the picturesque costumes of the East mingle in the streets or crowd the khans. Marble minarets, golden crescents glittering on massive domes, towers and terraces of flat roofs rise from a sea of foliage; white palaces and harems shine with ivory softness through dark green groves that, miles in length and leagues in circuit, girdle the city to which Paul was journeying when miraculously converted by a great light from heaven.

The population of Damascus is placed at 150,000, nine-tenths of whom are Mohammedans, notorious for their fanaticism against foreigners. Our own party was assaulted one day by some water-carriers in the "street called straight." Some 6,000 of the populace come from the lost tribes, and the remainder are mostly Christian Greeks. Among other sights they point out the house of Ananias and of Naaman, the leper, the latter abode having been appropriately turned into a hospital for lepers, and the great mosque recently destroyed by fire, was said to contain the head of John the Baptist. During the attack of Asiatic cholera that preceded my arrival, there were seven hundred deaths in the first two weeks, and during the next sixty days three thousand additional victims followed their predecessors on that star-lit road. At Damascus, as elsewhere in those lands, are found many Russian refugees of the chosen race, and wretched they are indeed, the very reverse of the generally enterprising and energetic American Hebrews. The autocrat of Russia, czar of the oppression, he should be called, has caused much unmerited misery to that people, and many dispassionate travelers would contain their sorrow if his own populace were peeled and scattered in turn.

But I soon grew weary of Damascus and one pleasant day embarked at Beyrout for Turkey, when the ever-freshening breeze blew us on towards the islands of Cypress and Rhodes to Smyrna, at each of which places brief but pleasant stops were made. The days were perfect and the nights radiant with the Mediterranean moon that came up broad, round and bright, with scarcely a ripple on the sea to break the path of light she made across the waters. Passing by the Isle of Patmos where the Revelator had his remarkable vision, our good ship continues through the Grecian Archipelago and the Dardanelles, thence up the Golden Horn, enters the Bosphorus and lays to off Stamboul, with the innocent white walls of the Seraglio gleaming through its lemon groves. If walls had tongues as well as ears, what tales of romance, love and lust, treachery and murder those walls could tell of its inmates; but when a maiden enters an Eastern harem, her face is never seen again, she is dead to the world as if the grave had already closed above her; fair limbed women with fettered feet. To profane the sanctity of the harem is a crime so deadly in the East that no mercy is shown to intruders, while the inmate offending, though the offense be mere indiscretion, is hurried to her doom with pitiless haste; fierce, vindictive speed, rude force and savage pain close the story of her life.

Our Austrian Lloyd steamer came into view of Constantinople about

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CIRCASSIAN GIRL FROM A TURKISH HAREM.

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daylight. There is no city in the world presenting a finer exterior view than the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Passports are demanded and custom house inspection immediately follows, and the latter is either careless or capricious according to the amount of backsheesh given, that being the all-powerful regulator in the East. The customs prohibit the entry, and if found in a traveler's baggage will confiscate: books and newspapers criticising the government, or disclosing anything political; photographs of the Sultan or of Turkish women and all foreign cigars or cigarettes.

In Turkey, as in India and Egypt, there are small money-changers (saraafs) located on the curbstones at nearly all the street intersections, and the traveler finds it necessary to deal with them and lose two or three piastres, say three or four cents on every piece of money he desires change for; natives as well as strangers submit alike to this. The injustice is not due to the scarcity of change, but to the fact that money-changers collect all the small money they can lay their hands on, and deal it out to the public as merchandise, at a heavy premium. Hence provident buyers pay out their large money and horde the change. Carriage hire is dearer than in any other large city of the East, seventy-five cents for the first and second hour, and fifty cents for each succeeding hour. Street cars have two stories, are uncomfortable, dirty and cheap; women and children are confined to one end and drawn curtains separate them from the men. I being there in the month of Ramazan, the only one in the calendar when Stamboul is not wrapped in slumber one hour after sunset, foreigners were using every conveyance available being enchanted, according to their nobility, with the artistic illumination of the mosques and minarets, outside and in which meet one at every turn.

The turbaned Turk does not use ordinary time or an ordinary timepiece; with him the setting of the sun is twelve o'clock, or the closing in of one day. As the sun varies every day in the setting, the clock must be regulated as often. The calendars sold in the East, however, indicate but six changes, being the twenty-first of February, April, June, August, October and December. Some Eastern travelers carry watches with two sets of hands, one indicating ordinary, the other Turkish time.

Thanks to the carrying out of a few sanitary measures, the epidemics which usually broke out almost annually in the dominions of the Turk, have been localized, and Constantinople for a number of years has been free from those "scourges of God," which the faithful Ottoman was wont to style the plague, and other frightful maladies due to his uncleanness.

The marvelous strength of the Ottoman porters (hamals) has not been overrated. The majority of them are Armenians, and they hesitate at nothing, from an iron safe to a bedstead, walking off with it through the miserably paved, steep and winding streets from one end of the town to the other. They use a stiff, hard pad that may explain a part of the miracle. It is the length and width of the back, the shape of a wedge, and flattened around the shoulders, the thick end of the wedge resting on the spine; their characteristic is being impudent and impossible to satisfy. They are an organized body of men and possess certain understood privileges among themselves and the authorities. From ten to fifteen are told off to be porters for such and such a district, and woe betide the man who thinks to get his household gods, his Lares and Penates, moved from one district to another by less exacting or "non-union" men. Before one of the latter could go a couple of blocks, he would be thrown down, his load on

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top, and an assault added for invading recognized rights.

Since water pipes have been brought into the Pera quarter, large fires have become infrequent, but outside of Pera the burning down of one to ten wooden structures (which material predominates) is almost of weekly occurrence, making one hundred to one hundred and fifty houses which annually blaze away. The last great fire was in 1870, when half Pera with six thousand homes and nearly four thousand people were burned; later, in 1886, the destructive flames rolled over Scutari, and in little more than ten hours left almost the entire district in cinders. They have a military fire brigade (Ilfa Alai) well enough organized, and it appears to work well, but the narrow, tangled streets render it difficult to get their engines close enough. Constantinople boasts of an unique body of men known as *Tulumbagies* (pump-men). They are porters, laborers, etc., of every nationality, and nationalities are numerous there, who at the first alarm, given from the Galata tower with flags and red balls by day, and colored lights by night, are up and off, carrying a small four-handed pump engine on their shoulders. Rushing along the streets, barefooted and half-naked, upsetting and running over everything and everybody who chances to be in the way, they scream and howl incessantly. They may have to run an hour or two before reaching the place, but that makes no difference, to them at least; exhaustion and they are strangers. When the fire is reached, their actions take on another phase; they promptly set down the hand-squirt, rush into the burning house and under the pretense of saving the goods, pile everything they can lay their hands on into one heap in the middle of the floor, and pour water onto it; they can frequently prevent the spread of a fire, however, by getting where the regular brigade engines cannot penetrate. On the arrival of the latter at any fire the others promptly retire without dispute.

The three principal annoyances on the thoroughfares of Constantinople, that quaint old capital of lust and religion, which counteracts the pleasure of travelers and residents alike, are first, the badly paved and narrow streets, many of which possess no side streets, alleys or openings at all. The ravages of frequent fires, contribute, in the older quarters, to the final carrying out of contemplated improvements. The second annoyance and a curiosity of Constantinople is its legion of dogs which literally pave the streets and fill the gutters. It is said the dogs followed the Turks there at the time of the conquest and, judging from the myriads seen by the writer, the foul bane has been breeding ever since. Although the Koran refers to them as unclean animals, they are not only tolerated, either from habit or superstition, but the nameless curs are relied upon to do most of the scavengering, and the Turk will always have the fragments of his meal thrown in the streets to them. Some citizens at their own expense, provide permanent and frequently artistic pools for them to drink at, and when present will endeavor to prevent anyone from injuring the mongrels. They rarely ever vary in size, being under the medium, and different, as a race, from those seen in other cities, Damascus excepted, where the same breed exists and fret the air, day and night with the same plaintive howlings. Furthermore it is not an uncommon thing, in front of the Mosque Bayazet and other crowded Turkish quarters, to see the bread that has been seized for light weight, purchased with funds bequeathed for that purpose, and thrown to the dogs. Observant travelers have no uneasiness about the animals as they are peaceably disposed. In fact if a kind word be uttered to one of them, the whole

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band belonging to that street will follow you to the end of it. It then becomes a very easy matter to rid yourself of the canine army by turning the first corner, as its further progress will instantly be barred by the dogs of that street. These boundary lines are often fiercely disputed by all the curs and pups of the contesting streets; neither kicks nor blows from the bystanders will arrest the tide of battle till the dogs themselves think proper to separate and retire. So severely are wandering dogs chastised, the residents say that thousands of them are born, bred, live and die without ever taking the opportunity of crossing either turning of the street in which they first saw light. Night revelers (never Turks) patroling the streets, out "slumming," often fail to find pleasure in anything but maltreating the dogs, disturbed in their unoffending slumbers by a cowardly kick or the gratuitous blow from a heavy stick, they run to the end of their street, howling pitiably, while others, in anticipation, loudly lament what unknown cruelty is in store for them. The dogs in the neighboring streets, one after another of course, take up and pass on the chorus, so the yelping, howling and whining echoed far and near goes on, not, however, disturbing the resident Turk who can ill spare what long custom has made necessary to his complete rest. The stranger, notwithstanding, is willing to dispose of his share in lots to suit. Should a dog become rabid, which rarely occurs in such an even climate, the police promptly kill every dog on that street. Then shortly after, from some unknown source, a new and complete set install themselves in those, for once, dog-deserted haunts. There is a Turkish proverb that the disappearance of the dogs will take the Ottoman Empire with it. The writer thinks the proverb may safely be reversed; it is not probable they could dwell apart.

The third visitation that frets your troubled sleep is the nightwatchman (bektchi,) who prowls about the streets, coming under the silent windows and striking with a heavy iron-mounted stick the hours of the night, or otherwise letting you know that he is on duty. To the joy of resident foreigners and travelers alike, this custom was once abolished for a brief period, but old timers, deprived of their accustomed lullaby, could sleep no longer, and thieves were in despair; not knowing the guardian's whereabout sby the noise of his staff, they were not always able to avoid him, so the influence of both parties had the *bektchi* and his banging stick brought back in full cry.

As seen from the Galata tower, the location of Constantinople is unquestionably the finest in the world for a great capital. To the south is seen Galata and Stamboul, separated by the Golden Horn, the Seraglio point, the Sea of Marmora, the Prince's Island, where most Europeans reside, the Bittyrian chain of mountains, and the snow-capped peak of Mount Olympus; on the east the entrance to the Bosphorus, Hidar Pasha, Scutari and the towering height of Mount Boulgourlon; in the north comes Pera, Pancaldi and other heights called Bethiktash, with Yeldia Kiosk, the residence of the Sultan. On the west lie Kassim Patha, a table-land, the hills of Ayoub and the valley of the European Sweet Waters.

As to the city itself, with a population of five hundred thousand; take away the mosques with their ever-attendant minarets, the veiled women and the fez, the dogs and the bazaars, and the Sultan's city is as thoroughly modern as Paris. The public slave market for the sale of Circassian girls, was abolished about thirty years ago, but is thought by some to be still secretly carried on by Circassian dealers, in certain coffee houses. If true, the exact where-

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THE SUBLIME PORTE, FROM WHENCE THE SULTAN DERIVES HIS TITLE (CONSTANTINOPLE).

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abouts the transactions take place is a secret warily guarded by the Musselmen, from the prying eyes of us "dogs of "infidels."

Among the meagre collections at the museum, are found the jewelry and other antiquities exhumed by Dr. Schliemann at Troy, a number of Babylonian stone cylinders, probably one foot in diameter by two in length, and closely covered with hieroglyphics, which probably furnished an enterprising American with his idea of a revolving press, one of the heads of the serpentine column of the hippodrome on which reposed the sacred golden tripod of the oracle at Delhi, also some metallic coffins, or caskets as we call them. They were exhumed at Bagdad and are not less than twenty centuries old.

To the writer the most interesting objects in the world-famed mosque of St. Sophia were the vari-colored marble columns that were taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and the ruins of the temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. On the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, the interior of St. Sophia was the scene of the massacre of the Christians who had sought refuge within its walls; the sanctuary was violated then as it frequently was afterwards and the few not killed were doomed to slavery, while everything of value in the Christian church was either destroyed or carried away by the pillagers.

G. H. Snell.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER VIII.

Falstaff. What! is the old king dead?
Pistol. As nail in door.
Shakespeare.

A LITTLE more than four years had passed since the disappearance of Claude Duruy. In the early part of May, of the year 1774, two men were walking in one of the halls of the palace at Versailles, in earnest conversation. One of them, Paul Levon, occasionally glanced at the door leading into another part of the palace, as if expecting a summons to the royal presence. So he had waited almost every day from the time of the Comtesse Du Barri's promise of the reward of one thousand *louis d'or*, but the reward had not come. His appearance gave token of his poverty, but the same braggart independence was in his countenance.

The other person was more refined in appearance, while his dress betokened a prosperous business. He was one of the physicians with which the royal village was well supplied, and his practice ran largely to the cure of diseases contracted by the courtiers as a result of their high living.

"Levon," said this individual, "I am not mistaken in my opinion. I have seen that girl's face several times during her illness, and I know her disease is small pox. Every symptom is characteristic of the disease. It is useless for the courtiers and the physicians to try to hide the facts. That is her disease, and she will surely die."

Levon turned anxious and disappointed eyes on his companion. "The small pox?" he asked in surprise. "I have been told by the court physician that it is nothing but a common eruption of the skin, and will soon pass off. Is not his opinion of this case of greater value than yours?"

"It would be if honestly expressed," answered the other; "but there is an interest at stake which renders deception necessary, for if it becomes generally known that the

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girl has this fatal disease, it will also be known that the king has taken it from her. Being his latest acquisition, she has been favored with much of his company at the most contagious period of the disease. He cannot possibly survive the attack."

"Do you mean to say the king will die?" asked Levon with an oath of alarm.

"There is no doubt of it," replied the doctor, with emphasis. "My experience as a physician has taught me that a man, weakened as he is by excess of every kind, careless in his habits, without regularity of diet, his blood deprived of every nutritive quality and filled with corruption, has not one chance in a hundred of recovering from so malignant a disease."

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Levon in alarm, "I must lose no time. The death of the king means the destruction of all my hopes. I must go to him at once."

"And run the risk of contracting his disease?"

"I would run any risk rather than miss interviewing him before his death. All my hope for the future depends upon Louis XV. and the Comtesse Du Barri. Their promises to me have been great, but nearly all have failed of fulfillment. Four years ago, through my testimony, one of the arch traitors of France was brought to justice, and I was promised a reward of one thousand *louis d'or*. I have yet the order of the Comtesse Du Barri for the amount, but the treasury is always depleted through the extravagance of the court, and I have reached the unkempt condition in which you see me. Do you think that after waiting so long I shall permit the king to die, and with him the promises he has made? What do you think I shall be able to obtain from the pious, hymn-singing, prayer-repeating dauphin, Louis, who will succeed the present king? He and his silly, deceitful Austrian wife, Marie Antoinette, pose as friends of the common people, and the peasant slaves have reason to expect recognition at the hands of the foolish pair. While he will not dare to fulfill the promises he has made to the peasants, for fear of the wrath of the higher orders, yet he will delay my preferment until he is brought to a position where he will be forced to take notice of me. I do not desire to wait. I have waited long enough. My time must come now. Louis XV. must reward me with the promised gold, or he must give me a place where I shall be able to coin money from the blood of the brute peasants. Do you understand me?"

"I think so," answered the physician. "You think that, like Othello, you will find your occupation gone, if you do not make sure of an appointment before the death of your patron?"

"Yes."

"But if he has no place for you?"

Levon glanced at the doctor in a sinister way. "Then I must use the little time remaining before the change comes."

"I see," said the physician, smiling ironically. "Your tender mercies must then be extended toward the noble peasants, in return for their favors to you?"

"Exactly," said Levon, with a low, disagreeable chuckle.

"Well, I wish you joy. I think you are wanted."

A footman appeared at the door and signed Levon to enter. Quitting his companion, he obeyed the summons, and soon found himself at the bedside of the king. At first sight of the figure on the bed he could not suppress a shudder of astonishment and disgust. There was no doubt that the king was very ill. He was emaciated almost to the last degree. His face, formerly disfigured by loathsome disease, was now covered again by a thick array of unsightly pustules, which were beginning to merge together, as is com-

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mon in severe cases of the malady. Through the thin membrane covering these nauseating sores, there could be seen a slimy pus, which gave his face a peculiar glistening appearance, while the odor emanating from his body was sickening in the extreme. The hectic flush of the fever, which was then at its height, combined with the symptoms above enumerated, to make the royal visage most repulsive.

"Where is the Comtesse?" asked the king in a tone of anger.

"She has gone, sire," answered a servant.

"Gone!" exclaimed the king. "When?"

"Only last night," answered the trembling servant.

"Begone! Find her at once. Tell her she must return!" shouted the king. "Good heavens! They run from me as if I were contagion itself. Begone! Find her, I say!" The king fell back on his pillow, raving with rage and delirium.

"Your majesty," said Levon.

"I have no money," shouted the king. "The dogs say they have none to give me!"

Levon leaned over the bed and in a low whisper made demand of money or position in return for services performed. The king shook his head. Becoming bolder, Levon whispered a few sentences in the king's ear, whereupon the latter trembled with fear and apprehension.

"Are you sure?" he asked piteously. "Is it possible for you to do this?"

"Yes," answered Levon. "At a word from me your attendants would desert you and leave you to face death alone!"

The king moaned piteously in his anguish and apprehension, and thoughts of his misspent life crowded thickly upon him.

"My remuneration !" exclaimed Levon, impatiently. "I am risking my life to remain here longer. Give me my reward!"

"There is no money in the treasury," groaned the monarch. "I have spent it all on the false Comtesse."

"Then give me position, power, influence, where I can wring money out of the peasants."

Louis considered for a time. "Yes," he said, "I will give you a position. You may there rob and plunder to your heart's content, and no one can say you nay. I appoint you a guard at the Bastile."

Levon's eyes glistened with pleasure at the prospect. "My commission, sire!" he exclaimed. The paper was prepared, appointing Paul Levon a guard at the Bastile de St. Anthony, with full power over the property, and if necessary the lives of the prisoners confined there. Levon then left the king's presence.

* * * * * * *

Another week passed and the tenth of May came. The end was near. Deserted by the favorites whom his bounty had supported, the dying king had the companionship of his two neglected daughters, who, through piety rather than love, watched almost alone at his death bed.

As thoughts of his past life came over him, he felt the most bitter remorse. What good had he done—what evil left undone? How would he account to God for his stewardship over the people of France? What would he not give now for the opportunity of rectifying at least a portion of his life, which had all been a grand mistake!

As the day wore on the fever heightened, and the delirium increased. In his pain and fear the king shrieked for deliverance from the fiends that plagued him, and called for his former favorites to show loyalty to him in his dire extremity. In his continued ravings his fever increased. Under the impulse of his quickening heart beats, the blood rushed tumultuously through his veins, as if the fire of hell was seizing

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upon his body. In his great agony he screamed and tore with his nails the flesh from his face. Blood streamed down his cheeks and spread over the pillow. At length the blood receded to the heart, the face became ghastly, and he sank into unconsciousness.

In another part of the palace, safe from infection, sat the dauphin Louis and his wife, Marie Antoinette. They were awaiting in silence the announcement of the end. The grief depicted upon their faces was not for the expected death of him who had disgraced himself and France, but grief that the burden of his sins must fall upon them. The royal patient had lain four hours in his unconscious state, when a sound of a multitude of hurrying feet reached the dauphin and dauphiness. They arose as there burst into the room a score of eager messengers, each anxious to be the first to greet their majesties with the cry, "Hail to Louis XVI. and his wife, king and queen of France." So shouted the foremost. "*Vive le roi et la reine!*" cried the throng—and then they bowed their heads and became silent as Louis and his wife with one impulse fell upon their knees and cried in anguish, "God guide us and protect us! We are too young to govern!"

Outside the palace the rabble awaited, with ribald jest and irreverent song the announcement of the end.

"Are the gates of hell open?" asked one.

"Yes," answered another, "and Satan is preparing his resignation."

"Why does he resign?"

"A worse is coming to take his place!" At this sally the crowd roared with laughter.

"Then let the imps say, 'Long live the king!' We are not imps, for we say, 'Soon may he die!'" said a third, and the hilarity of the crowd increased.

Soon the news came that the king was dead. A shout went up from hundreds of throats, and caps and staves were cast into the air, in testimony of joy. Then the rabble bowed their heads and exclaimed with fervency, "Long live Louis XVI.! May God give him strength to govern well."

And now issue Louis and his wife from the palace, going to the place of coronation. The carriage is hailed by the crowd with acclamations. Tears are flowing from the eyes of the royal pair, but at the mispronunciation of a word by one of the courtiers, they join the company in peals of laughter. Too light are those simple yet noble minds for their heavy burden of responsibility!

The body of the dead king is soon hustled into a coffin, lest it reek before it can be placed in the earth. The hearse is driven at a gallop along the road to the burial place, for the mob lining the way shout rude jests at the body of their oppressor.

This was the end of him who used his God-given power to the detriment of the people under his protection. But the DELUGE, with all its intense fury, comes after him.

CHAPTER IX.

Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
Milton.

During the four years between the disappearance of Claude Duruy and the death of Louis XV., the people of La Brede had suffered every indignity that the rapacity and anger of the nobles could devise and royal imbecility permit. Many had disappeared as mysteriously as had their pastor; others had been tortured by imprisonment, by the fagot, and in other ways, while some had been put to death. The property of the people had been taken from them, on no other pretext than that of suspected rebellion against the king's emissaries. Vast areas, once covered by

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the flourishing crops of the villagers, had been reduced to the condition of a wilderness, and made into closes for game. The arrogance of the privileged classes had increased with the injustice and cruelty of the king, and the common people were threatened with destruction.

After the death of the king and the accession of his grandson, Louis XVI., the royal power had not been so extensively employed in crushing the inhabitants of France, but the king strove in his weak way to right the wrongs inflicted by his predecessor. He encountered many obstacles in his laudable efforts, chief among them being the opposition of the nobility, who objected to the destruction of their feudal privileges. His efforts had a soothing but not a satisfying effect upon the people, and upon the failure of measure after measure, and minister after minister, to alleviate their condition, the peasants began to lose patience, and to demand the establishment of a different system of government.

* * * * *

It was the beginning of the year 1789. The nineteenth anniversary of the arrest of Claude Duruy brought no news of him to his wife and child. During all those years, attempts were being continually made to ascertain his whereabouts, but they had been unavailing. The anniversary of the sorrowful event was always observed by Jeanne Duruy and her son in the performance of a simple ceremony. A card, containing the name and a rude portrait of Duruy was buried in the dust just without the door of the cottage, the wife and son manifesting the most sincere and heartfelt grief. After remaining in this position for a few hours, it was dug up and exhibited to the gaze of the two, who showed every indication of lively joy at the discovery.

By this simple memorial had the lonely wife for nineteen years, and the boy since he was old enough to understand its significance, kept alive the remembrance of Duruy's total and mysterious disappearance, and the hope of his return. For it is impossible to sustain the heart in hope without the food of probability. The spirit is sustained practically by its own thoughts and reflections, if they be buoyant. So was the spirit of Dame Duruy, as she was affectionately called by the villagers, sustained in hope during the long years of despair, and her buoyancy was imparted to her son.

They had just completed the performance of this ceremony, and were walking toward the door, when Vivian turned toward his mother and said with some emphasis, "This is the last time!"

"Why, my son?" she asked in surprise. The thought of its discontinuance had never occurred to her, although it would be a natural consequence of her husband's expected return.

"Because father is coming home before another year passes."

"What makes you think so, child?"

"The time will come when everything will be restored to its own and every man to his loved ones."

"How do you know this?"

"I have been reading much of late, mother," he said earnestly. "The works I have read point to a time soon to come, when there will be no kings, no nobles, no government, no worship of God. Everyone will be the equal of his neighbor. There will be no priests to possess the people's land and force the peasants to labor for their support. There will be no church, no law. Every man will be free to do as he pleases, and the injustices of existing social conditions will be no more."

"My son," said Madame Duruy in alarm, "What books have you been reading?"

"They are the works of Rousseau and Voltaire."

"What principles treated in these

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works have so attracted you?" asked the mother.

"Rousseau in his essay on the effects of civilization, says that the savage state is the best. Animals, he thinks, are happier than men, because they are in the natural state, and have not been subject to artificial conditions. The laws of government and the customs of civilization are unnatural and artificial. and are gradually lessening the full development and perfect enjoyment of men. The best thing, therefore, to be done, is to return as nearly as possible to the savage state, that desires, enjoyments, and development may be natural, untrammeled, perfect, subject to no artificial conditions and controlled by no artificial laws."

"Do you believe this argument?"

"Mother, I know nothing of any other government than this." In a tone of bitterness, "Anarchy is better than such a government! Here the principles of law are made the excuse for the bondage of the many for the benefit of the few. Men are treated as having no rights at all. Laws are enacted without reason, without cause, without justice. Birth, and not worth, is made the criterion of importance. So it is in France; if all other governments are similar, then Rousseau was right."

"You are making a serious mistake, my son," said his mother, kindly. "Rousseau knew no restraint himself. He committed much sin, and through his own evil passions was led to think restraint evil. Therefore, do not accept his argument. Remember this, my dear, that laws must be in existence, or there will be confusion. The more nearly perfect those laws, the better will be their results to the people who observe them. Rousseau was right in his belief that all men are equal so far as birth is concerned. Further than that, the theories you have named are dangerous. What does Voltaire say?"

"He claims that there is no God, and that the laws of the church are unjust and destructive of liberty; that the exemption of the clergy from taxation is as unjust as Rousseau thinks the exemption of the nobility. Mother, the latter statement is correct, but is the first?"

"Does he advance deep arguments to prove his theories?"

"No," answered Vivian, a little shamefacedly. "He scoffs at all things sacred and at the idea of a God. He ridicules what he considers the absurdity of a belief in Deity, but he gives no reason except that men do not see God, and therefore He does not exist."

"Ah, my son, be careful of these theories, glittering and deceptive as they are. Many a man has been led into sin through Rousseau's excuses for his own. Many a man has sold the precious heritage of his faith in God for something as unsatisfactory and shallow as Voltaire's so-called reasoning. Do not be one of these blind dupes. There *is* a God, and He is shown forth in all the works of nature. The laws of our church may be imperfect, for they are not entirely of divine origin, but God is not imperfect. There is right in the principle of government. Laws made by men may be imperfect, but even these are better than none if they do not tend entirely to the oppression of the masses. Wholesome laws, giving equal rights and privileges to all, but restraining their wrong-doing, are of great benefit, and will lead men to a higher plane of intelligence and advancement than they could possibly reach without law. The savage state of man is the animal state, where there can be no high point of advancement, because there are no high desires and aspirations.

"Civilized society is a machine. The more numerous its parts and the better fitted together, the more satisfactorily will its work be done. But to bring about perfection of detail, every part of the machine must be subject to a law. The higher and

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more complicated that law, the higher will be the character of the work accomplished. If there is no law; if the parts of the machine do not work together, but separately; if pinions, cogs, belts and bolts are thrown into confusion and away from restraint, then is the power applied to the operation of the machine worse than wasted. Likely is it then that it will fly to pieces, destroying everything in its vicinity, the amount of destruction being proportionate to the force applied. Such would be the result of the anarchy Rousseau extols.

"My son, have I not suffered more from the injustice of our government, than you will ever know? Has not my husband been taken from me and made to suffer indignities, the extent and nature of which we cannot even imagine? Has not my property been ruthlessly destroyed, or taken from me through an unjust tax? Am I not poor and helpless, with only you, my dear boy, to comfort me? And if I, who have suffered all these things, can and do say that governments are necessary, why should you, who have suffered only indirectly, not feel resigned to your station?"

Vivian bowed his head thoughtfully, and without replying to his mother's question, passed into the street. Twilight was coming on; clouds were gathering thickly about the village, and a wind was springing up. Vivian walked aimlessly down the street, meditating deeply upon his mother's words, and wondering at her resignation.

He approached a group of young men and boys, who were discussing with the earnestness of youth the question of government.

"It *will* be a success!" cried one of them with emphasis. "The united wisdom of hundreds of enlightened men has been concentrated upon it. Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Henry—all these and many others have given it the benefit of their thought and patriotism. Our own Lafayette and his brave companions—" a shout of approval at the mention of his name— "fought and counseled with Washington and his compatriots. The Declaration of Independence, announcing the equality of all men, was issued and maintained at the sword's point. Now the representatives of the people have met in convention, and have formed a constitution in which a government is outlined giving equal rights to all men. Every free man that lives is a king. His will is obeyed by the rulers of the country, who are servants, not masters."

Vivian listened with intense interest. He had heard, in common with the other young men of the village, and of all France, that the American colonies had gained their independence. He had sympathized with the brave patriots in their noble struggle. He had admired the self-sacrifice of Lafayette in rendering them assistance. Now that the object of their contest had been accomplished, and the constitution, organizing a republican form of government, adopted, it seemed to him that the last obstacle in the way of representative government was removed. Impulsively he threw his cap in air and shouted, "*Vive la Republique!*" "Long live the Republic!" was the echoing shout from the other boys.

Their enthusiasm attracted the attention of other villagers, who emerged from their houses and joined the little group. On being told of the cause of the rejoicing an old man exclaimed in a solemn and convincing tone, "God has opened up the way of the American colonists, and they have established a government of the people, into which oppression cannot enter. So will He help all nations who desire to throw off the yoke of kingly bondage."

"God help us, then," said one, "for we have pledged ourselves to the destruction of the tyranny of kings in this nation. Will it not be

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THE GODDESS OF REASON IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

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possible for the people of France to combine against the nobles and force them to submission? God will be with us as with the Americans."

"Liberty and equality of rights!" cried a young women. "Are you not men? Are you not in the same image as the nobleman or the king? Whence has he the power whereby he can sleep on velvet, dress in silks, and eat the choicest food, while you, as noble as he and as strong, the producers of all the wealth, must clothe yourselves in rags, sleep upon the ground, and eat the refuse of the swine? Down with tyranny! Let the king know his position! He is but a citizen, as we are citizens. Beyond this, he should have no power!"

"Down with tyranny!" cried the others, with one impulse. Some of the young and unwise persons in the crowd added to the clamor, until great excitement was apparent. "Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot!" they cried in exciting tones. "These are our law-givers. We recognize no others. Law is bondage! Governments are oppressors! Priests are robbers! There is no God, no heaven, no punishment hereafter. Down with worship! Down with faith! Let Reason be enthroned above all other deities. Her will we worship and none other."

The cry was swelled on every hand, "Down with the worship of God; establish the worship of Reason. Reason, the divine goddess!"

The wiser and more experienced of the villagers tried to calm the younger element, endeavoring to show them the fallacy of such arguments against God, but it was in vain. Higher and higher rose the cry, "Reason is our deity; there is no God!"

While the excitement was at its height, a man came from his house, dragging after him an image. It was a rudely formed effigy of Louis XVI. "Down with the tyrant!" he shouted. "Bring fire and a cord." His orders were obeyed. A rope was first fastened about the neck of the effigy, and it was soon swung free in air from the limb of a tree.

"Tyranny is dead!" was the cry, and the effigy was cut down. A fire was kindled, and the image was consumed amid cries of "down with kings, nobles and priests! Set up the goddess of reason, for her alone will we worship!"

The youths seized brands from the fire, and, as if with one common impulse, dispersed in all directions. Frenzied with the memory of their wrongs, they seemed to have entirely lost control of themselves. Soon the thick, dark air of night was illuminated with the burning villas of the nobles and the wealthy.

Suddenly, heaven's artillery pealed forth. The air seemed rived and lacerated with lightning flashes. The heavy, black clouds hiding the sky, were rendered more murky by the glare of the incendiary fires. Down came the rain. The sheets of falling water seemed turned to blood by the raging fires, until the liquid element obtained the mastery. Of what might that not be a symbol? Awed at the wonderful atmospheric display, the marauders hastily retreated to their homes. No sound was audible above the storm, but the wailing of women and children, and the curses of men, as their homes were consumed and they powerless to arrest the destruction.

Anarchy had reared his front in France, for the scenes witnessed in La Brede that night, were but feeble representations of the crimes committed throughout France under the influence of the irresponsible writings of the authors named. Everywhere the example of the United States of America was cited to excuse these acts of lawlessness. *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

Never enter an apartment occupied by another person, except the common rooms of a dwelling, without knocking.

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PREACHING AND PREACHING.

VI.

SUBJECT-MATTER—SCOPE AND ORDER OF IMPORTANCE.

My last paper called attention to the importance of the stand-point; to the fact that it is this chiefly which determines the final shape and coloring of all observation and thought; that the religions and philosophies of the world, though able to arrange about them more or less extensive areas of truth, all nevertheless fail ultimately, because their center is finite; that it is as unreasonable to hope for the explanation of things natural or spiritual from a merely human stand-point, as to assume that the center of universal gravitation is this little old earth of ours; that the true stand-point must in fact be eternal; that when found, it will harmonize and correlate all truths, no matter what specific names they may bear here below; that the Creator has revealed to us mighty truths with reference to this eternal stand-point, and has yet "hidden treasures" of knowledge to make known when we shall comprehend what we already have; and that from our point of view the knowledge of the world needs to be rewritten, while in fact most of us stand still admiring ourselves as receptacles singled out by Deity for these mighty truths.

It was also pointed out that not alone in the correctness of its stand-point does a system depend for growth and perpetuity, but also upon aggressiveness and an undeviating consistency in maintaining the ground taken. Indeed the latter condition alone, as in the case of the Roman Catholic Church, often prolongs the life and vigor of the baldest superstitions. Whence the conclusion was drawn that in all our efforts at instruction we should not forget for a moment the lofty point of view that enables us to see this world with all its manifold relations swing into line with the universe; and also that, profiting by observing both the cause of strength in the Catholic Church and the cause of weakness in the Protestant churches, we should arouse all our strength and resources, and present an unbroken front to the world on *all* the frontiers of human controversy, as we have successfully done on one.

Now, all this discussion about the stand-point seems, as I read the proof of my last article, very common-place talk indeed; scarcely rising above the dead-level of the platitude, against which I am waging such war. What everybody talks about it is difficult, indeed, to make emphatic. No spot in the ear so hard to make vibrate as that made callous by having been often drummed upon. It is only the fearfulness that my readers have not bent their minds to the *magnitude* of the difference caused by the stand-point, that I refer to the subject again.

Consider it with special reference to any principle, doctrine, or ordinance of the Gospel. What means it to be an Elder? From man's stand-point, an honor scarcely worth crossing the street for. The lowest office in a lodge is sought more eagerly, or even the captaincy of a base ball nine! But from God's point of view! place the humblest Elder along side the mightiest potentate of earth. Now, compare the dignity and perpetuity of their respective offices. Even while we wait, breathless, and ere the pulse of the universe throbs once, the mighty change has come which lays the king low and exalts the Elder to dominion and power eternal. What is baptism? Something to attract an idle crowd; or—think of the miracle caused by change of view! the gate to the city celestial. Marriage? A mere convenience to escape idle gossip or—! And so of every principle or hope or fear, whether great or small.

When I behold throughout Zion the indifference, the want of reverence,

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almost the contempt, manifested toward sacred things—our houses of worship, the ordinances of the Gospel, the holy Priesthood, sometimes even Deity Himself—I am led to exclaim, alas! how *cheap* we hold the sublime gifts of eternity! How many on the Sabbath day really sit down at the table of the Lord, and behold resplendent a risen Redeemer as they put forth their hands to partake of the Sacrament?

Now, brethren, let us ask ourselves, why is there so much gross-mindedness among us? As a people, I grieve to say it, we are almost strangers to the rapture of devotion which dictated the Psalms. For real reverence, the sects in our midst often put us to shame. Is it not largely owing to the fact that often we carry into our meetings of worship the same stand-point from which we plow, and sow, and swap horses? Whatever be the cause, the remedy is plain; if we could but preach alike the simplest and the sublimest truths from the point of view angels would take, were they in our midst; if we could but approach every sermon, whether drawn from revelation, from personal experience, from the discoveries of science or the achievements of art, as if we were viewing it from the *summit of eternity*, how quickly then would the blatant brute within us be silenced by the ascendancy of the angel! And, heaven be praised, this will yet be, and we shall live to see it!

I spoke just now of plowing, sowing and trading as if these pursuits were to be followed from human points of view, but I spoke of what is, rather than what should be. Let all your out-goings and all your in-comings be unto the Lord. When President Young counseled the Saints to stay upon their farms and not rush to the gold fields of California, he spoke from God's stand-point not man's. Nothing is more touching in President Woodruff's *Leaves from My Journal* than the simplicity of faith with which he dedicates the commonest things unto the care of the Lord. I can think of no act or word or even thought that a Latter-day Saint can hope to escape—or should desire to escape—the dread Omniscient Eye. If before we undertook anything whether of little or of mighty moment, we paused long enough to place ourselves, in mind, at the point where loving angels view our deeds, how different would be the issue of our lives!

I hope that the point I have been striving for is now clear and forcible: the preacher before all other men engaged in shaping the human mind, needs to rise in imagination to the lofty stand-point of eternity, ere he seeks to utter a word: for he more than any other is the voice of God unto man.

Having completed this brief review, we are ready to consider the questions to which this article will be devoted: what is the scope and what the order of importance of the subject-matter for sermons?

A moment's reflection will show how important it is that the preacher have clear ideas on these questions. All materials entering into the construction or embellishment of a temple are good—in their time and place. But what utter waste, confusion and demoralization would ensue if these materials were brought and laid down indiscriminately—glass, wood, stone, mortar, paintings, upholstery, etc., without regard to need or fitness! No one is so rude as not to see in such a work the absolute necessity of order in the selection and use of materials. But the analogy I would draw from it is far from being distinctly perceived. In building the temple of our faith the preacher very often piles up materials in just that haphazard sort of way. And the same confusion and demoralization follow, did we but have the clearness of vision to see causes and effects in the spiritual world as we see them in the natural world. As it is, we

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merely feel a sensation of weariness, flatness, incompleteness, or dissatisfaction. Hash, as we are familiar with the term, is not an adequate name for much material used in faith-building; hash, from a recipe that I could write out, might perhaps describe it.

It certainly must go without argument that subject-matter drawn indiscriminately from God's workshop, the universe, will be fitting for Sabbath service only by chance. And yet all that God has said or done in His manifold creations is good. Now, too often we hear chance-sermons, not even consistent with themselves. The speaker running out of matter grasps frantically at floating phantoms of truth, and is led by no law but phantasy, hither and thither, and where he will end, not even a prophet can guess.

But, says the Elder, it is clear that we are not deliberately to select our subject, nor by any power of will predetermine what we shall say. This is the work of the Spirit of Truth. How then can these efforts be called chance sermons?

It is quite safe to affirm that sermons inspired by the Spirit of Truth will never be wandering, inappropriate, or haphazard. It is equally safe to affirm that sermons which do exhibit these evidences of chance are not inspired by the Spirit of Truth however fondly the preacher may be deluded that they are. All that I contend for here is that the Spirit of Truth is a spirit of order and system. If we accustom our minds to order and system, they will bend readily to the direction of the Spirit, even as clay in the potter's hands; but if we do not, we shall find our thoughts flying the shining track of inspiration and following, instead, the vagaries of our own fancy.

Need I say anything further on the importance of order and gradation and logical sequence in our preaching? On the need of some definite, general scheme or classification, based on the wants of the people? Not a speculative plan, but one that takes note of the varied requirements of man, physical, mental, social, spiritual, and adapts itself, as anyone of these sides of his nature is observed to advance or retrograde; the central purpose always being so to co-ordinate and subordinate these various interests, as to make the Church advance as a unit toward perfection? Do we not need such a plan?

This thought is, I am sure, vaguely recognized by every Elder, as witness the sporadic efforts against besetting crazes, such as Sabbath breaking, and the follies of the world that inundate our shores. But at present this preaching is mostly of the nature of scolding—useless scolding, too, since generally it waits till the evil is done. Now, it seems to me that we must be made thoroughly to realize what it means to be "on the watch-tower." In some way the ten thousand preachers of the Latter-day Saints must be made to work as parts of one grand unit. Instead of the desultory and fragmentary preaching of today, when each comes laden with *some* material, be it glass, wood, mortar, or stone, remotely fit or unfit for the grand temple, every Elder must realize that he is a *teacher* instructing the people in some *definite* part of a glorious, consistent, and progressive plan of salvation.

Let it not be supposed that I am going to propose such a scheme. No wisdom short of Deity could do that. *The scheme is already with us*, and working in part. I only ask that the Lord will help me to make it plainer than it seems to be to some of my brethren.

First, then, let me say that all our preaching must be within the scope of theology. How wide a scope this is, let any one that does not know, turn to Parley P. Pratt's definition in the Key to Theology. Here is another quite as broad with the advantage of being more briefly

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put: Theology is the science of God—His being, His attributes, and His works. There is nothing in the universe that this definition does not cover. To say then that our preaching must be within this scope, seems but to leave us in the midst of an eternal abyss; but in fact it determines our stand-point, God, and locates our field of investigation—His attributes, and His works; for, satisfied of His being, what is there for man to study, i. e., develop, in order to become like Him, if it be not His attributes and His works?

But where shall we begin? The subject is so vast, so infinite, that for man's puny mind unaided to begin at any point, let alone the hope of finding the only correct point, is as if he would stretch his baby arms from space to embrace the great globe, his future home, as it revolves with terrific momentum, swathed in mists and clouds. Yet a beginning must be made, and, as a matter of fact, a beginning has been made, by every rational being that ever lived upon the face of the earth. Indeed, were the spirits of heaven, endowed as they are with the undeveloped attributes of Deity, merely permitted to wander *aimlessly* through their Father's workshop, the universe, they must make a beginning of this endless study, by the very creations they would come in contact with.

But what kind of a beginning would it be? Let me rather ask, what kind of a beginning *is* it—even with the great intellects of the nineteenth century, the pride of whose learning hath made them mad. Who alone can start these students of eternity aright? Who alone can grade the system of instruction, so as to develop the child to the full stature of the Parent?

Consider this illustration: here are the material and intellectual resources for a splendid university, libraries, laboratories, apparatus, equipments, teachers and students. Now, is it enough merely to bring these factors together? How long, think you, would it take by such desultory, unsystematic association, to make educated men and women of these students? The very first requisite of such an institution is a carefully worked-out plan of study—a plan whose beginning is based upon the capacity of the weakest of the weak among those permitted to enter upon the course—a plan whose development is as nearly parallel to the natural unfolding of the human mind as psychology is able to make it. Indeed, other things being equal, one school excels another as its plan parallels more nearly the natural evolution of the divine attributes.

Now, the university of all universities is the universe itself. Unnumbered worlds, filled with intelligencies, are its laboratories. Gods in embryo, the children of the Supreme Father, are its students. Angels and just men made perfect are its teachers, while presiding over all is the Infinite Teacher, who by means of the spirit of truth, impresses upon all things His will, His individuality, making a unit of what is without beginning or end. If the college president can do nothing without graded courses of instruction, is it possible that God proceeds in the education of His children without a plan of study? I was about to say: Just as the president of a university calls about him his council of professors, so the Supreme Teacher—but what sacrilege! As well might the rain-drop say to the globe toward which it is swiftly descending: How remarkably you resemble *me* in form. The fact is, if in all the departments of human endeavor there is ever an increased tendency to system and classification, let us be assured that it is because our minds come to this earth freighted with impressions of pre-existence. In displays of order, as in all achievements that approach the precision of

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nature, our ideas are but the echoes, as it were, of a higher, more perfect life. And so it would be surprising, indeed, if we should not find in God's revelations a definite plan of study pre-arranged for the mighty school of which we are members.

What, then, is the name of this graded scheme of divine education? In revelation it is called the plan of salvation. But salvation is synonymous with true education. The English translators, finding no exact equivalent of the idea, coined a new word from two Anglo-Saxon words (Godspel, *God's story*), and the name of the divine plan of education is therefore the Gospel?

"Is that all you have been driving at?" I hear some hasty reader remarking. "The Gospel—faith, repentance, baptism, etc.,—why I've heard about that ever since I can remember. I thought we were really on the eve of receiving something new."

Alas, that the marvel of this plan should ever cease, and that its name should become cheap by shallow reiteration! Is it then to be counted so trite a thing that the council of the Gods, out of the boundless resources known to us as the universe, should, with infinite wisdom, lay out a graded plan of development for the spirits of heaven? A plan whose operation began with our pre-existence, and will never end "till we come to the fullness of the knowledge of God, unto a perfect man." A plan that does not proceed, like man-made plans, by vacillating experiments in education, such as those that have caused nations to flourish and fail in the world's history; but one which by the directest route leads the child back to the mansions of the Father? Surely nothing but a shallow comprehension of this eternal plan could lead anyone to count it commonplace, no matter how often it is lightly named.

We may now consider some pertinent relationships growing out of this discussion. As will be seen, the Gospel, while it draws all its material from Theology, is not coextensive with Theology—at least not in this life. Ages of progress will have passed ere this plan will have need of principles which now excite foolish, theological speculation. The Gospel is a graded plan and program in theology—a system of progressively related divine principles for the education of divine children. Theology is a universal encyclopedia: the Gospel is a series of text-books adapted to the gradual unfolding of the mind. Eternities will have passed ere these text-books absorb the encyclopedia.

If now this relationship is clearly perceived, we are ready to define more distinctly the scope of preaching. Elders in Israel must preach the Gospel, not theology.* Moreover even though the subject be chosen within the Gospel plan, it must be neither too elementary nor too advanced. If it be too elementary, it will be counted trite and fail to awaken mind activity; if too advanced it will not be understood or perhaps misunderstood. Primary lessons before academic students, and academic lessons before primary students are equally ridiculous and futile.

Taking the ground that the Gospel is a divine plan of education necessitates another relationship–the school. The Church of Jesus Christ is the school. Dwell for a moment on this exalted and exalting thought. What school ever had such an organization as this! The Presidency, the Twelve, the High Priests, the Seventies, the Elders, the Priests, Teachers, Deacons, helps, governments—what are they all but teachers—each with a *definite* work if he will but find it. And then the plan and program of studies!—What school ever had these drawn and perfected in a Council of Heaven? And like a halo over all—

*That is—theology outside the graded plan of the great Teacher. All the sciences, physical, natural, mental, occult, and all the arts, are in this sense part of theology. See definition in Key to Theology.

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over students and teachers alike—permeating their minds, quickening their intelligences, and enlightening their souls is the Spirit of Truth, which leads into all truth—what human school howe'er famous, can lay claim to this!

Ah, my dear brethren, when we shall awaken to the real meaning of the Gospel and get rid of the idea that we have learned it all in a few dogmatic tenets supported by as many hackneyed texts; (count my severity meant for the fossilization not the tenets nor the texts!)—when we shall break through our shells of self-sufficiency, and begin to grow again; when we shall learn to adapt our preaching and all our ministrations of word and works to some clearly perceived want of this school, instead of talking to fill up time as we do largely now—then Zion will arise and shine and be truly a light unto the nations.

There remains then the last relationship, the people to be educated—the students in this divine school. To the preacher the understanding of this relationship is most important of all. First, it may be remarked, the Gospel as a plan of education was made for man, not man for the Gospel. The history of God's dealings with mankind, since the days of Adam, sufficiently illustrates this. In our day we have helps and governments, such as the Improvement Associations, Primaries, Relief Societies, etc., not expressly contemplated in the revelations—organizations effected to meet special conditions which the Church will outgrow. Only in the sacrament and the ordinances is there anything approaching inflexibility, and here it is absolutely necessary to preserve the unity. But it must be remembered that the ordinances have no power of salvation in themselves,* and are to the divine plan of education what admissions and promotions are to the ordinary school. Let us understand this clearly: it is not the eternal requirements which bend or change; these are invariable. It is the methods of bringing the people to these requirements that are flexible; not alone as to new devices and expedients, but also as to the emphasizing now this now that side of man's nature as it shall be observed to be weak.

But before we can adapt methods, we must see distinctly and with certainty what we are adapting them. for: no blind strokes—goody-good talks or scolds—will strengthen the weakness. Now, before we set up for preachers, that is, teachers, ought we not to make a profound study of our plan of instruction, the Gospel of our school, the Church; and of our pupils, the members of the Church? I say *profound*, for nine-tenths of us have made but a very shallow study thus far, and the worst of it is we are satisfied.

But what means a profound study? Leaving out of consideration the first two items, the Gospel and the Church, what does it mean to study profoundly a people—the Latter-day Saints? There is not space in this series to answer the question. It would require a book. I must content myself by observing that such a study would take many directions. Not least of these would be a careful study of the material interests of the people; for ignore and disclaim it as much you like in rhetorical flourishes, the prosaic fact remains, the almighty dollar plays a wonderful part in salvation. Then there are the social interests, the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual—each with its manifold relations bearing mightily for weal or woe upon the destinies of these children of the universe. Studied in their proper order and from the true stand-point, these transcendent lessons are easily mastered, as logical sequences of one another; even as one who views

* *i. e.*, Only as the candidate is worthy of receiving them. Administered to an unfit person, they are solemn, fearful mockeries.

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the valley from an eminence takes in at a glance all its bearings and relations; but if studied spasmodically, and in haphazard fashion, the results will be the same as if the observer should attempt to master the bearings and relations of things in the valley, by going from detail to detail without order and without perspective. He will never cease groping —save out of sheer discouragement.

To answer, then, the questions: What is the scope and what the order of importance of the subject-matter for sermons? Let me conclude by saying briefly: the scope of sermons must be co-incident with that part of theology known as the Gospel; the order of importance in subject-matter must be determined by a profound study of the wants of the people. *N. L. Nelson.*

TWO SOLDIERS.

Two soldiers met, one was a soldier true,
Of Christ, the Lord, who kept the cross in view;
The other had enlisted in the cause
Where blood must flow to bolster tyrant laws.

As men will do, whom years have parted wide,
From youthful sports that pleased their boyish pride,
They clasped each other's hands with warm emotion,
As tears attested friendship's true devotion.

The gush of meeting o'er, they took their seats,
To note the changes since they last did meet;
To tell the pleasant gifts of fortune's giving,
Or fate's strange pranks their dreams of youth deceiving.

The last named one told many a startling story
Of conquests his, on battlefields of glory.
How foes were tamed and smitten to the core,
As steel met steel that dripped with human gore;
How banners proud were into tatters torn,
And gallant hosts of pride and glory shorn.

"Look here," said he, "these medals on my breast,
And kindred gifts my royal suit invest,
Will tell you better far than words could tell
I played a hero's part, and played it well,
And,for my service,long and promptly rendered,
A pension snug, for life, I now am tendered."

The soldier of the Cross looked sadly on,
The smile of gladness from his face had flown;
His pulse beat fast, he hove a heavy sigh
A tear, unbidden, dimmed his kindly eye!
"O horrid thought,"he said,"that man should go
And spend his prime to foster human woe
And vainly think that glory can be won
By hostile hordes, where butchery is done.

"I hold a Bible here within my hands
Whose text—the slayer's soul with vengeance brands
And, if the text, I quote, applies to you,
How will you look when those you maimed and slew
Appear before you at the bar of heav'n
Where righteous judgment shall to all be given?

"I do not doubt, my friend, what you have said
That at your feet are earthly honors laid
By man's device, which panders place and pow'r
To gloat the wicked impulse of the hour,
But take my word, such things will pass away,
As frost-work does before the orb of day;
The richest trophies men can give or name
Must seek the dust, as from the dust they came.
Revenge and hate, that carnal minds employ
From 'Cain' till now, have blasted human joy.

"Had you for God, as man, your valor spent,
Had you to Christ your time and talent lent
But trash, these medals dangling at your breast
Compared with blessings yours by heav'n's behest.

"Full fifty years, I've struggled on for God
And spent my youth to ease affliction's load;
I've fought where Satan's banner was unfurled
To teach salvation to a fallen world.

"The weapons I have used are truth and love;
My shield, the Holy Spirit from above;
No drop of blood my hands have ever shed
To cause a brother sorrow, pain or dread,
Yet, vict'ries I have won of greater glory,
Than e'er were war's, with all its weapon's gory.

"I claim no earthly praise for what I've done,
But yield all honor to that Holy One,
Whose word is certain and whose crown is sure
To all who steadfast to the end endure."

Our man-made hero now, could comprehend
The vast advantage of his worthy friend,
And, conscious of his former wrongs, confessed
That battles won by love and truth are best.

"O would," he sighed, "I could my steps retrace,
And spend my youth, to run a better race;
But, from this hour, my future shall be spent
To yield the evening of my life content;
I now, before the cross, repentant bow
That Christ may weave a chaplet for my brow."

J. C.

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TRADE OR PROFESSION, WHICH?

OPINIONS OF SOME OF OUR LEADING MEN.

IT IS very desirable that each young man should conclude early in life what pursuit he will adopt, and then devote his time and energies to the acquisition of all information and skill which may be in any way connected with the calling selected. There are many young men who find it very difficult to make selection of their life's business. We hope the following suggestions by some of our representative men will assist THE CONTRIBUTOR readers in arriving at conclusions which will prove attractive as well as remunerative. The communications were furnished in reply to the three following questions:

I. As a foundation for future success would you advise the young men of the West to acquire a trade or a profession?

II. What class of artisans or professional men do you think the West will most need during the next twenty-five years?

III. What special natural qualifications should a young man possess to acquire the trade or the profession you think most needed?

HON. THOS. G. WEBBER,

Superintendent of Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,
March 7, 1894.

The Contributor Co.:

Acknowledging receipt of your favor of the 26th, ult., my only regret is that I have not spare time at my disposal to "boil down" and condense as I would like to do, answers to the three very timely and important questions asked. As requested I have jotted down a few ideas, which, if you deem them pertinent, are entirely at your service.

Answering your first question, I would say:

There is as a rule in modern days an undesirable drift into professional life, particularly where something of an education has been had. Whether this comes from a dislike to more arduous labor, or from a mistaken idea as to its value, inquiry probably would determine. Among professions as distinguished from trades, are included, law, medicine, surgery, dentistry, music, artist life, and civil engineering. With the exception of the last, from a western standpoint, all are full to repletion, and while the old adage may be quoted, that "There is always room at the top," that elevation generally comes of broad experience, unreachable here at present. If this community was as others are, the ministry and literature might absorb quite a few of our young men, but Mormon genius is as unfavorable to the former as unprepared for the latter, although it will naturally grow with education and that leisure which comes of wealth.

To your second question, I reply:

The population of the West is rapidly increasing, and agriculture is far from what it should be. If educated young men would sense the breadth of knowledge required on a farm and study it, no other occupation is its equal in the development of sturdy, moral, and independent character. Mechanics will ever be in demand in a progressive community. The multiplication of population means homes which demand stone-cutters, brick-layers, plasterers, paper-hangers, upholsterers, sanitary plumbers, iron workers, painters, gas and electric fitters, glass manufacturers—to say nothing of the furnishings of a home, such as carpets, oil cloth, rugs, curtains, tin and glassware, tables, chairs, bedding, all of which, with many others, are made somewhere by human hands and ingenuity.

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Utah has accomplished wonders, but at most all her mechanics and artisans were trained abroad, gathering here by virtue of religious force; many of them were compelled to relinquish the trade to which they had given years of application, and few of these who continued ever handed down through others the ability which they had. In a few brief years this class of thorough workmen will become extinct; when this is the case aliens and strangers will be our builders, blacksmiths, shoe-makers, tailors and mechanics.

The old system of apprenticeship having become obsolete, there is neither opportunity nor disposition to educate our youth as artisans or mechanics; no expert will take this trouble, because there is uncertainty as to remuneration, while neither boys nor young men sense the importance of continuous effort and devotion in the acquisition of skill, and strangely enough memory calls up many of our cleverest workmen in many branches, who have failed to impart their special ability to any of their sons.

To your third question, my reply is: As to the special natural qualifications needed for success, persistent application is already foreshadowed, but there must also be a love for the selected trade, and as much of a spontaneous drift in that direction as can be secured; then as a matter of course, reading and study of that particular branch, with all auxiliary qualifications that are needed to give business vitality and consequent protection from men more crafty or disposed to take advantage. This includes reading, writing, spelling, keeping of accounts, buying of material, and economy in the use thereof; with all other information that can be reached by mental grasp, for those branches of thought are very few which are without bearing on a man's interests, in trade, business or life, and the wider the reach the more useful to self and family, to neighbor and country, and thus the more influential in fashioning and moulding the institutions under which he lives.

American as well as other history is full of grand illustrations of men who, while proficient in industrial pursuits, have yet so accumulated knowledge and experience, that society could neither afford nor allow them to remain in their self-allotted positions in life.

From this point of view, those lines of education which are classed as trade, manual, industrial or technical, if advanced, are more desirable for the needs of today than those higher branches which when acquired lead young or older men away from creative labor into the more conservative professions.

For these and many other reasons young men should be inspired with the idea that all useful labor or work is honorable and dignified, that the creative power in man is essentially more God-like than a non-creative profession at best.

It was once said: "He who makes two blades of grass grow where but one had been, was a benefactor to his race." Why limit this illustration? He who multiplies grain, fruit, flowers, stock, is equally a benefactor; he who cuts down a tree and makes it into lumber, or converts it into a table, chair, bedstead or bureau, is of the same character; he who takes a hide and produces leather and makes shoes; he who takes wool, spins or weaves it, or fashions it into garments, is a creator in his special way; the man who raises beets, extracts the sugar and supplies a human need, in this is a benefactor; he who begets a thought, gives it crystalization, sets it into type, finds wings by which lodgment is secured in the waiting soul of another, is a benefactor just the same. From these comes the glory of labor, the sanctification of work, and approximation to the Father of us all.

Not that I would undervalue the professions, in guarding, sustaining

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and consolidating the edifice of complex society; the quarrel is that an assumption of superiority, of greater comparative value is entertained, and that the creative element of society is ignored, frowned upon, excluded, and unappreciated, because of necessity it is in more abundant supply. Very truly yours,

Thos. G. Webber.

APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT.

Editor Contributor:

Answering the three questions propounded, I will say:

I. As a rule I think that it is better for a young man to acquire a trade rather than a profession.

II. Those skilled in manufacturing, as in my opinion the West must be built up by the establishment and success of its manufacturing institutions. I do not think that it will make much difference which branch a young man shall learn provided he is careful to master the same thoroughly, after having first made sure that there will be an ample demand for that class of articles which he may engage in manufacturing.

III. A firm determination to succeed, and prompt and faithful attention to business are sure to bring success, provided the young man is strictly honest and has the ordinary ability which falls to mortals.

Heber J. Grant.

DR. F. S. BASCOM,
Of Salt Lake City.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—I can but briefly reply to your communication, although I am in full sympathy with any and all efforts intended to instruct or in any way benefit the young men of this Territory. Your queries, slightly rearranged, are as follows:

I. As a foundation for future success would you advise young men of the West to acquire a trade or profession?

II. What special qualifications should a young man possess to acquire the trade or profession you think most needed?

III. What class of artisans or professional men do you think the West will most need during the next twenty-five years?

It is presumed that these questions may be answered from different standpoints, and I therefore assume that it is your desire that I should give you such thoughts as might suggest themselves to a physician. As regards the advisability of young men acquiring a trade or engaging in professional work, no fixed rule can apply; every man is influenced largely by personal tastes and natural adaptability. The leading professions are so diverse in their requirements that aside from the special training necessary to each, the young man must have natural taste and special qualifications to insure success. Therefore I believe that no man should choose a trade or profession without feeling that the selection is in entire accord with his natural bent and ambitions, and that success attained therein will fully compensate him for his efforts.

Physical conditions must also largely influence his choice. Many men, because of inherited or acquired infirmities, are limited in their choice of trades, especially a frail, delicately constituted man can hardly expect to succeed in pursuits requiring great physical strength and endurance, for while such development may be acquired, it not infrequently happens that men are compelled to abandon trades and some professions on account of physical disability alone.

Early associations undoubtedly exert a strong influence in the choice of future avocations, and it is not unusual to find a boy of twelve years of age fully determined to become a minister, doctor, lawyer or journalist, or developing special traits indicating his probable selection of a trade. It is seldom wise to force a decision, or for parents or instructors to use un-

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due influence, for the result is likely to prove disastrous. I fully believe, however, that every boy at the present time should be advised and required, if necessary, to secure at least a good common school education before he is allowed to learn a trade, and I do not think that any professional man can receive a too thorough preliminary education. Young men should be willing to make almost any personal sacrifice in order to secure a college training before commencing professional studies. If they do not they will certainly feel their inferiority and work at a disadvantage, no matter what their professional attainments may be.

As to what class of artisans and professional men will be most needed in the West during the next twenty-five years, I hesitate to predict, having given this matter but little thought. I believe the professions will always be well filled, perhaps overcrowded, but in a new and undeveloped country like this, we cannot have too many good farmers, engineers, electricians, machinists, carpenters and perhaps I should add, skilled laborers of any class.

While the foregoing remarks may apply in a general way to the subject, I will endeavor to be a little more explicit with the young men who may desire to become physicians and surgeons. First, let us assume that such men have inherited or acquired the natural traits and tendencies already mentioned, and fully appreciate what has been said with relation to preliminary education. What other qualifications should the doctor have? To be a success his attainments should be varied, because his position is a peculiar one, for he enters the family circle and exerts a strong influence for good or evil. His relations to his patients are necessarily such as to make him a personal friend and adviser. He must sympathize with others' misfortunes and help bear their burdens, for his ears are constantly filled with the complaints and heartaches which are as important in their deleterious influences upon his patients as the actual diseases. He cannot shirk these responsibilities, for the struggle is one of life with death. Physically he should be equal to almost any emergency, for outside of our large cities, the long drives, irregular hours, frequent loss of sleep, constant exposure to inclement weather, and worse, exposure to contagious diseases, are a severe tax upon his physical resources. It is stated on good authority that, as a class, doctors are short lived. He should be a brave man, a man of nerve, because he must be ready at any time to meet emergencies, fearful accidents perhaps requiring a quick eye, steady hand, and great presence of mind, or, what requires far greater courage, he must be ready to endanger his life in some dangerous or loathsome epidemic.

He should be a cheerful man, full of kind feeling in order that he may bring hope and confidence to the sick room. He should be a moral, upright, conscientious man, of good sense and sound judgment, able to resist ordinary temptations and above common weaknesses, one who by example as well as precept, can influence those with whom he comes in contact. Last, but not least, he should be a gentleman in the full and broad meaning of the term.

But, you will say, few physicians, are such men as you describe. This may be true, yet I believe there are many such men, in obscure places perhaps, who have neither secured wealth nor fame. However, you do not want me to tell you what physicians and surgeons are, but what they should be, and if your qualifications and aspirations are not all that is desired, I should advise you to try something else, for if our ambitions are mediocre at the outset, it is difficult to raise the standard later in life. *F. S. Bascom.*

March 1st, 1894.

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H. L. A. CULMER, ESQ.
An Artist and successful Business Man.

I. Yes; but much depends upon the intellectual and physical powers of the young men and the circumstances of their parents. Speaking of the average—or the greatest number—I should say: A young man of the inter-mountain West should succeed in life if he will devote himself to school until he is eighteen, to learning a trade from eighteen to twenty-one. Then, if he has other and higher ambitions, he should pursue them until he is twenty-five, and for the rest of his life if he proves himself capable. Three years is long enough to spend in learning most trades now-a-days. So much is done by newly-invented machinery that it is not safe for one to risk seven years' devotion to a craft when he may find his pursuit ended and his occupation gone by some labor-saving device. For instance, the wood-engraver finds himself supplanted by the photo-engraver; the wood-carving machine does away with hand-carving; the linotype and type-setting machines threaten the pursuit of the compositor—and so on. By eighteen, the young man is apt to be jaded at school, and a change will be to his mental and physical advantage. He should learn a trade. As he approaches twenty-one he should be making up his mind as to his life's pursuit. On becoming of age he should decide whether to continue his trade or drop it for a profession. If he has the natural ability and eloquence to become a lawyer—or a love of the beautiful and the skill to be an artist—or special aptitude for the medical or any other profession, it is then time to decide and to begin. To a common school education, he has added the muscular development acquired with his trade, and has the foundation of good health to carry him through a period of mental strain, and through all the remainder of his career he will feel the benefit of the skill acquired in his handicraft. But before he abandons his trade let him be absolutely sure that he has special fitness for a profession. Of this he should be certain, through and through.

II. During the next twenty-five years, the inter-mountain West will most need artisans, skilled in mechanics and in manufacturing, who can work up the crude materials and natural resources that exist in abundance on every hand. The "professors" should be master-workmen, men skilled in electricity, metallurgy and chemistry, and mechanical engineers, who will be required to direct and control the efforts of the artisans.

III. Good common sense, energy and perseverance are all that are required for such artisans. For the professors and master-workmen the same qualifications are required added to a finer mentality, the power of higher and closer study, and a natural disposition to lead, inform and control others.

H. L. A. Culmer.

N. C. FLYGARE, ESQ.
Counselor in the Presidency of the Weber Stake of Zion.

I. Yes, nearly every young man can and should learn a trade or acquire a profession. There is variety enough in trades to suit the taste and inclination of all.

Not long ago a learned judge, while watching the work going on in a building, made the remark to the writer: "What a fine thing it is to be a good mechanic. I wish I was one." I don't suppose for a moment that he would lay aside the judicial ermine for the carpenter's apron, but he looked upon mechanical skill as an accomplishment well worth possessing.

In cases of necessity it would always be better to be able to use the mechanic's tools to earn a livelihood, than to have to use the spade, shovel or the mortar-hod.

The argument may be used that

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some have to do the drudgery of life; this is true, but there will always be some whose ambition will not carry them above that station. There is nothing to prevent a person, who has learned a trade, from following other pursuits such as farming, stock-raising, mining, merchandising or any other avocation, and his mechanical skill may in many instances prove of great value to him even then.

II. In a comparatively new country like ours, certain trades and professions are of greater importance than others. The building trade, for instance, with all its branches is paramount. It includes a great many trades, all useful and essential. To erect a first-class building it requires: masons, bricklayers, stone-cutters, carpenters, stair-builders, plasterers, painters, paper-hangers, tinners, galvanized iron workers, plumbers, gas and steam fitters and electricians. All these branches of trade must necessarily become very important in a fast developing country. Then the trade of blacksmithing, foundry and machine work in all its branches, also wagon-making, upholstery, shoemaking and tailoring. All of these trades are essential to build up a new country.

The study of architecture, civil and mechanical engineering, wood and stone carving, and decorative painting should be encouraged, as men with a thorough knowledge of these branches will be in demand and their work very remunerative.

III. The first qualification required in a young man to become a good mechanic or artisan, must be a natural inclination and taste for the branch of trade he wishes to learn, and an aptitude to learn it in all its most important parts. Experience has shown that without these natural qualifications, a person may work at a trade a life-time and never become a good mechanic. He may, like a machine, do the work laid out by a competent tradesman, but he never would be able to do for himself without making blunders, and always work to disadvantage.

Parents should study the inborn inclinations of their children, and start them in life in that line of employment that would be most natural to them, so that they may not have to spend half a life-time to find out what they are good for. By this course they would also become useful to themselves and the community in which they live. Parents often put their boys in apprenticeship without having studied their natural inclination, hence they make a failure and give it up or else makes poor mechanics.

Next to the natural inclination, should be a good liberal education as a second qualification. The best mechanics are those who have a technical education, as well as a practical one. The study of mathematics and geometry tends to quicken the intelligence of the workman upon all points connected with his trade, and raises him above the general level of handicraftsmen, and makes him marked in his profession.

The third qualification should be thoroughness and determination. With these qualifications a young man will not be satisfied until he gets to the top of his profession. He will not give up until he has learned the trade thoroughly, and has become a practical artisan indeed.

One difficulty we meet with in this country is the inability of the employer to supply work for apprentices all the year round, so that they have to remain idle part of the time, during which period they either forget much of what they have learned or get discouraged—or may go at something else and become jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none. Some will start in business for themselves but generally make failures, and do much toward ruining the trade of good mechanics. The failure to establish proper apprenticeships for boys has lessened the number of good mechanics, and were it not for the immigra-

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tion from abroad, good workmen would be very scarce. As immigration decreases so also will these classes of workmen decrease, hence the necessity of young men starting out to learn the different branches of trade, and learn them well, so that the standard of mechanical skill may not be lowered but raised.

In consequence of the difficulties mentioned, in regard to apprenticeship, the State should establish free public apprenticeship schools wherein young men could be educated as workers in wood and iron. The courses should be from two to three years, and the instruction should be both general and technical. The teachers in these schools should be mechanics who for years have earned their daily bread at the bench and forge. Kid-glove-teachers will always fail when undertaking to teach matter-of-fact operations.

N. C. Flygare.

HON. J. E. BOOTH,
Member of the Utah Legislature.

PROVO, UTAH, Feb. 26, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—Yours of February 21st is at hand, and in response will say, I regard the subject of the letter of great importance.

Probably the greatest question of government after disposing of what shall it do for the whole people? is What shall it do for the boys?

I. As a foundation for future success I am decidedly in favor of trades.

II. I believe that skilled agriculturists and workers in iron principally will be most needed by the West during the next twenty-five years. They will necessarily take with them proper proportions of other trades.

III. The special natural qualifications which young men for these lines of business should possess are, first, good health and physical endurance, for which to lay the foundation or rather for which to prevent the foundation thereof from being dug up, their lives should be temperate, the Word of Wisdom being the best guide in so short an article. Second, ordinary good common sense. Third, a disposition to use their abilities. To this should be added acquired abilities furnished by a common school education, and a reasonable knowledge of book-keeping, a special course of training such as is provided for in the Agricultural College for agriculturists, and some special instruction in the particular trade adopted, also some special training in morals for the benefit of society, to which every citizen should contribute his part. *J. E. Booth.*

PROFESSOR H. HIRSCHING,
A German Chemist and Inventor, of Salt Lake City.

The above questions are of vital nature to the present and future generations. The subject is, however, a very difficult one to answer correctly, for the reason that it requires a foresight as to what the future will be, and all such speculations are more or less of a prophetic character, which are always subjected to interrogations and doubts. A correct answer of the questions would be possible, if past history could be taken as an absolute guide. Naturally the past twenty-five years should be an example of comparison for the next twenty-five years, yet the rapid and abnormal changes in all branches of the trades and the professions in the last twenty-five years are equal to the changes of many generations of the past, and therefore if such changes would go on in the same ratio in the future, the logical consequence will be, that a lucrative trade or profession will be wiped out in a moment by the inventive thought of a genius. Thus all the endeavor of a young man to be perfect in his vocation would be futile.

Now, such revolutionary changes have occurred and will occur again, but they are not and will not be the

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rule. Assuming that during the next twenty-five years no political or phenomenal disturbances will take place, the foregoing gives a basis for answering the questions; of course by following this basis I leave a field yet open for speculative persons in case such disturbances should take place, if there be "steps backward or forward."

Considering now the first question, the answer must be that the future is decidedly in favor of persons who have learned a "trade to perfection." The past twenty-five years are an evidence that persons being experts in their trade are finding at any time occupation, because many are required to perform the necessary skillful work in the household of a nation, and only a few are required to perform the duties in the professional branches. In order to give more proofs that the learning of a trade is superior to that of a profession in the general walk of life, I refer in brief to the conditions in the East and in Europe. There we find that the skilled men in their various trades are steadily employed with good wages; they form there a part of the middle class of the nations, which are the best support of good and honest government. The expert professional men who form the minority of any nation, have usually a higher income, but only a small percentage of them ever reach the standard of wealth, health, happy and long life that the middle classes do, and only a few of them obtain fortunes by attending exclusively to their professions. The expert of a trade, if he has not his own business and is an employee, will retain his position in hard times, whereas the unskilled is discharged. Of course if national business crises occur, all are treated alike, and even then the expert in a trade is safe, because his former good wages have enabled him to save enough to carry him over until better times return. Further, it looks reasonable that there is a better chance of recognition, where many are needed as is the case in the various trades, than find it where only a few are needed, which is really the case in the professions.

II. Referring now to the second question I will say that any trade, which belongs to the class of handling metals will be most lucrative. It does not matter if a young man chooses the production of metals from crude natural resources, or if he chooses the utilization of the produced metals in the commerce. Many skilled hands are always necessary in these lines and they fix the standard of high cultivation of a nation, and the West is no exception to this rule. The building trades will be in future less lucrative than in the past, as a great deal of work will be done in factories with machinery, and only the fitting together and putting in place will be necessary. Large architectural structures will be built, where more skill, even art, will be required, and many branches are open in the line of decoration, as the taste of the people is rapidly improving in the direction of the artistic and æsthetic. All young men engaged in these lines will always earn good wages. The most work of the structures in the future will be done in large establishments, where the most skilled and clever of the different trades will be employed. The unskilled men of the different trades will be unnecessary, and they have to look for other openings.

With the progress of education and civilization, less litigation will be necessary, and consequently less judiciary activity is required. Therefore no lucrative outlook presents itself for the young men in the profession of law. It will be somewhat similar in the medical profession; everybody will be able to take care of himself as one reads more and thinks more. It is however advisable, in case a young man has a desire to enter on a professional career that he engages in the hum-

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anistic* and not in the technical† branches, as only those born with great talents are able to make a success in the technical professions. Looking at the professions, we see that a greater number of men are needed in the classical lines than in the technical, and as it is always more lucrative to be active in such branches where many are needed, than where only a few are needed, preference in the selection should be given to the one first mentioned. It is no use to be a mediocre lawyer, physician, chemist, electrician, civil engineer or anything else, as there is no outlook for them, they will never reach a standard of eminence, therefore their income is limited, if they receive anything at all.

There is one great disadvantage in our present system of education in this respect, that persons graduated from a school of learning, who receive a diploma, have a right immediately afterwards to practice for themselves instead of being compelled to assist old, practical professional specialists for a certain length of time; then by doing so their faculty will be practically developed, and they can better and with more advantage apply their learning in a practical and successful way.

III. Turning now to the third question, in brief the necessary qualification in any line, be it a trade or a profession, is the "adaptability" of any young man to his chosen vocation. As a rule the ordinary school education in our public schools will prepare any young man to become an expert in his chosen trade, and will also qualify him to enter in any school of learning, and after graduating he must know in what specialty he can make a success. But he should bear in mind that a few years of work under the supervision of an old practitioner in his specialty, will assist him greatly to be a success in life, providing he has chosen according to his adaptability; that means, in this case, that he has the necessary talent and ingenuity; if not, the law of the survival of the fittest will be applied, and a struggle for existence will follow in his course.

Trusting that the foregoing remarks will inspire our young men with the idea of obtaining a suitable trade or profession for their future, and hoping that they may choose wisely and lay all unnecessary pretenses aside and try to be useful members of the human society, I subscribe myself as their friend.

H. Hirsching.

* Humanistic and classical institutes are called the universities, where the faculties of jurisprudence, medicine, philosophy, etc., are represented.

† Technical institutes are called the polytechnicums, where the faculties of mechanics, civil and mining engineering, chemistry, electricity, etc., are represented, where the exact sciences, based upon mathematics and the natural laws are taught. Those who carry out the results of the above technical faculties in a practical way are also called mechanics, engineers, chemists, electricians, etc., but they belong to the persons who have learned a trade.

ELDER JOHN R. BARNES,

Director in the Deseret National Bank and a successful Merchant and Farmer.

KAYSVILLE, Mar. 7, 1893.

The Contributor Co.:

GENTLEMEN:—Replying to your communication of the twentieth ult., will say first, my advice to young men is to acquire a trade or profession wherever circumstances will permit. Second, I think the West will require skilled mechanics more than any other class during the next two or three decades. In looking over the field I find very few who are trying to acquire a knowledge of mechanism, and, as I see it, it will not be long (if it is not already so) when a skilled mechanic is needed, they will have to be brought from some other place. Third: For a young man to succeed as above, he must have a disposition to work, and must not be above commencing at the foot of the ladder, he must be

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temperate and frugal in his habits, thus keeping his brain cool and his whole system in good working order. If I am not deceived far too many of the young men of today try to get a living without manual labor. The result is disastrous alike to family, community and nation.

Yours Respectfully,
John R. Barnes.

DR. J. F. MILLSPAUGH.
Superintendent of Schools for Salt Lake City.

Editor Contributor:

To the first of the questions, with the request for a reply to which you have honored me, permit me to say that I find myself unable to give an unqualified answer. The choice between the two careers named, if wisely made, must be based upon a careful consideration of the conditions and circumstances attending each case. The question of the relative superiority in itself of a trade over a profession, or the reverse, is in point of practical importance of infinitely less concern than that of making the choice, whatever it may be, conform to Nature's design for the individual. While, then, it is important for one who is just on the threshold of life to make careful inquiry respecting the intrinsic desirability of the various vocations which appear to offer themselves to his choice, he must not be left in ignorance of the plain truth that for him there may be small alternative. In view of the attractions of this or that calling, a young man is in danger of overlooking the fact that if his choice is made in defiance of her decrees, Nature, like the angel with flaming sword, stands between him and success in his chosen field.

Hence I venture to depart somewhat from the question proposed and say that the business of first importance to a young man in planning his career is to obtain as definite knowledge as possible of himself and of the world in which his activities are to have play. Choices made without this knowledge are at best like drawings in a lottery—mostly blanks.

To prevent misfits between a man and his vocation, to keep the square plug out of the round hole, is the office of education. Some have gifts which fit them best for faithful work with their hands; others, for those employments which demand chiefly concentration and power of thought. Thus education becomes a test of qualification; it differentiates between those whom nature has designed to carry on the world's work and those whom she has set apart for the more arduous, but not more honorable, duties of professional life. Were this educational test rigorously made and its decisions respected, probably four-fifths of our young men would be turned aside from pursuits in which they could only fail, and be directed to those in no sense less honorable in which success and happiness await them. Upon the remaining one-fifth alone should the task be imposed of determining the relative advantages of the trades on the one hand and the professions on the other.

To those who compose this one-fifth various reasons will more or less forcibly appeal to make this or that choice; and if based on the demand for recruits in the respective fields, neither choice can be far wrong. There never was a time when there were stronger calls for *men* in either the trades or the professions. I am aware of the oft-repeated statement that the trades are no longer productive and that professional men are starving. But what Webster said of the profession of law is true of all professions and trades as well: "There is room at the top."

But especially urgent, as it seems to me, is the demand for men to carry on the great enterprises and solve the industrial problems which the west presents. The region in which we live is an empire in itself; and this is true not merely because of its extent, but because, in surface relief, in soil,

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in climate, in resources, and in the characteristics of its people, it is unlike all the rest of the world. Politically the East and the West are one nation, and the interests of one section should be the interests of the other. But the mutual interdependence which should exist does not destroy the fact that natural conditions have determined for each its peculiar individuality. The West cannot then build its successes on the achievements of the East. Its problems are peculiarly its own; unaided it must solve them. It must work out its own salvation.

But what prizes await the successful workmen in the West! We are only just beginning to find out the mineral wealth that is but partly concealed in hill and stream. Our production of silver, embarrassed and obstructed as it has been by hostile legislation, is still sufficient to make the money lenders of all the world tremble. A single county in Utah has iron enough to armor the combined fleets of the world. Our coal measures are boundless. Our copper, lead, and sulphur are inexhaustible, Granite, limestone, and sandstone are found in abundance sufficient to supply the world's needs. Our marbles rival those of Carrara. The water of one of our streams washes daily enough gold to pay the nation's debt. To even mention all the manifold varieties of mineral deposits which abound in the region, the center of which is our home, would be to prolong this subject too far; for not only has nature heaped together here in richest profusion all forms of mineral wealth which elsewhere with more sparing hand she has dealt out in severalty to various spots of earth; but as if to permit no doubt of her partiality for this favored region, she has here bestowed rich gifts such as no other part of the world enjoys.

We already know something of our wealth of soil, but we have little more then begun to occupy it. The time will come when the water that now runs riot down the mountain side, spreading over the valleys in useless and oftentimes destructive floods, will be held in check by human hands until at the bidding of intelligence it hastens down to bathe unnumbered acres of desert places, transforming them into gardens, and making them bud and blossom as the rose.

Already we can see the dawn of the day when the genii of the streams will no longer expend their energies in wasteful displays of hilarious and devastating power, but harnessed to our machines, they will henceforth toil for the good of humanity at the bidding of their newly found master—man.

In view of all these gifts of nature in the midst of which the lot of the young Westerner is cast—and I have but touched the border of a subject which if fully entered into would fill a volume—it surely seems that there can be no lack of opportunity for industry, determination, and brains. To be sure we hear on this side and on that, every day, the complaint that the trades, the industrial occupations in general, are over-crowded; and in these troublous times it cannot be denied that the sphere of productive enterprise is suffering an unnatural contraction. But aside from the present abnormal condition, for which unwise legislation is responsible, the real difficulty is not that there is lack of opportunity; it is rather that men are not able to adjust their energies to meet the demands of the rapidly changing industrial order. The scope of the liberal arts is very different from that of twenty years ago. The place of the hewers of stone and carriers of water has been usurped by steam and electricity. There are few opportunities left in the world for labor which cannot bring brains to its task. More and more intelligence will become a necessary condition even of existence. Whether we like it or not,

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Darwin's great law of the survival of the fittest is not confined in its operations to the lowest forms of life.

Having already said so much about the natural resources of the West, it probably will be unnecessary to show that their development indicates a natural direction along which our industrial forces should run for the next twenty-five years. In just what lines it will be best to specialize, I am unable to indicate. The promise of rich returns for patient, intelligent effort is held up in every direction. Success will depend not so much upon the selection of this or that field of enterprise as upon the persistence, industry, and ability with which it is worked. We shall need practical miners to open and operate our mines; metallurgists to reduce our ores; electricians to make available the latent power of our streams; engineers to build our bridges, open our tunnels and direct our aqueducts; workers in metal and wood and textile materials to convert our raw products into articles of use; mechanics to build our machinery. In a word, the indications are unmistakable that for the future enlightened self-interest will compel the West to make a much wider use of its own vast resources than the past has made necessary; and this will only be possible by greatly enlarging the number and efficiency of those by whose hands this consummation is to be reached.

Unless, then, my conclusions are incorrectly drawn, the only obstacles in the way of success for the young men of the West will be found in themselves. This is no place for physical or intellectual weaklings. If the coveted prizes are to be won, trained minds, firm purpose, and untiring industry must be united in strong bodies; for nature who holds those prizes in her grasp, is not wont to yield her choicest treasures to any but the noblest contestants.

J. F. Millspaugh.

JUDGE C. F. MIDDLETON,

Counselor in the Presidency of the Weber Stake of Zion.

OGDEN, Feb. 26, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your letter of Feb. 20th is at hand. I will say to you that I have given the subject of your inquiry considerable thought. I certainly am in favor of the young men of the West acquiring a trade or profession; but to select the class of artisans or professionals that will be most needed in the West during the next twenty-five years is a question I have not given sufficient consideration to decide. During our late boom I discovered that our people were very short in competent architects and builders, stone cutters, stone and brick masons, also carpenters and joiners, plasterers and painters, etc., so that a great deal of this class of work had to be done by strangers. Now there is an educational boom passing over our country, and I find that we cannot supply the demand for competent teachers, and strangers are teaching our children. I find also, in looking over the field, that lawyers and doctors are in great demand out here, but we cannot supply the requirements from our own ranks, hence strangers come here and reap a goodly harvest.

Respectfully Yours,

C. F. Middleton.

B. F. GRANT, ESQ.,

Second Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce and a General Hustler.

The Contributor:

GENTLEMEN:—The latter part of February you addressed a communication to me, requesting that I answer certain questions with a view of helping to benefit young men. I can assure you I hardly feel equal to the task, but I am at all times willing to do or say anything that would help the young men of the West.

Your first question is, "As a foundation for future success would you

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advise the young men of the West to acquire a trade or a profession?" To this question, in my opinion, there can be but one answer, that is, by all means let every young man of the West, while he has the opportunity, acquire some good profession or trade. This is a subject of more than ordinary importance, and one that should receive careful consideration on the part of every young man before he renders his decision as to whether or not he should be possessed of either. He should consult with his parents while at their fireside regarding this important question, and in talking the matter over together, remember that his parents will be governed to a certain extent by the love they bear him, and will at times render their decision against their own good judgment, for him to follow a certain line, because he can accomplish that in a shorter time than some other. A great many young men have parents who are possessed of a large amount of this world's goods, they have mapped out a course they wish them to pursue through life, and are desirous when they leave home that they should return as soon as possible, and they argue with themselves and their sons that time spent in learning a trade or profession is thrown away, as they will never have occasion to follow either. Young man, I would now ask, if you have decided this important subject in this way, that you read the following argument on the other side of the question, then see if you should not reconsider one of so much importance to you. Remember, in deciding, that your decision is one from the supreme court. If you should err in rendering it, you will find that it is a fatal error, as there will be no chance to reconsider or change your verdict. This being the case, think well while you have the opportunity. I claim that the time of a young man from childhood to manhood should be, so far as possible, devoted to preparing him for future life. If this be true, can time spent during this period in learning anything that will be useful to you in years to come, be considered lost? I say No. Acquire all you can while you have the opportunity, as when you attain the age of manhood and enter this commercial world, you will find all you have learned is none too much. I would suggest that you do not place too much reliance on the help father is going to give you. When you stop and consider that the best laid plans of our smartest, shrewdest and ablest financiers fail them, and that in a single day they are reduced from riches to poverty, you can see how much reliance you should place in the help you may receive from that source, and what a shadow you are placing so much confidence in. Why not take the more sensible view of this question and possess yourself of some good profession or trade? Should misfortune never befall your kind and loving parents, should they be able to help you as they now expect, remember they cannot always be with you. They will, in time, pass away, then you will find yourself alone, and you must rely on the knowledge you have to guide you in future years. Should you have occasion to follow your trade or profession, you can then do so. If not, you can rest assured of one thing, and that is, it will cost you nothing to retain it. Would not the satisfaction of knowing you are possessed of it amply repay you for all the time you may have spent in acquiring it? Now, let us consider it as settled that you should learn a profession or trade, then pass to question No. 2, and see if we can decide which is the proper one for you to choose.

Question II. What class of artisans or professional men do you think the West will most need during the next twenty-five years?

Taking our present financial condition as a basis for my opinion and argument, I am inclined to make the

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assertion that the West will most need the manufacturer during the next twenty-five years. I do not wish you to understand from this assertion that I think you should all make a grand rush to learn the different branches of manufacturing. Far from that is my idea, or what I wish you to understand. We find many young men of the West who in early childhood have shown that nature has endowed them with more than ordinary ability in some way or another. To such young men my advice would be, cultivate what nature has so abundantly bestowed upon you. Let that be what it may, so long as it is some honorable occupation. When you have decided what course you intend to pursue, keep constantly in mind this important fact: that, choose what you may, do what you will, find your competitors by the score, learn from your friends that you can do nothing, that the country is already flooded with men of your profession or trade, that you had better abandon the idea of following what you have spent years to acquire; yet, after you have heard all these different arguments, console yourself by knowing that all these sayings count for naught, as you considered these points before starting. You studied, worked and now start with the consolation of knowing that there is no profession, trade, or branch of business so overdone but what there is always room for one more at the head. If you will bear this constantly in mind, always striving for that much sought-after, enviable place, you may never reach the head, but you will be so close to it that in after years these same friends will change their minds, and say there were plenty of his profession, but we are proud to say we find very few of his kind. We find hundreds of young men in the West whose parents have been compelled to struggle to earn enough to sustain the family, they have had to assist in every way possible, and in this way they became familiar with a great many different branches of business, and when the opportunity is afforded them of learning a trade or profession, they can adapt themselves to whatever seems most needed. This is the class of men, I think, who should learn some branch of manufacturing.

From the time gold was first discovered in California to the present, the inter-mountain West has produced millions upon millions of dollars from her mining industries, to say nothing of the millions produced from all other industries. I am confident if we could make a balance sheet, showing the amount in dollars and cents produced in the West from the first settlement up to now, received from all sources, then estimate the total values of the West, and in arriving at those values, figure all improvements at actual cost, then our realty at what we paid the government for it, then figure the amount of money due to non-residents secured by mortgage or otherwise, then strike our balance, and I think we will find that the amount we have produced, added to what we owe, will exceed the total values of the West, not millions of dollars, but hundreds of millions. You may say that it is unjust to figure our land at what it cost, but in striking a balance I think not. What I wish to show by this line of argument, is that while we have produced millions of dollars we have foolishly shipped it out of the West to some foreign market for the goods we have consumed, in place of manufacturing them at home, as we should have done. To more plainly illustrate this, let us suppose that a farmer settled in the West in the early days, bought from the government forty acres of farming land as a homestead for which he pays the government fifty dollars. He then places on this land improvements, including his labor, worth three thousand dollars, representing a total cost to him of three thousand and fifty dollars. He has occupied this

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same land for fifty years, the different products raised on the land has been marketed at one thousand dollars per year. This would represent fifty thousand dollars he has produced. Today we find him on the same land, with the same amount of improvements. We find, however, he has quite a large family to care for, and as we are living in a fast age it costs money to educate his children, furnish them everything necessary to keep pace with his neighbor, and in doing this his expenses have exceeded his income for several years, and he has been compelled to borrow small sums of money until today his land is mortgaged for, say ten thousand dollars. As the mortgage is held by a non-resident of the West, we must add this amount to the fifty thousand produced, and he has a total of sixty thousand dollars. Deduct the cost of his land and improvements, and we have fifty-six thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars. I say we have this amount, but have we? I think not. Then, if it has been actually produced, where, O where has it gone? I think I can tell you. Every dollar of it has been paid out for the goods consumed by the family, whereas, had we manufactured them in place of importing them, we might now have all or the greater part of this amount still in the West. It is estimated that eighty-five per cent. of the money paid for home manufactured articles remains at home, while the imported goods are sold by our merchants at, say a profit of twenty-five per cent, which amount only would be kept at home, and the balance be shipped out of the West for the imported articles. This would make a loss to the West of sixty per cent. of fifty-six thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars—or thirty-four thousand one hundred and seventy dollars, that would have remained at home, had we manufactured the goods used by this one family in the past fifty years. You may say this is overdrawn, but I do not think so. You may say the farmer living on his land has caused it to increase in value until now it is worth twenty thousand dollars, and if we were going to make an estimate we should not figure it at what he paid the government, but at what it is worth today. I still say No, unless you can show me that he has used the money he has produced from this land in making this increase in value. You must admit he has not got this money, his neighbor has not, then the question again arises, "Where is it?" He has paid it to the different merchants in the different branches of trades for goods. These merchants were compelled to buy them in a foreign market, and when they were paid for, this money was shipped from the West to this foreign market. If this is not about the true state of the western country I would like some one of you to show me wherein I have made the mistake. Men are very peculiar. They go plodding along, while they are doing well? They do not think of the future, but go on the old plan of letting well enough alone. When times are prosperous and everybody is doing well, you can find very few business men who will listen to any arguments you have to advance as to what should be done in the way of building up our own country. Now, this is just the condition the West has been in for so many years, we have overlooked this important subject, have paid no attention whatever to the manufacturing of the goods we have used, but have been contented to import them from foreign markets. Today things have changed. The source from which we derived all this prosperity and made it possible for us to handle so much money, is now killed, to a certain extent. When you kill the mining industry of the West, and find the present depressed financial condition stirring every one up to

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find out what can be done to relieve this state of affairs, and I believe they have all arrived at about the same conclusion, that is, that we must manufacture our own goods. Keep what money we now have at home, and stop draining the country to pay for these imported articles, when the same can and should be manufactured at home. We have all the raw material in the West necessary to manufacture the most, if not all the articles necessary for our use. If western people have been forced to realize that they must do something, and they have decided that that something is to manufacture their own goods, am I not correct when I say young men should be educated in the manufacturing of all classes of goods? I expect some of you will smile at this kind of doctrine, and say, "Why, I am going to learn to be a doctor, a lawyer, or dentist, or something of this kind. Do you think I would spend time to learn a manufacturing business? Well, hardly!" Now, let us compare the manufacturer with the balance of mankind, and see how he will come out. Before doing so I wish to state, that in my opinion we have only three lines of profession or trades which are producers, and these are the miner, the manufacturer and the farmer. I think the miner should be placed at the head of the list as the manufacturer cannot carry on his business without the coal, iron and other minerals necessary to be used in the manufacturing of his different wares. The farmer cannot cultivate his farm without first having the necessary implements. If the above is correct you will find the manufacturer classed among the three industries that produce everything we have on earth, and the balance of mankind is found struggling and contriving in every way possible to secure a livelihood from the amount received from these three producers. Now, if this is the case, if you were inclined to look upon the art of manufacturing as being something beneath your dignity, I trust the above will be sufficient to change your mind. Let us now consider that at least a few of you have decided to learn some branch of manufacturing, and with this understanding, we will now proceed to the next question.

Question III. "What special, natural qualifications should a young man possess to acquire the trade or profession you think most needed?"

I have a mind to answer this question by saying I think every young man of the West is possessed of all the qualifications necessary for following out the line that I have suggested; however, I think he should have some natural talent, or inclination to follow some branch of manufacturing, and should be possessed of enough self-will so that whatever he undertakes to do he will start out with the determination to excel all competitors. If our young men will do this, I have no hesitancy in saying success will be theirs, no matter what they undertake. If my reasoning is correct, I trust it will be the means of assisting some of our young men. If I am laboring under a mistaken idea I hope they will be able to discover it before I have been the means of misleading any of them, as I can say my only object in attempting to reply to your question is to help and not injure our young men. If anything I may have said, or can say in the future will be the means of helping but one or two of them, I shall feel amply repaid for anything I can do or say I am,

Sincerely Yours,
B. F. Grant.

PROF. W. M. STEWART,
of the University of Utah.

1. "As a foundation for future success would you advise the young men of the West to acquire a trade or profession?"

As to whether a trade or profession is the better foundation for success in life, depends upon the meaning given

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to the word success. A young man may be considered successful financially, politically, socially or otherwise and still not, in the broadest sense, be successful. True success consists in the highest possible state of human development. But, I presume the purpose of this question has mainly to do with business success. To be successful in any line makes a demand, first, for a healthy body, second, a well disciplined mind, third, faithful application. I believe in the doctrine that a young man is, chiefly, what his environments have made him, hence the necessity of the early formation of good habits. The importance of early education in *doing* is certainly very valuable, and whatever will occupy the mind and engage the hand in some useful labor is an important factor in the upbuilding of character. The tendency of the ordinary trade is towards the occupation of the hand to the neglect of the mind, which causes the narrow mental development so often seen in the tradesman. Whatever results in mere mechanical automatism checks true development and the young man, who becomes an artisan, rarely if ever rises above his immediate conditions.

The division of labor tends largely to make of the artisan a mere machine, thus preventing a full and harmonious growth. There are, however, some trades in which hand and brain work are coordinate, resulting in a high practical life.

In the professions greater requirements in preparation are demanded. The young man has a wider range of intellectual activity with more varied experience, thus affording *self* a greater opportunity for growth. There is less drudgery in the professions, and the young man is led beyond the mere mechanical execution to higher thought development. But to be truly successful in the professions, one must have that manual training and that skill in *doing* which aids so much in robust physical constitution, as well as giving a thorough practical education.

My choice would therefore be a profession having a foundation in some manual labor and varied in its character so as to be highly educational. The reason so many of our successful professional men come from the farm and the workshop is that the manual labor has developed a good physical constitution, and has formed habits of industry and prudence which control largely the future character of the man. I believe much of the benefit of farm and workshop is due to the simple life, industrious habits and physical exercise there required. It is indeed rare that a young man reaches any eminence in life who has been reared in ease and luxury.

"What class of artisans or professional men do you think the West will most need during the next twenty-five years?"

An examination into the resources of our Territory will determine what occupation will offer the most favorable opportunities to the young men of the West. Naturally the line of development will be in keeping with the most extensive of our resources. It will be agreed by all that of any one resource we must look to mining as most prominent. This will include mining for both the useful and the precious metals, as well as the various minerals for commercial purposes. I am, therefore, of the opinion that the young men who are thorough chemists and have extensive knowledge of minerals and geological formations, will in the near future be in great demand. Of course, accompanying increased activity in mining will be a corresponding growth in agriculture, manufacture and commerce, but these industries will be dependent, more or less, upon the development of our mineral resources.

"What special, natural qualifications should a young man possess to acquire the trade or profession you think most needed?"

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The environments of a young man determine largely his inclinations. While there may be inborn tendencies or natural aptitude, I am of the opinion they are secondary to the environments of youth.

A young man with good character, a robust body, a well-disciplined mind, and an intense love for his chosen occupation, possesses those qualifications which will insure success. *W. M. Stewart.*

JOHN Q. CANNON,
Editor Deseret News.

You honor me with an invitation to answer three questions for the benefit of the readers of the CONTRIBUTOR, and would flatter me with the promise that "thousands of young men" will be "both interested and instructed" through my "sending replies for publication." I wish I could believe the latter, for the questions are most important, and the responses ought to be truly wise and statesmanlike. I can only hope that the weakness noticeable in mine will not receive further emphasis through the feebleness evidenced in yielding to your tempting assurances.

Replying to the first question, I venture the opinion that the present tendency is to crowd to the cities, to dread the grime that toil puts on hand and brow, to yearn for the "finer professions," and to force an entrance into the ranks of those who live by their wits. Wiser men than I, see in this something to be deplored. Seeking for a remedy, they urge that we must inculcate the nobility of labor; since sweat was divinely enjoined as the purchase price of bread, that hard work is not only honorable but strictly in line with Heaven's command. It's a false estimate that modern society places on merit; to correct it is a task worthy the most ambitious reformer. Hence we are told, keep the boys at home; teach them a craft; make them conscious of the power that rests within a sturdy mind assisted by a skilled right hand. I endorse the advice sincerely, and vote heartily that as the likeliest "foundation for future success," every young man should acquire a trade. Not that the brain to conceive gigantic enterprises should always remain under a coal miner's cap, or that the fingers capable of depicting beauties on canvas or in clay should always be wiped on a baker's apron. The qualities adequate to great attainments will invariably make themselves known and felt, and the foundation laid in humbler walks is always useful, if not indeed absolutely necessary, to full success in the vocation chosen later, and followed as a life pursuit. Thus, the architect should first be a carpenter, the manufacturer a machinist, the journalist a printer, etc., etc. Besides, as showing that talent will not be fettered by humble environment, it will be proper to note that from the cobbler's bench have come inventors that revolutionized the world; from the plow handles has come the sweetest poet; from the tannery, an unconquered soldier and a nation's savior; from the tow-path, the tailor's table and the rail-pile, a nation's statesmen and chief magistrates.

Replying to the second question, I declare it as my belief that the class of workers who will be most in demand and most successful in the West for the next quarter of a century will be the intelligent, scientific cultivators of the soil. Someone has said that nations cannot make conquests without armies, that they cannot have armies without money, and that they cannot have money without agriculture. A well developed agriculture produces wealth and independence, alike to individuals and communities. Its risks are smaller and its results more certain than those of any other pursuit. Nobody hears of armies of unemployed men, or hosts of hungry women and children, in agricultural regions; strikes and bread-riots are unknown terms.

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The agriculturist is more nearly a monarch than is the follower of almost any other vocation. He is his own master; and his liberty and independence may nowhere else be found. Out of the ground was man taken, to it he must return. From it he derives his sustenance, and if it was cursed for his sake, the incident serves but to show the closeness of the relation between him and it. Sense, study, and industry will make every cultivator of the soil successful, not only in the West but everywhere, and not only for the next twenty-five years, but for all time.

As to the "special natural qualifications" which a young man should possess for the acquirement of any trade or profession, the first and most important is a love for it, which of itself pre-supposes the second, a natural adaptability to its requirements. With these as a basis, it only needs pluck, perseverance and economy to insure success. No young man, except from the direst necessity, should take up a trade or calling for which he is conscious of possessing no talent or an unsuited temperament. Where necessity has invoked compulsion, the unhappy object would do well to make other choice when the pressure is relaxed. Men seldom succeed in pursuits which they dislike, or for which their natural traits are ill-fitted. There is a calling for every young man, if he will but find and follow it. When it is found, diligent effort will insure success in it. And after all is said of the causes that have brought reward to talent or even genius, the truth remains that the greatest of them all is hard work.

Jno. Q. Cannon.

PROF. D. R. ALLEN,
Salt Lake County Superintendent of Public Schools.

I. A trade.

II. In the development of the vast resources of our Territory, *skilled* artisans in many different trades will be demanded, so that the young man can largely be left to select that trade which suits his inclination best.

III. Good common sense, earnestness, honesty, and perseverance.

Every young man should acquire a good general education as a foundation for either a trade or a profession; and whatever vocation he elects to follow, he should learn to love it and be determined to succeed in it.

Respectfully,
D. R. Allen.

MATHEMATICAL SCIENCE.

IV.

OUTLINE OF MATHEMATICS (CONTINUED).

III.—SUBDIVISIONS OF PURE MATHEMATICS.

3.—Geometry.

"WHEN it is considered that by geometry the architect constructs our buildings, the civil engineer our railways; that by a higher kind of geometry, the surveyer makes a map of a county or of a kingdom; that a geometry still higher is the foundation of the noble science of the astronomer, who by it not only determines the diameter of the globe he lives upon, but as well the sizes of the sun, moon, and planets, and their distances from us and from each other; when it is considered, also, that by this higher kind of geometry, with the assistance of a chart and a mariner's compass, the sailor navigates the ocean with success, and thus brings all nations into amicable intercourse—it will surely be allowed," says Spencer,

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"that its elements should be as accessible as possible."*

Mathematics has been defined as the science the function of which is "to determine certain magnitudes from others by means of the relations between them, and to deduce the properties of number and figured extension."† Geometry is that branch of mathematics the object of which is the *investigation of the properties of figured extension*,—it is the science of the relations of space. It treats of form, magnitude, and position; or, of the construction of figures‡ under given conditions, of their measurement, and of their properties. Lines, surfaces, angles, and volumes are the four *geometrical magnitudes*, which, with their relations, constitute that with which geometry, as a science, is conversant.

The word *geometry* is derived from two Greek words, *ge*, *earth*, and *metron*, *a measure*, from which it is inferred that the science of geometry had its origin in land-surveying. Very little is known, however, of its origin and early development, though it is supposed to have originated in Egypt. Herodotus, a Greek historian of the fifth century before Christ, is the earliest authority on the subject. He assigns the origin of geometry to the necessity of measuring lands in Egypt for the purpose of taxation, in the reign of Sesostris about 1400 B. C. In speaking of Sesostris he says: "They said also that this king divided the country amongst all the Egyptians, giving an equal square allotment to each, and from this he drew his revenues, having required them to pay a fixed tax every year; but if the river happened to take away a part of anyone's allotment, he was to come to him and make known what had happened; whereupon the king sent persons to *inspect* and *measure* how much the land had diminished, that in future he might pay a proportionate part of the appointed tax. Hence land-measuring appears to me to have had its beginning."* The Roman historian Diodorus, who also refers to the changes caused by the overflow of the river Nile, and the consequent discussions which arose among neighboring proprietors about the extent of their property, says that "it would be difficult for any person to decide upon his claims without geometrical proof."†

Another evidence of the Egyptian origin of geometry is found in a hieratic papyrus, included in the Rhind collection of the British Museum, which was deciphered about twenty-six years ago. This manuscript was written by Ahmes, an Egyptian priest, some time between the seventeenth and the eleventh century B.C., and consists of a collection of problems in arithmetic and geometry.‡ In that part of the papyrus which deals with geometry, Ahmes gives several numerical examples of the contents of barns and other similar receptacles, and calculates the area of certain rectilineal figures, such as the square, oblong, isosceles triangle, and isosceles trapezoid; he also calculates the area of a circular

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Inventional Geometry, p. 5.

† See *The Contributor*, vol. xv., p. 163.

‡ A geometrical figure is any combination of points, lines, surfaces, or solids.

* *Herodotus*, book ii, chapter 109; J. M. Greenwood, *Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry*, p. 195.

† James Gow, *History of Greek Mathematics*, p. 125.

‡ In 1868 an account of the papyrus was given by the English Egyptologist, Samuel Birch; and in 1877, by Eisenhohr, the German Egyptologist, in his *Handbook on Egyptian Mathematics*. It is believed by Birch that Ahmes' work was founded on an older work which dates back as far as 3400 B. C. The latter was written in the reign of a king whose name is not legible in the papyrus, but who is supposed to have been Raenmat There is also in the British Museum another and older leather-roll on a mathematical subject, but it has not yet been deciphered.

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field.* Besides these, the papyrus contains a number of problems on pyramids, in which it is required to determine certain dimensions indirectly by means of the data obtained from the direct measurement of the external dimensions of a building, implying a knowledge of the trigonometrical ratios of certain angles. The data and results given in these problems closely agree with the dimensions of some of the existing pyramids.† Hence it is evident that Ahmes understood not only the first principles of geometry, but also a rudimentary trigonometry.

The Egyptians therefore certainly studied geometry. But it is still a question as to whether the science originated with them, in the necessity of their having frequently to ascertain the respective boundaries of their property, which were destroyed by the annual inundations of the Nile; or whether it had already attained to a certain state of development, and was merely employed then, as it would be now, in similar cases. Still, the derivation of the word clearly indicates that the principal application of geometry during the early ages was the measurement and division of lands. With respect, however, to the origin of geometry, there can scarcely be conceived a state of society in which the ideas of extent, position, and form did not exist. "As soon as man began to relinquish his wandering and savage life, and taste the pleasures of social intercourse; as soon as laws were framed to secure to each individual the reward of his own industry and labor, the lands, which had before yielded spontaneously all that he required in his barbarous state, stood now in need of cultivation, in order to render their productions subservient to his more refined appetites, and to the necessity of his family, or the little society over which he presided; this refinement necessarily gave rise to the division of lands and the partition of flocks and herds, and this again, to the comparison of quantity and magnitude, which laid the foundation of arithmetic and geometry, and formed the first links in the chain of propositions which constitute these sciences."*

The first attempts were no doubt incomplete and frequently inaccurate; but, even in this condition, the science must be said to have commenced. The observations of the father were transmitted to the son, who again, with new acquisitions, passed them down to his children; each succeeding generation thereby added improvements to the observations and experience of that which preceded it, until at length some genius arose who collected all the knowledge of his predecessors into a rude system; this was improved and remodeled by

*Taking d as the diameter of the field, Ahmes gives the area as $(d-\frac{1}{9}d)^2$, which is equivalent to taking $(\frac{16}{9})^2$, or 3.1604 . . . . , as the value of the ratio of the circumference of the circle to the diameter. The actual value is approximately 3.14159 . . . .

†The problems which Ahmes proposes are of the form "Given any two of the dimensions AD or AB, DE or BE, and the respective *ratios* DE : AD or BE : AB, to find the third. In a problem in which AB and BE are given, Fig. 1., the ratio BE : AB given by Ahmes is, in one case, 0.72, and in three others, 0.75. These are the cosines of the angles 43° 56′ 44″ and 41° 24′ 34″ respectively. The angle ABE, in most existing pyramids, corresponds closely to these measurements. Further, these cosines of ABE correspond to angles 53° 44′ 7″ and 51° 16′ 40″, respectively, at ADE, and according to Petrie's measurements (*Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*. 1883) the slopes of the largest pyramid at Gizeh are between 51° 49′ and 51° 51.′

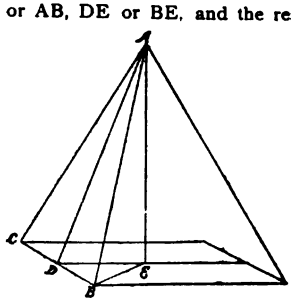

Fig 1.

*Peter Barlow. *Encyclopedia Metropolitana*, vol. i., p. 304.

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others; and thus by degrees geometry, which at first had no other object than the mere division of lands, was developed into an independent and important science. It is probable that it had already assumed this first form of a system when it was employed by the Egyptians, as explained above, in restoring the landmarks destroyed by the overflow of the Nile.

But whatever the origin of geometry, the first traces of the science are found in Egypt. That the geometry of the Greeks was originally derived from the Egyptians, and that Egypt continued for many years the chief source of mathematical teaching, is the universal testimony of Greek writers. The statement of Herodotus on this subject has already been given. In Plato's *Phædrus*, Socrates is made to say that the Egyptian god Theuth, "first invented arithmetic and geometry and astronomy;"* Aristotle† also admits that "geometry was originally invented in Egypt;" and Endemus "expressly declares that Thales studied there."‡ Again, Diodorus,§ as late as 70 B. C., reports an Egyptian tradition that geometry and astronomy were the inventions of Egypt, and says that the Egyptian priests claimed Pythagoras, Plato, Democritus, and other Greek philosophers, as their pupils. "Beyond question," says Gow, "Egyptian geometry, such as it was, was eagerly studied by early Greek philosophers, and was the germ from which in their hands grew that magnificent science to which every Englishman is indebted for his first lessons in right seeing and thinking."*

According to Proclus, geometry was first introduced into Greece from Egypt about 600 B. C., by Thales, one of the seven sages of Greece; and the founder of the Ionian School of Philosophy. Thales was the most noted mathematician of his time. It was he who predicted the solar eclipse which happened on May 28, 585 B. C., during a battle between the Medes and Lydians. He also determined the height of the pyramids from their shadows,† and by an application of the principles of geometry, he could tell the distance of a ship at sea.

From the time of Thales, geometry received contributions from the most noted mathematicians of antiquity. Chief among them was Pythagoras, who, according to the *Eudemian Summary*, "changed geometry into the form of a liberal science,"‡ besides discovering some of the most important elementary propositions. Among his discoveries, was the con-

* Florian Cajori. *History of Mathematics*, 1894, p. 10.

† *Metaphysics*, vol. i, p. 1.

‡ Proclus, *Commentary on Euclid's Elements*, ed. 1879, p. 64.

A complete history of Greek geometry written about 324 B. C. by Eudemus of Rhodes, a pupil of Aristotle, has been lost. It was well known, however, to Proclus, who, in his commentaries on Euclid, gives a brief account of it. It is frequently referred to under the name of *Eudemian Summary*.

§ Diodorus, i, 69–96; Gow, *History of Greek Mathematics*, p 131.

* *Hist. of Gr. Math.*, p. 132.

† In a dialogue given by Plutarch, Niloxenus addressing Thales says, "He [Amasis, king of Egypt] particularly liked the manner by which you measured the height of the pyramid without any trouble or instrument; for, by merely placing a staff at the extremity of the shadow which the pyramid casts, you formed two triangles by the contact of the sunbeams, and showed that the height of the pyramids was to the length of the staff in the same ratio as their respective shadows." See G. J. Allman, *Greek Geometry from Thales to Euclid*, p. 9.

‡ Allman. *Gr. Geom. from Thales to Euclid*, p. 22. According to Gow's translation (*H. of M.* p. 150) of the same extract from Eudemus, Pythagoras "changed the study of geometry into the form of a liberal *education*, for he examined its principles to the bottom," having reference, no doubt, to the general extension of the subject by Pythagoras, and to the completeness of his work; for, from the most recent and authentic accounts given of the development of the subject, it is evident that at the time of the Pythagoreans geometry had not been "raised to a *science*."

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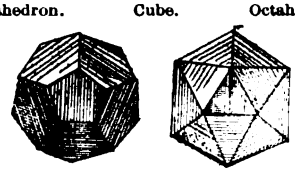
struction of what were known as the *mundane figures*, or five regular solids.* To Pythagoras, also, is ascribed the important theorem that the square on the hypothenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Pythagoras lived during the latter part of the sixth century before Christ. He was a disciple of Thales, in pursuance of whose advice he traveled extensively in Egypt and India studying geometry and astronomy. After spending about twenty years in these countries, he returned to Italy, where, about 520 B. C., he established his celebrated school. It was among the Pythagoreans, members of this school, that the word *mathematics* is said to have originated.

Of the Greek geometricians of the fifth century B.C., Hippocrates was perhaps the greatest. He demonstrated a large number of new propositions, particularly on the geometry of the circle, and wrote the first text-book on the elements of geometry; while Plato, another distinguished promoter of the science, who lived 429 to 348 B.C., introduced the analytical method of investigation,* and discussed some properties of the section.† Plato placed over the entrance to his school of philosophy, the *Academia* at Athens, the noted inscription, "Let no one who is unacquainted with geometry enter here;" and Xenocrates, a pupil of Plato, who was subsequently a professor in the Academy, is reported by Diogenes to have declined admitting an applicant who knew no geometry, with the remark, "Depart, for thou hast not the grip of philosophy."‡ Plato, therefore, and the members of his celebrated school, recognized geometry as the first of the sciences, and regarded a knowledge of it as an indispensable preparation for the study of philosophy. Hence geometry, under the Platonists, continued to make great progress.

Eudoxus, one of the most brilliant mathematicians of this period, further developed by the analytical method that which Plato had begun, and there-

* The five regular solids ascribed by Eudemus to Pythagoras are the tetrahedron, the cube, the octahedron, the dodecahedron, and the icosahedron, as shown below:—

Tetrahedron. Cube. Octahedron.



Dodecahedron. Icosahedron.

Of these, the first three were undoubtedly known to the Egyptians, for they are to be found in Egyptian architecture. The construction of the regular pentagon is required for the formation of each of the last two solids, and as this problem reduces to that of cutting a straight line so that one segment shall be a mean proportional between the whole line and the other segment, Pythagoras must also have been familiar with it.

It should be added that these five are the only regular solids there are, though the Pythagoreans probably did not know it.

* J. M. Greenwood. *Arithmetic, Algebra, and Geometry*, p. 197. Dr. Allman, however, maintains (*Greek Geom. from Thales to Euclid*, p. 124) that Plato was not the discoverer of this method, but that he merely communicated that with which "he had become acquainted, probably in Cyrene or Italy." But Gow, in his *History of Greek Geometry*, pp. 175-6, quotes both Proclus and Diogenes Laertius as saying that "Plato invented the method of proof by analysis." However, it is not to be inferred from this that analysis was previously unknown, for Hippocrates and others used it; though it was probably Plato who first called particular attention to its value, and introduced it as a legitimate method in geometry, pointing out the conditions under which it was satisfactory. Indeed, Plato is distinguished rather for the improvements which he made in geometrical methods than for his original discoveries.

† From *sectio aurea*, the "golden section," meaning the section of a line in mean and extreme ratio. It has no reference to the invention of the conic sections. Cantor, *History of Mathematics*, Ibid., p. 208.

‡ Gow, *History of Mathematics*, p. 174.

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by contributed greatly to the advancement of the subject. He added three propositions to those which had already been discovered; proved that the areas of circles are to each other as the squares of their radii, and that the volumes of spheres are to each other as the cubes of their radii;* demonstrated the propositions that the pyramid is equal to one-third of the prism, and the cone to one-third of the cylinder, having equal base and altitude; and extended what was begun by Plato concerning the section. He is also said to have compiled in a treatise the results of the studies at the Platonic school. Eudoxus was born at Cnidus about 408 B.C., and died at Cyzicus, where he had his school, about 355 B.C He studied under Archytas and Plato.

Menæchmus, a pupil of Eudoxus and associate of Plato, invented the geometry of the conic sections,† and added other improvements to the work of his predecessors. He succeeded Eudoxus as head of the school at Cyzicus, and having acquired a great reputation as teacher of geometry, was appointed the mathematical teacher of Alexander the Great. It was in answer to Alexander's request that the proofs in geometry be made shorter, that Menæchmus made the well-known reply, "In the country, sire, there are private and even royal roads, but in geometry there is only one road for all."*

But elementary geometry reached its highest development among the Greeks during the third century before Christ, during which flourished the three greatest mathematicians of antiquity—Euclid, Archimedes, and Apollonius. The earliest of these was Euclid, the distinguished professor of mathematics at the university of Alexandria, who collected and systematized all the truths, propositions, and theorems which had been invented by his predecessors in Egypt and Greece, and thereby created the *science* of geometry.† Al-

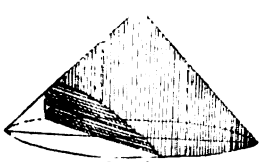

Fig. 2.
Right-angled cone; *right-angled* section, or parabola.

they therefore supposed that all cones are right. Menæchmus discovered the conic sections by conceiving the right cone to be cut by a plane perpendicular to a side, there always being only one section in each cone. In the *right-angled* cone, or cone in which the angle at the vertex is a right angle, he obtained the *right-angled* section, as shown in Fig. 2, now called a *parabola*; in the acute-angled cone, or cone in which the angle at the vertex is less than a right-angle, the *acute-angled* section, Fig. 3, or

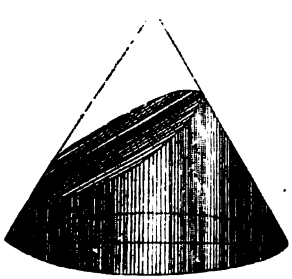

Fig. 3.
Acute-angled cone; *acute-angled* section, or *ellipse*.

ellipse; and in the obtuse-angled one, in which the angle at the vertex is greater than a right angle, the *obtuse-angled* section, Fig. 4, or *hyperbola*. These three sections, *right-angled*, *acute-angled*, *obtuse-angled*, were for a long time known as the "Menæchmian triads." The present names, *parabola*, *ellipse*, and *hyperbola*, were invented a century later by Apollonius, who showed the properties of each of the conic sections, and observed that in every cone all the sections exist according to the different applications of the cutting plane to the cone.

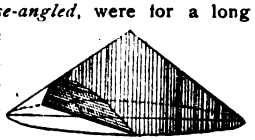

Fig. 4.
Obtuse-angled cone; *obtuse-angled* section, or hyperbola.

See note, p. 385.

* Stobaeus, *Floril.*, vol. iv, p. 205; Allman, *Gr. Geom. from Thales to Eucl.*, p. 154.

This anecdote is also attributed to Euclid and Ptolemy, but the probability is in favor of its authenticity as here given.

† Cajori says (*Hist. of Math.*, p. 35) that Euclid "was the first who reduced to unobjectionable demonstration the imperfect attempts of his

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* See note, p. 384.

† According to Geminus (*Review of Mathematics*) the ancients defined a cone as the revolution of a right-angled triangle, one of the sides about the right angle remaining fixed, and

though the subject had been developing for at least fifteen hundred years, under some of the most noted mathematicians of antiquity, it was however left to Euclid to weave together the fragmentary and unsystematic contributions of the preceding centuries into a systematic whole; and thus geometry, as a science, "strict and self-conscious deductive reasoning, was created by the subtle intellect of the same race whose bloom in art still overawes us in the Venus of Milo, the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon."*

Of the life of Euclid, little is known, except that which is added to the *Eudemian Summary* by Proclus in his commentary on the first book of the *Elements*. It is certain that he was of Greek descent, and from the account given by Proclus, it appears that he lived about 330 to 275 B. C. His greatest activity was during the time of the first Ptolemy, who reigned from 306 to 283 B. C. According to Eudemus, as quoted by Proclus, he was educated at Athens, and was well acquainted with the Platonic geometry, though he does not seem to have read Aristotle's works. However, little is known of Euclid's early education; but whatever may have been his previous training and culture, he proved a most successful teacher at the university of Alexandria. Indeed, he so impressed his individuality on the teaching of that institution that to his successors the name *Euclid* soon came to mean, as it does with us, the books he wrote, and not the man himself.

Euclid's treatise on the *Elements of Geometry*, generally known as the *Elements*, consists of thirteen books, nine of which, the first six and the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth, treat of geometry; the other four, of the theory of numbers. The geometrical part contains a systematic exposition of the leading propositions of elementary geometry, exclusive of conic sections, which was then regarded as the higher geometry. The subject-matter is to a large extent a compilation from the works of previous writers; but the material was all rearranged, certain parts were omitted, and, in many cases, new proofs were given. The way in which the propositions are proved, consisting, as at present, of the enunciation, statement, construction, proof, and conclusion, is due entirely to Euclid. So also is the synthetical character of the work, each proof being written out as a logically correct train of reasoning; so that, beginning with the definitions and axioms,* or self-evident truths, the science traces its way, by the processes of deduction, to the profoundest theorem. "For clearness of thought, closeness of reasoning, and exactness of truths," says Dr. Brooks, "it is a model of excellence and beauty. It stands as a type of all that is best in the classical culture of the thoughtful mind of Greece.

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predecessors;" and notwithstanding the compilations of Eudoxus, and other earlier writers, it seems certain that the *Elements* of Euclid was the first work on geometry that can really be regarded as a scientific treatise on the subject.

* George Bruce Halsted, in the introduction to his translation of Lobatschewsky's *Theory of Parallels*.

* A straight line is the shortest distance between any two points; if two straight lines have two points in common, they will coincide throughout their whole length, and form but one straight line; through a given point only one straight line can be drawn parallel to a given line; two straight lines cannot inclose a space. Axioms of this class apply to geometrical quantity only; while the following are equally applicable to arithmetical and geometrical quantity: Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other; if equals be added to equals the sums will be equal; if equals be taken from equals the remainders will be equal; if equals be multiplied by equals the products will be equal; if equals be divided by equals the quotients will be equal; the whole is equal to all its parts; the whole is greater than any of its parts.

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Geometry is the perfection of logic; Euclid is as classic as Homer."*

Indeed, geometry came from the Greek mind so perfect in its symmetry and classic in its logic that, notwithstanding the various attempts which have been made to improve or supersede it, the *Elements* has stood the test of more than two thousand years, and still maintains its pre-eminence as a text-book in all the countries where the science of geometry is taught—an instance of excellence unparalleled in any other scientific treatise. Of it Clifford says: "This book has been for nearly twenty-two centuries the encouragement and guide of that scientific thought which is one thing with the progress of man from a worse to a better state. The encouragement; for it contained a body of knowledge that was really known and could be relied on, and that moreover was growing in extent and application. For even at the time this book was written—shortly after the founding of the Alexandrian Museum—mathematics was no longer the merely ideal science of the Platonic school, but had started on her career of conquest over the whole world of phenomena. The guide; for the aim of every scientific student of every subject was to bring his knowledge of that subject into a form as perfect as that which geometry had attained. Far up on the great mountain of truth, which all the sciences hope to scale, the foremost of that sacred sisterhood was seen, beckoning to the rest to follow her. . And hence she was called, in the dialect of the Pythagoreans, *the purifier of the reasonable soul.*"†

Archimedes, the "prince of Grecian mathematicians" and the "Newton of antiquity," was born at Syracuse in 287 B.C., and was killed during the sack of that city following its capture by the Romans in 212 B. C. He was educated at the university of Alexandria, and from his writings it is evident that he was thoroughly acquainted with all the work previously done in mathematics. Although he took no part in public affairs, and is said to have regarded "every kind of art, which was connected with daily needs, as ignoble and vulgar,"* yet he introduced a large number of important inventions; and his extraordinary mechanical ingenuity, combined with his remarkable faculty of analysis, enabled him to establish the science of engineering upon a solid mathematical basis. The story of the detection of the fraudulent goldsmith is familiar to most readers.† It was Archimedes, also, who constructed a burning mirror to set on fire the ships of the Roman blockading squadron, and devised the war-engines for King Hiero by which the siege of Syracuse was protracted for three years. Among other important mechanical inventions ascribed to him, are the Archimedean screw,‡ which he is said to have invented when in Egypt to drain the fields after an inundation of the Nile, and which was also used to pump water out of the hold of a ship; and a machine invented to as-

* In the preface to the *Philosophy of Arithmetic*, p. 4.

† W. K. Clifford, *Lectures and Essays*, pp. 210, 211.

* *Ibid*, 17; Gow, *Hist. of Gr. Math.*, p. 222.

† Having been asked by King Hiero to determine whether the gold that had been given an artist to work into a crown had been alloyed with silver, Archimedes was in doubt as to the proper method of inquiry; but one day, on stepping into a bath and observing the water running out, it occurred to him that the excess of bulk caused by the introduction of alloy could be determined by putting the crown and an equal weight of gold separately into a vessel filled with water, and observing the difference of overflow.

It was in making this discovery that Archimedes established the fundamental principle that a body immersed in a liquid sustains an upward pressure equal to the weight of the liquid displaced.

‡ This screw consists of a tube, enclosing a chamber walled off by spiral divisions, inclined to the horizon, with the lower end placed in the

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sist Hiero in launching a ship which had been constructed so large that it could not be moved. It was in acknowledging the compliments of Hiero that Archimedes made the well-known remark, "Give me a fulcrum on which to rest, and I will move the earth,"* which expresses his estimate of the efficiency of the lever.

However, in the nine extant works of Archimedes the mathematical interest far exceeds the mechanical. But of the numerous discoveries with which he enriched the Grecian geometry, it is beyond the scope of the present paper to attempt an explanation—we can only indicate some of his most wonderful achievements. It was he who first discovered the approximate ratio of the diameter to the circumference of a circle,† and demonstrated that the volume and surface of a sphere are equal to two-thirds of the volume and surface, respectively, of the cylinder circumscribed about the sphere.* He also gave the first proof that the area of a circle is equal to the product of the circumference and the radius, determined the area of an ellipse, and proved that the area of any segment of a parabola cut off by a chord is equivalent to two-thirds of the circumscribing parallelogram.† His

water to be raised. By turning the machine the water is lifted mechanically, as shown in Fig. 5.

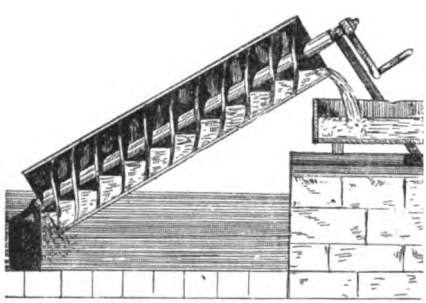

Fig. 5. Archimedean Screw.

Diodorus. i, 34, v. 37; Ball, *Hist. of Math.*, p. 66.

* Cajori, *Hist. of Math.*, p. 44.

† As modern approximations are based on that of Archimedes, it may be interesting to consider the basis of his proof. Having seen that if two regular polygons be inscribed in and circumscribed about a circle, the circumference of the circle will lie between the two perimeters, and that by increasing the number of sides of the polygons indefinitely the circumference of the circle can be made to differ from the perimeter of either by a quantity less than any that can be assigned, Archimedes began his demonstration by employing polygons of six sides; then he bisected each side and obtained two other polygons of twelve sides each, as shown in Fig. 6, then of twenty-four, forty-eight and lastly of ninety-six. Then since the circle lies between the two polygons, he took the mean of the two perimeters for the circumference, and found that the ratio of the circumference to the diameter is equal to some number between $3\frac{10}{70}$ and $3\frac{10}{71}$, an approximation exact enough for most purposes.

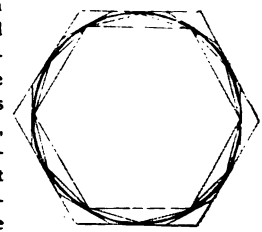

Fig. 6.

It will be observed that as the number of sides of the inscribed and circumscribed polygons is increased, the space between the polygons and the circle is correspondingly diminished, or *exhausted*; and by increasing the number of sides indefinitely, the areas of the polygons can be made to differ from the area of the circle by a quantity as small as we please. This method was therefore known among the ancients as the *Method of Exhaustion*. It was used by Eudoxus in determining the relations between the circumferences and areas of circles and their radii, as well as the volumes of pyramids and cones. It has been superseded in modern times by the infinitesimal analysis.

* In commemoration of this proof Marcellus erected a splendid tomb to Archimedes, bearing the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder.

† The area of the parabolic segment PVRQ, Fig 7, is two-thirds that of the parallelogram LPQN, or four-thirds that of the triangle PQV.

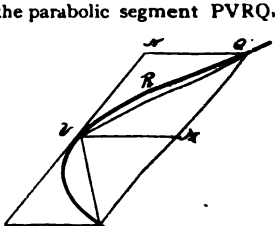

Fig. 7.

For the proofs of Archimedes, see Ball's *Hist. of Mathematics*, ed. 1893, pp. 69, 70.

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extant works on plane geometry are the *Measure of the Circle*, the *Quadrature of the Parabola*, and one on *Spirals*;* and on geometry of three dimensions, the *Sphere and Cylinder*, and *Conoids*† *and Spheroids*.‡

From a mere catalogue of his works, it is not difficult to understand how, among the ancients, Archimedes came to be considered as the prince of mathematicians, and that, as Gow says, "an *Archimedean problem* became a name for a difficulty insoluble to the ordinary intellect, and an *Archimedean proof* was the type of incontrovertible certainty."§ Of Archimedes and his relative position among scientific discoverers, Ball aptly remarks, "In the old and mediæval world he was unanimously reckoned as the first of mathematicians: and in the modern world there is no one but Newton who can be compared with him. Perhaps the best tribute to his fame is the fact that those writers who have spoken most highly of his work and ability are those who have been themselves the most distinguished men of their own generation."‖

Apollonius of Perga, the third great mathematician of this century, was born about 260 B. C., and died about 200 B. C. He studied for many years in Alexandria under the successors of Euclid, and, according to Ball, he probably lectured there. He is also said to have stayed for some time at Pergamum, in Pamphylia, where there was a university similar to that at Alexandria. While there he made the acquaintance of Eudemus, to whom he dedicated the first three books of his *magnum opus*, the *Conic Sections*. These were sent to Eudemus at intervals, each being accompanied by a prefatory note giving a brief summary of its contents. The following extract from the preface of the second book is interesting, as it shows the way in which Greek books were "published" at this time: "When I was in Pergamum with you [Eudemus], I noticed that you were eager to become acquainted with my *Conics;* so I have sent my son to bring you the second book. Read it carefully and communicate it to such others as are worthy of it. If Philonides, the geometer, whom I introduced to you at Ephesus, comes into the neighborhood of Pergamum, give it to him also"* The brilliancy of this work on *Conic Sections*, for which he is chiefly celebrated, gained for Apollonius the title of "the great geometer." His treatise not only included all that was previously known about the conic sections, but greatly extended and generalized the knowledge of these curves.† It was at once

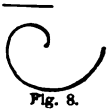

Fig. 8.

* The spiral of Archimedes, Fig. 8, is a plane curve described by a point moving uniformly along a straight line, while the line is revolving about a fixed point.

† A *conoid* is a solid produced by the revolution of a parabola or an hyperbola about its axis.

‡ *Spheroids* are produced by the revolution of an ellipse, and are *oval* or *linear* according as the ellipse revolves about the minor or the major axis.

§ *History of Greek Mathematics*, p. 244.

‖ *A Short Account of the History of Mathematics*, p. 77.

* F. Cajori. *Hist. of Mathematics*, p. 46.

† While Menæchmus considered only sections of right cones by a plane perpendicular to their sides, the three sections being obtained each from a different cone, Apollonius produced all the sections from the same cone, whether *right* or scalene, and by planes which may or may not be perpendicular to its sides. The old names for the three curves were therefore no longer applicable. Instead of calling them sections of the *acute-angled*, *right-angled*, and *obtuse-angled* cone, he called them *ellipse*, *parabola*, and *hyperbola*, respectively. If the plane cut the cone at an angle with the base *less* than that made by an element, or side, the section is an *ellipse*, as DC, Fig. 9; if *greater*, an *hyperbola*, as HL,

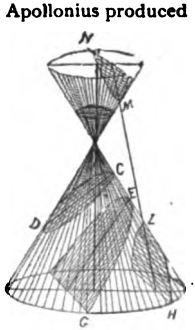

Fig 9.

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adopted as the text-book on the subject, and completely superseded the treatises of Menæchmus and Euclid which had previously been in use. It contains about four hundred propositions and was divided into eight books, the first seven of which are extant. Besides this immense treatise, Pappus ascribes to Appollonius the following other geometrical works: *On Contacts*, *Plane Loci*, *Inclinations*, *Section of an Area*, and *Determinate Section*; there is also a work of his on *Unclassified Incommensurables*, which is mentioned in an Arabic commentary on Euclid's second book, written by Valens, an astronomer of the second century.

The third century before Christ, therefore, is the most brilliant epoch of ancient geometry. With the great mathematicians of that century two questions which have occupied geometers of all periods may be said to have originated. The first of these is the quadrature of curvilinear figures, first found by Archimedes, which gave birth to the infinitesimal calculus; the second is the theory of conic sections, perfected by Apollonius, which was the prelude to the theory of geometrical curves of all degrees.

With the methods used by these great writers it was hardly possible to make any further advance. "To fill up a few details," says Cantor, "in a work that was completed in its essential parts was all that could be effected by those methods."* Geometry had been brought to as high a state of perfection as it perhaps could be without first introducing some more general and more powerful method than that of exhaustion. "A briefer symbolism," as Cajori says,† "a Cartesian geometry, an infinitesimal calculus, were needed." Indeed it was not until after the lapse of nearly eighteen hundred years that the genius of Descartes opened the way to any further progress in geometry.

Wm. J. Kerr.

University of Utah.

Make your dwelling tasteful and attractive, both within and without; the associations of the home of our early days have a strong influence on the future life.

Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and consider any single atom; it is good for nothing; but put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be very insignificant.

Be true to your own kindest convictions. Intimations from our own souls of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give us a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life, or low life, who march as they are drilled to the step of their times.

NM; while if the cutting plane is parallel to a side of the cone, the section is a *parabola*, as GE.

The distinguishing property of an *ellipse* is, that the *sum* of the distances of any point in the curve from two fixed points as FF', Fig. 10, is constant; of a *parabola*, that the distance of any point in the curve from a fixed point F, Fig. 11, is equal to its distance from a fixed right line DN; and of an *hyperbola*, that the *difference* of the distances of any point in either *branch* of the curve from two fixed points, is constant. The fixed points are the foci of the curves.

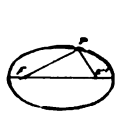

Fig. 10. Ellipse.

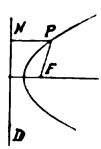

Fig. 11. Parabola.

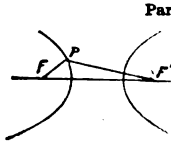

Fig. 12.—Hyperbola.

The heavenly bodies all move in conic sections; the path of each of the planets is an ellipse, of which the sun, as an attractive force, occupies one of the foci.

* See *History of Mathematics*, W. W. R. Ball, p. 77.

† *History of Mathematics*, p. 50.

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VIEWS OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.*

To the Contributor:

EVERY young man should learn a trade, or acquire a knowledge of some business or profession upon which he may rely for employment and means of support. If it is not possible for every young man to obtain a thorough knowledge of some trade, profession or business, it is to be regretted.

The individual who possesses a knowledge of a trade, whether lucrative or otherwise, his natural ability being equal, has an advantage over every other man not possessing such knowledge, to the extent at least of knowing something, and of being able to do something well, which the others do not know and cannot do well.

The comparison between a man having a trade or a profession and one ignorant thereof, is as though one man owned something and the other nothing—one has a means of support, the other has not, the labor of one is in demand more than that of the other, one receives good wages, the other poor wages, and the tradesman, possessing physical and mental abilities equal to those of the common laborer, has equal chances with, if not better than, the non-tradesman in all the departments of common labor for success. As a man of a family the tradesman or artisan has the advantage over his less fortunate brother. As a citizen he stands much higher, possessing, as he does, an element of stability and usefulness in the commonwealth which the common laborer does not.

In times past many Elders sent out into the world to preach the Gospel, without purse or scrip, have found it necessary occasionally to resort to physical labor in order to provide themselves with clothing or money for traveling expenses, or perchance with food; the writer has had occasion, under such conditions, to realize the great advantage possessed by one having a trade over another who did not. Skilled labor always stands upon a higher plane, is more profitable to the laborer and is therefore far more desirable than unskilled or common labor. The man who possesses mechanical, agricultural, artistic or scientific skill wields a power above that of the unskillful which is to be envied by the latter.

All legitimate labor is honorable. No man is degraded by performing needful toil, however simple or menial it may be considered. Even the skillful mechanic, artisan or professor may find it necessary to do the most common kinds of work, and he would be foolish to consider it beneath his dignity to do so, if needful to his welfare, for the reason that he was qualified for better things, or for the reason that some ignorant person might think he was lowering himself by it.

The possession of higher knowledge or skill would only the better qualify a man to do drudgery, if his circumstances should require it, while ignorance can only serve to make the simplest forms of labor toilsome and unprofitable.

For these and many other reasons which might be cited, I say let every young man strive to master some useful trade, art, business or profession, which may be turned to a living in his hands for himself and any who may be dependent upon him for support, that he may become a substantial man, a useful member of society, an intelligent worker in the hive of industry and a reliable citizen.

The class of artisans or professional men that may be the most needed in our western country for the next twenty-five years, may not be so readily determined. We are

* This excellent contribution was handed us too late to accompany the articles of a similar character under the title of "Trade or Profession, Which?" It is, however, too valuable to be omitted from the number.

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still somewhat in the rough, so to speak, in this western world, but there are vast fields for industries lying before us; affording opportunities for a great variety of talents and pursuits.

Our country is not what may be called an agricultural country, there being too many mountains and too few fertile valleys lying between them. Besides it is arid for the most part, and will only yield her strength to the husbandman when, by much toil and expense, our crystal streams are brought into contact with the desert soil. Yet the soil—with the water in contact, forms the basis for supplies without which, even existence would be almost, if not quite impossible in this interior region. Agriculture should therefore, in my opinion, be thoroughly studied, that the nature of the soils, the changes of climate and the seasons as to their adaptability to the production of cereals, fruits and vegetables might be thoroughly understood, and the labors of the husbandman wisely directed and applied.

I believe it may be truthfully said that a reasonably good agricultural country, in the hands of an intelligent and industrious people will always be prosperous, if not abounding with riches, for in it will be found the principal elements of wealth, thrift and substantial progress, and that stability and independence without which no people can be truly blessed or happy. Notwithstanding, therefore, our mountain country falls short of being an agricultural region in the broadest sense of the term, owing to its limited area of tillable lands and scarcity of water, so necessary to remunerative production, still it is fair to say that the solid, sterling and staying characteristics of our people are due very largely to their agricultural pursuits.

A mining country, on the contrary, "is always a poor country." Its people are not permanent and stable in their habits of life, they are more or less transient and unreliable. The fortunate owner of a rich mine, those who own the smelters, and a few men possessing scientific knowledge or skill in reducing the ores, in a mining region may become prosperous and wealthy, but the masses who toil in the mines and at the furnaces will always remain poor and dependent. Not only poor as to worldly goods, but more than likely also intellectually, morally and religiously poor, although this condition would be somewhat relieved in Utah, by the good foundation already laid for prosperous agriculture.

Utah is bound to become very largely a mining country. Almost everywhere her mountains abound with gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, coal, salt, sulphur, and numerous other minerals. These will in time be developed, furnishing opportunities for very much skilled and much more manual labor for the people.

It must not be forgotten, however, that supplementing this vast field for labor in Utah, and lying at the foundation of true prosperity in every direction, are to be found the indispensable supplies furnished by the farmers, fruiterers, gardeners and stockraisers from their soils and from their flocks and herds.

My impression is that farmers, fruit raisers, gardeners and stock growers, not bunglers at the business, but skillful, intelligent men, devoted to these industries, will be found to be among the foremost in importance to the material and permanent welfare of our country for the next two or three decades. Next to these may be classed manufacturers and builders, mechanics, machinists, engineers, surveyors, architects and other artisans; then the mining industries of the country, requiring skill and intelligence in the numerous departments of labor which are opened to mankind in this direction.

All new countries, like ours, with solid foundations for prosperity and perpetuity require, in order to be

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built up, a very large number of skillful workmen besides architects, masons, carpenters, painters, glaziers, etc. Skillful and *honest* plumbers are needed—very much needed at times—also honest electricians, or gas-fitters, decorators and gilders.

Then come the traders or merchants, and the bankers, the students of law and of medicine and of music, mostly non-producers, but adjuncts to society and more or less necessary in their several places, and all depending upon the farmers, the manufacturers and the miners.

I have passed by the occupations of teachers of religion, of literature, of the arts and sciences, which are among the most necessary of occupations, until the last, because these form the character and shape the destiny, religiously, morally, industrially and intellectually, of all communities, reaching to the limits of the commonwealth. If it were not for these *teachers*, we would soon dwindle into barbarism and savagery.

For these occupations should be chosen the very best minds and spirits of the race. Only men and women of the highest order of intelligence and morality should aspire, or be elevated to the important and responsible calling or profession of teachers and instructors of mankind. They establish the ethics and build the character of society. By them may be gauged the standards of intelligence, skill, honesty and virtue in all the pursuits of man.

In the art of teaching, then, there is room for very many of our best and purest minds; and there is always "ample room higher up." No young man can be wholly fitted for a trade, profession or occupation by theoretical or scholastic training alone. He must also have practical education, or actual experience. It may sometimes be found that both teaching and practice will fail to qualify a person fully for a chosen occupation. There must be more or less natural ability, a degree of aptitude, a liking or taste for it, and his physical as well as his mental capacity or condition must be adapted to the occupation chosen in order to become successful therein. These things cannot always, but generally may be foreseen and determined, but when they are not, he who mistakes his calling or profession should try another, and by the light of riper experience he will succeed better the second or third time. No one should get discouraged and give up. A determined and manful struggle will be sure to succeed. Honest, persistent effort will always pay. Let every young man qualify himself, the best he can, for that calling or occupation for which he is mentally and physically the best adapted, which he will accomplish most to his satisfaction by doing *well* whatever he undertakes to do. He will then be prepared to fill an honorable place in society, to do a vast amount of good in his time, and the world will be better for his having lived in it.

Jos. F. Smith.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

"Deep in the earth lies a buried gem,"
I heard the Prophet say,
"A glorious stone in a diadem
Of priceless worth, away!"

One, hearing, turned the earth's soft soil,
And sought the precious stone:
At noon, at night I saw him toil,
But he was not alone.

For others, eager to attain
Such wealth, strove like this one
The wondrous prize to find; but vain
Their labor in the sun.

"O fools!" the Prophet cried at last,
"Why did ye toil so long
To gain this unseen thing, while passed
Ye by a mighty throng

"Of gems that lay *upon* the earth
And not beneath! O ye,
Neglected jewels at your hearth—
Their lustre could not see!"

Charles Hanson Towne.

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SALT LAKE CITY, - APRIL, 1894.

A WARNING.

AN incident occurred in the early days of the mining excitement in the south-western part of this Territory which, though sad, may serve as a warning to others whose circumstances may now be or will hereafter become of a similar character.

Among a number of Saints who were called to settle in a valley near Pioche, were two brethren faithful and true in the Gospel, each of whom had a growing, promising family of small children. The brethren worked hard and earnestly to establish homes, but met with very poor success. After they had been in the country for several years they were given the privilege of either returning to St. George, whence they had been called, or remaining where they then were. At the time of their release very good wages were paid to workmen and all the products of the farm and garden were sold at extremely high figures. There was every prospect for a rapid accumulation of wealth for those who remained in the settlement, which had been established under such great difficulties. One of these brethren, however, was so anxious concerning his growing family and was so fearful of the evils which might result from their association with miners and other transients who visited the settlement, that he decided to move back to St. George and so informed his friend. The latter, however, was so entranced by the prospect of speedy wealth that he decided to remain.

Several years passed and the two friends again met. Their children were mostly grown to man and womanhood. The one who had returned to the settlements of the Saints had the satisfaction of seeing all his children grow up in the faith, even though they had been exposed to very hard work to maintain themselves. The other, though he had accumulated some wealth and was in comparatively easy circumstances financially, was bowed with sorrow under the knowledge that his children had lost the faith, having united themselves with men and women outside the Church, thus finding sorrow themselves, and saddening the hearts of their still faithful parents. On meeting, the brother who had remained near Pioche, exclaimed "O! Brother P——, how I wish I had returned with you to St. George, for then my children were small and could be controlled and would have grown up in the Gospel! Now, however, they are all lost to me." He felt that he would have been much better off without his money and with his family still in the faith, than to have lost them and to have gained the wealth of the world besides.

Are not many of the Latter-day Saints sacrificing their families for the sake of gold? Is not the temptation to become wealthy causing many to forget their covenants both to God and their families? If this is the case, let us be warned by the experience of others, and we will find that in saving ourselves and those whom God has entrusted to our care, we are gaining wealth which will be ours eternally, while the other course will result in our misery here and our condemnation hereafter.

BEWARE OF DELUSIONS.

We are told in the scriptures that in the last days strong delusions shall be sent among the children of men, so that, if possible, even the very elect may be deceived. These delusions are becoming quite common among the Latter-day Saints. Every once in a while we hear of men and

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women in the Territory who claim to be the spirits of some ancient worthies, or to be indeed the Savior come again to the earth. They teach their false doctrines, and, surprising to state, there are even some members of the Church who accept their teachings. The result is that no small number of the people are being led away by these deceptions, and are losing the Spirit of the Lord, which is capable of discerning spirits and detecting the evil influences which are abroad in the earth. Satan uses every possible device by which to deceive the people, and will sometimes mix one falsehood or error with a great amount of truth in order to mislead.

An instance of this kind is related concerning a brother of experience and quite long standing in the Church. He happened to be visiting a house where a planchette was being worked, and being encouraged to do so, placed his hands in a certain position upon it and began to ask questions. He was informed in reply to his inquiries that certain building material which was not expected for the finishing of a public room in the settlement where he resided, had already arrived and that the room in which it was to be used would be completed in time for a contemplated gathering. It did not seem possible for this to be done in the short space of time allotted. He was further told that two certain prominent brethren of the Church would be in attendance at this gathering.

Returning home he found to his astonishment that the building material had arrived, and as the time passed it also became evident that the room would be completed by the appointed day. Finding these answers of the planchette were correct he supposed that the remainder would also prove true, and therefore announced to his friends that the two brethren named would be in attendance at the meeting. When the gathering took place, however, they were not there. Should it have happened that these two brethren had come, no doubt the faith of the Elder would have been strengthened in this device.

It is in this manner that Spiritualism grows on people. They are frequently informed of things which seem improbable but which occur as promised. They are told of secrets which it is supposed they alone know, and thus their faith in such things increases until they reject those things which are not so demonstrative, yet are sure, and the power of which they have known for so many years.

Satan has the power to tell some truths, but he never tells them with a view to benefiting those with whom he communicates. His object is to bring about their destruction, as this is his mission upon the earth. Even though he may announce some truths in his messages, there is also deception close at hand tending to bring about the ruin of the party who partakes of the spirit.

We should accept the admonition of the scriptures to try the various spirits that are around us by the Holy Ghost, which it is the right of every Latter-day Saint to enjoy. Thus if we are careful and continually live so near to the Lord that we can receive answers to our prayers, we will not be overcome by the many delusions of these latter days, nor fall into the snares and pitfalls which are laid for our feet by the adversary of our souls.

ASSOCIATION INTELLIGENCE.

JUAB STAKE.

THE two Y. M. M. I. A. of Nephi are in a flourishing condition this season, the officers and members taking much interest in the work, and showing a great desire for mutual improvement.

The ward meetings are well attended and all the members take their parts when called upon, most

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of them showing considerable improvement since our commencement last September.

The monthly conjoint meetings have been very successful, being well attended by the people, nearly everybody looking forward with pleasure to these gatherings.

On February 27th we had a very interesting and instructive lecture from Brother J. M. Tanner, who is traveling in the interest of the Y. M. M. I. A. The audience was a large one and all felt well repaid for coming.

Sunday, March 4th, was our semi-annual Stake conference. We had with us our beloved Assistant Superintendent Joseph F. Smith, The occasion was a grand one, in spite of the inclement weather (one of our worst days this winter) the Tabernacle was crowded and everyone seemed to partake of the good spirit prevailing.

After the usual preliminary exercises, including some very excellent singing by the Tabernacle choir, the general, stake and ward officers were presented and unanimously sustained by the meeting.

President Joseph F. Smith was in one of his happiest veins, and gave good counsel and advice in such an impressive manner that it will be long remembered by all present.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 15.

EXERCISE OF AUTHORITY.

Subdivisions:—Proper exercise of authority consists in acting officially according to the great law that provides for the tempering of justice and mercy.—Proper exercise of authority is either creative, directive, protective or corrective.—Authority is strengthened and increased in effect by use or proper exercise.—Abuse by neglect or unrighteous exercise of authority leads to its loss.—Domestic despotism is as despicable as public tyranny. Chief reference Doc. and Cov. Sec. 121, verses 34–46.

NOTE—Consider each subdivision carefully and with thorough thought. Apply the last to your own deductions made from observation. Bring arguments. Seek from reason, history and revelation, for evidence to substantiate each point.

Self-review:—1. What is authority? 2. What relation between justice and mercy should always be sustained in the exercise of authority? 3. Give illustrations of authority being (*a*) creative; (*b*) directive; (*c*) protective; (*d*) corrective.—Apply this passage to authority, "He that is faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many."—What is the result of an attempt to exercise unrighteous dominion with the Priesthood?

LECTURE 16.

COMPREHENSIVENESS OF THE GOSPEL.

Subdivisions:—Comprehensive in its definition of the power of God unto salvation to all that believe and obey it.—In its provision for the protection, education, salvation, and ultimate exaltation of all that obey its conditions or requirements, both the living and the dead.—For the the present or temporal as well as the eternal welfare, progress, happiness and increase of all who receive and apply its principles.—Comprehends the principles pertaining to our entire being, work and life.—The way, the unalterable law by which all must enter to obtain eternal life or increase.—Simple, practical, progressive, adapted to the child and yet scientific, profound and eternity-reaching in all its applications and

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relations. Ref. Articles of Faith. Key to the Science of Theology. CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. X, p. 202, 203.

Self-review:—1. Analyze the first Article of Faith. 2. Examine carefully the third Article of Faith. 3. Show that the Gospel comprehends the whole life of man. 4. Analyze the ninth Article of Faith. 5. Show that the Gospel is practical as well as theoretical.

LECTURE 17.

DEFINITENESS OF THE GOSPEL.

Subdivisions:—The only means of salvation, exaltation and eternal increase.—Express and purposeful in its design.—Fixed and unchangeable in its principles and ordinances.—Definite and unmistakable in its conditions and requirements.—Sacred and earnest in its administration.—Unfailing in its results.—Related and harmonious in all its provisions.—Always and only legitimately and efficaciously administered by the Holy Priesthood with which it is inseparably connected.

Ref., Articles of Faith; Compendium; Bible; Book of Mormon; Doc. and Cov.; Pearl of Great Price; Orson Pratt's Works; Key to Theology; CONTRIBUTOR.

Self-review:—1. Give references showing there is no other means of salvation than the Gospel of Jesus Christ. 2. Give a reference showing that the Gospel is a perfect system of life. 3. Prove the unchangeableness of the Gospel. 4. Show that the requirements are plain and unmistakable. 5. Prove the harmony of the Gospel provisions. 6. Show by what authority the Gospel is preached and its ordinances administered.

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation Continued.*)

LECTURE 15.

THE ASSYRIAN CAPTIVITY.

Subdivisions:—Cause, (*a*) persistent transgression of the laws of God; (*b*) attempted alliance of Israel.—Nature, (*a*) the three years' siege by Shalmaneser, king of Assyria; (*b*) banishment of the Israelites to Media and Persia; (*c*) the repopulating of the land by transplanting the Cutheans.—Result, (*a*) burdensome taxation of the Jews; (*b*) the Ten Tribes lost to history.

Time, 721 B. C. Ref. II Kings, xvii; Josephus, Bk. IX, ch. xiv.

Self-review:—1. What was the cause of the Assyrian captivity? 2. Who was the king of Assyria at this time? 3. What was the probable length of the siege of Samaria? 4. What people occupied the country of the Israelites after the siege? 5. What length of time elapsed from the time the children of Israel entered Judea to the time the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity?

LECTURE 16.

DELIVERANCE OF THE TWO TRIBES, JUDAH AND BENJAMIN, FROM THE ASSYRIAN HOSTS.

Subdivisions:—The enormous indemntity of over a million dollars for the purchase of peace.—The broken pledge of King Sennacherib.—The arrogance of the Assyrian commanders.—Hezekiah's appeal to the Lord; (*a*) by prayer; (*b*) through the Prophet Isaiah.—The sure promise of deliverance.—The death stricken host of one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrian besiegers. Time, 700 B. C. Ref. II Kings, chs. xviii–xix; Josephus, Bk. X, ch. i.

Self-review:—1. What cause is given in the Bible for the Assyrian captivity? 2. How did Sennacherib break his pledge? 3. By what two methods did Hezekiah appeal to the Lord? 4. Through whom came the sure promise of deliverance? 5. What is the relation between the arrogant manners of the Assyrian officers and the destruction of their hosts?

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LECTURE 17.

THE BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY.

Subdivisions: — The Babylonian embassy; (*a*) the royal entertainment by King Hezekiah; (*b*) spoliation of Jerusalem foretold by Isaiah. —The siege of Jerusalem by the armies of Nebuchadnezzar. — The burning of the temple and the general pillaging.—The Jews made captive and carried into Babylon. Time, about 590 B. C. Ref. II Kings xix–xxv; Josephus, book x, chapters i–x.

Self-review:—1. What was Hezekiah's object in showing the Babylonian king the treasures of his palace. 2. How long was Jerusalem besieged by the Babylonians? 3. In fullfillment of what prophecy of Isaiah were the Jews carried captive into Babylon? 4. What two prophets prophesied during the siege of Jerusalem? 5. What time did the Babylonian captivity begin and how long did it continue?

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 16.

SUPPRESSION OF ANARCHY AND DEFEAT OF THE LAMANITE INVADERS.

Subdivisions:—1. Vacancy in the judgeship caused by the death of Governor Pahoran.—The three political parties (*a*) the People's party; (*b*) the conservatives; (*c*) the anarchists. —The trial and sentence of the chief anarchist Paanchi.—Assassination of Governor Pahoran by Kishkumen the leaguer.—Election of Governor Pacumeni, fifth judge.—Zarahemla the capital taken by the Lamanites.—Murder of Governor Pacumeni.—Unconditional surrender of the Lamanite forces to General Moronihah.—Vacancy of the judgeship filled by the election of Helaman the younger, sixth judge.—Origin of the Gadianton Robbers. Time 51 B. C. Reference: Helaman i, ii, Nephite chronology by George Reynolds, CONTRIBUTOR Vol II, page 139, 140.

Self-review:—1. In what respect was the education of Governor Pahoran's sons defective? 2. Name and describe the three political parties that existed among the Nephites at this time. 4. On what ground was Paanchi condemned to death? 5. What was the origin of the Gadianton Robbers?

LECTURE 17.

THE TWELVE YEARS OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

Subdivisons:—Colonies in North America; (*a*) discovery of the great lakes; (*b*) timberless state of the land; (*c*) evidences of pre-occupancy; (*d*) cement buildings; (*e*) timber culture; (*f*) rapid resettling of the North country; (*g*) extensive department records.—Affairs in Zarahemla; (*a*) Governor Helaman's equitable administration; (*b*) astonishing increase of the church; (*c*) excessive financial increase; (*d*) death of Governor Helaman.

Time, 50 to 58 B. C. Ref. Helaman iii, iv.

Self-review:—1. What great lakes are here referred to? 2. What was the condition of North America when colonized by the Nephites? 3. What evidences of the pre-occupancy of North America did the Nephites find? 4. What steps were taken to re-timber the land? 5. When is financial increase excessive?

LECTURE 18.

THE SONS OF HELAMAN.

Subdivisions:—Nephi's retirement from the judgeship to preach the gospel.—Their father's last charge unto them.—Their home missionary work; (*a*) their authority and power; (*b*) their imprisonment; (*c*) their deliverance; (*d*) miraculous manifestations; (*e*) conversion of the Lamanites; (*f*) establishment of peace and prosperity.—The prophecy of Nephi.

Time, 31–25 B. C. Ref. Helaman, v to xiii.

Self-review:—1. How can you

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account for Nephi's preferring the labors of a missionary to the honors and emoluments of the chief judgeship in a great republic? 2. What were the leading features of Helaman's last charge to his sons? 3. What authority and power were given to the sons of Helaman? 4. How were the sons of Helaman delivered from prison? 5. Give the main points of Nephi's prophecy?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(Dispensation of the Meridian of Times, continued.)

LECTURE 15.

MIRACLES OF OUR SAVIOR.

COURSE I.

Group I.—Natural provisions.

Subdivisions:—1. Providing wine; (*a*) place, Cana; (*b*) ref. John ii. 2. Draft of fishes; (*a*) place, Bethsaida; (*b*) ref., Luke v. 3. Draft of fishes number two; (*a*) place, Bethsaida; (*b*) ref., John xxi. 4. Feeding the four thousand; (*a*) place, Gennessaret; (*b*) ref., Matt. xv, Mark viii. 5. Feeding the five thousand; (*a*) place, Bethsaida; (*b*) ref., Matt. xiv, Mark vi, Luke ix, John vi. 6. Providing tribute-money; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matt. xvii.

Self-review:—1. Relate the first miracle above. 2. Give the substance of miracles two and three of the lesson. 3. Relate miracles four and five of the lecture. 4. How was money obtained for the required tribute? 5. What is a miracle?

LECTURE 16.

MIRACLES (CONTINUED).

Group II—Healings.

Subdivisions:—1. The infirm woman; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Luke xiii. 2. The case of dropsy; (*a*) place, Jerusalem, (*b*) ref. Luke xiv. 3. The case of fever; (*a*) place, Cana; (*b*) ref., John iv. 4. The infirm man; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., John v. 5. The case of paralysis; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matthew viii; Luke vii. 6. Case of the ulcer; (*a*) place, Gennessaret; (*b*) ref., Matthew ix; Mark v; Luke viii. 7. Case of paralysis (2); (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matthew ix; Mark ii; Luke viii. 8. Fever case (2); (*a*) place, Bethsaida. (*b*) ref., Matthew viii; Mark i; Luke iv. 9. The withered hand; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matthew xii; Mark iii; Luke vi. 10. The ear of Malchus; (*a*) place, Gethsemane; (*b*) ref., Luke xxii. 11. The ten lepers; (*a*) place, Samaria; (*b*) ref., Luke xvii. 13. The lame leper; (*a*) place, Gennessaret; (*b*) ref., Matthew viii; Mark i; Luke v.

Self-review:—1. Give the substance of the first two miracles mentioned in the lecture. 2. How does the third miracle of this lecture differ from the first and second? 3. What special objection was raised by the enemies of Jesus in miracles one, two and four of this lecture? 4. Relate the circumstances of miracle five of this lecture. 5. What classes of people were represented among those healed as mentioned in this lecture?

LECTURE 17.

MIRACLES (CONTINUED).

Group III—The Senses. Giving Sight, Speech and Hearing.

Subdivisions:—1. The two blind men; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matt. ix.—2. The man born blind; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., John ix. 3. The blind man; (*a*) place, Bethsaida; (*b*) ref., Mark viii. 4. The deaf-mute; (*a*) place, Decapolis; (*b*) ref., Mark viii. 5. Blind Bartimæus; (*a*) place, Jericho; (*b*) ref., Matt. xx; Mark x; Luke xviii.

Self-review:—1. Relate the second miracle of this lecture. 2. Describe the case of giving sight in miracle three, this lecture. 3. Show that the Savior did not perform these miracles to get honor of men. 4. Narrate miracle five of this lecture. 5. Relate a case of healing in your own experience by the direct power of the Priesthood.

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AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 3.

COLONIZATION OF NEW YORK.

Time, 1614.

Subdivisions:—1. Holland sent Hudson, an Englishman, with a Dutch crew to seek a passage to India via the Atlantic in 1809. 2. Hudson navigated the river which bears his name. 3. The republic of Holland opened a trade with the Indians and took possession of the country under the name of New Netherlands. 4. New Amsterdam, now New York, founded on Manhattan Island, which was purchased of the Indians. 5. Holland offered special* inducements to colonists. 6. England and France became jealous of Holland. 7. England took possession of the country and changed the names of Fort Orange to Albany and of New Amsterdam to New York.

Ref., History of United States.

Self-review:—1. What form of government was Holland at the time of colonizing New York? 2. How came the Dutch to settle New York? 3. What was the Dutch policy with the Indians? 4. Why did England and France both object to the Dutch settling New York? 5. Why were the names of places so peremptorily changed?

"Every man who honestly gives—not with a fling, but with a sympathy, not with a grudge, but with a gladness; not because he must, but because he loves to, not as a get-off, but as a true giving—tests the veracity of the Christ-word, tastes the beautitude."

To know rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, than in effecting entry for a light supposed to be without.

There are two modes of establishing our reputation: to be praised by honest men and to be abused by rogues. It is best, however, to secure the former, because it will invaribly be accompanied by the latter.

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* THE PATROONS.—As Holland was anxious to establish a sufficient population in the province to hold it against all intruders, it granted a charter intended to favor emigration. That charter gave to any member of the Dutch West India Company, who should take or send out fifty settlers within four years, the right to a large amount of land on any navigable river or bay in New Netherland. Such a proprietor was to receive the honorary title of "Patroon." If he located his estate on one bank only of a river, he was to have sixteen miles of water front; if on both banks, he was to have eight miles on each. Inland, he might extend his settlement as far as he could occupy the soil to advantage. In all cases he was to purchase the land from the Indians.

The patroon who began a settlement agreed to do three things: 1. To pay the expenses of the emigrant's passage from Holland. 2. To stock a farm for him on his estate with horses, cattle, and all necessary agricultural implements, at a small rent and free from taxes. To provide a schoolmaster and a minister of the Gospel. In return, the emigrant bound himself in many ways, of which the three following were the principal ones: He agreed, 1. To cultivate the patroon's land for ten years, and not to leave it without permission. 2. To give the patroon the first opportunity to buy any grain or other produce he might have to sell. 3. To bring all disputes about property and rights to the patroon's court, of which the patroon himself was judge.

A patroon named Van Rensselaer took an estate in the vicinity of Albany, of 700,000 acres. It occupied both banks of the Hudson, extending twenty-four miles along the river, and reaching thrice that distance back. Additions were made to the territory, so that eventually it embraced the three present counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia. The total area of that vast domain was considerably greater than that of the State of Rhode Island. Such a proprietor was richer than many a German prince. He was at once owner, ruler and judge. He not only had a population of white settlers, who were his servants and laborers, but he had moreover the promise from the Duch West India Company of as many negro slaves as they could "conveniently provide" him. There was no one to contradict the patroon's will. He was clothed with authority which even Governor Minuet might envy; for he was actually monarch of all he surveyed.

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THE FATHER AND SON. ART GLASS WINDOW IN SALT LAKE TEMPLE, DONATED BY BISHOP JOHN R. WINDER.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. MAY, 1894. No. 7.

THE LESSONS OF A WINDOW.

PRELUDE.

IT is now a year since the long-to-be remembered dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, and since the Hosanna's of the Priesthood and people were heard no more within those sacred stately walls, now and again the same intensity of emotion and spirit reasserts itself as occasion provides for it, without interest or expectation.

One of these memorable occasions was when the choir returned from the World's Fair, having achieved a reputation which inspiration only could have secured; in the concert of welcome, Brother Easton repeated in the tabernacle, that highly inspired lyric of "O my Father, thou that dwellest," and as he did so it seemed as if the gates of the celestial city were more than set ajar, and the influx of the Divine spirit reproduced the warm and strange sensation of proximity, only up to then felt in the services of the dedication.

Another instance occurred lately when the same choir rendered the stirring and appropriate anthem of "Hosanna," followed by "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," with all the dignity, fire and force of its original presentation in the Temple, surely if the eyes had been closed to exclude surroundings it would have been easy to believe that there was intimate communion with the Holy of Holies; and that Jacob's dream was ours, where when he rested the heavens were opened, and he saw the ministering angels ascending and descending in missionary work.

But many a warm thought has come and gone since then besides; particularly when we have been privileged to saunter for a few moments within that edifice where so much is to be seen, felt and understood; its varied rooms, its marvelous work, its wealth of beauty, harmony and suggestion, its peaceful spirit, and its very atmosphere; as a whole and then in detail, as a provoker of thought, of resolve, of effort, of education, and progress, nothing on this round earth is so pregnant with influence and power as is this marvelous House of God and its associate and sister houses, now built and used by the Latter-day Saints. Almost before the echoes of the dedication had died away, that divine order of personal and vicarious ordinance work for the living and the dead began, which has continued without interruption save for General Conference services; many a thought has been given to the amazing magnitude of this glorious work, which even figures fail to show, yet from the day of initiation (May 23, 1893, to March 1st, 1894), baptisms for the dead have numbered thirty thousand five hundred; ordination to the Priesthood for the dead, seven thousand; endowments for the dead, have been over eighteen thousand; sealings of husbands to wives near five thousand, and sealings of children to parents about twelve hundred; fig-

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ures which can be supplemented by an average for the present month, to say nothing of the vast amount of individual work—work for the living, which is no doubt immense; the whole requiring a large clerical force for that record, which is imperative and continuous.

The growing love for and active interest in this labor of love among the Saints, is phenomenal, and none probably are so favored as to grasp this Temple work or the Temple itself, as a sublime and marvelous whole; the ordinary mind must come to analysis—to detail, and even then some apparently insignificant thing arrests the attention, enlists the soul, stirs the heart, draws out the affections, and so from step to step, from one thing to another, there grows a certain familiarity, connections multiply themselves until the thinker reverts to the beginning—to first principles as it were, until all others become orderly, consecutive, systematic and understood. Proceeding from this standpoint is any excuse in order, or need it be wondered that we take a text and frame a discourse based on

THE LESSONS OF A WINDOW?

There are incidents in general history, and incidents of personal experience, which are difficult to express in words, and still more difficult to represent by any art process known to man; drawing, painting, sculpture, bas relief and photography have been used in turn; but the highest human effort at reproduction which comes with the latter, is never on time at the supreme moment of any event, or if it is, there is always evidence of preparation, effects are set and mechanical, the essential *motif* escapes, and so, however correct the artist may become in detail, the magnetic seal, and his ideal are equally at fault in reproduction.

This is the poverty of art in the midst of all its richness, much is and has to be left to the imagination and though there are on canvas, productions of the grand masters which are priceless as to value, nevertheless the most truthful and startling fall immeasurably short; famous national pictures, famed historical pictures, grand imaginative pictures, are all clouded with human inability, there are restrictions as to scope, and depth, detail, color and character, all of which essentially call for the play of fancy and ideality, whether the reproduction be in steel engraving, photo-gravure, chromo or photo proper.

And yet pictorial representation is advancing and every day brings it more prominently into use; illustrated papers, magazines and books are "the order of the day," and from the time of childhood when we enjoyed turning over the pictured pages of the old family Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, to this day when the same books are glorified with finer work, or filled with the rugged boldness and abandon of "Dore," or other masters, each have a fascination peculiarly their own.

Mormon history was partly imbedded in our youthful fancy, through two large lithographs, and they had a strange and peculiar influence at the time. These are rarely seen now, but "The flight from Nauvoo," and the "Prophet's body beside the well at Carthage jail," had a fascination more potent than many words. Philo Dibble, Brothers Stevenson, Christensen, and Smith of panoramic note, have each essayed in turn, this way to reach the public heart.

But greater than all, and vastly more costly and artistic are the later efforts at pictorial representations as found in our stately temples; Logan for instance, where the gifted Armitage sanctified his pencil and brush in the delineation of sacred theories. His majestic figure of Moses, his grandly idealized conception of Jesus, and that great composite, where the latter personage manifests Himself to

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the ancient Nephites will surely always be remembered by visitors to that sacred and restful house.

It is in the Salt Lake Temple, however, where the object lessons born of art are the most numerous and striking. It was a happy thought to reproduce on a generous scale by an artist's hand, the two great historic landscapes of "Adam-ondi-ahman" and "The Hill Cumorah," identified as they are with objective circumstances and events in the marvelous history of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the founding of the great latter-day work.

But it was an inspiration which wrought out in art glass—the first in the Territory—that one event of this dispensation which language fails to grasp. Certainly of the vast thousands who traversed at the dedication that magnificent room (the representation of the highest) not an eye gazed there unmoistened or unmoved, and even of the boys and girls by hundreds whose attention was called by the writer, none failed to give that homage of silence which is more expressive than words.

And the representation is wonderful, it is absolutely void of conventionalism, and unlike any other attempted manifestation of the Divine, so far as the writer's rather extended observation goes; the theme was a very difficult one to begin with, difficult to suggest and difficult to execute, and its exquisite handling and completion was surely only possible on the principle referred to in the case of Bezaleel when the Ark was constructed for Israel as they wandered in the desert. (See Ex., xxxi.)

Was it not an inspiration also which moved the donor of this speaking window (Bishop John R. Winder) to thus create by his munificent liberality such an "object lesson" for the culture of modern Israel, and the bringing home of a mighty truth to their generations for ages yet to come?

Our illustration is from a photograph taken expressly for publication, and our readers are urged to give it serious study; it represents an event which on the historic calendar of the earth has not been equalled since the grand dignitaries assembled in *propria persona*, on that eventful day, when the garden of Eden having been prepared for the reception of its keeper, it was said by the allwise and exalted Spokesman, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," and it was done.

Controversialists and sceptics may rail against the truth of this manifestation, may deem it unlikely that such an august Being should condescend to thus veil His glory, or to so prepare the faculties of the boy just over fourteen years of age, as to give this, in his mentality, the stability of an actual fact; to be sure, something similar (and yet different) had occurred by the river Jordan, in the meridian of time, when as "the Anointed One," who had presented himself to John for baptism, came up out of the water a voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" but the thinker sees nothing incongruous in that or this, particularly if it was fitting that Deity should stoop to inaugurate man's introduction on the earth, does it not seem equally so that when, in His beneficence, the "dispensation of the fullness of times" was to be ushered in, that Deity again should manifest himself; should prepare his messenger, and reveal anew the fact that "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into his hand?"

It is also worthy of remark that no further manifestation of these illustrious personages was vouchsafed, jointly or individually to the Prophet, but all subsequent messengers appeared as by the commandment and authority of the Lord Jesus Christ. The simplicity of the narrative which includes this visitation as given by the Prophet himself in maturer years is

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sufficient to disarm all criticism, just as the attempts to portray so eventful, suggestive and far-reaching an occurrence, should also silence all but words of approval. Surely none can think of that beautiful spring morning, the aspirations of that lad, or the astounding results without emotion; surely none can look upon the pictured representation without doing homage to the benign yet dignified and majestic appearance of the "Father of Lights," and to the retiring subservient modesty of "His only Begotten." Surely none can look upon the rapt expression on the Prophet's face, its transcendent yet satisfied surprise without an inward testimony of its truth! Does it not seem to suggest that expectancy had over-reached itself, until the natural man was giving way? Is it not evident that the whole being of the simple lad was so overpowered that it would have been difficult for him to tell "whether he was in or out of the body;" whether through the budding trees where he had first beheld the descent of that pillared light, (which, preceded, then surrounded "The Glorified Ones," until they stood near him, yet a little above the earth) he had not been wafted to the corridors of the celestial city, he only artlessly says, that "when he came to himself, he was lying on his back gazing into the heavens!" The woods, the verdure, the face of the coming Prophet, even his open hand partakes of that radiant illumination —which strange to earth—makes as it were a shadow of the morning sun, and the more the eye lingers the greater becomes the fascination, until absorbed, the curtain of the past rolls up, and you feel yourself in sympathy with and in proximity to, the scenery and circumstance of over seventy years ago!

Here was the initial point of history as to this great dispensation; there was planted that seedcorn in Divine purpose on earthly soil which has exhibited itself in a teeming harvest, part of which consisted of that continuous procession of living souls who for so many days during the dedication, moved through and listened to the inspirational teaching given in that sacred edifice, till there was numbered of professing and participating Israel over seventy thousand persons!

Yes! Art hath indeed its mission, and there is no field so suggestive of magnificent promise as is the prolific history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; in that will be yet found inspiration for the painter and the sculptor, for the poet and the dramatist, for the orator and the historian; from canvas and marble, from the platform and the stage, by music and eloquence, men of mighty mentality and great spiritual power will yet electrify humanity into a more complete understanding and better appreciation of those special features which embody the past, present and future of all believers and participators in the same!

It was graphically said, that there are those who "find sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything;" so we presume to take lessons from this window, a lesson of beauty, a lesson of faith, a lesson as to the value of prayer, and countless lessons which grow from these, in connection with the Gospel. There is a grand lesson also, not with it simply as a picture or as being inside the four great walls of a mighty building. These walls are the outer protection of "the inner sanctuary"—it is "the house of God." A temple for religious ordinance and blessing; created, sanctified, glorified by the labor and sacrifice of a devoted people; its harmonies and appointments are suggestive, emblematical and divine; its graded rooms the Alpha and Omega of human existence; its ceremonial brings man *en rapport* with the Godhead; there are gradual developments and links revealed; there is promise and Priesthood, there is order and

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beauty and grandeur, suggestion and significance all through; and though for the time being, for satisfactory reasons, part of the appropriate grandeur is veiled, and as yet unused, doubtless a time will come when that graduated splendor which culminates as principle ever indicates, will be as fully utilized as it is now understood in theory and proclaimed in words! The lesson of life and being will then be more surely rounded and complete; ornamentation, decoration, furnishing will assume more of the air of reality, and those who enter therein will more warmly and feelingly exclaim, "Surely this is none other than the house of God," and the duplicate of heaven!

H. W. Naisbitt.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER X.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

Cowper.

KING LOUIS XVI. had been on the throne of France nearly fifteen years. He had tried to do his duty by the people. Devoid of the vices of Louis XV., and perfectly honest in his intentions, he had soon won the love of his people. They had great hope for him, and for a time this confidence had exercised a beneficial influence. Patriotism became marked, and the business stagnation was somewhat relieved.

The king possessed a mind strangely made up of weakness and obstinacy. At this critical period of France's history, a king was required of stable character and magnetic personality; a man who could stand firm while seeming to yield. Louis XVI. was not possessed of strength of character, and, unfortunately for him, he yielded while seeming to stand firm. He clung with blind tenacity to the royal prerogatives, while in response to the pressing demands of the common people, he was willing, but did not seem able, to abolish the privileges of the nobility.

In these matters, however, he had no great independence, but seemed to bow in submission to his queen, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, a princess of the house of Austria. Being of foreign birth, she neither understood the temper nor appreciated the prejudices of the French. She was of frivolous disposition, and restive under restraint—as obstinate and pettish as a child. She laughed in her flippant way at customs and matters which the French people had always regarded as sacred, and her extravagance was a matter of indignant remark throughout France. Her light-heartedness was regarded as offensive boldness, her child-like coquetry, vice and immorality.

Her influence over the king was as unfortunate as it was absolute. Ministers and advisers must be dismissed and others engaged, not through competency or incompetency, but on account of her whim. She urged her husband to resist all encroachments upon the rights of the nobility and the prerogatives of the king, and viewed the common people with contempt and loathing.

The ministers employed by the king to assist him in ruling the people, had attempted in vain to stem the tide of national bankruptcy, and since success in this effort could be attained only by the partial or entire abolition of the old feudal privileges, those ministers who seemed willing to go to such a length were removed by the king upon the demand of the nobility. Others had shown themselves entirely incompetent for the

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work, and the result was that Louis found himself without funds and without the support of his subjects. In his extremity there was but one course open to him, the calling of the States General. Accordingly, August 8th, 1788, he issued a formal call for the elections to be held, preparatory to the assembly of the legislative body in the following spring.

This proclamation was received with rejoicing in all parts of France, and from many of the large cities and populous districts, representatives were sent to Versailles to demand of the king an increased representation in the coming assembly. Vivian Duruy was the delegate from La Brede.

Waiting until the delegates from other parts of France had gathered at Paris, Vivian did not reach that city until the early part of December, 1788. Everything was new and strange to him: the narrow streets, winding in tortuous mazes and lined with high, overhanging, quaint buildings; the contrast between the hovels of the poor and the residences of the wealthy; the splendor and magnificence of the public buildings; but above all these, the character of the people he met upon the streets. They seemed the incarnation of want and despair. He had seen misery in his own little village, but he was not prepared to think it so widespread as the appearance of the people assembled in Paris indicated. They were gaunt, half-famished, and apparently entire strangers to cleanliness; and as for Godliness, its next-door neighbor, what starving man ever did possess much of that?

Our spirits are so closely related to the houses they inhabit, that with the weakening of their tenement through want, they appear (but it is only an appearance) to shrivel and wither away, and lose their pristine piety. The most righteous man, seeing himself and his family starving through no fault of his, may forget his obligations to God and to man, and consider himself an enemy to both.

So it seemed with the people whom Vivian met in the streets of Paris. They surged restlessly and discontentedly in all directions, being led by hope of succor and by external excitement. They thundered at the gates of the rich, and the constant cry of "Bread! bread!" assailed the ears of the noblemen. Their pitiable plight was due, in addition to the causes already enumerated, to a heavy hail storm which had swept over the country in the July previous, destroying the crops of a large portion of France.

Vivian proceeded to the place appointed for his stay. There he thought of the sights he had witnessed, until his heart was sick, and he felt that upon the thoughtful and conservative rested the responsibility of bringing about a reform of these discouraging conditions. He had heard of discontent, demands, protests—all the different means whereby the equality of all classes was to be brought about, but he had not been prepared for brawls and riots which he felt sure were coming now. Pamphlet after pamphlet had been issued and directed to the king, with the demand for equal representation, but Vivian did not think that these demands were to be enforced by anarchy and murder.

As Vivian lay on his bed one night, thinking of these things, he was startled by a strange confusion. Hastily arising and dressing himself he went into the street. The flickering light of a hundred torches illumined the scene, revealing a sea of eager, threatening faces. Gaunt and haggard, showing unmistakable signs of long and continuous fasting, verging on starvation, they needed not their expression of anger and malicious hatred to give them an appearance of fiendishness.

The crowd surged along the street, all bent upon reaching a common point. As they slowly filed between

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the overhanging houses an angry cry arose of "Bread! bread! The king has thrown to his dogs the food we have provided, while we are starving. Bread! Bread!"

"Death to the nobles!" they cried again, and the shout extended into a roar which swelled and sank at intervals, while the torches were tossed about in wild disregard of the safety of the slight, wooden houses.

Almost mechanically Vivian placed himself in the front rank of the mob, though at heart he did not sympathize with their tumultuous demonstrations. They passed through a squalid portion of the city, a section occupied by people nearly as poverty-stricken and miserable as themselves, and the number of the mob constantly increased. These poor dwellings they did not molest, for instinctively they thought them emblematical of the rights of the poor. Soon, however, they reached the aristocratic portion, where magnificent houses reared their marble fronts, with lights and sounds of mirth and feasting. Here the demonstrations of the mob became more violent, and the shout, "Death to the nobles!" was more emphatic and vindictive. Alarmed at the unwonted and terrible noise, the inmates of these houses watched, most of them in mute astonishment and terror, the famished crowd.

While extreme fear was inspired in the hearts of nearly all the nobility thus rudely disturbed in their various enjoyments, a crowd of young debauchees, with their female companions, heated with wine, called at the frenzied mob in ribald tones, "The *sans culottes!* the *sans culottes!* You would be the rulers of France! You are fit only to scare the crows of famine from the fields where our corn grows. Go back to your dens, and there live the lives to which you were born. The *sans culottes* have no *right* in Paris, the city of the nobility!"

To these insulting taunts the rabble replied with indignant shouts of "Down with the nobles! To death with them!" They charged upon the houses in the immediate vicinity, and the inmates, who had stepped to the doors to see the mob, hastily retreated and barred the entrances. Vivian fully realized the danger which must necessarily result from such an attack, but he was so fired with the zeal inspired by his own wrongs, and the passion and excitement of the moment, that he joined in the onward rush, leading a body of his companions to the house from whence the chief insults had come. There was no chance for the people to escape. They ran into the house but were immediately overtaken by the frenzied crowd. The men resisted fiercely, but vainly. With one exception, the women seemed hardened, and indifferent to their fate. She, apparently less brutalized by life in the house of infamy, fell upon her knees and implored the mercy of the senseless mob. Already the work of death had been performed upon the others, and she seemed about to fall a victim, in spite of her pleadings, when Vivian interposed for her.

"She asks for mercy," he cried. "Let her live to repent of her sins!"

"Let her die to atone for them!" was the answer.

Vivian was determined that no violence should be done to one whom there was a chance to save from degradation. As one assailant approached the girl, he was promptly felled to the floor. Another and another followed, and the rest hesitated for a moment. Vivian took advantage of the pause by seizing the girl and darting through a dark passage. Though eagerly pursued, he managed to evade the ruffians, and they soon deserted the house in quest of other victims.

"A thousand thanks, my preserver!" murmured the grateful girl.

Without a word of reply, Vivian turned away and walked into the street. "Heaven!" moaned the girl

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in agony. "Must I ever be loathed and treated with contempt? Is one misstep forever fatal?" In her grief she threw herself upon the floor, and sobbed.

When her grief was assuaged she became conscious of a small object lying beneath her hand. She picked it up and found it to be a small visiting card. A glaring light shone through the window facing the street, and enabled her to see the inscription

VIVIAN DURUY,
137 Rue Revere.

She pressed the card to her lips and hid it in the folds of her dress. She stepped to the door. Banks and pinnacles and walls of flame shot up from the buildings on the opposite side of the street. The maddened mob had accomplished one of its objects. Scores of wretches imprisoned in the burning buildings, shrieked for the assistance which was not to be given them. The cries of these and the crash of the falling buildings, added to the roaring and the crackling of the flames, struck terror to her heart. She ran into the street and traversed the crowd which had gathered to view the conflagration. Anxiously she pressed upon her way, peering into the faces of the people.

At length she saw Vivian and recognized him. She paused in her hurried walk, keeping just out of his sight, though his every motion was visible to her. He was mingling with the anarchists, who were calling down curses upon their hapless victims. "The *dupes* and peers fall before the power of the people," was the taunting cry. "Their ruin is the salvation of France," was its echo.

Vivian walked through the streets of Paris all that night. Wherever he turned, he saw the houses of the wealthy in flames, and heard the anarchistic cries of the marauders, "There is no law to govern us, the sovereigns of France. The triumph of the usurpers is past."

He felt heartsick at the thought of anarchy. He feared that the unreasoning passions of the populace would overturn the plans and destroy the hopes of those who wished not only to be their own masters, but to rule France according to law.

As he passed toward his lodgings he was followed, always at a safe distance, by the girl he had saved from death, now forgotten by him. She watched him as he turned from street to street until he entered the Rue Revere, and passed into his lodgings.

"It is Vivian Duruy," she murmured, "Vivian Duruy!" She repeated the name several times in a reverential tone, and then found her own place of rest upon the curb stone.

Vivian had seen enough of Paris. He had already presented several petitions to the king, and the one he had intended submitting was rendered unnecessary by the more persuasive riots of that night. He therefore determined to return immediately to his home. Two hours after the sun arose, he packed his few belongings and descended the stairs. As he reached the street, he saw a girl, shivering with cold and looking at him with breathless eagerness. As he approached her, she caught his hand. He drew it from her and threw her a piece of silver.

"It is not money I want, Monsieur," she said in a pleading tone. "I am she whom you saved from death last night. I have come to thank you."

"No thanks are due me for so slight a service," he replied. Then observing that she misconstrued his meaning, he asked, "What is your name, girl?"

"Marie Latour," she answered. "Can I render you assistance? Believe me, I wish to repay you for your goodness. I know the city: if you are to be here long—"

"I shall not remain long," said Vivian with some impatience. "I am glad to have served you. Let

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that suffice. Further acquaintance between us is impossible."

"You are thinking of my past life—"

"Yes, yes, I am. Leave it. Devote yourself to worthy acts. Live as God intended you to live. Farewell!"

He turned away. He saw not her look of pain, caused by his cold and severe words.

"Farewell! God bless you!" were her only words as he passed down the street. She stood at the door, weeping.

* * * * *

The petitions of the people, no less than their deeds of violence during the winter of 1788–9, had their effect upon the king and his ministers. Before the opening of spring, the announcement was made that the States General would meet in May, 1789, and that the representatives of the commons, as those from whom revenue must come, should be as numerous as both the other orders.

Crowds assembled in the various departments, and the election of representatives of the *tiers etàt* began. The province of Guienne elected its delegates with considerable trouble. No one was elected from the little village of La Brede, but Vivian was appointed by the people residing there to accompany the deputies to Versailles and render all assistance in his power.

Accordingly, on May 1, 1789, he found himself again in Paris. He sought his old lodgings, and determined to watch with closest scrutiny the progress of events. On May 5, he went to Versailles. He walked with the representatives of the people in the parade which immediately preceded the assemblage of the legislature.

He saw with indignation that the representatives of the commons were subjected to every form of petty tyranny and disrespect, not being permitted to enter at the same door with the other deputies.

The demand being made that the three orders should meet in separate rooms, there was an indignant protest. For weeks the quarrel lasted, and no work was done. At length the two upper orders repaired to their respective rooms for deliberation; the third estate remained in the room of general assembly.

"We have the right to legislate for France," exclaimed one of the deputies. "We are the National Assembly!"

"The National Assembly!" became the general cry, and the name was adopted with enthusiasm.

As Vivian stood with the representatives of the people on June 23, an emissary of the king appeared at the door, and demanded that the assembly repair to its own room. The members arose in anger. One of their number shouted, "Go and tell those who sent you, that we are here by the will of the people, and that we shall not budge save at the point of the bayonet!"

For their boldness they were shut out of the royal palace. They assembled, first in a tennis court, and then in a church, and vowed not to separate until they had prepared a constitution for France. They invited the other orders to join them, and the invitation, after some hesitation on the part of the nobility, was accepted. The legislative family was complete. *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

THE COURIER OF THE CZAR.

LAST year Mr. G. A. Purbeck, senior member of an important financial firm in New York, was solicited by a Russian countess to visit her estates in far-off Siberia, examine some gold mines which are located upon her property, and report concerning the workings of the same. The gentleman did not desire to undertake the labor, and consequently placed his remuneration at the high figure of twenty thousand dollars, in the expectation that his proposi-

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tion would be promptly rejected. The lady, however, to his astonishment, and somewhat to his regret, immediately accepted his offer and called him to Russia for personal consultation. He responded to the summons and, receiving his instructions, was about to depart, when a maid was called, and acting under instructions of her mistress, prepared a secret pocket within his vest. The countess then handed him a document embellished with large seals, with the remark: "Should you ever be in trouble, or unable to successfully prosecute your labors, you have only to show this document and it will doubtless bring you assistance."

Mr. Purbeck proceeded on his journey and for some days made satisfactory progress. Arriving at one of the small settlements within the Siberian borders, he found some difficulty, however, in procuring transportation. His time being valuable, he regretted the delay, but finally bethought himself of the document which was concealed on his person, and produced it for the examination of the Russian officials. No sooner had they scrutinized it than they were profuse in their apologies for the delay, and appeared extremely anxious that every facility for the pursuit of his journey should be afforded him. A commercial traveler who just happened along with a good team had his animals taken from him, and they were attached to a vehicle of Mr. Purbeck, who proceeded on his journey. At every point along the road the same careful attention was paid to his wants. In one settlement the governor, surrounded by a squad of Russian troops, greeted him on his arrival. At this place he was invited to attend a ball in the evening, but not being provided with suitable clothing for such an occasion, he tried to excuse himself. The governor, however, provided him with all that was needed for the occasion.

Mr. Purbeck could not understand the cause of all these attentions, but after some manœuvering succeeded in finding an opportunity to question the private secretary of the governor concerning the matter, and learned to his astonishment that the paper which he carried, Mr. Purbeck being himself unable to read the Russian language, contained the autograph of the Czar, and gave the bearer the same privileges which a special courier of his majesty would enjoy. Hence the obsequiousness and diligent attention of all the officials with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Purbeck in due time arrived at his destination and made examinations of the gold mines belonging to the Countess, as also some mines of a similar character belonging to her sister on a neighboring estate. He found the business of these mines very much neglected and mismanaged, and made his report accordingly. This gentleman's visit gave him new and more favorable views concerning the great Siberian land of exile. He states that if transportation facilities were provided in that great empire, sufficient gold could be mined to make this precious metal as much of a drug on the markets of the world as silver now is. He also says that the geographical condition and resources of that great country are but little known. Many of its large valleys and plains remind him greatly of America, and he believes that if Siberia were once opened to civilization and placed under proper government, it would be wonderful in both its mineral and agricultural resources. *Mozo.*

WHAT AM I FIT FOR?

THERE are few men who will not readily grant, as they look back on their past history, that the choice of a trade or profession was one of the severest ordeals of their lives, and in the issue of which they have had

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either usually to thank some good fortune, or to entertain some bitter regrets. It is better that a youth should consider well, even though not fully able to solve this question for himself, than to have it thrust upon him in the form of "What in the world art thou fit for?" The selection of the profession or business to which one's life is to be devoted, is not only a grave, but in most cases a difficult task. The choice of a wife, for instance, about which so much has been said, is nothing to it. In that delicate matter, young men have mighty helpers in the fair sex themselves, but in this critical task of a choice of a trade or profession, there is no mighty helper; we must in this matter help ourselves, and of the importance of a right choice it is impossible to speak in too strong terms: on a right choice depends the success of a whole life.

Nobody wants you, young man, if you have never asked yourself, "What am I fit for?" This is the terrible rock in the way. Half a dozen young girls would gladly have you for a husband as soon as you can do anything for yourself and one of them, but in the secular concerns of life-occupation there is nobody who cannot do well enough without you. The best help in this direction must come from oneself in serious investigation and repeated trials of one's fitness. Many choose a profession without due consideration, only to have to break it off in haste, or repent at leisure. An agriculturist—the first occupation of civilized man—has special need of more varied faculty, or combination of faculties, than probably devolves on any person pursuing a more strictly subdivided branch of industry. In the care of his live stock he must have a little at least of the physician in him. In his crops, seeds, and judgment of soil, he must be observant of the laws of nature, and to that extent be a man of science. He also needs to be a good marketer. He has much to buy and sell, and must have the shrewdness of obtaining value for value, which forms the special function of the merchant. In the regulation of his ditches and fences, and in the utilizing of his water courses, there is room in him even for a large spice of the civil engineer. A merchant needs larger stores of information, and should be master of some special studies, such as figures, finance, and the laws of exchange. The merchant is essentially a man of the world, and he requires the active powers, the keen and observing spirit of that character, together with the habits of the strictest punctuality and method in his own affairs. He is ever in contact with knaveries, with errors of account, and the constant strife of pecuniary interests—though not more than the profession of law entails. A lawyer requires closer study and more intellectual subtlety and force than the merchant, but both alike have to encounter the hard and sharp dealing of the world.

The choice of middle-class youths, those of limited means, apart from agriculture and a few government positions, is between commerce and the learned professions. If it were to be asked on which of these diverging streams it were more eligible to embark—the youth being well qualified for either—one would certainly say, the learned profession. It has not only a higher social standing, just because it is more directly social in its ministration, but its future is more secure of reward in modest competence and general respect than the gaudy lives of merchandising, with its fierce passions of gain, gnawing envies, and deep hazards, usually afford. A professional man, whether doctor, lawyer or divine, if capable and moral, can seldom be without money-earning power, never without a hand and brain to help in society, and so never be a castaway; but a bankrupt "merchant prince" is not only a frequent phenomenon, but is the most pitiable object under

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the sun. The professions, however, offer but a limited field of employment—might soon be overstocked, if not already—and in this respect are not to be compared with the great trade and commerce of the world. Mercantile life will continue, of necessity, to absorb a great number of young men, who might be well fitted for a learned profession, but it is well to consider the distinctive qualifications necessary for commercial business and the several professions.

It is a singular and objectionable characteristic of our time that "trades" are less in repute than they used to be amongst our more robust and straightforward ancestors. This fact is to be lamented, because it is industry (handicraft) and the productions thereof, which form the foundation of states. Whether it be due to the spread of education or to the increase of effeminacy, the fact remains that the children of the working man of today nearly always desire to become shopmen or clerks, or something where they can dress smartly, keep their hands clean, wear rings, and be "gentlemen" (save the mark)! This contempt for manual labor should be earnestly combated by every well-wisher of the community, in public and press on every possible occasion. The nobility and majesty of labor should be upheld and pointed out as an object lesson to our children. The prosperity of a country depends upon what its inhabitants produce; not upon what they pass from hand to hand, or enter into account books. If a man produce *any*thing—a house, a table, a book, a blade of grass, a field of wheat, he benefits the world by so much; but the one who only passes the things made from one hand to the other, as the shopmen, or sets down the fact of such transmission, as the clerk or book-keeper, is, compared with the producer, but a weak cumberer of the earth.

Nor are the rewards of handiwork mean or insufficient. For, beside the fact that the artisan has in his trade a livelihood in whatever land he may sojourn, he has also the chance of commencing an independent business, which may perchance grow to gigantic dimensions. In this regard his chances are far superior to those of the shopman or the clerk to whom no such career as that of Stephenson or Edison is open.

The first consideration when deciding upon a trade must be one's physical and mental capabilities and qualifications. A small, weakly lad should not apprentice himself to blacksmithing, engineering, carpentry, masonry, or any laborious trade, unless he has some special reason for so doing. A tendency to vertigo or dizziness is a disadvantage in trades using ladders, such as bricklayers, masons, carpenters and painters. A flat-chested person, with weak lungs, is not adapted for a shoemaker or harness-maker, and still less for a printer or mason, the former being especially fatal. A boy with short, stubby fingers is not well suited for a painter or printer; nor one who squints as a printer or book-binder. Color-blindness is a serious obstacle to trades where colors are extensively used. Mathematical studies should be followed by those adopting architecture, masonry, or decorative painting as a profession. Some knowledge of mechanical drawing comes in useful for almost every pursuit. The study of harmonious coloring is of importance to the painter, printer and lithographer. These are all trades which cannot fail to be in universal request, and they all need steady, thorough-going, ambitious young men to make a success of them. There are many trades and professions in the world, but the "building trades"—including masonry, bricklaying, carpentry, joinery, painting, plumbing, paperhanging and glazing—are by far the most important, and, generally speaking, the most remunerative. Few

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men are employed in the production of the clothing of the world, it being largely done by the fair sex in the great mills and factories. Wood, steel and copper-plate engraving are well-paid trades, and as the great West grows, artificers in these lines will be in greater demand than at present. But a boy should have some artistic taste and skill in drawing who selects engraving as a trade. Watch-making and jewelry are good trades in the East, though watch-making has deteriorated of late years. This trade requires neatness, thoroughness, and a fine mechanical faculty. Engineering is a very profitable and popular business. Wages are good, but sometimes the work is laborious, and often dangerous. Saddlers, harness-makers and collar-makers are indispensable even in the smallest country place, and if the famous canaigre root possesses the tannic properties claimed for it, and we can tan our own leather by the means at home, it would seem that the future might need a small army of saddle and harness makers. It is also a business in which a young man might easily embark "on his own hook." The cabinet and upholstery trade offer a field for young men of ingenuity and mechanical ability. We import nearly all of our furniture, but the day is coming when it shall be made at home. From the strides taken of late years by electricians in turning the wonderful fluid into every branch of industry, would suggest to the observer that all knowledge pertaining to electrical engineering should be eagerly sought by those adopting engineering as a profession. Electricity is the coming motive power. It is already utilized to convey not only our thoughts but our precious persons too and fro. It is lighting up the great cities of the world, and rocking the embryo man in his cradle. It not only is an angel of mercy but an angel of death—it saves and it destroys, it soothes the pain of the rheumatic, infuses new life into the paralyzed limb, and is an avenger of the slain. Those having a mechanical turn of mind should give their attention to the importance of this fact, and if they take to this profession, I have no doubt the future will afford them a wide field in which to use their talents.

Every young man should *apprentice* himself to a trade. He should determine to stay with it, master it in all its details, and if the future brings him an opportunity for the operation of his talents in some more extended sphere, he will, like Horace Greeley, be glad he learned a trade. It is said of Greeley, who served as an apprentice to the printing trade, that after he became an editor, he would look with pride at his printer's setting rule, and feel that he possessed something by which he could always make a living.

In conclusion, I hope the day is near at hand when technical education will be more generally diffused; when evening classes will be established, where lectures will be given pertaining to the various professions and trades extant among us, and render a good selection more easy to parent and child. No apprentice learns everything of his trade at the workshop, he must learn about it from others, and what a fund of information he might receive from those expert in the craft, if they would but be given the opportunity to teach him! In nearly all large business and manufacturing centers lecture courses on printing, painting, photography, architecture, and all the "building trades" are given during the winter evenings. It is a lamentable fact that working men do not want to teach the youth of today, they fear the boy of today may take their place as a man tomorrow, and are reticent about imparting information. Hence the necessity of opportunities being afforded our youth to become first-class artisans.

Apprentice.

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THE BATTLE ROYAL.

Long had King Winter ruled the land;
Long had we felt his icy hand;
Tired now of his chilly breath,
Which brought to the buds and blossoms death;
Tired of Frost, with his bitter sting,
We long for beauteous, balmy spring.

Now answering comes, the Spring Queen's call,
Like distant, murm'ring waterfall;
Scarce heard, so faint, scarce understood,
But by the songsters of the wood:
"Go, tell the tidings far and near,
Winter must go, for Spring is here!"

King Winter, feasting with his lords,
Hears from afar the fateful words;
Hears, and with amused, sarcastic air,
Turns to his chieftains gathered there:
"What do I hear—a whisp'ring thing."
Fierce Wind replied: " 'Tis the voice of Spring;

"She comes to wake each sleeping flower,
And bid the birds to leafy bower."
Then laughed they long, and laughed they loud;
Ah! they were a hale and hearty crowd.
That night they flung, as if in mirth,
A mantle white o'er all the earth.

But the voice of Spring is heard once more,
And this time louder than before;
Unchecked, unscared by threat or sneer,
Her challenge rings out, bold and clear:
"The birds must sing! The bees must hum!
Away, cold Frost, for Spring has come!"

Then rose the Storm King in his wrath,
Nor will he spare aught in his path;
Aloft he waves his ice-mailed hand,
As forth he calls his warrior band.
Thus to his chieftains, stern and gray:
"Prepare to meet the foe this day!

"Fierce Wind, command thy legions, go,
O'er all the mountain passes blow!
Thou, Blinding Snow, show forth thy might,
Let not thy rage be checked till night!
Keen Frost, go thou o'er vale and hill,
And bind the earth my captive still!"

His mandates grim his chiefs obey;
He sees them arming for the fray;
And laughs as he sees the lowering sky,
On Stansbury's pride, Dutch Mountain, high.
"O'er all the land I now am king,
Who dares oppose? Where now is Spring?"

Alas, proud king! Sad is thy fate!
The fate of kings, the high and great;
Who know not, till misfortune dire
O'ertakes them, whether love or hire
Brings to them friends that praise and cheer,
Console the heart and soothe the ear.

One chief, by thee thought loyal, true,
Has seen the Spring and loved her, too;
Fierce, brawny Wind, whose mighty power
No quiet knows, no resting hour—
Whose temper makes stout hearts afraid—
In sunnier climes has wooed the maid.

Reluctant, furious, down the vale
He comes—a wild, tempestuous gale;
But Spring moves quickly on behind,
She speaks his name in accents kind:
He hears, and softer grows his mood.
Anon, her sweet breath warms his blood.

Now to King Winter comes a change—
Creeps o'er his limbs a weakness strange—
Gone is his sword, his warriors fled;
He bids, but none his mandates dread
Obey; alone, he sits alone,
And broods on greatness vanished, flown.

Thus, at the mercy of his foes,
Driven, he slowly northward goes;
Nor yields he without blows, e'en now,
Oft does he turn with angry brow;
Renewed his frame by sudden power,
Beats back his foes—but for an hour.

E'en Wind, o'erawed, obeys the king.
And wars impetuously with Spring—
Repents, uncertain of his mind—
Ah, fickle, false, unstable Wind!
Obeys, betrays, now king, now queen,
Now wildly raging, now serene.

O'erpowered, beaten, Winter now
Despairing sits with brooding brow;
Full well he knows his time is come,
Without, he hears Spring's busy hum;
While thus the Wind before the door:
"Winter, away! Thy reign is o'er!"

Bright Spring herself the monarch greets;
Enrobed with verdure, crowned with sweets:
"O, king," she cries, with outstretched hand,
"Is there not room, in this broad land,
For both? May we not dwell in peace?
Let friendship rule; let warfare cease."

But the proud old king drew back and frowned,
And closer drew his mantle round;
So spake: "Where e'er thy face I see,
Spring-queen, no room is there for me.
Thy friendship, pity, may'st thou spare;
Nor will I in such bounties share.

"From thy domain, now, go I forth
To realms of mine, in yon far north,
Where step of thine, nor tone, nor word
E'er has been, or e'er will be heard.
There I am supreme, my vassals true;
Adieu, false Wind! Fair Queen adieu!"

So, bent and wrinkled, cold and gray,
With frowns and tears, he moved away,
While flowers starting from the earth,
And all else join in gladsome mirth,
Bird, blossom, tree, vale, hill and green
Hail joyously their new-found queen.

VERNON, March 16, 1894. *Israel Bennion.*

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PREACHING AND PREACHING.

VII.

THE SUBJECT-MATTER — THINKING VS. THOUGHT-GATHERING.

IN my last paper, devoted to the scope and the order of importance of subject-matter, I urged that Elders acquaint themselves, (1) with the Gospel, which is the divine plan and program of our eternal education; (2) with the Church organization, which may be counted the school including the teaching; and (3) with the people, who may be called the pupils of this school. Nor should we be satisfied with the shallow, superficial study generally made of these factors. Nothing but a logical, a profound acquaintance with these things can make us powerful as preachers; for, as was pointed out, it is as irrational to hold that a man, unacquainted with the art of teaching, unskilled in school management, and ignorant of the natural growth of child mind, is capable of conducting successfully an institution of learning, as to believe that the preacher, alike ignorant or superficially informed, is prepared to lead men's souls to salvation. The principle that before you do a thing, you must know how, holds as well in the one instance as in the other.

I state the case thus strongly that I may meet at its fullest force an objection I anticipate here:

"I was always under the impression," says the objector, "that it is no part of the Elder's business to cast about him as to the needs of the people when he arises to preach: that this is exclusively the function of the Spirit of Truth. Is it not almost blasphemy for the preacher to try to figure out the wants of a congregation? How many chances of going astray against one of choosing aright! No, no; the Holy Ghost alone can search the hearts of men, and give meat in due season. Let not the duty be put upon man's observation and judgment."

Now, it is difficult to reply to this objection unless the truths it contains be first drawn away from the lurking error. First, it certainly is no time for the Elder to begin to study the wants of the people, after he has been called upon to speak: such study should have been the constant bent of his previous life. Further, it is certain such study should never be undertaken save under the guidance of the Spirit of Truth. Surely the objector will not urge that the only time that the Spirit will lay bare these wants is before an assembled audience! Is it blasphemy, then for man under such an influence to form his judgment concerning the needs of the Latter-day Saints? Who will dare to be so presumptuous as to say this? Indeed, so far from dissuading him, will not the Spirit, if interrogated, expressly lay upon the preacher the duty of forming just and accurate ideas on the Gospel, the Church, and the people? For if the speaker have not such just and accurate ideas when called upon to speak, how can the Spirit bring them to his mind? Even though the Spirit search out the needs of the congregation, what is there in the store-house of the speaker to supply such needs? Suppose that the Spirit would, for the good of the congregation, supply the spiritual food needed, by sheer word-for-word revelation—would the mind of the Elder be pliable enough to permit such a thing to be done? In ninety-nine cases no—in one case yes, perhaps; but in this case the man would be unconscious of using his own powers, oblivious to what he had said.

"Out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." There is, ordinarily, no other way. If a man knows only how to raise potatoes, potatoes will be his sermon, let the Spirit strive as it will. For the demonstration of this truth, I only ask that you go to meeting and listen. In nine cases out of ten the Spirit

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will fail to lead us into paths which we have not previously broken, faintly at least, by observation and reflection. But this is not the fault of the Holy Ghost; it is because we, in the unpliability of our spirits, will not trust inspiration to lead us out of the beaten track. Depend upon it, if we would be as clay in the potter's hands, we must see to it that the clay is well mixed before we come to meeting.

I trust the reader will pardon this digression by way of review, the more so, as in a way it serves to introduce the subject of this paper, which is how to mix the clay: in other words, how to think and get into the habit of thinking.

It is surprising how few people there be that think. The "thoughtless multitude," is no merely rhetorical phrase. Nothing is truer, even of well-informed people. It was believed that universal education would make all men thinkers, but this thought has not been realized. It has merely furnished, universally, thoughts ready-made. The ratio of real thinkers remains about the same. Indeed, it would not be reckless to hazard the opinion that they are probably fewer in this age of newspapers and electricity; for many educated people whose heads are now filled with thoughts from books, might have been thinkers had they been thrown more upon their own powers.

It seems to me that our Elders, be their information meager or extensive, must become thinkers if they would have their preaching virile enough to breed thoughts and acts in their hearers. Let me develop further this figure, for in it is set forth, I believe, the vital distinction between first-hand and second-hand thoughts.

Look over the circle of your acquaintances and pick out a man whom everybody praises for his brilliancy. Gifted primarily with a splendid memory, he has added to the charms of a vivacious mind the graces of rhetoric and elocution. In fête or social circle he is the admired of all admirers. Now, by the first impulse of one's reasoning such a man should have many disciples. Nothing could be further from the truth. If he has followers at all, depend upon it, they are the most superficial of imitators. Why is this?

Now look over the circle again, and pick out the man who actually has disciples. In point of dazzlingness, if I may coin a word, he does not begin to rival the first, yet in real power to shape the destiny of the people among whom they live, they are not to be compared at all. The preaching of the first may charm us, that of the second seldom fails to warm us. We applaud the first; we heed the second. To the first we come for entertainment, to the second for counsel. The one may indeed be an electric fountain, but its waters at best will taste of the pipes; the other is nature's spring, sparkling forth amid the beaded moss of rocky cleft and cavern. The first, conscious of borrowed finery, guards jealously the machinery that enables him to produce such splendid effects, and hence we can only guess at his inner life; the second, glowing with the warmth of original discovery, makes us feel rather what he is than what he does.

What then is the specific difference between these minds? It is a question of native thinking; the one is a mere lodging house for thoughts, polished, brilliant, cosmopolitan, perhaps, as lodgers are apt to be, but always hiding their real selves; the other is a home, a birthplace of thoughts, crude, unpolished, even homely, perhaps, but withal loving and lovable, as *children* are likely to be. That we should reverence and be influenced by the latter more than by the former is not strange; for it is incontestable that we trust whom we love, not whom we admire merely.

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Thinking may thus be called the virile power of the mind; and minds will be fertile in reproducing themselves just in the ratio that they are vigorous and exact in their power to think correctly. On the other hand it may be said of minds whose powers have been vitiated by trashy literature, that they are emasculated; and of minds whose thinking powers never having been used, have never been developed—the vigor designed for these parts being used elsewhere—that they are impotent. Emasculated minds have so lost the tone and vigor of all the faculties as to be fit only for mechanical operations and these generally of a lower order. By minds impotent I mean first those merely that have not developed virile power—power to think independently, the power that makes disciples. Such minds are for the working purposes of the world, still most useful. They are mirrors reflecting, prisms refracting the discoveries, inventions, and thoughts of the world; cisterns filled by rills of knowledge from every point of the compass; reservoirs whence are drawn by mere compilation most of our text-books, literary-hash books, reviews, essays, lectures, sermons.

But all such minds desire to seem profoundly original. Editors mix vituperation in the hope that muddiness may be mistaken for depth. Teachers sometimes change text-books that the source of their supplementary talks may not be known to students. Preachers (in the world) swap sermons, suppress quotation-marks, look learned, and say in sepulchral tones: "Thou shalt not steal." Yet all these people are the very woof, if not the warp, of society.

There may in fact be, as already pointed out, much brilliance with very little native thinking power. Indeed, it might seriously be contended that, for mere purposes of conveying facts and expanding the field of knowledge, minds trained to voice the thoughts of others are superior to native thinkers as having a wider range and being, as it were, a sort of books with tongues. But where *character* is to be formed, where evil habits are to be uprooted, and good ones planted in their stead, there is need of a warmth and positiveness of conviction never found disassociated from genuine thinking.

It is for this reason, I maintain, that whatever else they may or may not be, Latter-day Saint preachers must be thinkers. And so, it may be said, they are, in every case where their discourses tell for good among their fellow-men.

In a former article I had occasion to divide our Elders into four classes, viz: (1) those who read much and think much, (2) those who read much and think little, (3) those who read little yet think much, and (4) those who read little and scarcely think at all. The last might better be classed under minds impotent, since they have neither thoughts of their own nor of any one else. But I have paid my respects to this class in a way sufficiently pointed in former papers.

It will be seen that the parallel I have attempted to draw in the foregoing is between the second and third class—those that read much yet think little and those that read little and think much. Now, it is quite safe to affirm that most of the marvels accomplished by preaching in this dispensation have been by men of the latter class. Nothing is more common than to read in the biographies of the natural leaders among us that they enjoyed no advantages of scholastic training. Thinkers also are the men that dominate society among us today, not only from a religious, but also from a social and an economical standpoint.

When these men arise to speak, they say something, because they have been thinking something. The people listen, heed, and act upon the

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counsel given—such is the power of real thought. Their sermons are often crude in composition, illogical in argument, and lacking in consecutiveness; seldom do they possess the external graces of oratory. What matter? Latter-day Saints ceased to look for acrobatic feats in word-building when they left sectarianism. Sufficient for them if their minds be stirred to activity: they are not scrupulous as to the way it is done. Had there been no worse sermons than these, I should not have been induced to write these criticisms on preaching. However, let it not be thought that there is no room for improvement in this class. But more of this later.

What made these men thinkers? Dire necessity. Thrown face to face with mankind and with nature, and not having the thoughts of others in their heads, they were compelled to *think* what to do and how to do it. This emergency set the wheels of thought in motion, and that is all that was required. Once started, they go on forever. No one but the angel of death can stop them; nay, even he cannot: he but oils the bearings that thereafter they move noiselessly.

These men have sons that might become all that is implied in the first division—men that read much and think much; but too often they fall early victims to a system of fact cramming. Thoughts ready made are so easily accessible, so tastily dressed, and so immediately effective for display, that these youths never awaken to the need of the thinking faculty. Indeed, if their teachers, by a combination of circumstances, force the birth of a homeling, it is so misshapen by comparison with book-thoughts as immediately to be disowned.

Son and sire are now pitted against each other as preachers: book-learned brilliancy against rough-hewn thought. As before pointed out, the people are entertained by the first, but counseled by the second. But note this tendency: the rising generation, incapable of thought-discrimination, are insensibly caught by externals. The more the artistic culture of the world finds its way into our schools, the more difficult does it become for these scions to appreciate the homely thoughts of their fathers. The fathers, with clearer perception, accustomed to weigh things rather than words, are grieved at the high-falutin shallowness that they see becoming popular with the young. The breach is likely to widen. On the one hand the fathers, having the choosing of the preachers, will continue the good old sermons; on the other, the children, unwilling to look upon truth in a homely garb, will find—do find—a thousand pretexts for staying away from meeting.

Let us give this problem a little thought. In this wide-spread captivation for outward form may be seen, by anyone who will give it a moment's reflection, one element of a mighty intellectual evolution just now beginning to sweep over Zion. Thinkers we *must* call those Elders who, in the past, have deserved the name of preachers at all; but God never intended that they should stop short of becoming *cultured* thinkers, as are most of our leading speakers now. There will be no resting place below the summit. A similar evolution has already swept over us in methods of agriculture, in style of architecture, and in the amenities of dress and social usage. Nor have we failed to appreciate the blessings of these changes. It seems to me, therefore, worse than idle to stand in opposition to this greater evolution of mind.

In the past, preachers who read little and thought much have sufficed for our growth. Preachers that read much and think little may mark the transition. Their time will be short; perhaps I should be more exact to say, *are marking* the transition. The preachers of the future will be

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they who read much and think much; by which I mean men of wide general culture and profound thought; men that will study the art of preaching both as to matter and manner, with no other motive than that they may be able to save souls.

There are many reasons why this must be so. No greater compliment can be paid a man's intelligence than to say he is a thinker. But a carpenter is not always an architect, though both be thinkers. The difference is one of culture. Thinking is like fire: it needs fuel. The more fuel the greater the warmth, the brighter the light. Thinking is conditioned by the amount and the variety of material gathered into the mind's work-shop. That many work-shops are turned into mere store-houses does not count against the need of material for thinking.

The material gathered from the area of but a single life's experience may have been sufficient to produce a thinker; the thinking may even be clear and intense, but it will be too narrow to be wise or trustworthy. Thinking that shall benefit a city must be based on a clear perception of the needs of the whole city, not alone on those of the individual thinking; thinking that shall benefit the state must be from knowledge at least commensurate with the state lines; thinking that would benefit a nation must spread out the map of the whole country; thinking that would benefit the world cannot afford to despise any knowledge.

Now, this last is what we set out to do. It is for this reason that we need the broadest culture that education can give, coupled with the profoundest thought that the mind is capable of. That our thinking at present is shallow is best evidenced by the fact that we fail, sometimes ignominiously, to control matters and things in a very narrow precinct.

My next question is: What is thinking? Before I attempt an answer, let me show you the thinker at work as compared with the mere gatherer of thought.

The first goes to nature and trusts rather his own eyes and ears than books; the second will climb to the top shelf of the library, fight his way through cobwebs quivering with busy spinners, seize hold of a dust-begrimed book on zoology—all for no other purpose than to find out how many legs a spider has!

If the first be appointed to lecture, or to write an essay, he prepares the skeleton of it and takes stock of his mental material. Thus he discovers at once wherein he will need to read further or observe more accurately. But the second, if given such a task, asks immediately: Where can I find something on it? And this will be true of him, even though it be a matter in which he is supposed to be better informed than anyone else. He distrusts his own powers of observation and thought, and well he may as one who has leaned on others all his life. Other eyes have looked for him, other ears heard, other imaginations conceived, other minds composed and written, and his work has been chiefly to transfer bodily to his own mind the finished product on the printed page. Books are the end of argument to him. "It is written" is his guide, and he applies it as well to books in general as to Holy Writ.

The thinker also uses books, but only to get the material for thought. He so far distrusts the material thus found that he will read many authors, so as to be positive of the data from which he reasons. Books are generally a lengthened tissue of inferences. For every conclusion whose premises are given, ten are baldly stated without reasons. These ten he might accept, as does his unthinking colleague, without question. Surely it would save time and mental effort. But his mind is too vigorous. Having developed a sharp set of mental teeth he cannot bring himself to feed on hash.

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"What brought the author to this conclusion?" he asks. "I will call up the facts again and try them over." Often he proves these conclusions wrong, and learns thereby to distrust the generalizations of other men. And even when conclusions are found to be just, this retracing the history of a thought proves most excellent for mind discipline, and yields him pleasure second only to the original finding of thought. So, too, his mind grows in another direction; for the habit of seeking out the springs of human thought leads naturally to the searching after reasons for divine thought, as expressed in revelation. And this is the very essence of true philosophy—thinking the thoughts of God after Him.

Another distinction is to be noted between the thinker and the gatherer of thought in the habits they form. The thinker, pausing as he does to verify the important conclusions of his author, finds that he can read but few books during a year, hence he is exceedingly jealous of the company he keeps in the library. Books trashy, frivolous, illogical, re-hashed, his mind instantly detects and rejects as unwholesome. His colleague, not having this mental guage, reads everything indiscriminately, having no other rule of selection than keeping up with the latest craze. He probably reads ten books to the other's one, but the ratio of real power gained thereby is as ten to one in favor of the thinker.

It may be remarked that the difficuly in setting the thinking faculty in motion increases with years. Especially is this true where it has atrophied through non-use while adjacent faculties are highly developed. The mental energy has in such a case cut its channel, and it is exceedingly difficult to stop it long enough to make it rise above its banks and overflow the arid regions of thought. But where the stream can hardly be said to have begun flowing in any direction, as in childhood, or where it has spread out and dried up or stagnated, as in the great mass of stolid adults that never read nor think—it can be induced by skillful management to flow as readily through the channel of thought-making as of thought-gathering. But the volume and force of the current will depend upon how early and how assiduously this management takes place.

But thinking is a difficult process to set going under any circumstances. Talk about laziness! For every physical drone in our communities there are one hundred mental sluggards. And the reason is not far to seek. The man that feels like shirking physical labor is driven by sheer force of shame and ridicule to work the lazy microbes out of his muscles. But what of the mental shirks? There are no such weapons wielded over them. But, then, who would wield them? A smutty face needs not fear ridicule in a coal-mine. Those who might wield the weapon are so few comparatively, as to be neither heard nor heeded; besides, their time is too profitably taken with themselves. And so it happens, the slothful in mind are received with open arms by the society that disowns the slothful in body. *Received* by society, did I say? Bless their darling insipidities! They *are* society, if my drawing-room recollections serve me truly.

But why continue the parallel further between those that think and those that let others think for them? Surely it is not necessary to prove it a desirable thing to become a thinker. It will be difficult to find people of any intelligence who, according to their own estimation, do not believe themselves already so. Perhaps not half-a-dozen readers of the CONTRIBUTOR will say, this is meant for me. Well, ask yourselves: Is my course continually upward intellectually? The thinker is never truly delighted save when going up-hill—that is, bending his mind a little harder today than he did yesterday. It is the bend-

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ing that gives him pleasure; and as the faculty grows more vigorous by the exercise, it requires a little harder task each day to bring the accustomed delight. Hence if you would have a man's course continually upward, make him truly a thinker. Are you such a one?

Not so with the thought-gatherer. His gait will be upward and downward as the publishers lead. Perhaps in the majority of cases, the man will end by walking the dead-level grade of the newspaper, and the woman by going the down-hill grade of the sensational novel.

Then how shall an Elder in Israel set to work to get his mind into the habit of thinking? The answer will be found in any good work on logic or psychology. The technicalities and abstractnesses of these sciences do not, however, suit the purpose I have in view, which is to assist the multitude of our preachers whom, without training leading up thereto, these explanations would only confuse. Have you a little four-year old son? Bless his bright eyes, he is the book I want. *His* tiny mental clock was last wound up by the angels; watch its movements if you would know how they do things in heaven. Can you find an egg more full of meat than he of the finding-out spirit? It would seem that everything he eats and drinks turns into wriggling question-marks. And they are all alive, too. Like imps they lurk in his ears, peek from his eyes, insinuate themselves among his fingers and cling to whatever his hand touches. On every breath they float outward, like motes on a sunbeam. He was a wise man that invented the interrogation point and made it a hook! Is there anything great or small to which a child will not attach one of these little harpoons?

Now, why does the Creator thus organize the child? First of all for the child's own sake, that it may rise above its environments. But is there not sometimes a sly suggestion—as if the angels had said: "Now if this bright soul is sent there, will he not help make a stupid father think?" Be this as it may, any father that will answer all the questions of a wide-awake son will not fail to become a thinker.

Here then is the key-note of learning to think. Be as endlessly inquisitive as a child. But, unlike the child, answer your own questions, otherwise this spirit of inquiry may lead you to be merely a book-worm.

"But suppose we cannot answer them?" Alas for the *can't*! One of the first messages the thinking faculty sends back on being given a difficult question is: Too much for me. Now, what will you do? I ask, what *did* you do when your arms and back said the same thing to the question involving a shovel and a muddy ditch? Did you heed the cry of your arms? No; had you done so your children would have cried for bread. Neither heed the cry of your brain, lest thereby you lose the bread of life. I cannot emphasize this point too strongly: hang to the question, even though apparently it be like looking into black chaos. The light will break in time. The mist is behind not in front of the eye.

Neither allow your mind to slip cogs. I remember a student coming to me for the solution of a difficult problem. "No, my dear friend," said I, "I will not tell you the solution, but will ask such questions as shall enable you to discover it." Half a dozen questions were satisfactorily answered; three more, and the light would break. But at the next, she exclaimed pettishly: "Oh, why don't you tell me, do you multiply or divide?" Want of attention causes the mind to slip cogs. Cultivate such concentration that a cannon fired over your head will not make you lose grip of your thought. A mosquito will do it now, no doubt.

You may have observed potatoes, in one case growing all to vines, and in another going all to seed, leaving

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scarcely enough top to locate the precious crop below. Now, men are often thinkers by halves in the same way. One man is full of questions that he cannot answer; another is full of answers that he cannot call to mind. Neither one is a thinker. But put them together, and much thought will be evolved.

How many men are like the last—able to acquit themselves clearly, voluminously, and refreshingly, if some one will but work the pump handle! How grateful they are to the man that enables them to spout thus gushingly!

But these are not thinkers. The living wells only, whose waters overflow by internal force, are worthy such a name. A cow that loses the power of raising her cud fails to thrive and grows sick; something similar to this takes place with the man who, unaccustomed to commune with himself, has lost the companionship that was wont to stir his mind to activity. The "cud" must be restored in each case or disaster will follow.

The thinker must not only be able to ask himself questions far remote from his immediate thought, but must, as the thought progresses, see at every turn of word or phrase the associations and objections that a merciless critic would see. He must in fact be his own adversary, and an unrelenting adversary; and though this adversary utters no word, yet will he heed all his objections and reply to them as if they were formally made.

In my next I shall attempt to apply these principles of thinking to the development of the sermon.

N. L. Nelson.

A FEARLESS DIRECTOR.

AT the time of the great Chicago fire the governor of Connecticut happened to be in that city on a visit. He was at the time the president of a prominent fire insurance company in his State whose stock and surplus amounted to about one and one-half million dollars. He was himself a multi-millionaire. His company had taken risks in Chicago in the district that was burned amounting to one million six hundred thousand dollars, or about one hundred thousand dollars in excess of all the property of the company.

The morning after the conflagration, while viewing the debris, he learned of the losses which his company had sustained. He immediately mounted an old barrel in the burned district, and gathering around him a number of business men who had insured with his company, told them that every dollar of their loss should be paid, so far as his company had issued policies, and he would personally guarantee from his own funds a renewal of the entire capital so that the corporation of which he was president might continue in operation.

Such courage in business, as was thus displayed, is sure to win, and it is perhaps needless to say that the course of this gentleman in this public matter was characteristic of him in all private as well as public affairs, and made him a power in every undertaking with which he was associated. If all men who accept positions in various companies, as directors or officers, were inspired with the same feeling and would be willing to risk all their personal property on the success of the enterprise with which they are connected, there would be a less number of failures in the world. Nor would there be the same opposition to corporations and large business enterprises that is now felt.

Mozo.

IT is better to be silent than to say unwise or unkind things.

SEE first that the design is wise and just: that ascertained, pursue it resolutely; do not for one repulse forego the purpose that you resolved to effect.

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HOMES IN ZION.

THERE has been a disposition of late, which seems to be growing among some portions of the community, to move away from this Territory and other settled portions of these mountains where the Saints are located, to find new places for occupation. The excuse has been used that the Stakes of Zion are becoming so crowded that it is necessary for those who desire to procure homes to move where the land is unoccupied. It was because of this feeling that we made the inquiries of the Presidents of Stakes concerning the inducements offered to settlers in the places under their supervision. A perusal of the replies received, and which are herewith printed, will convince the Latter-day Saints that the argument concerning the overcrowding of the Stakes of Zion has no foundation in fact. On the contrary, it is clearly indicated that most of the Stakes need strengthening by an influx of population, instead of being weakened by the removal of any of the present residents.

A few years ago it was very unusual for Latter-day Saints to change their places of residence, or to hunt out new locations with a view to settlement, except as they were counseled to do so by the Priesthood of the Church. In those times when it was thought advisable to establish new settlements and form new Stakes, missionaries were frequently called to perform this labor, and they took with them their families and effects in the same spirit that the Elders go abroad to preach the Gospel. Under such conditions the leading authorities of the Church kept advised of the movements of the people, and were able to counsel them in regard to their temporal affairs, and also to look after their spiritual necessities. Thus Zion extended her borders and the people were blessed and prospered in their labors. This same condition of things should exist at the present time. If any of the members of the Church have found good locations, they should make it known to those who preside over them, and seek counsel of wise men as to the advisability of their making locations in such places. Thus the brethren will have the general supervision of all matters which pertain to the building up of the Church and Kingdom of God here upon the earth. Acting thus, the authorities would feel more inclined to aid settlements established under direct counsel in case of distress or affliction, than they would do if advice concerning locations were not sought. As it now is, appeals to the Presidency are not infrequent from people who have undertaken some enterprise without first seeking counsel, and having got into financial distress or other troubles, are then ready to turn their eyes to the Presidency of the Church for advice as to how to relieve themselves. Even this is better than to avoid seeking counsel altogether, but it would be much better to make inquiries in the beginning of the undertaking.

Every young man in Zion should feel it a privilege to be accepted joyfully to seek counsel of men of God. He should try to obtain the benefit of the wisdom of the brethren who bear the Priesthood, as well as to seek the inspiration of the Lord in all his labors, of whatever character they may be. Indeed, the young men of Zion should never do anything but that which both the Lord and His servants will approve. Any work that cannot bear the investigation of honorable men, or which its promoters desire to have conducted in the dark, should not engage the attention, under any circumstances, of the young men of this Church. All may be assured that in the abundance of counsel there is safety, and the Lord desires the Saints to seek and follow the counsels of his Priesthood.

The questions propounded and which have elicited the following responses are as follows:

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I. Is your Stake overcrowded? If not, what inducements does it present to young, energetic, and thrifty men, who desire homes, to settle and remain within its limits?

II. How many families can the portion of country under your supervision yet accommodate?

III. At what price can reasonably good farming land be purchased in your Stake? Is there any government land, that can be reclaimed, still unoccupied?

IV. What occupations yield the richest financial returns in your Stake?

PRESIDENT THOS. E. RICKS,
Of Bannock Stake.

REXBURG, IDAHO, March 2, 1894.

Contributor Co.:

We appreciate the opportunity to present to the youth of Zion, a detailed account of the resources of the Bannock Stake. We have often thought that there were good opportunities here for faithful Latter-day Saint home-seekers.

The settlement of this country dates from March 12th, 1883, when Prest. Thomas E. Ricks and company camped on the present site of Rexburg, today a town of about one thousand inhabitants, with several mercantile houses, saw-mills and a roller-mill of seventy-five barrels capacity. There are also mills at Teton, Wilford, Idaho Falls and Blackfoot.

Today the church membership is six thousand souls spread out over Bingham and Fremont Counties, covering an area of one hundred miles square.

To answer question two, we can't do better than reproduce the opinion of President John Taylor when here in 1884. He traveled through part of the stake and formed an opinion that the land would sustain a population of three hundred thousand; before leaving he was conveyed to the summit of a high butte that rises in the center of the Snake River Valley from which he could see the country. After carefully viewing it, he turned to the brethren present and said, "I will change my estimate and say that this country will sustain half a million people."

When the present population of six thousand is compared with half a million, it is evident that there is yet room for a large number of settlers.

The country is well watered by the Snake River and its tributaries, all of which are large rivers, carrying full streams of water until late in the season, that await but the plow and the scraper of the settlers to empty their moisture upon the land. There has been but little rock work encountered in canal work and but little anticipation in future operations.

There are yet large tracts of government land to be taken up, though that in proximity to the settlements is of poorer quality, but in some of the places more recently settled there is good land to locate on. Improved lands with water-right can be bought at from eight to fifteen dollars per acre, and there are many that would willingly sell part of their quarter sections to the proper kind of people.

We have, since coming here, been endeavoring to answer question four to our own satisfaction but have had to give it up. Suffice it to say that tradesmen can generally find work, but here, as in all new countries, it is well for the mechanic to unite the tilling of the soil with the labor of his craft. Tradesmen who come thus prepared, will find no difficulty in making good homes and livings for their families.

We raise all kinds of vegetables and cereals, and by careful cultivation, tomatoes, melons and corn can be successfully raised. Apples of very excellent quality are raised, as are pears, plums and cherries, and we

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understand that in isolated cases, peaches have been grown. We consider the country particularly adapted for the growth of the sugar beet, and we believe that there will yet be a sugar factory in our midst. Lucern is raised here at a cost of about two dollars and fifty cents per ton and with the unlimited stock range, we consider it a good locality for the stock business.

Any persons desirous of coming to the country and having a certain locality in view will do well to correspond with the Bishops of those localities, who will furnish further information.

We are much in want of good school teachers. We have from twenty to thirty transient teachers in our midst who draw from fifty to seventy-five dollars per month and send it out of the country.

Your brother in the Gospel,
T. E. Ricks.

PRESIDENT WM. BUDGE,
Of Bear Lake Stake.

PARIS, IDAHO, March 29th, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your letter regarding conditions and prospects in this country for young, energetic and thrifty men I would say:

I. Our Stake is by no means overcrowded. The inducements we have to offer are principally cheap land, plenty of water in most settlements, plenty of timber and firewood, and generally good roads to it all the way from six to twelve miles distant according to place of settlement. The most of our settlements are not far distant from each other and our society is especially good for Mormons.

II. We have room for five hundred families of the right kind, who are industrious, sober and reasonably patient. Our lengthy winters which give special opportunities for meetings, social intercourse, and general self-instruction are to new-comers without means a temporary drawback, as in their circumstances continued labor is for them at first the most pressing consideration.

The people here, however, make as sure and comfortable a living in ordinary times as people of a similar class do anywhere in our mountain country of whom I have any knowledge, and during the present general financial embarrassment, although suffering many inconveniences, are perhaps more independent than people in most places.

III. Land can be purchased here at from six to twenty dollars per acre. There is considerable government land to be reclaimed, but the most convenient and otherwise the most desirable is limited.

IV. Stock-raising, dairying, and farming yield the surest and best returns.

Your brother,
Wm. Budge.

COUNSELOR J. F. TOLTON,
Of Beaver Stake.

BEAVER CITY, Mar. 31, 1894.

Contributor Company.

BRETHREN:—Your communication propounding certain inquiries was today handed me by President C. D. White for reply. Necessarily my answers to the various questions will be off-hand and approximated.

First. No, our Stake is not overcrowded, but will support almost double the population we now have. Enterprising, thrifty young men can readily obtain homes here, and with a little capital engage in any of the following business pursuits, for which our country is specially adapted, viz.: agriculture, stock and sheep raising, dairying, manufacturing, lumbering and mining. We have a good tannery plant which has remained idle for a number of years, and which can be secured very reasonably. Our woolen mills' plant will resume operations this season, and thus open up a means of procuring commodities in

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the shape of clothing, etc., which can be procured in exchange for labor or farm products, or wool, sheep, etc.

II. At least five hundred additional families could settle here with advantage to themselves and to our Stake.

III. Farming land, under cultivation, with clear title and water right, can be purchased, according to location, from ten to fifty dollars per acre. Patented, unimproved land from five dollars up. There is considerable government land not yet entered, but the most available portions are being rapidly settled upon. In short there is and has been for some time past almost a panic in this respect.

IV. Sheep-raising, cattle-raising, and agricultural industries have been our leading pursuits, but any of the foregoing enumerated pursuits have equally as promising a future. Merchandising has also been quite a leading remunerative business. Our country is well watered, and by means of reservoirs (and there are excellent sites upon all of our streams) the supply can be greatly increased, so as to provide ample water for all the land available. The great Pauvan Valley, extending through the central portion of our county, is composed of rich, fertile lands that will produce alfalfa and cereals in abundance, and vast bodies of this land are still open to entry, and farms patented, but not extensively improved and cultivated, can be procured on reasonable terms.

Trusting I have made myself reasonably clear, I am, very respectfully, Your brother,

J. F. Tolton.

PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON,
Of Box Elder Stake.

BRIGHAM CITY, April 10, 1894.

Editor Contributor:

In answer to your letter of inquiry dated February 26th, would say that the Box Elder Stake is not overcrowded, and that we could easily accommodate from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred families. The price of good farming land ranges from thirty to one hundred dollars per acre, according to quality and location. Agricultural pursuits yield the richest financial returns.

People of moderate means, who are seeking homes in the country, and yet desire all the conveniences of city life would do well to visit Brigham City, before investing elsewere. The "City of Homes," beautiful for situation in the "Sides of the North," boasts of a water system that is surpassed by none, and already enjoys the benefits of electric lighting. Mercantile and manufacturing enterprises are carried on, but the leading industry is gardening. An abundance of choice fruit and berries is raised in Brigham every year, and invariably finds a ready market. City property can be purchased at reasonable figures. Taxes are low and the expense of keeping a family is much below that of Salt Lake and other large cities. In Curlew Valley, situated in the western part of the Stake, there are several townships of good land not yet taken up. Unfortunately, however, there is a lack of water, but good wells could be obtained on every section.

The land in the northern part of the valley is of a dark sandy nature and well suited to dry farming. Post timbers, pines and house logs, are in abundance in the hills within a distance of ten to twenty miles. In Park Valley there are five or six sections of good government land and the same amount of railroad land not yet settled. An abundance of superior water flows down out of the mountains, but much of it is lost by seepage. If properly husbanded there would be ample supply for twenty or thirty families more.

In conclusion, I beg to submit for the thoughtful consideration of those who may chance to read this communication, the following copy of a

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letter from Wm. H. Rowe, receiver of the Bear Lake and River Water Works and Irrigation Co:

"I herewith submit the following answers to questions contained in your favor of the 28th ult.

"Your question as to what inducement we have to offer young men to settle on our land, I would answer as follows: We have room enough for from seven to ten thousand people on arable land in Box Elder County. We mention particularly that which is under the Great Bear River Canal system, which contains about eighty thousand acres of first-class fruit and farming lands, which we sell with perpetual water-right at reasonable prices. Heretofore the maintenance or rental has been held high, but to enable the farmers to buy the land the water has been reduced to one dollar per acre rental per year. The land and water are being sold by the Bear River Canal Co. to Utah farmers on ten years' time, with no payment down. For example, if a man should buy forty acres his contract would call for his placing twenty acres under cultivation the first year, and the balance the second year. No payment will be demanded until the spring of the year following the date of purchase, and after that the balance is settled in nine payments at a low and reasonable rate of interest.

"We have put in cultivation some five thousand acres in the interest of the Company and the labor on it we intend to distribute among our patrons, and as it will require a great deal of farm labor, those buying land will be able to pay their first and perhaps their second payment in labor.

"Your second question as to how many families we can accommodate I should say from seven hundred to one thousand families.

"Your third question regarding prices of land, will say that first-class land can be purchased at thirty dollars per acre upon the terms indicated above; this includes perpetual water right. The company has contracted to put out thirty-eight thousand, four hundred fruit trees this season which will show that we have some excellent fruit lands.

"We have a great many farmers from Davis County settling on our lands, and I think this presents a fine opportunity for our young men to establish themselves homes and as a consequence give unto themselves that independency which should be theirs."

Very Respectfully,
Rudger Clawson.

PRESIDENT HORTON D. HAIGHT,
Of Cassia Stake.

OAKLEY, CASSIA CO., IDAHO,
April 2nd, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—To your first question, can say this Stake is not overcrowded, and the only inducements as yet for young men to engage in business are farming, cattle and sheep raising.

II. We can safely say that this Stake can accommodate very easily two hundred and fifty families more than are here at the present time.

III. Good farming land can be purchased here from fifteen to twenty dollars per acre. There is also a large amount of government land unoccupied that can be secured with water also.

IV. Agricultural pursuits pay about the best at the present time. There is a chance for a few men having a trade of some kind, such as shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, etc., who are good Latter-day Saints with families, and who are willing to take for their work what the people can raise.

Your brother,
Horton D. Haight.

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COUNSELOR WILLIAM HOWARD,
Of Emery Stake.

HUNTINGTON, EMERY CO.,
UTAH, Mar. 31, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—In answer to your letter of inquiry in relation to land and the facilities to make homes in this Stake, dated Feb. 26, 1894, we can answer as follows:

I. No, this Stake is not overcrowded, and there are many facilities such as farming, stock-raising, manufactures, etc.

II. We are safe in saying at least two thousand families.

III. Good farming land can be purchased at an average price of about ten dollars per acre.

Yes, there are thousands of acres of government land yet unoccupied. On Price River the people are taking out a couple of large canals that will cover several thousand acres of good land, and would like to have more help in the shape of permanent settlers. There are also hundreds of acres of good land near Cleveland, Lawrence, Huntington, Castle Dale, Orangeville, Ferron, Molen and Emery. At all of these places the canals and ditches can be enlarged and extended, and new canals made to cover large bodies of land. A company has just organized this spring at Emery, in the southern part of Emery County, to build a large canal on the north side of the Muddy Creek, that will cover a large number of sections of good land. There are large bodies of land between Ferron and Orangeville that the waters of Ferron and Cottonwood creeks can be made to cover; also lots of land between Castle Dale and Huntington that can be watered from Cottonwood and Huntington streams. There are several sections of nice land just east of Lawrence, and if enough settlers come to take up land there, the people of Lawrence will help to build a canal to it.

It is quite a large undertaking to make canals here, but thousands of acres of good land can be reclaimed and water got onto it with no more work than it has taken to make the canals we already have, and a great deal easier than it was ten or twelve years ago: then the people had to haul their food and supplies over the mountains from Sanpete and other places, while they were working on the canals. They had to turn their poor horses out in the middle of the afternoon to go several miles in search of feed, and get them up next morning at ten or eleven o'clock. Now this is all changed. Newcomers can buy anything they want at very reasonable prices. There is plenty of hay, grain, flour, beef, etc., and lots of stores to supply dry goods and groceries.

IV. There is very little manufacturing going on here, consequently the farmers as a rule have the greatest success. Generally the farmers have a few head of stock to look after, which helps them considerable, but the stock business is being almost overdone.

We have good fruit here, such as apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, apricots, grapes, gooseberries and currants. We believe it would make a good *sugar beet* country, as beets do well here.

There are good burr grist mills at Emery, Castle Dale and Orangeville. At the latter place the people are putting up a nice roller mill, which they expect to have running before another harvest. There is a splendid chance for someone with a little means to come and help the people of Huntington to put up a roller mill; it would be a good paying investment. The people have been talking the matter up for a couple of years, but have been unable to collect enough money to be safe in ordering the machinery.

Notwithstanding all the facilities we have in this Stake for thrifty and energetic men, we would advise all who can to come and look at the

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country before moving here with their families. Then they can please themselves whether they move here or not, and also decide in what portion of the country they wish to locate—for to the stranger most of the country is uninviting, and it is only by hard work good homes can be made.

In some of our settlements we need mechanics, such as shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc.

At the request of President C. G. Larsen I write the above, and it is endorsed by him and Counselor Seely. I remain,

Very respectfully,
Wm. Howard.

PRESIDENT WM. PAXMAN,
Of Juab Stake.

NEPHI CITY, UTAH, April 10, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN: Our Stake is not over-crowded at present, but unless some new industries or means of employment open up, but few more could thrive here. There is plenty of land but not sufficient water. Could we obtain water, which might be done by building reservoirs, there would be plenty of inducements in farming for another one thousand families.

Farming land can be purchased at from ten to thirty dollars per acre without water claim. Water is selling at from thirty-five to forty dollars. There is plenty of good government land to be reclaimed if we only had the water.

Mining, stock and sheep-raising in the past here yielded the best financial returns. Beet raising could be profitably followed. Manufacturing industries are much needed.

Your brother,
Wm. Paxman.

PRESIDENT E. G. WOOLLEY,
Of Kanab Stake.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—Replying to your questions concerning the condition of Kanab Stake, I am pleased to report as follows:

This Stake is not over-crowded, though all the best land to which water right belongs is at present occupied. We could perhaps accommodate fifty families of energetic people, but they would be under the necessity of finding locations in the mountains, where some water could be obtained, but not sufficient for the irrigation of all the government land at present unoccupied. The greatest difficulty against which settlers would have to struggle would be the obtaining of water stock, which is held at a very high figure in our county, and without water stock in the low lands no crops of consequence can be raised.

The land in and about our settlements, with sufficient water right; would cost about one hundred dollars per acre. There is considerable government land unoccupied, though a considerable portion is claimed by those who have filed on it. The best industry for our part of the country is the care of sheep; and next to sheep, cattle bring the best returns. The land is very suitable for the raising of fruit, and that which is produced is of a very excellent quality. There is abundant room for the establishment of a cannery, which would doubtless yield good returns if transportation facilities were at hand of a better nature than those we now enjoy. The prospects are not without hope that in the near future, we will have a railroad through our part of the country, in which case, Kanab would doubtless be a thrifty place in which to reside.

Yours truly.
E. G. Woolley.

PRESIDENT O. C. HOSKINS,
Of Malad Stake

PORTAGE, BOX ELDER CO.,
April 14th, 1894.

Contributor Co.

Replying to your letter of inquiry concerning the condition of our

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Stake, I am pleased to say that we are not over-crowded with settlers. The inducements which are offered in the various parts of our Stake, I will answer in detail:

Neeleyville Ward, situated on the Snake River in Oneida County, Idaho, has room for eight or ten families, but water is a little scarce. There is vacant government land to be obtained. It is a good place for hay and vegetables. Rockland has room for ten or twelve families, and there is a fair prospect to take up government land containing small springs which would yield enough water for garden and culinary purposes. It is a good hay and grain district. The country is also good for stock-raising. Land with water right costs from fifteen to thirty-five dollars per acre. At Samaria the land is worth from ten to twelve dollars per acre without water right, and from thirty-five to fifty dollars with water. There is no unoccupied land in this neighborhood except badly broken bench land. The raising of lucern hay and seed are the most profitable occupations at this place. St. John has no vacant government land, but purchases can be made of land from fifteen to thirty dollars per acre. It is a good farming country. Malad, the capital of Oneida County, has no government land that is worth reclaiming. Purchases can be made at twenty-five and thirty-five dollars per acre. At Fielding, situated in Box Elder County, there is some government land to be obtained. A large number of people are there engaged in dry farming. In Portage, where all the good land has been taken, purchases can be made at from fifteen to twenty-five dollars per acre. Cherry Creek and Woodruff have no unoccupied land, and the water supply is very limited.

We have room in most of our settlements for a few families who are not in too great a hurry to get rich, but who would take up land and make a good home by hard and constant labor. Our principal drawback in all our wards is the lack of water. The best financial returns to our population at present come from the raising of lucern seed and hay. There are several good water power sites in our Stake which belong to our people, but they are put to no use because capital is lacking. There is a good opening for a flour mill in Fielding and Rockland Wards. The mercantile business could be profitably followed.

Yours Truly,
O. C. Hoskins.

PRESIDENT RICHARD FRY,
Of Morgan Stake.

MORGAN CITY, April 5, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN: — All our tillable land is occupied. For fifteen years families and young people about to marry have moved out to Bear Lake, Star Valley and Uintah County, to settle on land for farming. For twenty years our population has not increased on account of so many moving away.

Farming land when offered for sale sells from thirty to fifty dollars per acre. There is considerable government land situated in the mountains that can be reclaimed for pasturage.

Blacksmiths and carpenters earn the highest wages. Morgan County is purely agricultural. Nine-tenths of the people farm for a living.

Respectfully,
R. Fry.

PRESIDENT I. N. HINCKLEY,
Of Millard Stake.

I. No; there is not more than ten per cent. of our facilities now utilized.

II. Very good, as shown by statements herein set forth.

III. One thousand families.

IV. From twenty to fifty dollars per acre, with primary water rights included.

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V. Yes, over one hundred thousand acres.

VI. Farming, stock, sheep, hog, and fruit raising. There are also very good facilities for manufacturing.

Respectfully,

C. Merrill,

Of Immigration Committee for the Millard County Board of Trade.

PRESIDENT GEO. C. PARKINSON,
Of Oneida Stake.

FRANKLIN, April 4, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Replying to your inquiries of February 24, 1894, in relation to the resources, etc., of the Oneida Stake, I take great pleasure in this opportunity of submitting that,

I. The Oneida Stake is not thickly settled and still presents to young, thrifty and energetic men, who desire homes, many strong inducements. I am, at this writing, unable to give the exact area of the Stake, but it embraces all that territory known as Gentile Valley, Portneuf Valley, Marsh Valley and that portion of Cache Valley north of the Utah and Idaho boundary line, and extends some seven miles north of Pocatello to Ross Fork Creek on the north. It contains twenty-four wards, with a population of about ten thousand.* The plains, valleys and lowlands are very fertile and productive, while the mountains and highlands are well adapted to the raising of extensive herds of cattle and sheep (no profit in raising the common stock horses). The arable lands are adapted to the production of wheat, oats, barley, rye, maize, alfalfa, hops and small fruits. The climate of the Oneida Stake is about five degrees colder than that of Cache Stake. It is traversed by three railroads—the Oregon Short Line, extending from the east boundary to Pocatello; the Utah and Northern, from the extreme south boundary, through Pocatello, to the extreme northern line, and the Cache Valley branch, extending as far as Preston, its terminus.

II. There are, at the present time, about one thousand seven hundred* families in that portion of country within the boundaries of the Oneida Stake with ample room and facilities for the accommodation of many thousands more.

III. Good farming land can be purchased at from five to twenty dollars per acre, and considerable government land still remains unoccopied, with an abundant water supply, which may be properly distributed upon the arable lands by the expenditure of labor only. The assessed valuation of farming land here ranges from three to ten dollars per acre.

IV. The sheep industry has certainly brought very rich returns to the investor until one year ago when there came a sudden decline in the price of wool, and a subsequent material shrinkage in the value of the carcass. This has probably placed the occupation of wool-growing below par, and leaves that of general farming and stock-raising the most remunerative.

Idaho has a most excellent system of free schools in which the students are supplied with text books without cost.

The Oneida Stake Academy, located at Preston, is a creditable institution. The building, which will likely be completed this year, is considered among the finest and best in the Church, and is second to none in the state of Idaho. The amount of means expended upon this handsome structure, in addition to that contributed toward the erection of meeting houses and other Church schools during the last four years, amounts to upwards of sixty thousand dollars; all of which are ap-

* The population here referred to includes both members and non-members of the Church, the total membership being but about seven thousand.

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parent marks of thrift, growth and prosperity.

If in these answers to your questions there can be found encouragement to the "youth of Zion who are desiring and seeking homes" it will indeed be very gratifying.

Your brother, etc.,

Geo. C. Parkinson.

PRESIDENT URIAH T. JONES,
Of Parowan Stake.

CEDAR CITY, IRON COUNTY, UTAH,
March 26th, 1894.

Editor Contributor.:

Our stake is not over-crowded, particularly when we take into consideration the numerous resources of our county that are but partially developed and utilized. It is true, however, so far as agricultural pursuits are concerned that the more valuable lands located in close proximity to many of our cities and villages have been secured, and are being utilized. The same may be said as to the natural, or normal amount of our water supply, referring to what is known by the early settlers of our county, as the primary water right. Many of our young men, however, who are the sons of our illustrious pioneers are beginning to wake up to the necessity of utilizing some of the many resources that Iron County affords, among which is the unusual amount of high or spring water that flows down many of our canyons during the early spring months. Particularly is this the case in the canyon known as Coal Creek, the water supply of Cedar City. Within the last few years many of our thrifty, energetic young men have got, and are securing large tracts of valuable agricultural lands lying some little distance from our towns, the same being equally as productive as the lands owned near by. The same spirit of thrift and energy is manifest in the construction of large and well regulated canals that are intended to tap the various streams running in and through our county during the period of what is known as the high water season. This laudable and praiseworthy undertaking once accomplished, will not only furnish labor and permanent homes for our young men, but will afford opportunities for the classes of young men you refer to—thrifty and energetic men filled with that indefatigable will that has been so marked a characteristic of the pioneers of our fair Territory. We have also in connection with these agricultural advantages, one of the richest mineral districts in our Territory. A county that abounds in iron, coal and some of the precious metals, that has been so frequently written up, not only in our local papers but noticed in foreign papers as well, and reported by some of our leading scientific men of the age, that any effort that might be made in this particular would seem entirely unnecessary. However, it might be well to call your attention to a committee's report as to the resources of Iron County, published in the *Iron County Record* of February 9th, 1894, which is reliable and has been endorsed by the citizens of Cedar City in mass meeting assembled. In referring, however, to these unbounded undeveloped resources, it is by way of encouragement to the artisan who may have an eye to some of the many advantages that southern Utah affords, not only by following the agricultural pursuits, but in mechanical arts; of course your readers will understand the latter advantages are what our people are looking forward to in the near future. At the present time many of our coal mines have been secured, some of which have been purchased by parties who are representing reliable companies. Iron mines that are looked upon as being almost inexhaustible are secured. Railroad companies are now looking to the advantages that southern Utah, and particularly Iron County, affords for the extension of their roads, which

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once accomplished, with manufacturing industries established, will afford many opportunities for those desiring to make permanent homes and become useful citizens, so that in answering your second question, viz.: "How many families can your district accommodate," you will readily perceive that any estimate that may be made would be speculative.

Your third question, "What price can reasonably good farming land be purchased for? Is there government land that can be reclaimed still unoccupied?"

In order to intelligently answer this question, you will kindly permit its segregation, and a reply made to the first subdivision.

Our best farming land is considered to be the land in close proximity to our towns, land conceded to have the best and primary water right; such claims range in extent from twenty to fifty acres and are held in price to be worth from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. In fact many of these claims could not be purchased, unless under some extraordinary circumstances. We have another class of agricultural lands, equally as productive per acre as the first mentioned, but not conceded to have as extensive a primary water right; these claims depend in part for irrigation on the surplus or spring water before alluded to; land claims of this character vary in value from fifteen to fifty dollars per acre, and but few of this class are put upon the market.

Second subdivision, question No. 3: There is much valuable government land, that can be reclaimed, still unoccupied, none of which, however, is close to our cities and towns. With a thorough system of reservoirs such lands could be brought into requisition, and once cultivated and saturated by the use of surplus or spring water, could be made reasonably productive; considerable of this class of land is located on the "low-lands" in our valley; experiments have been made to obtain artesian water in the vicinity of these lands, and have proved successful so far as water for domestic purposes is concerned, yet no very extensive flow has been secured. We have still another class of land claims that have been secured, which it is expected will be brought under cultivation by the use of the canals before mentioned, on to which a portion of the surplus water will be conveyed. Claims in these canals can be procured on easy terms, and undoubtedly parties who could give proper titles to lands of this description would do so at much reduced prices than these already quoted.

Under past and existing circumstances the farmer and stock raiser, will obtain the richest financial returns; in fact these are almost the prevailing occupations at present. With our facilities utilized our unbounded resources developed, we can furnish employment for all classes; not only can the farmer be reasonably rewarded for his toil, and the accomplished artisan, but the man of capital can find sure and safe investment; the manufacturer can not only be amply rewarded, but the common laborer can be provided for, if those characteristics can be had—energy and thrift, determination to overcome the obstacles common in the development of all new country and a desire to make the desert blossom as the rose. Mr. Editor, we have no place in our midst for the "hanger-on," the transient, the men who are not interested in the welfare of our fair Utah. We have no desire to share in the bitter experiences of many of our northern friends, from the effects of "booms" or boom prices—such characters are to us dangerous; personal advantage is what this class is seeking; the welfare of all is not considered by them, the room of such characters is preferable to their company; send us such men as are represented in your letter of February 24, 1894, and they will find a welcome

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from the hospitable people of Iron County.

Respectfully,
U. T. Jones.

PRESIDENT WM. H. SEEGMILLER,
Of Sevier Stake.

RICHFIELD, April 2, 1894.

Contributor Co.:

Yours of February 24th was duly received. I respectfully submit the following in reply:

I. Our Stake is not overcrowded. It presents good facilities for many amilies if they are willing to unite in developing our extensive agricultural resources, which will, when developed, pave the way for the employment of mechanical effort.

We produce of the cereals, wheat, oats, barley, peas, beans and some corn. In grasses, we produce alfalfa, orchard, timothy, clover, and good native varieties. In fruits, apple, pear, plum, small fruits, some peaches and grapes. We produce choice vegetables, consisting of potatoes, beets, carrots, cabbage, caulifflower and other varieties. Our winters being mild we are well situated for fattening cattle, mutton and hogs. Our ranges once excellent, still furnish grazing for considerable stock.

II. From seven hundred and fifty to one thousand families.

III. At from fifteen to fifty dollars per acre with water right.

Some government land suitable for fruit production in township 22 1 west S. L. M.

Considerable university land can be bought on easy terms at from four to five dollars per acre, in township 21 s. 1 west and township 23 s. 2 west S. L. M.

IV. Production of sheep, cattle and hogs, grain and hay, merchandising, school teaching, practising law and medicine, mechanical pursuits, flour milling and dairying.

We have an abundance of good fuel (cedar and pitch pine) which can be bought in our villages from two to four dollars per cord. Poles for fencing can be bought for ten cents each; cedar posts for the same price. Lumber is worth about twenty dollars per thousand. Building stone is abundant. A fair quality of clay is found for making brick. The development of our extensive agricultural resources will require the construction of reservoirs, and the extension and enlargement of our canal systems. The Sevier River is an excellent source of storage supply, furnishing an abundance of water during autumn, winter and spring. Arrangements are now in progress looking to the establishment of two reservoirs, with other good sites in reserve. A few capable persons in teaching vocal and instrumental music would find employment in our settlements.

To energetic settlers our Stake offers superior advantages.

Very respectfully,
Wm. H. Seegmiller.

COUNSELOR R. S. COLLETT,
Of Uintah Stake.

VERNAL, UTAH, April 4, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN.—Your letter of inquiry of February 24th, addressed to President S. R. Bennion, has been handed me with the request that I answer the same.

I. Our Stake is not over-crowded. We have a very healthful and pleasant climate, the seasons being about the same length as those of Utah and Salt Lake counties. Our winters are not long but severe, that is, it gets quite cold from the middle of December to February, the thermometer registering as low as 30° at times. The snow-fall is not heavy. We can offer the advantages of a new and thriving country, rich in natural resources. The Ashley Valley is at present the only portion of Uintah County unoccupied by Indian or military reservations, fit for agricultural purposes. This valley is about

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seven by twenty miles. It extends from the base of the Uintah Mountains on the north to Green River on the southeast. It is watered from the Ashley River. All kinds of hardy fruits do well, including the apricot, grape, and the peach with proper cultivation. Our hills are full of coal, our mountains full of timber, and the majority of our people own more land than they can properly cultivate.

II. There are about five hundred families living in the valley. It will sustain twice that many from its agriculture alone. When its other resources are developed it will sustain many times that number.

III. Good land is rather high here. The price ranges from ten to fifty dollars per acre; this always includes water right. There is still some government land to be taken, but it is a long way from water and no surplus water to be obtained. The water is limited and is entirely possessed by present claimants except during high water season.

IV. The sheep industry has been one of the most profitable in the past. The cattle business also yields good returns. Farming pays fully as well if not better than in any other part of Utah, Fort Duchesne and the Indian agencies furnishing our principal markets. We have tradesmen, but there is room for more. We are greatly in need of a good, honest lawyer. This county affords a splendid opportunity for one who could be conservative and persistent in building up an honest practice. A good doctor is also a pressing need and would be a blessing to the community, while, if he did not want to make a fortune in two years, his practice and remuneration therefrom would soon be excellent.

As many seem to be looking to the opening of the Uintah and Uncompahgre Indian reservations with a view of securing homes, a few words may not be out of place on that subject. The Uintah reservation is one of the best watered parts of Utah. There is room for thousands of families besides taking care of the Indians. But many will be disappointed in rushing here for homes as much of it is now a desert. But these deserts will blossom as the rose with water upon their surface, and the production of the soil to one unacquainted with its sterile appearance, is simply astonishing. So if the grass plats are all taken when you get here—providing you have the chance to come, do not leave the bare, uninviting plats and go back disgusted, for the best of farms in Ashley Valley today are those you could not get the "first settlers" to think of locating—they looked too bare and desolate.

Respectfully,
R. S. Collett.

PRESIDENT WILLIS E. ROBISON.
Of Wayne Stake.

LOA, April 10th, 1894.

Editor Contributor.

DEAR BROTHER:—Replying to your favor of February 24, relative to the undeveloped resources of Wayne County, I will say that we have plenty of room for good, industrious citizens. Homes can be easily made here. Our timber and lumber supplies are excellent and extensive, and the water supply is second to none in the Territory. Our climate is varied. The western part of Wayne County is high and suitable for stock-raising, and for the cultivation of oats, wheat, potatoes, etc., while the eastern part has a climate suitable for vineyards and the tender fruits, and has also good coal in great abundance.

We can easily make room for five hundred families, if they are good workers. Land with title costs about ten dollars per acre. Of course locations make a difference, but that is an approximate estimate. Water right is worth five dollars per acre. There is some little government land to be obtained.

Our principal occupations here are

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stock-growing, farming and lumbering, while many in the eastern part of the county are deriving quite a revenue from fruit and vineyards. We are willing to divide our lands and resources with good, honorable Latter-day Saints.

Your brother in the Gospel,
Willis E. Robison.

COUNSELOR ISAAC SMITH
of Cache Stake.

LOGAN CITY, UTAH,
April 19, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—President Orson Smith handed me your letter of February 26, 1894, on Sunday, April 15th, requesting that I try to answer it. This I cheerfully do to the best of my knowledge.

I can truthfully answer the first question by saying no. As for inducements we have of dry farm lands about 20,000 acres that can be purchased at from five to fifteen dollars an acre, similar in quality to lands that are now being successfully cultivated. And of irrigated lands, with water right it is estimated that we have at least 20,000 acres that can be purchased at from ten to forty dollars per acre. Where a person has not the ready means with which to purchase, many of the above lands can be rented, leased, or bought on easy terms. Our mountains furnish good summer ranges for dry-stock and sheep. Our dairies, three in number, will be pleased to buy all the surplus milk that may be produced on the farm. The mining districts of Idaho and Montana consume large quantities of eggs, poultry, veal, pork, etc., thus furnishing a good market for these products. For men of means, seeking profitable investments, we have facilities for water or electric power plants that can not be excelled in Utah, or, we believe, elsewhere, which, with cheap homes and low cost of living, makes our county or Stake a desirable place for locating factories.

II. I would estimate that we could comfortably accommodate from four to six hundred.

III. There are no government lands accessible to cultivation that are not now owned, so far as I can learn.

IV. To those seeking homes, farming and stock-raising, including the keeping of poultry, sheep and swine, are the most profitable. There is ample room for two or three more cheese factories, and a broom factory. The raising of small fruit, such as strawberries, raspberries, etc., as also the growing of apples, pears, plums, etc., is very remunerative.

Trusting the foregoing may be in part what you desired, with best wishes, I remain, your brother in the Gospel. *Isaac Smith.*

ELDER GEORGE PASSEY,
Of Maricopa Stake.

MESA, A. T., March 2nd, 1894.

The Contributor:

Your favor of 24th ult. Addressed to Chas I. Robson (deceased) was handed me by his counselors, with a request that it be answered.

I. Our Stake is not over-crowded. Good inducements are here for the kind of men you mention.

II. A great many families can be accommodated in Maricopa Stake.

III. Good land with water will cost from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. There is little, if any government land to be taken up under existing canals; much yet to be reclaimed by new canals.

IV. The possibilities of Arizona's productions are great. The avenues of occupation are many. The raising of fine stock, both horses and cattle, doubtless, would prove a profitable venture. Fruits, such as the peach, pear, apricot, plum, prune, grape, fig, olive and pomegranate do exceedingly well. The orange and lemon is being cultivated quite ex-

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tensively and with gratifying success. This is the home of the almond nut and the yield of the strawberry is very great. The raising of stock and cultivation of alfalfa, has perhaps yielded a greater profit thus far than any other occupation.

Yours truly,
Geo. Passey.

In behalf of Stake Presidency.

PRESIDENT ALBERT R. SMITH,
Of San Luis Stake.

MANASSA, COLO, March 11th, 1894.
Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—We yet have an abundance of room for settlers of the "energetic and thrifty" class you name; land and water are abundant, and partially improved homes can be purchased for exceedingly low prices.

Thousands of families can find room here to make comfortable homes, as I should think not more than one-tenth of available country is yet under cultivation.

Land and water at present can be had at from five to ten dollars per acre. There is not much government land; nearly all of this valley is, or has been owned by the State, large tracts, amounting to hundreds of thousands of acres have been sold, and irrigating canals have been made by incorporations, but as they have so far failed to make the interest on money invested, their lands and canals can be bought at reasonable figures.

The State also has immense bodies of land that can be had by actual settlers, at very moderate prices.

Farming and stock-raising are among the occupations that afford our people their principal employment, though opportunities for other branches of business, are abundant.

"The San Luis Valley is properly a great park, that is, a plateau of level prairie, about one hundred and twenty-five miles north by south and average width of about fifty miles, entirely surrounded by mountain ranges which are from five to seven thousand feet above the level of the valley, and the more prominent peaks are perpetually covered with snow. The great Rio Grande River enters midway on the west side, and makes its exit by a deep gorge which it has cut throught the Conejos Range on the southern end of the valley into New Mexico. The streams which drain the mountains surrounding the northern end of the valley are concentrated into the San Luis River, which terminates into a number of lakes from which there is no visible outlet.

"The adjoining mountain ranges are covered with timber which is suitable for all kinds of building purposes, and at the mountain mills lumber can be bought from eight to ten dollars per thousand. Good cedar posts are delivered at the railway stations for eight cents each. Of course timber for fencing, for corrals, for fuel and for the many needs of the farmer in developing a home, are free to him on the mountain sides.

"There are interspersed throughout these mountains and foothills hundreds of square miles of splendid grazing lands which are a public range, and all the unfenced portion of the valley furnishes abundant feeding ground. Owners have a lawful right in this State to turn their stock at large, and fences must be built to keep them from trespassing.

"The valley is a smooth plain sloping from either side to the center at an average grade of about ten feet to the mile, adapting it admirably for easy irrigation. There have been built a number of immense irrigating systems, besides the innumerable small ditches, and the topographical conditions are so favorable that a perpetual water right costs the farmer but little more than the annual charge for water in many other sections of the country.

"Owing to the peculiar character and position of the sub-stratification of the valley, after the surface is once thoroughly saturated by the application of water through the canal, the

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surface is supplied, through capillary action, with sufficient water to enable the farmer, in many sections of the valley, to almost entirely dispense with the necessity of irrigation beyond merely running water around his fields in canals built so that the water merely soaks into the soil through their channels. This fact reduces the labor of irrigation to less than one-fourth of the the cost elsewhere in Colorado, and minimizes the quantity of water required more than sixty per cent.

"There are at this time more than three thousand flowing artesian wells in the San Luis Valley, although it is only a little more than five years since the first flowing well was discovered, and yet the supply does not diminish. In the central and southern parts of the valley such water is found at a depth not exceeding, on an average, one hundred feet—in the northern part of the valley about two hundred feet—and are supplied to the farmer at a cost not exceeding twenty cents per foot. The pressure is such that the water, which is almost chemically pure and soft, is readily carried through ordinary dwellings. Where a depth of six or eight hundred feet is reached, a well six inches in diameter, reduced at the aperture to two inches, carries a vertical column of water from twenty-five to fifty feet in height.

"The climate is one of the most salubrious in the west—in summer warm days and cool nights, and in winter clear cold weather tempered by the great mountain ranges which overlook and surround the valley and protect it from the blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones which are dreaded features of a prairie country. Nearly every day in the year is so clear that out-door work can be done without fear of rain."

Trusting these fragments will enable you to publish the information you desire, I am,

Your Brother, etc.

Albert R. Smith.

PRESIDENT JESSE N. SMITH,
Of Snowflake Stake.

SNOWFLAKE, March 5, 1894.

Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I. Our Stake is not overcrowded. Labor commands a good price. There are not many inducements for home seekers, dry farming in the forest offering the best returns, unless one has capital to invest in reservoirs or in raising water from wells.

II. The possibilities of dry farming are very great, I believe, in the neighboring forest region; there are not many unused facilities in our narrow valleys, unless water shall be stored during the wet season or raised from wells.

III. Reasonably good farming land can be purchased, with water right, at from fifteen to seventy-five dollars per acre, according to location. About five hundred acres of good government land in the lower Woodruff Valley could easily be reclaimed by an organized effort to control the water. We have no men to take up this land. A great business could doubtless be built up by taking out the water of the Little Colorado, below Winslow, on the A. & P. railroad, and raising alfalfa hay.

Men with energy and perseverance could accomplish great results, and the facilities are abundant.

IV. The occupations that have paid the best with us heretofore are merchandising, sheep-raising, farming and freighting, in the order named.

Yours very truly,

Jesse N. Smith.

PRESIDENT DAVID K. UDALL,
Of St. John's Stake.

SPRINGERVILLE, ARIZONA,
March 20th, 1894.

The Contributor Co.:

In reply to your enquiry of February 24th concerning prospects for new settlers in the St. John's Stake:

Our Stake is not over-crowded, in fact we need more settlers. We think

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there are good opportunities for industrious people to make homes. Unoccupied government land (farming) is obtained, also land can be purchased from settlers at reasonable figures. Usually there is an abundance of water certain seasons of the year, which if reservoired would furnish plenty of water to irrigate large tracts of land, this being the only way to successfully farm in any of our seven settlements of this Stake. Six out of the seven wards have already constructed reservoirs.

Farming is considered the best occupation.

Timber is abundant in the adjacent mountains, likewise grass for summer range.

Your Brother in the Gospel,

David K. Udall.

PRESIDENT GEORGE OSMOND,
Of Star Valley Stake.

AFTON, WYOMING, Mar. 22, 1894.

Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I take pleasure in answering your favor of 24th ult., as to the advantages our Stake offers to those who are desiring and seeking homes, I answer your questions in the order you ask them.

I. Our Stake is by no means over-crowded. Among the facilities we enjoy are plenty of good land, the best of water in abundance, fine range for stock in most of our settlements, and good timber easy of access. Inasmuch as many have made comfortable homes here by their energy and thrift, others may do the same.

II. We have now about two hundred and sixty families in our Stake, and it is a low estimate to say we could accommodate as many more.

III. Good farming land can be bought for ten dollars an acre; in some settlements for less. There are a few sections of government land still open to entry, besides seventeen sections of state land, which can be leased at a nominal figure, or purchased at ten dollars per acre.

IV. A system of mixed husbandry in which the cultivation of the soil would be associated with stock-raising, would probably yield the richest financial returns. Our ranges being new the cattle raised on them generally bring a better price than those in larger settled districts.

In conclusion, I recommend those who want homes to visit us and see for themselves; for while many of us think this country is good enough for anybody, we have some who think, as they have always thought, that the best country is still a little further on. Respectfully,

Geo. Osmond.

COUNSELOR W. E. PACK,
Of Summit Stake.

KAMAS, March 10th, 1894.

Contributor Co.:

Replying to your questions concerning the Summit Stake of Zion, I will state there are quite a large number of young men in this Stake without homes. If there was a railroad from Salt Lake City to Coalville, employment could be found for many people in our coal mines.

Our best farming lands cost from twenty-five to thirty dollars an acre, though there is very little tillable land in this county.

Mining is the most productive occupation followed by the people in this Stake, and stock-raising comes next in importance.

Respectfully,

W. E. Pack.

PRESIDENT HUGH S. GOWANS,
Of Tooele Stake.

TOOELE CITY, March 8, 1894.

Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—Please find answers to your list of inquiries contained in your favor of February 24, 1894.

I. We are over-crowded, a great many young men are without homes of their own, in this Stake.

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II. Not any, unless our water resources are increased, and industries of some kind established.

III. Reasonably good farming land, with water right is worth about one hundred dollars per acre. There is plenty of government land that can be reclaimed, but there is no water.

IV. Farming and fruit-raising.

A system of reservoirs can, and I believe will be established in the near future, to preserve our water in winter and early spring, thereby making it possible to reclaim much good land, that is otherwise almost valueless.

Hugh S. Gowans.

PRESIDENT ABRAM HATCH,
Of Wasatch Stake.

HEBER CITY, April 17, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

I. Our Stake is not over-crowded, and inducements are found on every hand for young and energetic people to lay hold of the undeveloped resources of this county. We have much unimproved land in our valley (Provo), but nearly the whole of it is secured by homestead entry. Unimproved land sells for about ten dollars per acre. The improved from fifteen to fifty dollars. Our valley is one of the best watered sections of Utah. The beautiful Provo River, the third largest river of Utah, runs the entire length of our valley, a distance of about twelve miles. Besides the river, we have three nice streams coming down from the mountains on the east side of the valley, and one large creek from the west mountains, making the watering facilities unsurpassed by any other location of which I know. The county seat (Heber) contains about two thousand people, who are in the front rank in all that pertains to an agricultural, educational and a progressive people. We have one of the best school-houses in the territory, fully completed and paid for. Our town is well built up; the houses are mostly built of "red sandstone;" the public buildings are a credit to any community, and the people are not burdened with the curse of paying interest on any county, city or school bonds.

II. Our county could easily support three times its present population.

III. There is no government land to be obtained in this valley, but so soon as the Uintah Indian reservation is opened to settlement (a bill for which is now before Congress), there will be a very large tract of land ready for the homesteader. That part abounds in latent wealth, and is capable of sustaining five thousand families. There is a succession of valleys of rich soil, well watered, and plenty of timber in the mountains not many miles away. People from all parts of Utah are waiting anxiously for this country to open for settlement, about two-thirds of which is within our present county boundaries.

IV. In relation to financial returns for labor in agricultural lines, I will say, the raising of peas for seed is perhaps in the front rank, and next to this lucern for feed for both cattle and hogs. Wheat is a good paying crop, as it brings from five to seven and one-half cents per bushel more than is obtained in the lower valleys, Park City, only twelve miles away, being a ready cash market for everything we wish to sell. A new and improved creamery is nearly completed, from which we expect good results. Lumbering is carried on to quite an extent and to some profit. We have an unlimited amount of best red sandstone quarries near Heber City, which will one day be very valuable. There is room, and welcome, for all thrifty, honest, young men who wish to identify their interests with us.

Yours truly,

A. Hatch.

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PIONEER,
Of Canada.
CARDSTON, ALBERTA, N. W. T.
CANADA, April 7th, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

GENTLEMEN:—Your communication to President C. O. Card containing inquiries concerning the advantages of this portion of the land of Zion, in his absence has been handed to me and I will endeavor to briefly answer them.

I. Our country is new and therefore not over-crowded. The inducements offered for the class mentioned —"young, energetic, thrifty men, who desire homes," are indeed numerous.

We are in a prairie country, possessing a rich, deep soil covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, which fully attests the point of its fertility, so that in an agricultural way, we have no fears for the future of this land.

The abundant pasturage makes the raising of cattle, sheep and horses very inexpensive, and the numerous streams and lakes in this connection make dairying a favored pursuit in this locality.

In the way of manufacturing all avenues are open. While timber is not so plentiful as in Utah, still lumbering will receive attention for some years to come. By the time our own supply is exhausted railroad communication with British Columbia will enable us to draw from her bountiful supply a cheaper aud better article than we can produce at home.

The production of grain in vast quantities will make milling one of the principal manufacturing industries as the country grows.

Our district (Alberta) contains one woolen mill located at Calgory, but this line of manufacture also presents great possibilities for the future.

II. The settlement of this country has scarcely begun, so that it can safely be said that thousands of amilies may find homes in Alberta.

III. Railroad lands can be purchased for three dollars and ten cents per acre, ten per cent. down, the balance in annual payments with interest at six per cent. These are as good lands as can be found here, being the odd sections of the surveyed townships. The Hudson's Bay Company also have one and three-fourths sections in each township, which are held according to quality at five dollars and upward per acre. Terms of payment easy. Government lands—all even numbered sections except eight and twenty-six in each township, are open for homestead entry. A fourth section is the limit for each individual, and no fees are exacted except the entrance fee at the local land office—ten dollars.

IV. Aside from commercial enterprises requiring considerable capital, the occupations yielding richest financial returns are sheep-raising, cattle-raising, and dairying, and mixed farming. The raising of swine on a large or small scale would yield handsome returns for the next few years, as tons of bacon, ham, etc., are imported from as far east as Chicago.

Mining will also be an important industry, although little has been done save in developing the numerous coal claims that are found widely distributed throughout Southern Alberta.

Having made a feeble attempt to answer your questions, a word as to our location might be in place. Cardston is in the southwest portion of the Provisional District of Alberta, on Lee's Creek, a tributary of the St. Mary's River. The Rocky Mountains are twenty miles to the west, the international boundary line, fourteen miles or less to the south.

Lethbridge, some forty-five miles distant to the north and east, is our nearest railroad point, with which we expect to have telephonic communication by July 1st. Good land is procurable within a radius of twenty-

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five miles to the east, south and west.

Although in this locality good crops are raised without irrigation, there is a vast area to the north and east that can and will be irrigated in the future. A preliminary survey of the country east of the St. Mary's River, completed only last week, shows that a scheme for irrigating that section of Southern Alberta is entirely feasible, and a bill has been prepared asking government aid in this project which parliament will be asked to pass during the present session. We are under the British government nominally, and in the experience of the Latter-day Saints, her laws are more justly administered than are those of any other civilized nation existing at the present time.

As a provisional district we correspond to a territory in the United States, with the notable exception that we have no taxes to pay until municipalities are formed or the district becomes a province.

Settlers can bring all goods and chattels in use six months prior to date of entry, free of duty, also sixteen head of cattle or horses.

A reduction in the tariff of ten per cent. on cattle and sheep, and fifteen per cent. upon agricultural implements will bring an ad valorem duty of twenty per cent. on each of the above items; this reduction, with several other important changes, is looked for at any time now that parliament is again in session.

A great deal more might be said concerning our goodly land, but I fear too much of your valuable space will be taken to present what has already been written. I am,

Yours in Zion's cause,

Pioneer.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

XIII.

THE writer's ramblings in the April number closed with the city of Constantine, and as the days were growing warm along the shores of Stamboul and Scutari, the next line of travel trended towards the northwest, passing through Bulgaria and Servia into the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, touching briefly at Belgrade and Buda-Pesth on the Danube. Some weeks were passed in Vienna and some days at Carlsbad in Bohemia, the ultra fashionable watering place of central and southern Europe. A brief stay in Switzerland followed, then came Paris, London, Liverpool, the White Star Line to New York and the Overland route to Salt Lake, the point of departure.

In the fall of that year, the writer left Utah, designing to spend the bleak and shivering months in the Spanish West Indies. After visiting a few of the larger Eastern cities, until the winter barrenness had spread drearily over all the northern lines of travel, the trend of inclination began running towards windward islands and tropical seas.

The intention had been to sail for Havana direct from the port of New York, but the apparition of a West India steamer coming up the North River, all her shrouds a ghostly mass of ice, and spars and rigging a forest of icicles, together with the statements of her officers and crew published in the morning papers, made it not improbable that any ship rounding Cape Hatteras in the then state of the barometer, would find herself between the devil and the deep sea; at all events it was decided to go by rail to Tampa on the Gulf of Mexico and sail from there, passing en route through those southern states which lie on our eastern coast. The latter course, in addition, and with added interest, enabled the traveler to see Florida and traverse the waterways of that semi-

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ON THE OKLAHAWA.

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tropical region by the pleasantest of all methods, the steamboat. A night was spent in Washington, after which the flight became continuous, until the northern border of Florida was reached at Jacksonville. Cold days and nights, with snow between, were unexpectedly found in Virginia, the two Carolinas and even Georgia; in all four states the "old settler" was still hanging and harping on that well-sworn lie, "de coldes spell since befo de wah, sah."

Florida, owing to its semi-tropical climate and many other natural attractions, is regarded, at least by dwellers in the north, as one of the most favored winter sanitariums and pleasure resorts within sound of the Atlantic Ocean. Of course the rigor of an Eastern winter generally sees a large contingent setting out for the Pacific, but they are mostly invalids who go west reluctantly and return gladly. The average northerner who goes anywhere, goes to Florida after the holidays, as he goes to Saratoga, Newport or Long Branch in mid-summer, when the trembling heat of the dog-star is rampant in the sky. The winter hotels of Florida, of which so much has been written and spoken, usually spread their nets in January and make the final drag in May; they can well afford to close the remainder of the year. Five months' steady fleecing is galore, however submissive the sheep or abundant the wool. In some respects, however, their hotels are unexceptionable. They are built, as a rule, with special reference to the full enjoyment of a warm and generous climate; verandahs of three or four hundred feet in length and sixty in height, soften the noonday glare and no longer leaves a constant struggle between the light that hurts and the shade which soothes; the great halls and lofty, airy apartments are heavily carpeted and the noise of footsteps or those other audible nuisances which so often fret the ears of invalids, are rarely heard. Should there be the least chill in the air as night sets in, log fires are started on the great hearth-stones, and cozy comfort expands in ever-widening circles.

Jacksonville is a general starting point for excursions by rail or river farther inland. Apartments were taken and ramblings made from there. "Jaxville," as residents love to call it, claims a population of thirty-five thousand, which makes its absence or appearance on a tourist's itinerary a matter of little moment, other than as a resting or rallying place. It is located on a bend of the St. Johns River, where that wide-spread, but unmethodical stream, after flowing over two hundred miles in a tortuous northerly course, makes a sharp bend to the eastward and empties into the ocean, twenty miles distant. The streets and public squares are shaded with evergreens, and water-oaks, magnolia and orange trees; the latter being of the bitter variety, are cultivated for shade and ornament only, and yet the inhabitants, with a generosity beyond any apparent affluence, frequently invite their northern visitors to help themselves to the fruit; it is scarcely necessary to add that a second invitation is invariably declined. The town and suburbs contain many pretty and some elegant residences. The population appeared to be mostly colored, and the occupation of that class in the south, when not angling for catfish or shooting craps, is lying on their backs asleep in the sun, or eating bananas and slipping along on the peel. There the baleful banana skin works out its full and complete mission; there at any hour in the day "de cullud pussons" can be seen with a half-eaten banana in each hand and their legs in the air, tangled up in inextricable confusion.

After a few days spent at Jacksonville, the first flight was made to St. Augustine, distant thirty-seven miles on the sea-board, and said by its inhabitants to be the oldest city in America. The first and last subject

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A Louisiana Creole (African Type.)

arriving and departing strangers hear of is antiquity. Residents refer to the city's remote age with considerable pride and more or less persistence. And there is some justification. Ponce de Leon and his—well, buccaneers, they were little less, landed there in 1512. And yet visitors are sometimes bored with the tiresome iteration of that date, and if the writer was not stunned at St. Augustine's hoary past, it was because his thoughts went back in reflective mood to a similar picturesque site in Central Japan, where along the water's edge he saw five hundred life-size figures of men in stone who were placed there ages before the coming of the Son of Man. Of their origin, twenty centuries of Japanese history give no tradition; two thousand years and untold millions of that courteous little race have come and gone, yet those lonely groups of long-forgotten gods still linger there.

St. Augustine is a very beautiful little sea-coast town of ten thousand inhabitants, very clean, bright and orderly; its great hostelry, the Ponce de Leon, is probably the most picturesque hotel in the country, with a frontage of nine hundred feet on

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three sides of a hollow square, and a seating capacity for eight hundred guests in its great dining hall.

Standing on the sea-wall and facing eastward, one looks across the Matanzas River, three-quarters of a mile to the island of Anastasia, where stands the government lighthouse, spiral striped and resembling nothing so much as a monstrous, inflated barber's pole, its white light is of the first order and visible at sea nineteen miles. To the left the land drops away to a beach, where Sir Francis Drake posted a cannon one evening in 1586 and pounded away, as the sun went down, at the old fortress opposite. In the modest little plaza, an open square where all public meetings take place, there are two monuments, the older one erected in 1812 by the Spanish authorities in memory of a new constitution; the other monolith, an obelisk of coquina stone was raised in '72 for a widely different purpose. It commemorates the confederate dead of St. Augustine and was erected by its ladies' memorial association. One face bears the inscription: "In memorium of our loved ones who gave their lives in the service of the Confederate States." Another: "They died far from the home that gave them birth," and another: "They have crossed the river and rest under the shade of the trees." On the north side of the plaza is St. Joseph's Cathedral, built under Spanish rule in 1700, burned down seven years ago and immediately rebuilt and enlarged. Had the Cathedral escaped the flames, it could not have claimed a remote antiquity, even from an American point of view. Its predecessor dated back to 1682 or thereabouts, one of the old bells, still preserved, bearing that date.

Fort Marion is the best preserved and most interesting antiquity of St. Augustine. It too, like nearly every old structure in the town, is built of the so-called *coquia*—Spanish for shell fish—these small shells are the accumulation of ages. Acted upon by sea water they become partially dissolved, then drying, are firmly cemented together in a solid mass. According to a Spanish inscription over the entrance to the fort, it was finished in 1756. Passing under a massive, worm-eaten portcullis, a wide-arched passage leads to the open parade inside the walls. On either side the passage are found doors leading to vaulted cells or chambers that surround the parade on all sides and which served in their time as quarters for the garrison, or cells for the prisoners, including American rebels during the revolution, and later on for Seminole and other Indian captives. Not far from the fort the crumbling walls of an old convent are still standing, which, in its time, was the headquarters of missionary work in Florida. From there the devoted "fishers of men" sallied forth and built little chapels from the everglades to the Suwanee River.

I returned one evening to Jaxville and a couple of days later took passage on the "Eliza Hancox," a steamboat going seventy-five miles up the St. Johns River to Palatka. All Florida rivers the writer has seen are the color of a quadroon, a rather light, rich brown tint, that shade lying between amber and sherry. A Colonel Hart of Palatka explains it as due to coloring matter in the rich soil and to the dense, matted and decaying under growth, the dyes being washed by rains into the swamps and lagoons which feed the smaller streams, while they in turn feed the larger ones. The colonel is proprietor of Hart's orange grove near Palatka, one of the oldest and most famous in the state. It covers seventy acres of land containing about five hundred trees and yields twelve thousand boxes annually, many of which, owing to their superior quality are sent to Europe and other remote points.

I had expected much of the St. Johns River but its placid reaches tired me. On going a distance of

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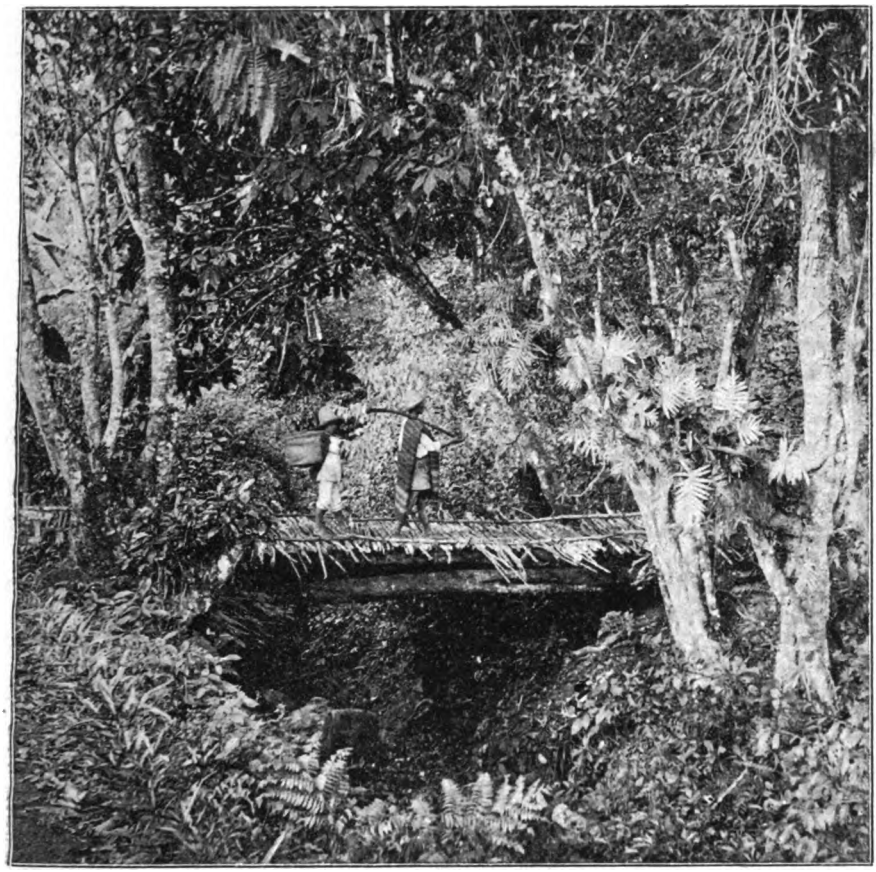

SEMINOLE INDIANS.

one hundred and twenty-five miles up stream I found a varying width of one to seven miles. The steamboat's channel being nearly mid-stream, was too far to scan the closely wooded shores. At times the pilot would run closer in, when perhaps a farm house, an orange grove or a stretch of bright green savannah and marshy meadow would appear through an opening in the forest. Now and then as the boat made towards some landing, a cane brake or enormous masses of water lilies would be seen fringing the banks, while a faint river breeze, rustling through the tall cypress, sounded like distant waves on a sandy beach.

The next steam-boating done was on the Oklahawa River, a small but very picturesque stream emptying into the St. Johns. The Oklahawa "line of steamers" are built specially for navigating that winding tributary, and comprise two little stern wheel tubs, some sixty feet in length and sixteen wide, each carries a small boiler and engine of four mustang power placed midway in the hold. On the upper deck—there are two—are sleeping accommodations for sixteen passengers and dining allotments for twelve, but if more than five persons present themselves at the table simultaneously, the remainder occupy stools. After a few days spent among the flowering groves of Palatka, I embarked on the "Astatula." The puffing little steamer left the St. Johns River at a point

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twenty-five miles up-stream, and suddenly and sharply pushing her way through a bed of water lilies beneath, overhanging magnolias, entered what at first, seemed a narrow, sluggish creek emptying out of a cypress swamp. It proved to be the Oklahawa and its navigation the most interesting of any experience I found in Florida. With an average width of probably seventy-five feet and a length of ninety miles, its course is the most indirect, devious or rambling that I ever saw running water take. There are no shoals—narrow as the channel is, the water is deep and its placid surface only ripples now and then as some passing breeze goes by.

On the narrow reaches of the river hundreds of turtle were sunning themselves on decaying logs, first in twos and fours and then in tens and twenties. Later on as the sun rose higher and began to penetrate the thinner branches of the river foliage an occasional alligator would slide into the depths with a frightful rush, and one must be alert to see them at all. From what I could learn, that river-haunting reptile seeks a habitation in the ooze and slime of the bottom during the cooler months. Although against the Florida law to shoot alligators on the Oklahawa, our captain showed no apparent hesitation in loaning me his repeating rifle; the result verified his judgment as a law-abiding citizen; I got but one shot and that fell wide of the mark, my aim was hurried and the quarry escaped unharmed. Not so the turtles, however; I "rifled" enough "diamond backs" that day to make terrapin soup for all the everglades.

The mate, a swarthy, intelligent black possessed a fund of misinformation about the country inland and as opportunity offered, appeared disposed to share it with the writer. Among other things he said alligators would not attack adults in the water but were fond of edible children and preferred small ones. He was then asked whether, as between a white and a black child, they would picaninny? The query was received with silent scorn, so the race question still remains unsettled in the south.

Few voluntary stops are made and those only on being signaled from the shore where a landing exists; these generally consist of a few plank, resting on spiles driven into the shallow margins of the river. At such points small freight is received or discharged, or perhaps a hunter jumps off and with rifle slung across the shoulder, immediately disappears among the shadows of the timber. Sometimes a few straggling huts are seen in the openings around the landings, but as a rule a broad thoroughfare is cut straight away to the interior and its end is soon lost to view in the gloom of the forest.

In more prosperous days at some obsolete time, landings were made at other points in the vast swamp, but now dilapidated freight sheds and worm-eaten wharves, slowly rotting away, are all that remain. The settler has fled; whether he was taken off by a boat, or an alligator, or the swamp fever, no one is there to tell. The scant opening, too, is gone; palmetto, bay and myrtle, swamp holly and possum haw have claimed their own and once more cumber the earth and poison the air to the water's edge. The ancient disused wharves lie so low that the sedge has overgrown them from end to end, and all that is visible are squares of green, rising above the water weeds and vegetation which grow in the ooze and slime of the shallows near the banks. The surroundings are desolate in the extreme, and as the boat forges slowly ahead in the gathering darkness, the channel narrows in and a few minutes later the prow drives into a clump of palmettoes on the opposite bank and comes to a standstill, the craft is slowly poled off and starts up stream again. Meanwhile a negro gathers up an armful of pine knots and

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kindles a fire in an iron brazier on the roof of the pilot house. The fire is kept replenished during the night and casts a fitful glare over the bank and river, enabling the pilot to see ahead three hundred yards at a time, and what is of more importance, it enables the boat to "keep off the grass" the greater part of the night. Supper over, the passengers seat themselves on deck and view the windings of the Oklahawa under a new phase, that of a miniature bonfire and the rising moon combined. The usual immelodious vocal concert, of animal, bird and reptile life commenced when the pine-knots were lighted, and spread far over river, wood and swamp. The overture started in a dense copse to the left and was given by an assemblage of tree-frogs whose resonant croakings were taken up and added to by the hooting of owls, the shrill scream of wild cats and once by the hoarse blowing sound emitted by an alligator. At times, when the boat, making a sharp turn, would swing against the crowded branches of an overhanging tree there would be heard plaintive cries or angry hootings followed by the noiseless passing of shadowy wings. At other times, when the trend of the stream brought the moonlight on the tranquil surface of the waters, we could see myriads of large bubbles rising to the surface and floating away, giving token of some mysterious animal or reptile at work in the depths below.

The following day we reached Silver Springs where the rise of the river takes place, and the whole body of water rises from the earth within a space not exceeding sixty yards in diameter. Dropping into conversation with a gentleman, a native of Florida who came aboard at the springs to make the down trip, I was told, among other things, that in his section of the state, which lies on the gulf coast between the estuary of the Suwanee River and Tampa Bay, the country is even more wild, desolate and impenetrable. There, too, the palmetto palms and the stately cypress with their two parasites, climbing vines and pendant grey moss—thrive apace. Gigantic creepers, after rising forty or fifty feet, swing down again into dense beds of decaying undergrowth. Heat and moisture render the conditions for rank growth so favorable that a traveler, unaided by compass might wander for days and not be positive any actual progress had been made. Few dare venture into the trackless forest except trained backwoodsmen, and even they are sometimes lost, infested as the jungle is by wild beasts, alligators, bloated moccasin snakes and other horrible reptile life. He remembered a party of five, surveyors, I think, who in attempting to carry a line through the wilderness of swamp and jungle, had to cut their way with axes, and at intervals construct pontoon bridges over the quaking lagoons. Before penetrating many miles, the poisonous exhalations of the foul morass completed what the rank tropical vegetation had begun. The entire party were stricken down with swamp fever, a frightful malady, in which the periods of chills are real congestions and the febrile intervals are delirium. Finally in nearing the coast the swamps end in a vast quagmire, which even the light pacing, sure-footed Florida panther cannot cross in safety.

The succeeding day, passage was taken on the S. F. railway to Tampa Bay where a delay occurred waiting for the West India steamer. Before mingling again with "those who go down to the sea in ships," the writer's vague impressions of the south had time to crystalize into stubborn belief, as follows: the country is beautiful, fertile, half-settled, and perhaps fairly prosperous; but whatever of enterprise, energy, animation, life, spirit or dash is existent there, comes mainly from the north, nothing less than a supreme palliative for that

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inertia born of ante bellum days will permanently change the average Southerner, or perhaps the transformation has already set in and the writer, in his rapid flight through the country, lacked time and opportunity to realize any breaking with the past. At all events he hazards a belief that those warm parallels lying between Baltimore and the everglades have even been fatal to any enterprise born of fierce, active energy; that no Chicago will ever leap into life south of that ideal line once drawn by those dead and decayed patriots, Mason and Dixon; that the climate forbids; and that the *dolce far niente*, that sweet dream of languorous idleness the south once perferred, would have been preferred to the end of time, had they not been drawn into the flame of war. *G. H. Snell.*

FORGET-ME-NOTS

FROM CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

CHRIST'S Sermon on the Mount is the fullest statement we have of the nature of His kingdom and the conditions and duties of its members. It will ever remain the sermon of sermons. The divine enthusiasm He felt, not for Himself, but for His Father and for humanity colored all of the sacred utterances of this marvelous sermon. All of His teachings prepare the way for an inner and heavenly lesson. All of His sayings were the free expression of His own thoughts and feelings, and this with the force of teaching gave Him power over His hearers. Everyone who reads His utterances is forced to remark that "Never man spake like this." Simple as a rule are all His sayings, yet He often rose to infinite heights in the realms of thought. The common people hung on His utterances, because He used easy words and apt illustrations and they found food for their famished souls.

The most heavenly of all the promises and the one always to be remembered is found in the first part of the sermon. He says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Purity of heart causes you to be at peace with yourself and your God. God intended all to be blessed—to be happy, but they must obey the laws conducive to happiness and to blessedness. He cannot bless you—He cannot make you happy if you are lawless. Only those who are whole-souled, can be blessed or can be happy. The pure in heart are those who strive to realize that they are in the image of God, and by their gentleness spread peace all around. They are the ones who do not allow the clouds to darken into storms, nor let the earth's temptations lure them from the path that leads to God, to whom their lives are tending with angels ever beckoning from the courts above. Then, through the grace of their divine work completed, "They shall see God."

How nobly Christ shows us the way to be happy through love and forgiveness! "Love your enemies," said He, "bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. By this great truth Christ shows that all men from the slave to the king are sons of one great Father of infinite mercy. Christ rose above the teachings of the ages and announced a common Father for all and one grand spiritual ideal in remembrance of Him. He instituted a spiritual kingdom in which the humble, meek, and merciful found their haven. "The pure in heart are its

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citizens, and the souls of peace its children."

Christ urges purity, godliness, humility, love and every virtue known to man for the exaltation of his spirit. He urges men to be noble, pure and good, that they might become the children of God and glorify His name. He came to earth bringing the manner of the Heavenly Court, and showed humanity that His kingdom is as strictly under law as any other kingdom, but instead of the earthly monarchies and the innumerable laws of the ancient royalties, He substituted the all-ruling law—the law of love. Christ bade man to love his enemies, and to do good whenever it was in his power. Why? So that in the end he could be "perfect even as his Father in heaven is perfect."

"My people," says Christ, "are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid." There is a singular beauty in this comparison, for there is nothing in the world so free from impurities as is light, and nothing so bright and heavenly. It is a beautiful emblem of what Christian example is, or ought to be. Again He says, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." These words are to teach us that by the power of holy living, by precept and example, we are to shine as lights in the world, in company with Him, of whose light ours is but a reflection. So do good, to be of some use to the world, and thus make it better for them having lived in it, should be the height of everyone's ambition. No one is so lowly but that he or she can do something for the cause of right. The smallest act of kindness, if done with a humble spirit, will be regarded by God, no matter how lowly it may be. Every person should be a star in the "firmament of life," deriving their light from "Christ the central Sun." Through the influence of Christ's example men are led to admit the power and beauty of Christian life and thus "glorify their Father which is in heaven."

With sublime enthusiasm He warns us of the need of care in the right use of the blessings of life. "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, for where your treasure is there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye, if therefore thine eye be single, thy body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil thy whole body shall be full of darkness." Those who follow the lust of earthly things stain their own souls and lose the grace of God. The gain of spiritual treasures should be the endeavor of everyone, for death will take away earthly treasures. The citizens of Christ's kingdom must confide in their heavenly Father, and amid all the trials of a Christian life, retain calm confidence in the wisdom and love of God. Christ tells men not to be over-anxious of their earthly life, nor of their food and raiment. To show this He referred in sublime thought to the lilies of the field, and bade humanity consider them. When we consider them in the light of His teaching, they raise their glorious heads in answer to the Father's love. Christ always looked for the true, beautiful and good, and these lovely flowers brought to Him a silent message of a Father's care. If we consider them as He did we become aware of a God—a glorious God, who made us—in His own image, to rejoice in the work of His hands. He who cares for the "lilies of the field," will not fail to care for the flowers of the human heart.

Christ's method was to touch the innermost spirit with powerful and sublime motives, and to lead men forward to the highest ideal ever placed before their minds. He will ever stand before the world as its true Exemplar.

His sayings appeal to the natural

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affections of the human heart—to that love He believed capable of being drawn out, and that once drawn out would become the grandest defence for the human soul. In doing this He showed a sublime faith in man and did not hesitate to place honor upon human nature. He awakens love for the highest and best, and stirs up within all hearts and minds that which will purify thought, elevate desire, and quicken conscience. Many of this great Teacher's utterances were local, yet they involve such deep and world-wide principles that they cannot be confined to the occasion that brought them forth. Doctrines that He taught illustrated by such a perfect life, and crowned by such a horrid though sinless death, could not and can not fail to have a mighty influence upon humanity, and the study of His life is the loftiest of human duties. Every action of His compels man to look at Him, as the one who can teach him how to live, how to bear life's burdens, and how to die. He stands out clearly before the world as the one surrounded by trouble and strife, a man of sorrows and acquainted with misery, and yet so calm, so gentle, so uncomplaining, that He is incomparable. *Aggie Sharp.*

TRUE AFTER DEATH.

"THIS strike has upset everything. But there's one thing, in the yard, that can't wait till their highnesses get tired of starving and that's the perishable freight. It must be sent down to the junction today. Do you hear, Mac.?"

The freight superintendent always shifted hard, unpleasant duties to his assistant. The latter, with his usual punctiliousness and without a word, walked down the stairs, into the freight yard, wondering who he could get to run an engine down to the junction.

There was Luke O'Brian, but he belonged to the gang of non-union men whom the yard boss had refused to hire and the strike had followed. But Luke was daring and fearless, and yet the assistant hated to ask him, for he might get hurt: the strikers were unruly and dangerous, and everybody liked Luke, as one of the men said, "Even if he was a religious duck."

The assistant was not two squares from the freight house when he met O'Brian, who was ready to take any risk to honestly earn money, for he was the only support of his aged mother.

"But hold on, boss," he said, "till I run and say good-by to mother and——"

The sentence was not finished unil he had seen the mother and then hurried down an alley to the back door of a handsome residence and called, "Aileen, Aileen Mulvaney," very gently, for so large and burly a man.

A perfect Irish beauty came to the window, in a blue gingham dress and a jaunty white cap.

"Oh, it's only you Luke, well wait a bit," she said coquettishly and turned back into the room.

"But I can't wait," said Luke impatiently, and he told his errand as she condescendingly returned to the window.

Her eyes grew dark with feeling; those eyes that Luke had vowed were two stars stolen from Lake Killarney. And her cheeks faded from red to pink and looked like the outside petals of a great blush rose, and her chin and lips, the tiny inside petals and her nose, it must be confessed, was a curled petal and yet she was a beauty.

"God will be kind whatever happens," said Luke, kissing as many

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petals as Aileen would allow; she leaning from the window and he reaching up, holding on to the sill.

"Good luck to ye," she called after him. And no maiden was ever half so proud of a bow from a silk hat wearer, as was Aileen of the wave of Luke's brawny hand, as he hastened from the alley.

When Luke reached the freight yard the air was full of smothered confusion. The strikers had been watching for this move. They knew the perishable goods could not stand in the yard. They lounged around in groups of two and three and a dozen.

Two policemen piloted Luke and a fireman across the yard to mount their boxes. Luke was inclined to be friendly to the groups as he passed them, for his life was a true leaf from a poorly printed Bible, but few of the men returned his nod and some muttered curses after him, while he heard one man say, "I'd aheap ruther it 'ld be any other scab, than Luke, mountin' that 'ar cab."

Luke wondered what that meant, as he looked out the window, from his box, and saw as smooth and pretty a piece of track as any engineer could wish to drive over, and the ripple of the water in the river running parallel with and close beside the tracks, quieted his doubts, while the rumble of the falls in the distance spurred him to fearless action. He thought how many times he had passed them in safety and watched the sun and moon, stars and lightning, play on their tumbling waters.

As the engine moved the strikers made a great pretense to stop it. Had the angry words and curses been stones hurled at the iron horse it would have been stoned under.

The first edition of an evening paper, issued an hour later, told how well the police had held the mob in check, and not until the next day was it known that the strikers had refrained from violence because a sweeter revenge awaited them.

Luke drove slowly past the wild wranglers, and would rather they had been burning buildings from which he was running to protect his engine, as he told it:

"Gin, old boy, I feel sorry for them fellers. They don't know a good thing when they see it. Think o' their folks, wonder if they had anything to eat today."

When the thought of his mother's slim breakfast the glass before him grew frosty. He wiped it away with a brisk dash, and looked sternly at the track. As he neared the outskirts of the city, he put on more steam and drove faster.

The pebbles in the road-bed, as he watched them, seemed to skip beneath his speedy engine, and the waters of the river lapped noisily against the ties.

He turned on his box and called to his helper, "Fire up a little more, Bill, an' the run 'll soon be over."

He turned back to look at the pebbles again, but his eyes were fixed as stones, for in place of gravel on the road-bed the river flowed under the tracks.

He saw in a minute it was not the invasion of an ordinary freshet, for the water was clear and he could see there was no solid matter between the ties for some depth.

The question flashed through his mind, "How are the ties held, each propped separately? Some fiendish work," he muttered, as he quickly shut the throttle. But the old fashioned yard engine was not accustomed to mind her driver on short notice.

"Oh God! have mercy! Mother—Aileen—" was all Luke had time to say.

In less than a second they were over the watery road-bed, the ties caved in with a crash and the engine plunged into the trackless river, dragging the cars after it into the agitated waters.

Yes, the run was over very soon for both engineer and helper. The latter was never seen nor heard from

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again, but Luke's body, badly mangled, was found two miles below where it had been drifted by the current.

The railroad company paid the funeral expenses and also the amount due Luke for making the run.

They could well afford this, for the accident was an ill wind blowing them great good.

A large number of the strikers deserted the union and returned to their work on the old terms. There was a general feeling of smallness among them, that their dastard deed had happened to hit so fine a target as Luke O'Brian. The act looked all the meaner because it had touched so noble and big-hearted a man.

Aileen and the mother knelt and joined hands over the newly made grave.

"You will let me be a daughter to you, the same as it would have been had he lived, won't you, mother?" asked Aileen.

In the strong pressure of the feeble hand on her arm she received a sufficient answer.

Carrie Louise Burnham.

A BUNDLE OF CONTRADICTIONS.

STEPHEN GIRARD, the naturalized Frenchman, who rose from the position of a cabin-boy to that of the great merchant and banker of Philadelphia, was a bundle of contradictions. A sceptic whose only library was the works of Voltaire and a few books on gardening, he gave large sums to different Christian denominations. The beggar departed hungry from his door, yet he left millions to found a college for poor orphan children.

When one of the richest men in the world, he took pride in dressing in the shabbiest of garments and in riding in a rickety old chaise, drawn by a horse that a fish-peddler would scarcely have driven.

Abstract in manner and cool in address, he was deferential to his superiors in social position and education, but violent and abusive toward his inferiors.

If an agent, soliciting donations for some worthy public object, asked Mr. Girard for a *small* sum, it was more than probable that he received thousands of dollars.

But woe be to the man who, emboldened by another's success, came to him with a request for a large subscription. It was more than likely that he would receive, "I have nothing to give, sir."

Mr. Girard owned a large farm near Philadelphia. On it he loved to spend his leisure time. He worked harder than any of his hired men.

Up before the sun, he abused in his choicest "Billingsgate" the workman who followed instead of preceded him to the field. From daylight to dark were the hours of labor on that farm. Even the minutes for meals were so limited that the men were forced to become fast eaters.

The farm was brought to such a high state of cultivation as to be worth a visit to see. But no man, woman, or child, friend or acquaintance ever received a warm welcome.

He did, however, once invite a gentleman, whom he desired to honor, to see his improvements in agriculture. Among other sights, Mr. Girard showed his guest his strawberry-beds.

Placing him in front of a bed which had been about gleaned of its berries, he remarked that he must be excused, as he wished to weed a neighboring bed. "But you may pick," he added, moving off, "what berries you can find in *this* bed."

The guest, finding but barren pickings in that bed, strayed on to another plot, where there were abundance of berries. He had not been there a minute when his *hospitable* host was by his side. "I told you," he said in a cold, rasping voice, "that you might gather berries in *that* bed."

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REDEMPTION OF JERUSALEM.

Awake! awake! Jerusalem,
Thy Father calleth thee!
Awake! arise! before Him stand,
In love He calleth thee.

Fear not, my son, my daughter,
No more weep by the water,
Nor drown in seas of slaughter,
For I have called thee by thy name,
In love and kindness, not in blame:
Thou art my chosen people.

Oh, hark! mine own Jerusalem,
Who, then shall comfort thee?
When desolation o'er thee swept,
Who, then, did mourn for thee?
Thy God in wrath rebuked thee,
The sword and famine slew thee,
Thou drankest the cup of fury
His hand unto thy lips did hold;
Its bitter dregs above thee rolled,
But thou'rt my chosen people.

Give ear, mine own afflicted son,
Thou drunken but not with wine,
Thus saith the Lord, the Holy one,
Again I reclaim thee mine.
Thy many woes have moved me.
Who sharply did reprove thee,
And now the cup of fury,
Of desolation and of pain,
Thy lips shall never taste again;
Thou art my chosen people.

Oh, list! my loved Jerusalem,
They who did thee oppress,
Shall drink, yea, even to the dregs,
Thy cup of bitterness;
Yea, even thy cup of trembling;
Thy woes, like kites assembling,
Shall pierce their deep dissembling.
Who said now lay thy body down
That I may step not on the ground;
Ah, yes! my chosen people.

Rejoice! rejoice! Jerusalem,
For thou shalt be redeemed;
Henceforth shall not come into thee
The wicked and unclean.
No more shalt thou be lowly,
Again shalt thou be holy,
And wear a crown of glory.
Arise! sit down! Jerusalem,
Redeemed, reclaimed before all men,
Thou art my chosen people.

Lu. Dalton.

THE LABORING MAN.

I want free life, I want fresh air,
For I'm tired of living in slavery,
Where the comforts for others I have to prepare
While the necessaries are not allowed me.

Have I no right to the blessings of life,
When honestly I have prepared them?
Why should I live in hardship and strife
While others have luxury and freedom?

Let me live a life of peace and love,
For I'm tired of war and hatred
And taking each other's life and blood,
As if we were animal kindred.

Can I not reap that which I've sown?
Have the harvest as well as the spring time?
Why am I compelled to live in the dark
While others are living in sunshine?

I want to reach that higher life
Of harmony, love and freedom;
To live together for each other's good,
And establish an heavenly kingdom.

Wm. Stimpson.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR
PUBLISHED BY
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SALT LAKE CITY, - MAY, 1894.

THE HOME INDUSTRY MOVEMENT.

ONE very pleasing result of the extremely hard times through which we are passing has been the agitation in favor of the use of home made articles. It is very evident that in order to avoid total bankruptcy something must be done to keep the money which we already have in our midst in circulation among our own people, instead of sending so much abroad for those things which we have both the material and skill to manufacture.

For very many years it has been the counsel and desire of the leading men of the Church that the people should use their talents in the various manufacturing industries which are so much needed in our midst, and that the people should sustain these enterprises. It is very gratifying to see that this spirit is not now confined to members of the Church alone, but is as strongly advocated by people not of our faith, who can see the necessity for something to be done for the relief of the country. It is to be hoped that nothing will happen to cause a decrease of the present prevailing spirit of self-support. It has often been stated, and the fact is becoming daily more apparent, that goods manufactured in this Territory are usually superior to those imported. This reputation it should be the aim of every manufacturer to sustain, and neither by neglect nor the use of poor material, permit anything inferior to be placed upon the market.

There are two special dangers at present against which we should be guarded. One is that the manufacturers themselves will become indifferent and feel that nothing is required of them but to keep their goods before the public. Another is that dealers will be tempted when applied to by purchasers who desire home goods to misrepresent their wares, if they do not have the home manufactured articles in stock, and foist upon the public imported articles. Instances are known where this latter course has been taken. When such is the case, the dishonest merchant (for it is dishonesty to misrepresent) should be publicly exposed, unless he gives satisfactory assurances that the mistake, intentional or otherwise, will not occur again.

Prosperity will certainly come to the people in this intermountain country and continue with them, if they will learn to be self-supporting. It is the great lesson now placed before the people, and by learning it thoroughly we will be able to successfully tide over many financial difficulties which are likely to arise in our country.

COURAGE OF UTAH BOYS.

THE boys of Utah are without exception, we think, the bravest class of young men to be found anywhere today in the world. Not only in a physical, but also in a moral sense. The latter sort of bravery is exhibited in their fearlessness in going forth to preach the Gospel among the nations of the earth, where they meet scarcely a friendly face, and are subjected to ridicule and abuse which only the most courageous can meet unflinchingly. Yet not one in a hundred of them is deterred from the labor devolving upon him by the contumely of an opposing world. Fearlessly and devotedly they pursue the course marked out for them, thus doing credit to themselves and the work they represent, and honoring God who has called them to the labor.

Their physical courage is shown in

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their facing death repeatedly and fearlessly, which many of the Elders do in the missionary field. There is no trembling of the limb, nor shrinking of the heart in thus facing the grim angel, but there is a steady determination to suffer death rather than dishonor, which latter it would be to deny the Lord at the behest of a wicked mob.

Not alone, however, is the courage of our boys exhibited in the missionary field. In hundreds of ways at home they show fearlessness in the face of danger which is admirable, though sometimes appearing almost as recklessness. An incident was called to our attention a few days ago illustrating this sort of bravery. A youth had rashly pursued a fierce bear in the mountains, determined to slay it and convey it home as a trophy of his skill. He followed the animal until it entered a clump of bushes. As the boy came to the edge of the jungle the bear rushed towards him with a view to crushing him in his cruel embrace. The young man with steady aim fired his gun, the ball from which pierced the animal's jaw and broke it. Just then Bruin knocked the gun aside, but not out of the youth's hands, and seized him. The animal's huge jaws closed down upon the boy's head, but their strength was gone as a result of the shot. Still, every time the jaws closed, the boy heard the crunching bones, which he supposed was his own head being crushed. All this time the bear was squeezing the body with considerable force, but the boy was carefully putting a charge in his muzzle-loading gun, but before the youth could get his weapon loaded and placed in position for shooting again, a companion came upon the scene and frightened the bear away.

It was a wonderful nerve which the youth possessed in the face of death to be taking steps to deliver himself from death by an enraged animal, and yet, when he had come through the affray, all scarred and bitten and barely escaping with his life, he said he had no fear during the whole struggle, but was determined to obtain a victory over the vicious brute.

For calm and deliberate courage, we have seldom heard of a more striking example, and yet this spirit is one which is characteristic of Utah boys. It is this bravery and coolness which enables them to meet danger, overcome difficulties, and to succeed in places where men of less courage would fail. Such fearlessness and nerve if properly controlled, and prevented from becoming rashness, will make of the youth of Zion a marked people in the future history of the world.

A SON'S CRUEL DEED.

EVERYONE who hears of it is shocked at the news which comes from Dahomey. In a short press dispatch it is stated that King Behanzin, finding that in his war with France success was impossible he summoned his aged mother, and said to her: "I am going to surrender to France. My father must know it. You shall see and tell him." Thereupon she was beheaded at his command, while he, smoking a pipe, calmly witnessed the execution. Many Christians would doubtless feel inclined, if they had the power, to punish with the severity it deserves, the unfilial act of this benighted and superstitious king, yet within the confines of civilized Christian nations there are crimes just as revolting and really more severe of almost daily occurrence.

Not long since a report was given of a boy of tender years murdering his mother because she chastised him for some improper act he had committed. Every few days we hear of the neglect of aged parents by undutiful children, even in our own country. No doubt many un-

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timely deaths of the aged and infirm occur through the neglect of their offspring. Would it not be better for sons who are tired of their parents to put an end to their existence by the speedy method adopted by the Dahomey king, rather than to expose them, through neglect, to years of torture? It seems as though the more charitable method would be to inflict speedy death. With all the superstition and cruelty of the uncivilized Africans, they are scarcely worse today in their conduct than were people of four centuries ago who would betray their nearest kindred to the emmissaries of the Inquisition, because such kindred had what were called heretical views about the present life and future existence. Not a few instances are recorded of children betraying their parents to the executioner, because it was believed that their death would atone for the sins they had committed in the body.

It was doubtless with good motives that King Behanzin committed the cruel deed which is so abhorent to civilized people of the present age, and according to the intents of his heart he will be judged in the great hereafter, notwithstanding the enormity of his crime.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 18.

LAW.

Subdivisions:—Law is universal, i.e., there is no existence without law. We infer that whatever refuses to abide the laws of life and increase is immediately seized by the laws governing decrease and death. Doc. and Cov., Sec. lxxxviii, 34, 42.—Each law is limited or conditioned in its force (Doc. and Cov., Sec. lxxxviii, 38), e.g. the law of universal salvation has no force or effect any further than redeeming men from the fall, and whatever salvation beyond this is obtained must be through the law of individual salvation or the aw of self-effort under Divine direction.—That which will not abide a higher law, must of necessity come under the provisions of a lower one. Doc. and Cov., Sec. lxxxviii, 13-24. By obedience to celestial law men and women may become Gods (Sec. cxxxii).—Those who have an eternal inheritance on the earth must obey the celestial law. Doc. and Cov., Sec. lxxxviii, 25, 26; also Sec. cxxx, 9. Inference: If the earth abide a celestial law whatsoever belongs to it or is a part of it must also abide the same law, and if there be not perfect correspondence or harmony existing between the home and its inhabitants then there is disorder and confusion, and God has declared his house to be one of order; the great law of the eternal fitness of things is one the universe obeys.—All blessings are predicated upon law. Doc. and Cov., Sec. cxxx, 18–21. (From the text the law might be formulated thus: "Blessings from God shall be given only to those who obey the law upon which the blessings are predicated.")

Self-review:—1. What is law? 2. Give proofs from revelation and from reason that law is universal. 3. Show that the force of each law is limited. 4. What great law would be violated in permitting a celestial planet to be inherited by any but celestial beings? 5. What is that law upon which all blessings from God are predicated?

LECTURE 19.

FREE AGENCY OF MAN.

Subdivisions:—Free agency, or choice power, is a gift from God.

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Pearl of Great Price, p. 9.—Satan sought to rob man of his agency, but failing in this, he seeks to induce men to abuse this, the greatest of earthly gifts, well knowing that the abuse of any blessing or power leads to its loss. Pearl of Great Price, pp. 13, 14.—Obedience to divine law is the highest type of free agency and the most lofty liberty. Pearl of Great Price, p. 22. See also Doc. and Cov., Sec. x, 66, and Sec. xxix, 36–41.—Agency is conditioned by intelligence as well as by action. Doc. and Cov., Sec. cxxx, 18, 19. (Comment: We first *know* the right, then *feel* the right, then *choose* the right.)—Extent of agency and greatness of responsibility run parallel: "Unto whom much is given much is required."

Self-review:—1. What is the free agency of man? 2. What is the origin of man's free agency? 3. Prove that the proper use of free agency extends it. 4. Give evidence that the improper use of choice power leads to a curtailing of free agency. 5. In what respect is agency conditioned by knowledge?

LECTURE 20.

RECORDS.

Subdivisions:—Meaning of the word, record.—Relation of records to works.—Object of keeping records.—Uses of records.—Antiquity of records.—Sacredness of records.—Dignity of the recorder's office.—Preservation of records.—Reference to records.—Examination of records.—The great Recorder. Ref. Bible; Revelations of St. John xx; Pearl of Great Price, p. 22 (Enoch); Doc. and Cov., Secs. xxi, cxxvii, cxxviii; Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi v, xiii, xvi, xxiii; Key to Theology x; Spencer's Letters v.

Self-review:—1. What is the full meaning of the term records? 2. What can you say of the antiquity of records? 3. Give three remarkable instances of the preservation of records. 4. Why are individual records of such great importance? 5. Give two remarkable instances of examination of records.

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation Continued.*)

LECTRUE 18.

EZRA THE SCRIBE.

Subdivisions:—Cyrus, king of Persia.—His proclamation concerning the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem.—The response.—The return of the captives.—Work of rebuilding.—The interruption.—Darius' decree.—Completion of the house. Time, B. C. 536–457. Ref. Ezra; Josephus, Book XI.

Self-review:—1. Give a synopsis of the proclamation of King Cyrus. 2. How was this proclamation responded to? 3. In fulfillment of whose prophecy was this proclamation made? 4. Through whose influence was the work continued after the interruption? 5. Give a synopsis of the decree of King Darius.

LECTURE 19.

NEHEMIAH.

Subdivisions:—Condition of the remnant of the captivity.—The prophet's prayer.—His request of Artaxerxes.—The king's letters.—Nehemiah at Jerusalem.—His zeal and wisdom.—Restoration of the walls and gates.—Financial condition of the people.—Completion of the work.—Reading of the law.—Return of Nehemiah to the Persian court. Time, 446–434 B. C. Ref. Nehemiah; Josephus, Book XI.

Self-review:—1. What request did King Artaxerxes grant to Nehemiah? 2. Give examples of the statesmanship of Nehemiah the prophet. 3. Explain the financial condition of the people during the work of restoration. 4. How long was the work in progress? 5. What was the object of reading the law in public?

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LECTURE 20.

THREATENED EXTERMINATION OF THE JEWISH NATION HAPPILY AVERTED THROUGH THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MORDECAI AND ESTHER.

Subdivisions: — Universal dominion of Ahasuerus, or Artaxerxes.— The royal exposition.— Divorce of Queen Vashti.—Esther, the Jewess, queen of Babylon.— Fidelity of Mordecai to the king and his devotion to his own people.— Exterminating decree of Governor Haman.—The king's sleepless night. —The providential record-reading.— The memorable interrogation: "What shall be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor?"—Granted petition and request of Queen Esther. —The royal promotion of Mordecai. The counter decree.—The triumph of the Jews. Time 521 to 495 B. C. Ref. Book of Esther; Josephus Book XI, ch. vi.

Self-review:—1. What was the extent of the political authority of King Ahasuerus? 2. What was the relation of Mordecai to Queen Esther? 3. What was the Haman decree? 4. What favorable results followed the examination of the records? 5. What was Queen Esther's petition and request? 6. What was the final result of Haman's nefarious scheme?

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 18.

THE GADIANTON ROBBERS.

Subdivisions:—Their origin.—The organization; (*a*) its nature; (*b*) its object; (*c*) the social condition of the community at the time; (*d*) the arch conspirators; (*e*) the operations; (*f*) the supporters; (*g*) temporary banishment from the Lamanites; (*h*) its encouragement and popularity among the Nephites, especially in political circles; (*i*) the extinction of the organization and the burial of their secret oaths.—The reorganization in the mountain retreat.—The raid upon the citizens.—The second robber war.—The surrender of the robbers. Time, 52 B.C. to 22 A.D.

Self-review:—1. Who were the Gadianton robbers? 2. What was the nature and object of their organization? 3. How can you account for their getting control of the affairs of the government in the Nephitic republic? 4. What lesson does the history of this organization teach concerning secret societies? 5. What period of time is covered by the events referred to in this lesson?

LECTURE 19.

SAMUEL THE LAMANITE.

Subdivisions:—The condition of the people requiring a warning.— The calling of Samuel.—The prophet rejected by all perverse people.—The prediction concerning the birth and the crucifixion of the Messiah.—The conversion of many and the hatred of the mass.—The futile attempts at the prophet's life.—The return of Samuel to his own land.—The blasphemy of the infidel people, among whom the prophecies began to be fulfilled. Time, 6 B.C. Ref. Helaman vi to xiii.

Self-review:—1. Who was Samuel the Lamanite, and when did he make his appearance among the Nephites? 2. What were the chief features of his prophecies? 3. From the walls of what city did he deliver his divine message? 4. What effect had the mission of Samuel upon the Nephite people? 5. How can you account for their anger and hatred toward the prophet?

LECTURE 20.

THE FALL OF THE NEPHITE REPUBLIC.

Subdivisions:—The chief causes: (*a*) infidelity; (*b*) public sentiment against religious liberty; (*c*) corruption of the judiciary; (*d*) disregard for constitutional protection; (*e*) partisan conspiracy; (*f*) professional

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anarchism.—The effects: (*a*) tribal organization; (*b*) protection peace-treaty; (*c*) establishment of temporary factional monarchy; (*d*) condemnation of and death sentence upon a whole community without trial. Time, 1 B.C. Ref., III Nephi, 6-7.

Self-review:—1. How old was the Nephite republic when it fell? Name three of the greatest causes of its fall. 3. What form of government followed its fall? 4. What was the protection peace-treaty? 5. How can you account for the bitter hatred of the infidel mass toward the saints who believed the words of the prophet?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Times, continued.*)

LECTURE 18.

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR.

COURSE II

Group I.—Illustrating the principle of Faith.

Subdivisions:—1. The sower; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matt. xiii. 2. Seed springing up imperfectly; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Mark iv. 3. Tares; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matt. xiii. 4. Leaven; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matt. xiii. 5. Grain of mustard; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*)ref.,Matt. xiii.

Self-review:—1. Relate the parable of the sower. 2. Explain parable two. 3. What fact is shown in parable three? 4. Make an application of parable four. 5. Explain parable five.

LECTURE 19.

Group II.—Illustrating the principle of repentance.

Subdivisions:—1. The Pharisee and publican; (*a*) place, Peræa; (*b*) ref., Luke xviii. 2. The two sons; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Matt. xxi.

Self-review:—1. What is true repentance? 2. What malevolent principle is exposed in the first parable of this lesson? 3. Why had the publican, in this parable, a better foundation for salvation than the Pharisee? 4. How does parable two illustrate the superiority of works over words? 5. What great lesson is taught in parable two?

LECTURE 20.

Group III.—Illustrating the principle of knowledge.

Subdivisions:—1. The found treasure; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Matt. xiii. 2. Pearl of Great Price; (*a*) place, Jesusalem; (*b*) ref., Matt. xiii.

Self-review:—1. What is knowledge? 2. What is the difference between knowledge and wisdom? 3. What is meant by the Pearl of Great Price? 4. What is meant by the treasure? 5. Why would a wise man sell all he has to secure the field containing the treasure.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

A TERRIBLE tragedy occurred recently in Baltimore, which, contrary to our usual custom with regard to tales of crime, we repeat for the consideration of every young girl, among our readers.

It was the history of a young girl, beautiful, innocent, and carefully guarded; the idol of her father and brothers. Her mother, however, was dead, and her head was filled with romantic dreams of a hero who was to come and rule over her life.

On her way to and from school, she met a handsome, dashing fellow, who eagerly sought her acquaintance, managing to throw a kind of mystery over their meetings.

He was vulgar, false, and cruel, but he had brilliant eyes and well-cut features. What more would a girl of sixteen demand in a hero?

The friendship lasted for years; he gained an absolute control over her. She hid her love for him from her fond old father and brothers; he eloped with her finally, but refused

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her marriage. The girl came home to die. Her elder brother pursued her lover, shot at him repeatedly, but failed to kill him. Later, the villain met her gray-haired father, and when the feeble old man, maddened by grief, threatened him, he shot him dead.

Now here is a young girl dead, before she had fairly tasted life, her old father murdered, and her brothers left homeless, all for her indulgence at first in silly, reckless romance.

It is natural for you to think of love, girls. God meant you to love and to marry. But He meant you to do it frankly and purely, under the eyes and with the blessing of your father and mother upon you. Trust the love which has watched you from your cradle, as being truer than that of the young fellow who advises you to practice deception toward those who have cared for you during your whole life.

We are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and the possibility of it.

See first that the design is wise and just; that ascertained, pursue it resolutely; do not for one repulse forego the purpose you resolved to effect.

YELLOW PRIMROSES.

Shrieking and wailing in maddening tones,
That fade away into sighs and moans,
The wind rushes wantonly down the street,
O'erfraught with a cold and blinding sleet.

Through the lonely alleys and narrow rows,
Hurling and whirling it onward goes;
Clinging like frost to the tall barren trees,
That wrest in vain with the angry breeze.

E'en the passer-by seems to hold his breath,
With fears that the storm may be his death,
Till a thought of home makes him hasten on,
And the present dread is past and gone.

But the homeless waif that hurries away
Has no shelt'ring place his head to lay;
No one to welcome or give a kind word,
Or offer for him a prayer unheard.

On the wings of the passing storm is borne
A voice by sorrow and anguish torn:
"Primroses, primroses," came the low cry,
"Only a penny, O please to buy."

'Twas a pitiful face, so white and cold,
That was framed by curls of rarest gold;
And eyes bright and clear as heaven's own blue,
That shadowed only the pure and true.

Scantily clad in a well-tattered gown,
Whose folds refuse the chill to drown:
Bare feet that are numb and bruised by the gale,
Tread the stone pavement of snow and hail.

A world of entreaty, the blue eyes hold,
As they scan the face of young and old;
The pale lips tremble as they try to say
Words they have uttered so oft that day.

"Roses, primroses, a penny to buy
Bread for my starving soul e'er I die,"
But the aching hand its treasure retains,
While the misty daylight slowly wanes.

Dying of hunger, unknown and alone,
None near to pity the last sad moan;
Pride dared not stoop from its proud lofty height,
Nor wealth care to give one penny bright.

Long e'er the shades of night passed and went,
The angry storm had its fury spent;
The new-born day a blessing seemed to breathe
On the smiling face of all beneath.

The bright sun shone down on the wind-swept streets,
The busy scenes and the still retreats;
On the little face of an angel child,
That slept the last sleep so calm and mild.

Clustering curls kissed the cold, pallid brow,
The soulful eyes plead to heaven now;
In the frozen clasp there still reposes
A bunch of yellow, sweet primroses.

Fresh as when plucked from their twin sisters' beds,
A sheen of gold on the velvet heads,
That sparkled and glistened as if to woo
Balm from sunshine with tear drops of dew.

Only a waif that was cradled in woe—
A pillow of stone, a shroud of snow;
Unloved, forsaken, but by Him who gave,
Resting at last in a pauper's grave.

Hyacinth.

April 10, 1894.

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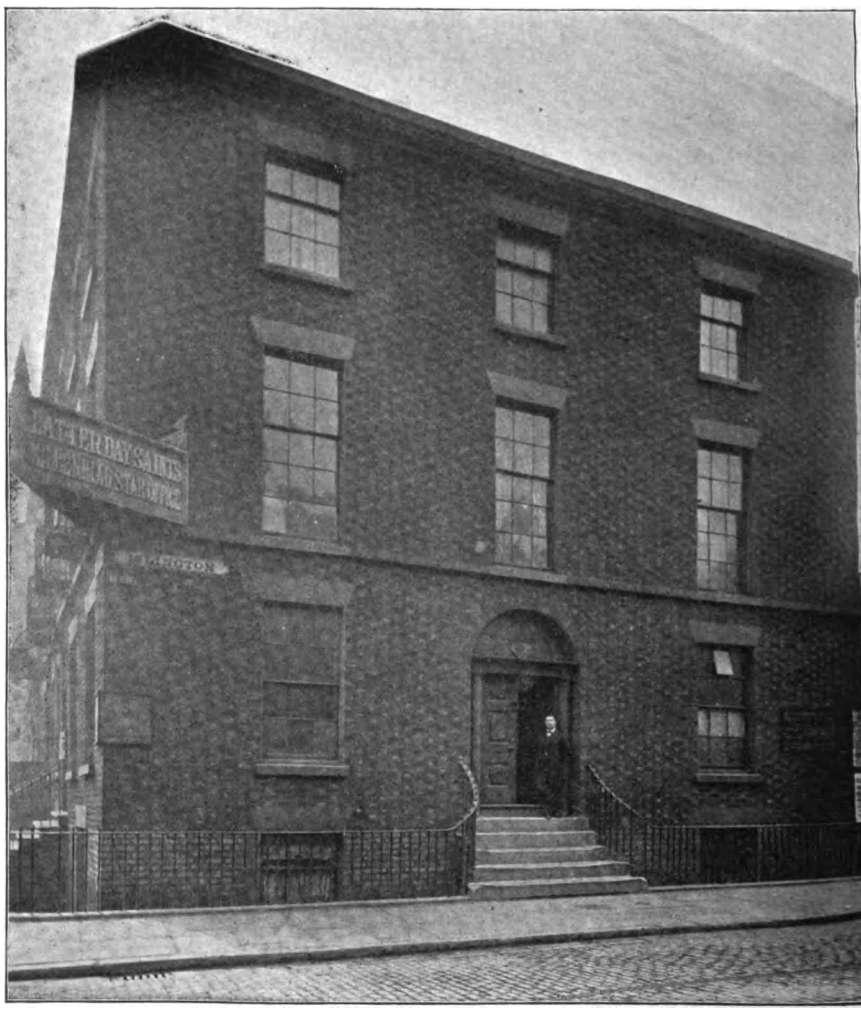

HEADQUARTERS OF THE EUROPEAN MISSION, 42 ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. JUNE, 1894. No. 8.

OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARY WORK.

BELIEVING that none are better able to give suggestions and information concerning missionary matters than those who at present preside in the various fields, we propounded to them the following inquiries, and present herewith the answers received:

I. What states or countries are under your presidency?

II. How many missionaries are now laboring in the field over which you preside.

III. Are you likely to need more or less than the present number in the future.

IV. How long do you think a missionary should labor in your field before being released?

V. Do you think married or single men best adapted to the requirements of your mission?

VI. Which are the most successful missionaries, those who are provided with money in their labors or those who travel without purse and scrip.

APOSTLE ANTHON H. LUND,
President of the European Mission.

42 ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL,
March 19th, 1894.

Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your letter of February 23rd has been received, and I take pleasure in answering the questions contained therein.

I. The British Mission comprises the following countries: England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales and Iceland.

II. One hundred and thirty-eight missionaries are laboring in the mission. They are all Elders from Zion. Some of the local Elders act as presidents of branches and teachers among the Saints, but none of them are employed as traveling Elders.

III. As all the labors in the missionary field devolve upon the Elders from home, and there are less than four of them to each million of people, many more could be employed to advantage in the good work.

When I consider the many missions in the different parts of the globe I am struck with the magnitude of the work before the Elders of Israel, and the truth of the words, "the laborers are few," comes home with much force, and I am thankful that this mission is privileged to have so large a number of missionaries as it has.

IV. It is difficult to give the exact time a mission should last, because the circumstances of the Elders and the conditions in the

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different fields of labor vary, but the custom which has obtained for so many years of keeping the Elders on an average two years in the field seems to me for several reasons a proper one.

Most of our Elders are married men. Many of their children are just at the age that they need the guiding hand of a father, and too long an absence would not be wise. The care of children and the management of home and its affairs fall to the lot of the missionaries' wives, and they have in many cases the harder mission. Few of our missionaries have means on hand to meet the expenses of their mission, and to keep their families while they are gone; to raise sufficient means for these purposes requires considerable sacrifice on their part. Some of the wives take in work, or go out to work, in order to help their husbands meet their expenses on their missions. Many a true heroine is found among the daughters of Zion.

These are some of my reasons for considering two years a fair average length of time for a mission.

It is not a good plan for the Elders to make up their minds that a mission means exactly two years, and feel, when they land in Liverpool, that they have just twenty-three months and twenty-nine days left, as some have expressed themselves, and then count off one day as each day passes. An Elder that pursues this course will find time a drag on his hands, and each month will contain, in his opinion, sixty days instead of thirty, while, on the other hand, an Elder who considers that the length of a mission should be determined by the power that appointed him, and devotes himself heart and soul to his missionary labors, will feel astonished to note how quickly the time flies, and how much happiness he derives from his labors.

V. All other things being equal, I believe married men would succeed better in this mission than the unmarried, especially in counseling the Saints and presiding over them. The fact of their being married gives them a certain dignity, and it is easier for them to gain the confidence of the Saints; but this fact alone will not make up for the lack of qualities that command respect and give influence. Sometimes an unmarried Elder possesses these qualities in a more eminent degree than the married one, and is then the more useful man. The proportion of married Elders to the unmarried in this mission is as five to one, and of the thirteen presidents over conferences two are unmarried. In looking over the missionaries I find some very energetic and successful ones among the unmarried as well as among the married. The majority of the missionaries in this mission are young men. I can pick out the names of a hundred Elders whose age on the missionary record does not exceed thirty-eight years. The young men are better able to endure the hardships of a mission than the older, and they succeed better in studying the scriptures and remembering the passages.

VI. Your sixth question: "Which are the most successful missionaries, those who are provided with money in their labors, or those who travel without purse and scrip?" involves a problem the difficulty of which almost daily confronts me. We have no Elders in this mission laboring absolutely without purse and scrip, but we have quite a number who come very nearly doing it. My answer will, therefore, not quite cover your whole question.

In looking over the Elders engaged in this mission, and my notes of their reports given at our Priesthood meetings, I find that the missionaries who have been most successful in reaching the people, and especially the better classes, have been Elders who have not been burdened with financial cares and anxiety. I do not want to speak disparagingly of those who have

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been lacking means, for they have also labored diligently; but their lack of means has had a discouraging effect upon them. In many cases they have been obliged to borrow of their fellow missionaries who have had a little more means than they, though far from being full handed; others having relatives have found it necessary to go to them for support. Some who have not made their real condition known have actually suffered for want of food. When such cases have come to our knowledge, we have tried to relieve them, and the conference presidents have been instructed to write to the bishops of the various wards where such Elders reside, acquainting them with the Elders' needy condition. Nearly all the Bishops who have been applied to have done well, and have sent means immediately to relieve the Elders. This is the more praiseworthy when the hard times at home are taken into consideration.

Some who have not understood the changed condition of this mission have said when they have heard that the Elders want means to prosecute their labors: "The missionaries used to go with means sufficient to take them to their missions only; why can they not do the same now?" Most of the Elders sent to the eastern states, I am informed, are still doing this. In some of the missionary districts of Sweden and Germany the Elders have no trouble in going without purse and scrip, but there are very few places in the British Mission where the Elders have succeeded in doing this. It seems to me that the reason for this must be sought with the people more than with the Elders, and that these should not be blamed and thought to be lacking faith.

That the people have changed greatly in their hospitality towards the Elders is very plain. Elders who have labored in Scandinavia as missionaries without purse and scrip for five and even more years have found, when sent back on subsequent missions, the conditions so changed that they have had to pay their way in the very same fields where they had labored so successfully before, having no care for the morrow. Elders who have spent a year in the Southern States, traveling without purse and scrip in the missionary field have sometimes finished their missions in England, but though they have been sent to new fields where they could follow the same methods as in their former field of labor, they have had to pay their way here. In the few places in this mission where the Elders have found friends to assist them, it has not been on account of such Elders having greater faith than others, for when they have been sent to other districts they have had to meet their expenses again while their successors in the better field have fared as well as they did. As there are always some districts in a conference better than others in this regard the presidents study the circumstances of the Elders and send such as are short of means to the more hospitable districts.

The people of rural districts have always been more hospitable to our Elders than those living in the cities. Even in those countries where the Elders still labor without purse and scrip they find that they cannot do much in the cities without paying their way. When people raise their own provisions they are not so particular about a meal as where they have to buy every ingredient that goes to make up the meal. In England the bulk of the population lives in the cities and belongs to the manufacturing classes, and the Elders find it just as hard to reach them as the Elders in more favored missions find it to reach the city population.

The Apostle Paul, who no doubt spent years preaching without purse and scrip, declares that his hands ministered to his necessities, and not only to his own, but to those of his

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fellow laborers in the great city of Corinth. The Elders in the British Mission are similarly situated; they find far from a welcome reception when calling upon the people, who seldom invite them into their houses and still more seldom ask them to partake of their hospitality; they are therefore under the necessity of ministering to their own wants with the means the labor of their own hands procured them before going on their missions. They go not for money nor for hire: I believe their reward is sure.

VII. The training given in our Sunday Schools, religion classes, and Y. M. M. I. A. will be of great help to the future missionary, and so is the excellent religious training received in our Church Schools. Our missionaries should be well acquainted with the principles of the Gospel and their Bible proofs. The excellent advice given to the young men in the Mutual to study these principles in a systematic way, and which they are carrying out, will be productive of good results in fitting our young men for a missionary's responsible calling.

Besides studying the principles of the Gospel from our standpoint it would be a great advantage to him to become familiar with the most striking deviations of modern Christianity from the simple principles of the Gospel and with the passages of scripture on which the sectarians base their belief.

Every missionary, when first he comes over here, though he be ever so well acquainted with our principles and their proofs, has to learn the arguments used by the people with whom he comes in contact, in order to satisfactorily explain the misapplication of the passages they quote against our doctrines. To illustrate: Our Elders teach that faith must be accompanied by works, and, thoroughly imbued with the truth of this principle, they make the assertion: "None can be saved by faith without works." Their opponents in answer to this will quote Paul's statement to the Romans: "Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law;" or they will quote the passage in Ephesians: "By grace are ye saved through faith * * * not of works," (Eph. 2: 9.) and a few other passages which seem to contradict the doctrine of the necessity of works. If the Elder is posted he can easily prove that Paul did not have any intention to teach anything contrary to the teachings of Jesus, or of James and the other Apostles: but if he has not studied this point he is unable to explain the seeming discrepancy, and even if he has made ten good points, but gets confused on one, the others are forgotten and the people hail with delight his discomfiture. A mortification of this kind can easily be avoided by the Elders being posted on the other side of the questions in dispute.

We have in each settlement a great many missionaries who have been abroad. If their experiences in the field were taught to the future missionary they would prove of great value to him.

The Elders are instructed not to tear down the religion of others. This is eminently proper, as all have a right to their own belief. My suggestion is not in that direction, but simply to arm the Elders with the means of defence against the specious arguments brought against the principles of truth.

The study of languages should be encouraged. Studying another language makes a person more conversant with his own, and the time spent in attaining a language is well paid by the advantages derived therefrom; especially is this the case where a missionary is called to go to a foreign country.

Yours in the Gospel of Christ,

Anthon H. Lund.

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PRESIDENT EDWIN BENNION,
Of the Netherlands Mission.
120 ISAAC HUBERT STR.,
ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND,
March 23rd, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In reply to yours of February 23, I write the following:

I. This division of the European Mission, known as the Netherlands Mission, includes the whole of the two countries Holland and Belgium.

II. At present there are but seven missionaries laboring here, four of whom are Utah born boys. The other three are natives, two of whom have been to Utah and were called from there. The other is a local Elder, who speaks besides the Dutch, the German and French languages, and is the only missionary laboring in Belgium except when occasionally visited by one from Holland. In Holland, Dutch with its many dialects is spoken, but most of the people can speak plain Dutch as well as their mother tongue. Some dialects resemble German, and are not very much unlike Middle "Duitch." Correct Dutch is also termed Low "Duitch." Correct German is termed High "Duitch." In Belgium French, German, Dutch, Walloon and Flemish are spoken. French is taught entirely in the schools, and spoken principally by the upper classes. Many of the children must also retain and speak their mother tongue in order to converse with their parents.

III. Although there are now as many laborers here as there have been for several years, and more than at times, yet we could readily place two or more, and are likely to need more in the future than our present number. On account of our limited number some of us are obliged to labor alone part of the time, in order to have a missionary where we think one is really needed.

IV. Here as elsewhere missionaries can accomplish much more good after having been in the field some time, and therefore if they should remain here about three years, no doubt they would be able to do much more in the third year than in the first or second; that is, if they would labor with a continued love for the work, and feel that they were not being imposed upon, but privileged in remaining. We think it is about the same in all missions in regards to the Elders being much better qualified for the work after having some experience in the field, and as the Elders in the other parts of the European Mission are commonly released in about two years, we can see no reason why missionaries here should remain longer than elsewhere. It is certainly a great blessing and privilege for Elders to labor in the vineyard, and if they were far-sighted enough to desire remaining here longer than elsewhere in Europe, still retaining a greater love for the work they could accomplish much good. Some Elders on being questioned in regard to their feelings and abilities in taking a mission to such countries as Holland and Belgium may complain of their inability to learn a new language, etc., thus showing a preference to go to some place where English is generally spoken. Many of the young Elders at starting out on missions do not have that love for the Gospel and desire for the spread of the truth which they acquire after having labored in the field for some time, and thus on being called to take a mission they may take into consideration the length of time they will probably have to stay, as also the prospects of self-improvement among that people where they expect to labor, and if not suitable to their imaginations will show a preference for going to some other country where they think their prospects are better. Our opinion is that Elders make a mistake in showing a preference on account of imagined self-improvement, the prospective hardships,

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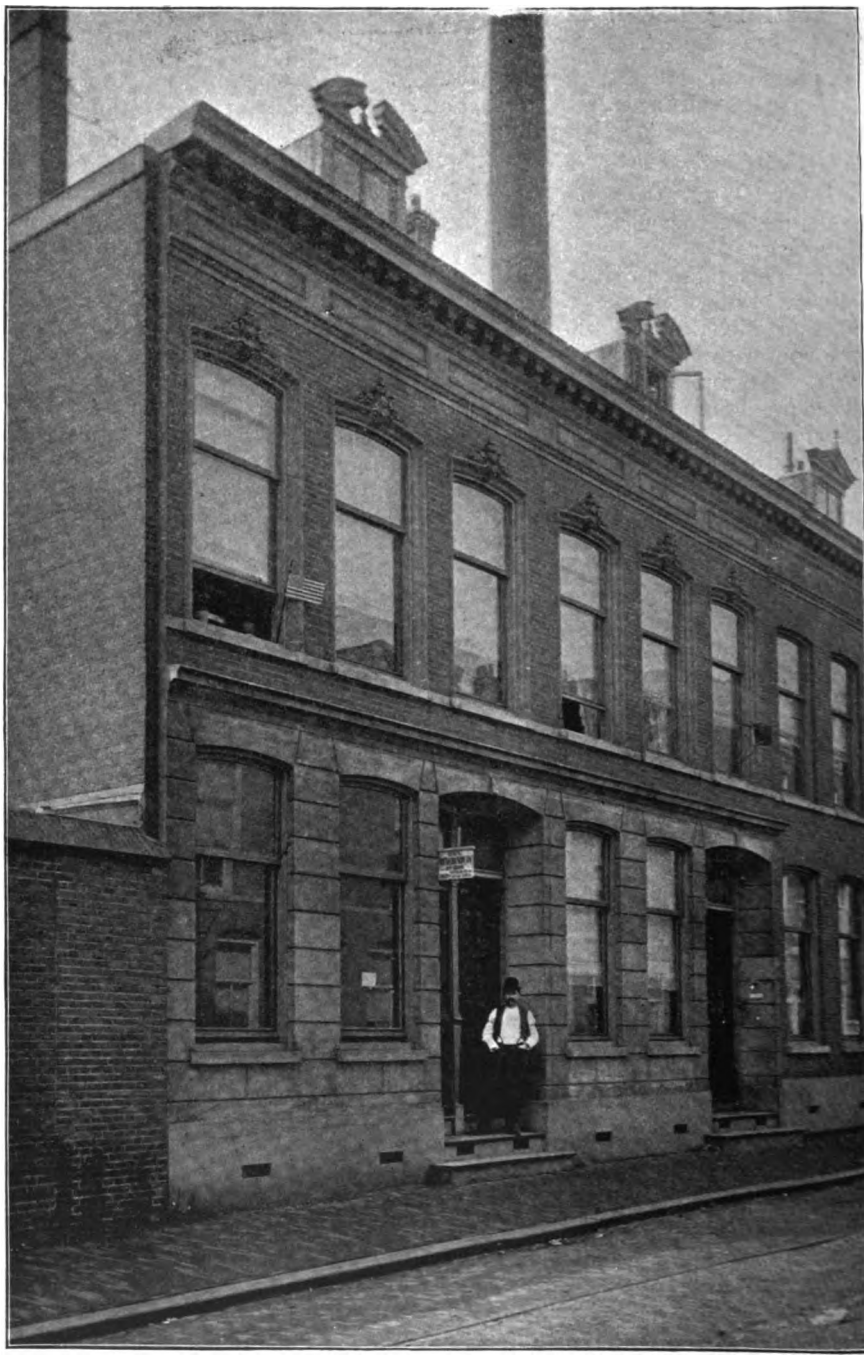

HEADQUARTERS OF THE NETHERLANDS MISSION. ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND.

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or probable length of their mission, either before having left home, or after they have reached their respective fields. If they seek the will of the Lord by prayer and through those who are over them, where they are called to go will, under the circumstances, be the place best suited for them, and they will suit the place. They will obtain a greater and better spirit of their mission, do more good, be done more good by, and receive a greater reward for their labors. While if in any manner they seek to avoid the will of the Lord, there will be a detriment and loss somewhere.

V. Other things being equal we think married men the best adapted for this mission, as they are generally steadier and not so much courted by the Dutch ladies. They, too, would perhaps be more steadfast in withstanding the temptation of enjoying the company and flattering smiles of the honest-hearted, swift-chattering "Hollansche meisjes." On the other hand, young men as a rule, whether married or single will learn a language more readily than older ones, especially if they are students—fresh out of school, or accustomed in any way to hard, systematic study, and fond of hard work, or not afraid of it at least, both physical and mental.

VI. As a rule I think the missionaries who travel without purse or scrip are the most successful, as they are more humble and dependent on the Lord. The more we depend on the Lord the more will we be convinced that if we ask Him for bread He will not give us a stone. The more humble we are the more of the Holy Spirit will we enjoy, and thus will faith, knowledge and truth be increased. The Dutch are a very generous-hearted people, and any Elder whom the Saints know is not supplied with means to support himself, they are always ready and willing to help. Those who have sufficient faith can certainly labor without purse or scrip in any of our missions; but I believe it can be done here with as little faith as any where, and with good success. Paul taught, that Jesus said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and it is the opinion of some, that if we can get money from home to clothe ourselves with, it is better to do so than accept alms from the poor Saints.

Our opinion is that a prospective missionary's training should consist, not only in a great deal of Sunday School and Y. M. M. I. A. training, besides much miscellaneous reading, but also in some real hard studying. An unbroken horse may be ever so good in disposition and muscle, but he is unfit for hard, steady work until he is accustomed to the collar. With the help of the Lord, it is not very difficult for the young Elders of Zion to learn sufficient concerning the Holy Scriptures to convince them of their authenticity and credibility, and the truth of the Gospel which they contain. But to get such knowledge arranged and classified in their minds in such a way that they will be able to tell it to another in a convincing manner is done with more difficulty. It is certainly necessary that a person should first be thoroughly convinced of any truth before he can make much progress toward convincing another. This is all important, especially if he have any great amount of conscience. Then a subject so broad as the Gospel cannot be discussed in its whole, in one or two hours so that the listeners, who are in most cases prejudiced, will be convinced of its truth. A great many points and truths concerning the Gospel may be brought forth and touched upon, but not one, in the minds of the audience, satisfactorilly proven to be true. While if one or two subjects or truths of Mormonism were taken up and thoroughly proven to be truths, that they agreed with Holy Scripture, and how and for what they could be applied, perhaps a listener would confess being convinced of something as regards Mormon-

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ism being true, and would show a desire to further investigate, or at least be less prejudiced in the future. People do not believe our doctrine to be true until convinced of it; and prejudiced listeners who hear a great many points touched, but nothing proved and holes enough in between the points to make them easy of attack, only go away and in their own minds pick the lightly touched points all to pieces, and say to or among themselves; "Well! that proves that there is no truth in Mormonism, for he preached for two solid hours and never proved a single thing of it to be true; I know all about it now, and don't want to hear any more of the trash." Such people, too, are always ready to believe and spread falsehoods concerning us.

Is it not much better to take one point and handle it in such a way as cannot help but convince an attentive listener that it is truth, if we only spend fifteen minutes on it, than to half handle a dozen points, speak two hours and prove nothing? In debating societies the successful debaters spend hours every day for perhaps a couple of weeks before debating, studying the subject from every side as well as the points and tactics of his opponent. Still perhaps he only has fifteen or twenty minutes to speak; but he speaks with effect because his material is where he can get at it, and systematically arranged so as to rebut the arguments of his opponent in the most effective manner. Successful lawyers and legislators also thoroughly study their cases or subjects before making an address. If they don't, they are generally numbered among the unsuccessful ones.

Some may say: "But we always supposed *Mormon* missionaries were to depend on and be led by the Holy Spirit." So they should and must in order to be successful, but it will certainly be one of the very greatest miracles if something is drawn out of nothing. Even Jesus did not make the wine from nothing, but the water pots were first filled with water to the brim, and then by the power of God wine was drawn forth; the right sort, and just what the guests and governor wanted. God has given us the talents and means whereby we can store our minds with knowledge. If we do not make use of them, will it be anything but just if He takes them from us? If our minds are stored with knowledge in the proper manner, and it is then drawn forth by the power of God, like the wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee, it will be relished by the lovers of truth and genuineness, and be pronounced the best of all. God has revealed to His servants that they should seek after knowledge both by faith and by studying. In storing that knowledge away should we not do it in an orderly manner? In such a way that when we are led to speak upon a certain subject by the Spirit of God, we can do it without turning over our whole storehouse of knowledge, like a bad boy in his mother's rag and sample bag, bringing piece after piece in sight, showing there is not one good whole piece in there, nothing but scrap after scrap? Strangers often attend our meetings, get a lot of very fine scraps to think over, but when they want a good whole piece they go to the man-made systems and get one because of its wholeness. We think, then, that the training of a prospective missionary should be in systematic, hard studying, thus becoming thorough on each point. He should be diligent in seeking knowledge from every good source. Not that we believe in prepared sermons, but be in a condition that the Spirit will be able to draw forth some good things. Many of the young men of Zion neglect fine opportunities to study other languages besides their own, because of the feeling that it would be time and trouble thrown away. This, we believe, to be a mistake.

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The Latter-day Saints have the great responsibility resting upon them to preach the Gospel to all nations, kindreds, tongues and people. Preachers must, therefore, have some knowledge of language; and the better that knowledge, other things being equal, the more effective will be the preaching. As a great deal of it is done in the English language, we think young Elders at home could spend time to advantage in mastering their mother tongue. It is no great credit to be able to speak a foreign language if we are unable to speak our own correctly. If all our Elders could speak English fluently and correctly, would not the idea that we are a low, ignorant set be greatly lessened? A perfect knowledge of English can scarcely be obtained without some knowledge of another language; we will, at any rate, learn to appreciate it by studying another. By studying Latin, German and French our knowledge of English words and grammar will be greatly increased, our vocabulary enlarged, we will be able to draw a finer distinction between the meaning of words, and our manner of expression will be much more pleasing and fruitful. Under the consideration that the duty of Elders, either at home or abroad, consists in exhorting and preaching, although they may never have to learn or use a foreign language, in the improvement of their own they will be greatly repaid in studying one. Then, too, how very many of us are called, or probably will be, to foreign lands, where we are forced to study one. If a person *has* a knowledge of two languages, he will learn a third with much more readiness than he did the first two. Then in all probability if he were well versed in any one of the modern languages besides English, if called on a mission, he would have *the* privilege of being called where that language was spoken. If well versed in Latin he could almost dispense with English dictionaries, and would have little trouble in learning any language of modern Europe. Then by studying a foreign language, the profit is not alone in our great ability to express our thoughts, but also in the mind training we will receive.

A professor once said that if in his four years of college life, he learned one thing and learned it well, which was, how to study, he would be well satisfied with his college course. If a missionary is accustomed to study or knows how to study, and has the spirit of his mission he will be a successful missionary. Inasmuch as an Elder's duties consist greatly in talking, and that to have a thorough knowledge of any foreign language helps him in his own, besides the studying strengthens and trains his mind, and that some day he will probably be called to labor among that people whose language he can speak, is it not well worth his while to study, if he has the opportunity, another language besides his own? Is it not the duty of parents and teachers to advise the young to make use of every opportunity to study a language in addition to English? Supposing a Dutchman, Dane or German were to visit the Saints in Utah, and talk in broken English in such a way that we can only understand half what he says, and that with great difficulty; but he is a stayer to the "back-bone;" and after wandering around for two hours, gives it up after having condemned us and ours but proved nothing. Let us acknowledge what effect such preaching would have upon us. If we ever came back it would most likely be, not hungering and thirsting after righteousness, but to avenge ourselves on the preacher.

Young prospective missionaries who are wasting your time, just put yourselves in his place and perhaps you can imagine what a great impression your preaching will make, when you first begin to speak in a

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foreign country, to a foreign people, in a foreign tongue, on an almost foreign subject, which, nevertheless, you know to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Edwin Bennion.

PRESIDENT MATTHEW NOALL,
Of the Hawaiian Mission.

LAIE, SANDWICH ISLANDS,
March 22nd, 1894.

Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In accordance with your request that I reply to certain questions concerning our missionary labors on the Sandwich Islands I cheerfully comply.

I. The Hawaiian group of islands are under my presidency.

II. There are now fourteen Elders and four Sisters from America, and ten local native Elders—total twenty-eight laboring in this mission.

III. We should have about three or four more missionaries to fill vacancies recently created. With this addition and with the assistance of native Elders I think the labor here can be successfully carried on.

IV. Frequent releases are very detrimental to the interest of this mission. The greater part of the time a missionary labors here during a first mission—usually about three years—is spent in preparatory work, learning the native language and, in too many cases I am sorry to say, in acquiring an understanding of the fundamental principles of the Gospel. The principal hindrance that Elders have here is the learning of the Hawaiian language. There are comparatively few who, in three years' time are able to express their ideas in a full and comprehensive way in the native language. Out of thirteen Elders who have returned home since my arrival here, there has been but one who could readily express his ideas on different subjects, or who could translate a discourse into the native language: and only five of the thirteen could speak Hawaiian sufficiently well to get an understanding of, and give reconciliating advice in little disputes and differences that so often occur among this people; who look to, and are generally willing to accept the advice of the missionaries in settling these disputes.

It should be remembered, however, that three of the thirteen above mentioned were released in less than three years. Thus it will be seen that one-half of the missionaries referred to after about three years' labor were unsuccessful in learning the native language. I do not say this to their discredit, for many of them studied hard to accomplish that object during their stay here. A few of them also spent much of their time in laboring in a temporal sphere on the Laie Plantation.

Of ten sisters who have labored here since my arrival—now over two years—there are only two who are able to talk Hawaiian with any degree of fluency. From the foregoing it will be observed that amid the sundry duties incidental to the labors of a missionary and the learning of a new language, there is not much time to spend in studying the Gospel. Therefore it often happens that after having learned the new language it requires six months' preparation on the Gospel before a missionary is fully capable of performing his duties in traveling among the several branches of the church and towns of the group.

It should be understood in this connection that the native Hawaiians, and especially the older generation, are great Bible readers. In fact it is about the only book they have, and consequently a great deal of their time is spent in reading it and in searching questions therefrom which they delight to put to the Elders. The older Hawaiians, as a rule, know more about the Bible and the passages it contains than our average missionary does.

In answer, then, to the question under consideration I will give it as my opinion that, to meet with good

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS MISSION. LAIE, OAHU.

results a missionary should labor in this field at least two years after having acquired a sufficient understanding of the Hawaiian language to enable him to express his ideas impromptu, or to be able to settle little disputes arising among the Saints. Of course the longer one stays after having reached that standard, the more good he will be able to do. It usually takes from one and one-half to two and one-half years for those who do learn the language to accomplish that result. A consequent suggestive missionary term might be placed at about four years, but if longer all the better for the missionary interests. I believe, however, that part of this preliminary work could be done at home and thus save perhaps one year's precious time in the mission field, besides much trouble and expense.

V. Generally speaking, married men are preferable in this mission, but only so wherein they are more experienced and may be thus better adapted to advise and counsel as a father among this poor people who seem to have but little idea how to rear their children, and whose domestic tranquility is seldom of continued length.

VI. To the question as to "Which are the most successful missionaries, those who are provided with money in their labors, or those who travel without purse and scrip," I will say, we have no means of ascertaining, as the needs of all our missionaries are supplied from a common mission fund to which the Saints of the several islands donate, and the deficiency, if there be any, is made up by the Laie Plantation.

VII. Before answering this ques-

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tion I will note some of my observations during an experience of about six years in this missionary field. I have noticed that the most successful missionaries have been, first, those who have humbly labored with an implicit trust in their Master and with a zeal that has impressed sincerity in their every act; second, those who have had a good understanding of the Gospel; third, those who have acquired the native language; fourth, those who have been able to advise and instruct the native people how to properly take care of their own bodies and how to properly care for their children; fifth, those who have cheerfully performed every duty placed upon them, whether it were to labor temporally or spiritually; sixth, those who have never tired in trying to do good to all men.

Some of the causes that have made an unsuccessful missionary that have fallen under my observation might be enumerated as follows: Doubt and non-sincerity of purpose, a longing for the time of release and an attendant desire to "kill time;" an over-anxious interest in home affairs to the exclusion of interest in missionary labors; lack of disposition and energy to study and labor; a fault-finding and disagreeable spirit, which usually results in disunion and even rebellion has resulted disastrously in a few instances.

Inability to speak the native language is the main cause of non-success among the missionaries of this field. There are several reasons why those unsuccessful in this respect fail to attain that ability. Some have been troubled with a natural impediment in their speech, while others have been affected by the improper insertion and omission of the consonant *h* as often used by the English, which may in the Hawaiian language even reverse the meaning of the speaker. A non-aptness or lack of ability to learn new languages sometimes causes missionaries years of hard study and anxiety in vain, while in some cases I believe the lack of application to faith, prayer and study has been the cause of non-success in this regard.

As to what training a prospective missionary should have I would suggest: first, a training that would result in implicit faith and confidence in the Master for whom he is to labor, and a full conviction of the truth of the cause he is to represent, coupled with a prayerful and humble spirit and a good moral character; second, he should obtain a thorough knowledge of the principles of the Gospel and be able to substantiate the same from the scriptures and become accustomed to public speaking through home training in the associations, classes and schools that are within his reach; third, assisted by a competent teacher he should make a diligent study of the Hawaiian language for one or two years before entering his field of labor on these islands; fourth, he should receive such training as would enable him to instruct the Hawaiian people in the laws of hygiene and health; fifth, a training in vocal music will be highly appreciated by those who come to this field; sixth, he should be taught to labor *energetically*, and to exercise patience and charity towards those not so favored as himself. Other qualifications should be possessed by special missionaries for this mission. Those who labor on the plantation should have a knowledge of farming, while others should be qualified to teach school.

In regard to studying the Hawaiian language at home I will say that many of the new missionaries here now think they can better pursue their preliminary studies of the native language at head-quarters where they can get assistance from experienced Elders. If this be so, why could not this preliminary studying be done in a class at home under the direction of some returned Elder who is well-versed in this language. The German, Spanish and other languages

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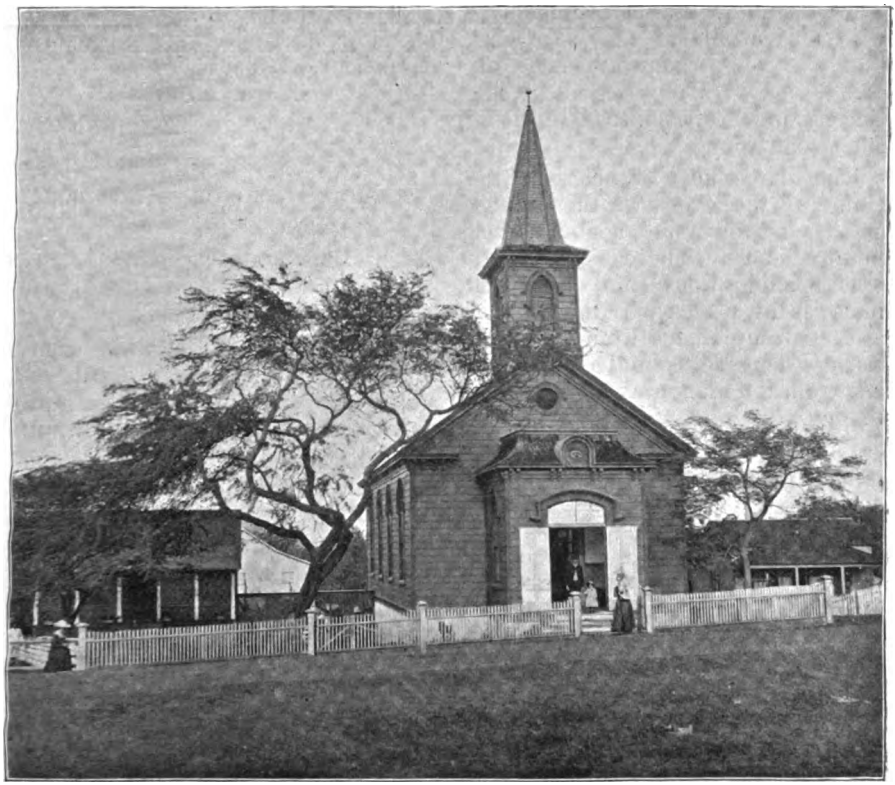

MISSION HOUSE AND CHURCH OF THE HONOLULU BRANCH.

are successfully taught in our English schools, and why not the Hawaiian? I do not believe that a student could become a fluent speaker in the Hawaiian language without a practical use of the same; but I believe a good vocabulary of native words could be memorized and the fundamental principles of the language be learned at home, so that the student would be able to enter at once into practical usefulness in his field of labor. If this plan were adopted I believe at least one year's preparatory studying in the missionary field could be saved. Another great advantage of this plan would be this: if there were those in the class who apparently could not learn the Hawaiian language their attention could be turned to other things, and new students enrolled, and thus save a large percentage of our missionaries who come here having to return at the end of their mission without having accomplished that all-important requirement—the learning of the native language.

In some respects I presume the Sandwich Islands Mission is different from most others where our Elders labor. There are temporal as well as spiritual interests to be cared for.

In order to better promote the interests of the Hawaiian Saints a temporary gathering place has been established at Laie where the Saints may be gathered out from among the wickedness which prevails in the many towns and villages of the group, and be under the constant care and teaching of the Elders. In addition to fishing and raising their kalo they are employed on the Laie Plantation in raising and manufacturing sugar.

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There is a day-school at this place with an enrollment of over sixty pupils. The organizations of the M. I. A., Sunday School, Relief Society and Primary are all in flourishing condition.

The Honolulu branch of the Church is the largest on the Islands, and has a membership of about seven hundred souls. There is a commodious meeting house and a mission house at this place where the missionaries, en route to and from the South Pacific Islands, often find a few hours' rest from the monotony of the ever-tossing vessel.

Our Church membership throughout the group is over four thousand, and about one thousand children under eight years, and affords a field for good, lively, zealous missionaries who fully realize, and are anxious to magnify their high calling of directing the labors of the Saints and spreading the Gospel of salvation among the people of the Sandwich Islands. *Matthew Noall.*

PRESIDENT JOB PINGREE,
Of the Eastern States Mission.

48 SANDS ST., BROOKLYN,
N. Y., Feb. 18, 1894.

The Contributor:

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your letter of inquiry received.

I. New England States and part of Canada, with headquarters at New York.

II. Seven besides myself at present.

III. There are over twelve million people in this mission, and I will leave you to judge the matter.

IV. Don't wish to say anything on this subject.

V. In justice to both I have nothing to say.

VI. Circumstances and conditions would have to be considered in this case, in my judgment.

VII. An Elder cannot be too well posted on all subjects to make him an efficient missionary.

Very truly yours,
Job Pingree.

PRESIDENT GEORGE C. NAEGLE,
Of the Swiss and German Mission.

BERNE. 36 POSTGASSE,
March 10th, 1894.

The Contributor.

DEAR BRETHERN:—Your communication of February 23rd received today, and in compliance with your request, I submit the following:

I. The Swiss and German Mission includes Switzerland, Germany, Austria and Italy.

II. At present there are forty-nine missionaries in this mission.

III. From present prospects we are likely to need more in the future.

IV. Concerning the length of time to remain in the field, we would think, if an Elder is familiar with the language, and can begin missionary work at once; he should be released at the end of two years; if he has to learn the language, two years and a half would be about right.

V. We cannot discriminate, as they are equally valiant; the married men, however, usually have had a little more experience in laboring, and officiating in the Priesthood at home.

VI. Although we receive no salary for our services, nor do we preach for hire; or divine for money; yet we know of none at present who are going *strictly* without purse or scrip; for the laws are very stringent in this country, and especially in Germany, regarding lodging, etc., and the Elders seem almost under the necessity of being provided with some means to avoid being arrested on the charge of vagrancy. They also have to go well dressed; so it looks as though it were necessary to have a little money to meet the de-

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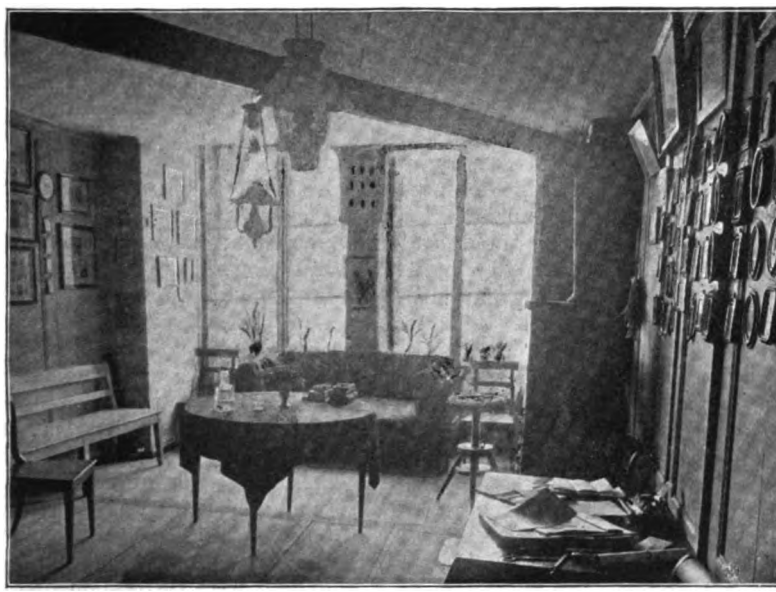

INTERIOR OF HEADQUARTERS OF SWISS AND GERMAN MISSION, BERNE, SWITZERLAND.

mands of the age, and comply with the regulations of the country; though to be furnished too freely with money from home, is not always the best.

It also appears that faith is waning among men; and they are correspondingly less hospitable than formerly.

Still I believe that were our faith sufficient, "without purse or scrip," after reaching our destination would prove the more successful way. We have an example of this in the success that attended the late beloved David H. Cannon.

VII. For this mission, I would suggest that where it is practicable, an Elder who has the language to learn, should have notification at least six months' prior to his departure, and that time should be diligently devoted to acquiring the German language, the study of the Scriptures (principally the Prophets and New Testament), and Roberts' Ecclesiastical History. Also to officiate during that time in the capacity of a Priest and Teacher, with an efficient companion, would be a valuable experience. The benefits and training of the Mutual Improvement Association would indeed be of great worth, and a fine start for the prospective missionary.

Your Brother, etc.,

George C. Naegle.

PRESIDENT CHARLES W. STAYNER,

Of the Northern States Mission.

I. The Northern States Mission comprises the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakotas, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, the north half of West Virginia, the west half of Maryland, Northern Missouri and the District of Columbia, with the president's headquarters for the present at Washington, D. C.

II. Thirty-five Elders, besides myself, are now in the field.

III. Under certain circumstances more Elders will be needed. Under other conditions, less.

IV. An average of two years, ranging from eighteen months to two years and a half, at the discretion of

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the president, and according to the health, capacity and circumstances of the Elders, is desirable as the term of a mission.

V. A mixture of both married and single men is almost necessary in the mission, with a preponderance, if any, of unmarried young men, for the greater part of this field; and they should be strong and healthy in body, as well as intelligent and energetic laborers in the cause.

VI. When and where the conditions admit of it, the Elders should doubtless labor "without purse or scrip," or in such a way as to prove the world, and test the faith of the missionaries themselves, and would be more successful by doing so. But at certain times and in some places, this seems to be impracticable to quite an extent.

VII. The training necessary for our missionaries should, in my opinion, be such as is obtained first in our Sabbath schools, next in our Mutual Improvement Associations, and afterwards in the various quorums of the Church. But they should also receive a good education in our schools and academies, under the tuition of firm believers in the Gospel. The Elders should be able to speak and write correctly. They should have a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, the Church works, and the established doctrines of the Gospel; besides being somewhat acquainted with Church and secular history. They should be taught to do all they can for themselves by study and faithfulness, and then to trust in the Lord to help them in the hour of need. If our Elders were called upon at times in their wards and quorums to speak upon the first principles of the Gospel, so as to induce a study of these doctrines from a biblical standpoint, it would greatly assist them in their work of preparation. They would, by this experience, become accustomed to speaking in public and their thoughts on the various subjects treated upon, would be better arranged in their minds for presentation to the people. Above all, they should be taught the efficacy of prayer and fasting, and the keeping of their minds clear by abstaining from tobacco and strong drinks. As a good memory is a most essential aid to interesting and advantageous public speaking, all habits that tend to weaken the memory and other natural gifts should be avoided. The Spirit of God which is the inspirational rejuvenator of memory should be cultivated with great humility and purpose, and everything of an impure character should be discarded from the life and meditations of the missionary.

I would again urge the necessity of a good education in our schools, so that the Elders may be able to speak grammatically; and when writing, spell correctly. They should be able to compose their communications with clearness as well as simplicity. This is rarely the case at the present time, perhaps, for many reasons that need not be dwelt upon here. But as I understand it, a greater degree of excellence is desired for and by those about to enter the missionary field, and it is with that view my suggestions are given.

The knowledge of other languages besides our own, is also very useful. We have found it difficult to reach the Scandinavian population in this field, owing to the lack of speakers in the Danish, Swedish and German languages. An acquaintance with French, Latin, Hebrew and Greek is also desirable, especially when discussing with the clergy on biblical themes, and on ancient laws and history. But no acquisition of foreign tongues will compensate for a display of ignorance in the use of our own language. We must be perfect in our English, or our influence for good will suffer with educated audiences.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Elders who have labored in this mission during the last four years, were

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called mostly from the farm and the work-bench rather than any scholastic pursuit, their labors have been very efficient among the people in their respective fields. And I do not believe a better class of men could have been found for this work. They have been virtuous exemplars of the morality of our religion, energetic in a marked degree, and the success that has attended their labors is an evidence of the faithfulness and spiritual power of these humble men of God. Still, doubtless, they, in their humility, often wished that they had in early youth availed themselves more fully of the educational facilities offered in the midst of the Saints, and that they had become better versed in scriptural and historical knowledge before entering upon their missionary experience.

In reference to the number of Elders laboring in this field, I wish to say that we have at present all that can labor conveniently in the regions opened up, without further monetary assistance than is now received from home. If I had the means or could obtain it, I would go into the large cities, such as Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis and other thickly populated towns, and hire suitable halls into which to invite by proper advertising the more intelligent classes, to hear our principles. Much of the expense might be realized, I believe, from collections, but the municipal laws would not, in most cases, justify us in hiring halls on such a speculative basis. Besides, the agents for such buildings generally demand cash in advance for their use. After a start was made, however, arrangements could possibly be entered into for permanent places, at a reasonable rental annually, in which to hold our meetings; and the people so brought into the Church would probably have more means to sustain such expenditures than those who live in the country and who largely constitute our present membership. There is no reason why we should not have branches in the principal cities, if such a course were adopted as to give our efforts there a respectable and responsible standing. Things are different from what they were when the Gospel was first preached in the States. The principles are the same, but the people are not, and we have to be governed somewhat by circumstances.

When asked if we would be more or less successful if supplied with money, I would answer in the light of what has just been written. Not only would the labors of the Elders be more successful if we had a supply of means to meet expenses that are unavoidable, but such labor as is desirable in the cities, as well as many other places, cannot well be performed without some ready money. If funds for this purpose were placed at my disposal, I would personally endeavor to engage suitable halls, and calling to my aid two good, well-versed Elders for each city, would advertise, and write up notices, etc., for the local papers, thus bringing our principles into the very presence of the intelligent reading population of the country. I would establish an office in each city when it seemed advisable, and leave the two Elders to canvas such city and neighborhood, and continue the meetings, while I went on myself to fill other appointments. I am more than confident that such a systematic labor would result satisfactorily in conversions, and also in the final recovery of all expenditures involved, besides being, in my opinion, a much needed duty performed in our missionary work of warning all the world.

In that way we could use and would require more Elders than now. In fact we could use more everywhere in the mission if we had means to pay their expenses while opening up new fields of labor. Fifty missionaries would be needed this year, and one hundred next, while two hundred would soon be the number under

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such conditions. But the probability is from the reports before me, unless some assistance can be obtained in opening new fields, we shall have to reduce our number somewhat during the summer months. This is a pity. I wish that the rich people of Zion would help those who attend to this labor, or that a fund were established for all missionary purposes. These suggestions are the result of my own observations for the last four years in this field, and I may add during two former missions in Great Britain, although in the matter of laboring in cities, and without purse or scrip, I find that although England is a harder field than formerly, the United States is by far the harder field of the two for our missionaries. The distances to travel are greater, food and fares are higher, the roads are more hilly and the streams almost impassable on foot. The heat and cold are more intense, and many parts—the malarial regions particularly—are unhealthy. The people also are more persecutive and less religiously inclined. Very little faith comparatively exists in the Bible, especially the old Scriptures; and the ignorance existing in many regions is of the densest kind on almost all subjects, and yet our labors are largely limited to such regions, through the hospitality of the people without which the Elders could not exist. Hence a labor inaugurated in our cities, in the way suggested would, I feel sure, give us in many instances, when prejudices were removed, a more intelligent and useful class of members, and do much to relieve us from the oft-repeated accusation of avoiding the light of intelligent investigation, and of seeking and obtaining our converts from among the lowest and most ignorant classes of society. While believing that the poor and the ignorant should have the Gospel preached to them, I likewise believe that it is *for all* classes, and ought to be presented in such a manner that the rich and learned as well as others may be left without excuse in the great day of the Lord's judgment.

RULES OF THE NORTHERN STATES MISSION.

1. In order to shun "the very appearance of evil," Elders should not converse with any woman in private, but withdraw when others are not present. No courting is permitted under any circumstances.

2. Do not suffer yourselves to become burdensome to any who entertain you. Show that you are energetic in striving to make conversions, and zealous for the souls of men.

3. In baptizing, call the candidate by name, and use the following words: "Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

4. In confirming, call the candidate by name, and use the following words: "In the name of Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood conferred upon us, we lay our hands upon your head *and* confirm you a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and say unto you: Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Amen."

5. In ordaining, call the candidate by name and use the following words: "In the name of Jesus Christ and by virtue of the Holy Priesthood conferred upon us, we lay our hands upon your head, *and* ordain you to the office of an Elder after the order of Melchisedec," (or a priest after the order of Aaron, as the case may be). Always specify the office in the Priesthood that you are bestowing. Ordinations must be first authorized by the president of the conference on the action of a priesthood meeting, or the counsel of the president of the mission.

6. In administering to the sick, the necessity of faith should be demonstrated. And persons admitted into the Church should be taught the

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need of seeking for a testimony of the Spirit, so that they may be confirmed in the truth.

7. All new members should be taught the principle of tithing. It is also proper to inform those of it, who are investigating the Gospel.

8. Believers should, as soon as consistently possible, join the Church and take part in sustaining the mission. Members should have at least a year's experience in mingling with the Saints in the places where they live, before going to Utah, as they will thus get a better insight into the Gospel, and become prepared to sustain the work when they get to Zion.

None should be advised to gather to Utah, until they are grounded in the faith. And then only when it seems to be proper and necessary. It is a privilege, and should be so regarded, and granted only to the faithful. The weak and the unfaithful had better stay where they are than to go to Utah and apostatize there. Those only who go by permission, should have recommends to the authorities at home.

9. In preaching the Gospel, it is desired that the Elders confine themselves to the first principles, and avoid the advanced doctrines of the Church, such as the resurrection, etc., and particularly theorizings on the Godhead, and all mysteries upon which there may be any diversity of opinion among the brethren. Avoid disputations on doctrine. Instruct the people on those matters which are fully revealed and made plain in the Church works. Simplicity and plainness are greatly to be desired at a time when the religious world is racked by dark conflicts and bitter discussions.

10. Elders are not permitted to excommunicate without instructions from the president of the mission. No cursings or "washings of feet" against the wicked, are at present advisable, and none should appear in the reports. Bless the people and pray for all, that they may repent of their sins and be forgiven by the Lord.

11. Elders should briefly report to the conference president every week, and state their addresses for the week following.

Each conference president is expected to acquaint the president of the mission with the condition of the Elders each week, by letter; and on the first of each month a formal report based on the Elders' monthly and weekly reports in his possession, should be forwarded, showing the number of baptisms, meetings, etc. On the first of the months of March and September of each year, he should send a half-yearly report, in accordance with the form hitherto given. The margin of time for these reports is to the fifth of the month, when all conference reports should be ready to mail.*

The Elders are also invited to correspond with the president of the mission, but they are requested not to use postal cards or showy envelopes.

In writing always specify where a reply will reach you and whether you will await a reply at any given point.

Some letters are received asking questions, and insufficient time is given for the reply to be delivered, before leaving. Longer time is required when the answers are of a historical character, or involve data not in the office.

12. Finally, brethren, be patient, long suffering and kind to all people, teaching them in all humility. Be virtuous and faithful, and God will bless you even more abundantly in the future than He has in the past.

Chas. W. Stayner.

* Reports are now to be sent yearly, instead of semi-annually, and should be mailed to the mission president not later than January 10th of each year.

To be continued.)

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HOW SHALL WE GET A TRADE?

THE CONTRIBUTOR for April had an admirable series of papers on the question, "Trade or Profession Which?" but more remarkable than the articles was the unanimity of sentiment in favor of the first. It was realized by representative men of varied occupations, that professional life in this western country is filled to repletion, and that the ranks of unskilled labor are also getting beyond all demand; further, that the one mistake of American life is an indisposition to adopt a trade by which to sustain a man or give him power to raise a family; this method is deemed too slow, the necessary attention for securing deftness and facility in the use of tools is uncongenial to the rush of modern life, and to the accumulation of a desired fortune, if a quicker and easier, albeit more feverish and speculative method can do it!

The old-fashioned custom of apprenticeship is obsolete, with all its moral, mental and industrial advantages, the restraint and supervision of the master over the boys who dwelt in his house, and who was responsible for their learning a trade has passed away; the time of training (say from fourteen to twenty-one) is now deemed far too long, boys assume that they can master the intricacies of any trade in a quarter of the time, and for that, the employer of experience has no security, a binding indenture being ignored altogether; consequently thorough workmen, full graduates, are "few and far between," botches there are innumerable. Poor hands answer when there is demand, and in Utah where the trained class is not replenished from the old world as formerly, imported skill (?) usurps the places which should be filled by a wiser if a younger generation.

That the introduction of machinery and the subdivision of labor has had something to do with this question is without doubt; the carpenter of today rarely makes a door or sash, or sticks a moulding; everything is prepared for him, and fewer tools are needed in the construction of a house, so that in these departments of the builder's craft, the modern workman is a novice compared to the fathers who were thorough masters of all branches, and understood the details of their art or trade.

In the shoe factory, few workmen are judges of leather, not one probably could make a shoe from beginning to end; one process alone occupies the time and attention of a man who certainly so far lags behind his educated predecessor, and here the manager or proprietor does not work with his men, and can give no personal supervision to an apprentice or see that he is grounded in understanding by graduating in each separate department.

That this condition is seen by many and deplored, is evinced by the efforts which are being made for securing a remedy, and not a few thoughtful educators now conclude that purely class learning is altogether inadequate to the prevailing situation, hence there is an ostensible alliance under various modifications of book and practical culture in progressive schools, such as are called manual, industrial, training or technical, and agricultural colleges; in these there are attempts made to give to natural drift an opportunity of becoming more or less conversant with mechanical labor in all its various forms.

This movement has obtained quite an unexpected success in Europe, where the apprenticeship system still largely prevails, and some ten years ago a notable effort was made in New York City by a wealthy gentleman, who realized, that while emigration was supplying the demand for skilled labor, that very labor by union was preventing its increase, and so arbitrarily was this limited that natural tendency was shut out, and the father, if an expert, was denied

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the opportunity of giving the benefit thereof to his own sons even, if the limit of trade regulation was reached.

The gentleman referred to undertook to create "evening trade schools," where for two and a half hours lads or young men were taught by absolutely practical lessons, several branches of trade, such as bricklaying, stonecutting, plastering, plumbing, carpentry, blacksmithing, vice work, carving, fresco and other painting; the terms were according to the branch and the number of lessons in the course, and while in the early years this experiment did not pay its way the grand philanthropist furnished the five thousand dollars which was deficient after a crowded year.

This was not in any sense a charitable or money-making institution, nor was it in the interest of or in opposition to any trade organization, but solely for the benefit of such young men of natural aptitude or desire for the opportunities presented; the departments were supervised by master mechanics, and the school became not only a success as to numbers, increasing from thirty-three the first to three hundred and four the fifth season, but in a practical sense also, for some of these pupils—members of the earliest classes, built a number of houses in New York City which for workmanship commanded wide attention.

President Young with his strong practical organization affirmed continuously that intellectual culture was insufficient for our circumstances, and manual training as a part of school education was a theme of his (as it was also of President Taylor) which was unrealized to the day of his death; but if education was considered to be defective then, when skill was furnished with every emigration, what shall be said of now, when this fountain of supply is nearly exhausted, and our growing population, nay every settlement in the Territory is evidence that we need this very training—this very supply of cultivated labor day by day!

Even from the standpoint of an investment, parents—and if they fail, municipalities, counties, the Territory could well afford to establish and subsidize a host of just such schools; and the increased taxable value of property as the result, would more than counterbalance in a little while all such appropriations; for if State or local aid can be given to the seeker after a book education—if this is its duty, it will be difficult to draw a line and say that no aid shall be given for the acquisition of that knowledge which is bread and life itself, or that quite as much shall be given any way, as is in that provision which is made for specialists, such as school teachers, chemists or analysts, or for advanced lessons in art mining or other branch of science which indicates professional, instead of mechanical preference.

Under the universality of the present system it can hardly be claimed that the results justify the labor and expense, for with it there is said to be not less than one hundred thousand criminals in these United States, and while these may not exist because of education, certain it is that the restraining influence of prevalent culture is not so potent as its enthusiastic advocates have promised.

In England where facilities for the acquisition of a trade are easy and educational opportunities are fair, there is but one criminal to eighteen thousand of her population. The census reports of this country a decade ago exhibited an increase of crime which had been cumulative from 1850 onwards, or as statistics tell from one in 30,452 of the population then, to one in 837 in 1880; and still more strange the stern fact comes out, that "tradeless native American youth furnished eighty-one per cent. of these," while the foreign element engaged mainly in trades, furnished but nineteen per cent. of the crim-

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inals incarcerated, and Judge Cowen of New York declared that "ninety per cent of its convicts were young men averaging twenty-five years of age," and that "a large number of these belonged to the higher educated classes."

Utah may have no such record as this; her youth as a rule, are moral and industrially inclined, but undesirable leisure is just as fatal to social health (and more perchance) than undue compulsory labor.

This New York trade school already alluded to carries on its work now in large and brilliantly lighted rooms, covering a plot of land 200x113 feet, and the progress of its pupils is said to be unusually rapid under the supervision of master mechanics, who show how each piece of work is done, and why it should be done in that particular way; it is also said that "no rude or profane word has ever been heard within those walls, and that even when inconveniently crowded, the young men are invariably courteous to each other, and respectful to their teachers."

We are often carping—intelligently too—at the outgo of our coin or currency for imported goods. The New York mechanics had their grievance: it was found that some three thousand workmen came in there every spring from Europe, leaving their families, and then returning in the fall taking their large earnings home with them, and they endeavored to remedy this by furnishing skilled labor from the legitimate citizen, and so keeping that money in their own country for its undivided prosperity!

Here was an example and a lesson that ought to come home to "the children of light;" it might have been said in historic times and by high authority that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation" than they, but we know of no prophecy which declares for a continuation of that condition.

It is believed that there are skilled men everywhere in this community yet, who would enjoy imparting to a class or classes their experience and ability in artisan or mechanical pursuits; and the necessity for this sacrifice (if unpaid for their services) is now more important than ever; our numerous youth, the passing away of many of the fathers, the certainty of growing necessity and assured employment, all prompt in this direction, at least until the narrow and contracted routine of general schools admit of industrial training, for which there is no present prospect; for late events have demonstrated that our Agricultural College although subsidized by the general government only escaped destruction by the veriest chance, for there seemed to be but little sympathy with or appreciation among educators of its industrial combination with book-culture and mental opportunity.

Free schools are the order of the day, or free opportunity, rather, for taxation sustains and provides every appliance which this modern craze demands, but in this New York school so lavishly alluded to, terms vary with the instruction demanded, twenty dollars is charged for the six months' course in bricklaying, twelve each for stonecutting and plumbing, fifteen for carpentry, and ten for fresco and other painting. There is no occasion for us to follow this precedent or any other; we run too much in old or imported grooves already, are too thoroughly copyists, but we can be original if we try, we can cull from the experience of others, and we can improve upon that to meet our own circumstances, and so bring that which we borrow and cannot improve upon into undisputed harmony with our highest social and religious thought!

This growing Territory needs this extension of trade culture, this developing of trade proclivity: it is in line with our faith, it is temporal salvation,

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it is in keeping with the counsel of our best men, it echoes and repeats the claims of the most enthusiastic home manufacturer, and it does this in a line which has been without advocates "lo these many years."

Dare hope plume itself upon the summer's thought and next winter's realization, or have we faith in the brain power and receptivity of our posterity? Unless this or other measures are adopted we shall be but "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and if we require skilled labor, mechanical ability, power to transmute our abundance into pleasant homes and beautiful surroundings, we shall have to call upon the uninterested "stranger and alien," they will have to do for us that for which we now have the capacity and opportunity, both given to us by the way, for the building of a superior civilization and social life, if we apply faculty in the spirit of wisdom and of truth, as this people have proved "many a time and oft" in their chequered yet progressive experience of now over sixty years!

H. W. Naisbitt.

AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

I.

THE readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR will please pardon me if I relate an experience which did not happen in the place designated by the title of this article, but which cleared the way for me to enjoy the rare privilege of attending the world-renowned Julian Academy of painting, and of dwelling over a year in the highly educational influence of Paris, that great city of art and culture.

Being a firm believer that the highest possible development of talent is a duty we owe to our Creator, I made it a matter of prayer for many years that He would open a way whereby I could receive that training which would befit me to decorate His holy temples and the habitations of Zion. But as is generally the case in the early career of a painter, life's path was continually beset with embarrassing disappointments, until, when the dark clouds of adversity seemed most discouraging our kind and merciful Father in heaven answered my prayers. June 4th, 1890, three of us were blessed and set apart to a mission at the city of Paris. On the twenty-third day of the same month we bade farewell to our families and friends, arriving at our destination on the following twenty-fourth day of July.

This incident and many others of like character has led me to encourage my young brethren and sisters who may have seemingly insurmountable obstacles in their pathway to a realization of righteous ambitions, to put your trust in God, and He will be pleased to remove every hindrance to your success; but you must manifest by your works that you are in earnest, and seek Him by much fasting and prayer.

Language is feeble to explain the benefit a sojourn in the city of Paris imparts to an aspirant for knowledge; for it is not only within the walls of a school room that one learns lessons, but from the monuments of architectural skill and taste which adorn its boulevards. The combined skill of centuries of the sculptor's art which have enriched its galleries and magnificent parks; likewise the inspirations of the artist thrown upon canvas, of which this city is a veritable storehouse, spanning art history from its earliest period to this progressive nineteenth century. Here can be seen the indelible footprints of the inventive sons of science, even from the misty past unto our modern Edisons,

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gathered within the walls of its Arts et Metiers and museums. The relics of antiquity, historical monuments, precious manuscripts and vast libraries furnish food for the student of history. At every turn one finds material to nourish and broaden the intellect. This condition of things naturally draws to this treasure vault the learned and ambitious of the earth, so that the very air seems pregnant with art and refinement; yet there is a spirit of freedom that makes one feel at ease in his particular station in society. Pride is not so manifest as in some of our western cities. Intelligence, ability and talent command respect, whether clad in poor or rich garments.

Some may ask, but what about the wickedness of this great city? My dear reader, when one is in the midst of such excellent opportunities for only a short period he has no time to look into the dark abyss of crime, or ferret out what broods no good to any human soul. However, I will testify that truth, virtue, love and union have fled, not only from this Gentile city, but from the cold, unthankful world, to these elevated mountain tops, to be nurtured by the oracles of God. Do not understand from this that no honest, good and noble people are to be found; on the contrary enough are met with to greatly increase our charity for all mankind. This fact also stimulates in us a greater desire to become able advocates of the glorious message of life and salvation.

Having conveyed so much of a general impression of Paris, I will now proceed to render a word sketch of the famed art school of Paris, where eight earnest Utah students laid a foundation upon which to build their aspirations in the world of art.

There are several schools of painting of more or less merit, but the École des Beaux-Arts—a national institution—and the Academie Julia, Peinture, take the lead. The beautiful specimens of architecture, with their surroundings of tastefully planned lawns and walks, flowers and shrubbery, which characterize the institutions of learning in our own beloved America, led me to imagine the Julian Academy with its age and artistic qualities as superior to any we had been accustomed to see. I well remember my feelings as we wended our way to school the first morning. We resided in what is called the Latin part of the city, about three miles from the academy. Our course was on boulevards St. Michel and de Sebastopol where are to be seen the Pantheon, Notre Dame and the tower of St. Jaques, all noted specimens of architecture, which inspire the soul with veneration for the genius of man. Leaving those grand boulevards we entered Rue St. Denis, a narrow street. With quick steps we pass grocery shops, shoe, drug, dry goods, vegetable and every other kind of shops that the modern Shylock has ever thought of; expecting every moment to behold the magnificent academy building my fancy had pictured. When, all at once, here we are! Yes, we were here in a narrow court or yard of a feather cleaning and pillow factory; a few packing boxes and bales of feathers lying about. In front of us, on a two-story, rickety old building was the sign, sure enough, Academie Julia, Peinture.

Ascending an old stairway we landed in the sky-lit atelier of the renowned school of painting. Part of the walls were covered with prize studies from models, and part with daubs of paint flipped on the wall with the palette knife. There are five such ateliers in this branch of the school, but there are two others located in different sections of the city; one is exclusively for ladies. In each atelier there is a platform raised about two feet, for the model to pose upon. The students form a half circle around this platform in three or four rows; the inside row of easels

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and stools being shorter than the outside ones, to enable the student on the outside to see the model over the head and portfolio of his neighbor situated between him and the figure he is drawing. Each Monday morning from three to ten professional male and female models are loitering about the ateliers waiting for a job. A few minutes before eight o'clock they mount the platform and show the contour of their figure and ability for posing. A vote is called, and the winning candidate engaged for the week. The manner of pose is also decided by vote. Generally, but not always, there is a change in sex every other week. The model poses forty-five minutes and rests fifteen; repeating this from eight to twelve a.m., and from one to five p.m., every day in the week. When the school is full, which is generally the case during the winter months, there is a model posing in each room and students are at liberty to work in any of them; but when a location is once chosen and the owner's name chalked on the floor under the easel, he holds a right to that spot during the entire week. The professors, all of whom are eminent French painters, visit the school every Wednesday and Saturday morning, and give each student a short but telling criticism. It is truly wonderful how well these master minds understand the needs and failings of each student, and how readily they grasp the individual aim of each soul, thus encouraging individuality in each. Although the professors spend only two or three minutes to each student's work twice a week, they can readily discern the earnest, diligent workers and the aimless or idle ones. To the latter they are very severe in their criticism.

The conduct of the school partakes more of the idea of a workshop than a school; no one presides to keep order; they sing and shout, or talk as much as they please. Every one is left to choose his own course. However, it is astonishing how quiet everybody becomes the moment a professor enters the building, the highest respect and honor being manifest towards them by the pupils. This feature is general in France, as I have before stated in this article.

The life and character of each of the professors, and that of any great painter, as well as the prevailing spirit of the Julian Academy, all proclaim in loud and unmistakable tones the one great truth "there is no excellence without labor." Remember, my friends, that one of the most important observations and experiences of an art student in the city of Paris is that an aimless, shiftless, idle brain need not hope for any success in a calling, though he or she may have native talent; while another who may not be blessed with any special gift, but possesses those qualities of character inured to diligent concentrated labor, will, by the help of God, soar high to honor and usefulness. In order to help this self-application, we should love the work we engage in, and not allow ourselves to follow a calling we are not converted to. *John Hafen.*

It isn't the biggest horn that makes the best music.

Starting to heaven on a gravestone is very risky business.

Carmen Sylva says of happiness:

There is but one happiness:
Duty.
There is but one consolation:
Work.
There is but one delight:
The beautiful.

Taxing is an easy business. Any projector can contrive new impositions; any bungler can add to the old; but it is altogether wise to have no other bounds to your imposition than the patience of those who are to bear them.

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LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XI.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.
—*Inscription on Old Prison of Edinburgh.*

The evening of July 13, 1789, found Vivian at Paris. He repaired to 137 Rue Revere, and took up his lodging there. He felt ill at ease. His friends in the National Assembly had not shown themselves wise. The people had acted with greater indiscretion. He felt anxious at the situation. Already had there been rumors of more extended violence and wrong. It seemed to Vivian that the wisdom of the older element had given place to the violence and intemperance of the young and vicious, who were fomenting disorder and confusion among the masses. To place a climax upon his discontent and anxiety, on that day and the previous one a bloody encounter had occurred in the streets of Paris, in which the representatives of the people had been implicated. The excitement was intense. What the outcome would be no one could tell.

As Vivian sat in his lodgings on that night, he was attracted by a slight noise without. Gently pushing aside the curtains, that he might observe without being seen, he saw a girl of slight, graceful form, apparently in a state of great excitement and anxiety. She was talking earnestly with the owner of the house, who was endeavoring to persuade her to depart.

"Is he not here?" asked the girl.

"No," was the reply. "He has not been home tonight."

She walked hurriedly to and fro past the building, occasionally glancing up at the window. A slight rustle of one of the curtains attracted her attention, and she exclaimed: "He is there!"

Pushing past the man who would have prevented her, she entered the building. Ascending the stairs, she knocked timidly at the door of Vivian's room. Opening it, he recognized Marie Latour. He stepped back as if to avoid her, but she darted past him and stood in the middle of the room.

"Do not refuse to listen to me," she said in a pleading tone. "I know how you regard me, but it is to your interest to hear me."

"Speak," answered Vivian in an impatient tone.

"Have you heard the rumors regarding the Bastile?"

"No; what are they?"

"As I was walking past the house occupied by the main club of the people's representatives, a crowd of anxious men had assembled in front of it. There they were addressed by a man of prominence in the councils of the people, who told them that the guns of the Bastile were trained on Paris."

Vivian was alarmed. "What is the object of this action?" he asked.

"The king has assembled troops in Versailles to overawe the representatives of the people. When the Paris patriots heard of this, they formed a combination to resist the illegal action of the king. News of this reaching the Bastile, its officers, true to their policy of supporting the king, turned their guns upon the the city to enforce his orders."

"The king and his tools against the sovereign people!" exclaimed Vivian in anger. "How is the action regarded by the friends of liberty?"

"All are incensed by it," was her answer. "Violence will follow. Already there is a whisper that the citizens will organize a force to storm the Bastile."

"Storm the Bastile? Yes! It is the symbol of kingly power and despotism. I would shed my last drop of blood in the assault."

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"I came to warn you," said the girl anxiously, "for I fear the consequences to the city of this attack. As soon as it is known that the people are moving upon the prison, the intentions of its commandant will be carried out. The wholesale slaughter of the people will begin. I have warned you, that you may escape before it is too late."

"Escape!" he exclaimed in anger. "Leave the work of liberty and bravery to be performed by others? Must I do nothing to further the cause of the people, but shall I flee before the artillery of the Bastile, while others joyously inhale its burning breath and die for freedom?"

"But the attempt is hopeless," argued the girl. "It means death unto all who undertake it."

"And why should I escape that death, which others will so bravely meet? Is my life better or dearer than theirs?"

"To me, dearer than all others!" said the girl, impulsively kissing his hand. "Vivian, I would die a thousand times for you. Let me not see you suffer in a hopeless cause!"

He drew his hand away and answered her firmly and angrily.

"Mademoiselle Latour, I had not anticipated this. Had I known that my action in saving your life would have been so fatal to my peace of mind——"

"Fatal to your peace of mind!" exclaimed the weeping girl. "How fatal has it been to mine! Would to God I had died then!"

"Amen!" answered the young man fervently. Then turning his eyes from her, that her pleading expression might not mitigate his sternness, he continued: "Marie Latour, you are fallen! You have formed a chasm between us which neither you nor I have the power to bridge even in friendly discourse. I can accept no benefits from you without blushing at my own degradation. The image of my pure and noble mother even now arises before me and reproves me for holding converse with a guilty woman. Leave me!"

She sobbed bitterly for a few moments, and then, quickly dashing the tears from her eyes, she answered him. "I obey you! You may never see me again——"

"Pray God I may not," he interrupted.

"Then remember this, Paul Levon, a guard at the Bastile, has boasted that your life shall not be safe another week if you remain in Paris. He has found your address, he says, and is determined upon your destruction."

"Paul Levon!" he exclaimed. "The man who caused my father's unjust arrest! Can it be the same?"

"Your father arrested through him?" she asked in surprise. "When?"

He was now too much interested to repeat his request for her departure. The barrier of pride which he had reared between his confidence and hers, seemed to melt away as he told her of his father's disappearance and the subsequent sufferings of his mother.

"I see now," she said. "His enmity toward the son was born of his vengeance upon the father."

"How do you know of this threat?" he asked.

She laughed bitterly. "How does the Paris street waif gain her information? Is she not in the palaces of kings, the huts of toilers, the prisons of state! Does she not see unseen, and hear unheard, and know unknown."

He eyed her sternly. "Have you sold——"

"No!" she cried. "Since the day you left me and bade me live a better life, I have followed your counsel. Henceforth my life is devoted to your good whether you will or not. Therefore, I say, beware of Paul Levon and his tools. I know he will do all in his power to injure you. I have done my duty in warning you.

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See to it that the warning is not unheeded."

As she withdrew, he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. "Forgive my harshness."

"I freely forgive. God bless and preserve you." With tears of joy she took her departure.

Vivian was convinced that Levon had followed the history of the people of La Brede in general and of his mother in particular, for the purpose of increasing the sufferings of the family, though what object he could have, the young man was unable to imagine.

The next morning when he arose and passed into the street, the excitement of the previous night had increased to an alarming extent. Large crowds of armed men and women passed through the streets, with the cry, "To the Bastile! Down with the prison house of tyrants!" As Vivian stood watching this demonstration, one of the leaders seized him and asked him where his sympathy was. "With the people," was the reply. "Then come with us;" and Vivian joined their ranks.

As they passed through the streets of Paris toward the dungeon, the evidences of the bloody encounters between the soldiers and the people on July 12 and 13 became plain, and the heart of Vivian was sick, with grief and apprehension. The Bastile, with its six strong and gloomy towers, soon appeared. The sight increased the violence and zeal of the attacking party. With shouts of hatred they quickened their steps, and rapidly approached the prison.

Within the walls of the grim dungeon sat Paul Levon. His badge of office proclaimed him a guard of the the prison. His look was cold and cynical. His gray hair fell in neglect around a face from which all trace of sympathy and justice had been driven. The last fifteen years of his life had been spent in devising means of extorting money from the prisoners and their friends. He had brought upon the hundreds who had come into his charge in that time, the deeds of violence which have given to the grim dungeon its terrible reputation and made its name a common one for prison-houses of cruelty and wrong.

Now only seven of those captives remained, and no new ones were being added to the prison list. Levon, who had revelled in the wealth of his victims, squandering it upon his pleasures, now found himself reduced to poverty with no visible chance of grinding any new grists.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he exclaimed impatiently. "I feel out of sorts today. The air seems close and stifling. There is in my heart a strange premonition of approaching danger. It cannot be that I am beginning to feel remorse for my past deeds!"

He laughed at the strange fancy. "No," he mused. "If I have remorse it is that opportunities for newer cruelties do not offer. There is no joy for me but in crushing the hearts and hopes of others. So has my life been spent—it will be a blank if it cannot so continue."

His reverie seemed to turn in another, direction, for he chuckled with satisfaction. "Poor Lemoyne!" he muttered. "He played into my hand better than I had hoped. How the stone bled when the sword of the priestly pedagogue pierced it! I would not have missed the glorious sight for the world. But Duruy! There I have had my greatest satisfaction. How despairingly his look when I arrested him! How he pleaded when I dragged him away from his delirious wife! How his face fell and his heart bled when he learned his fate before the king! Ah, when these memories come to me, and I know how I have injured without punishment and wronged without remorse, my youth is renewed, my burned-out fire rekindled."

Again that chuckle of satisfaction. "I have heard that the boy Duruy is in Paris, mingling his voice with

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the shouts of the rabble against the king. I must crush him as I have crushed his father. I know not why, but a lasting hatred toward the whole family possesses me. I am like the man who has eaten half his fill, and hungers for the rest; I cannot have peace until I am satisfied."

He had no time for further reflections, for at that moment the grim faces of the attacking party appeared. Wild confusion reigned within the structure. The keepers and their assistants closed and barricaded the portals of the building and gathered their arms to resist the attack. The battle was fierce, but not bloody. Hour after hour passed in the assault, and yet but very little impression had been made upon the massive walls. At length an armistice was agreed upon, and the commandant of the prison consented to its surrender, on condition that he and his associates should be safe from violence. Then the gates were thrown open, and the rabble rushed in.

In one of the closest dungeons of the prison, a man was sitting. He was not old, but his hair was gray and unkemped, and his face was wrinkled and shriveled almost out of the semblance of humanity. His form was emaciated and bowed, and his mind had become almost imbecile through the cruelties he had suffered.

He had heard the unwonted sounds of the past few hours, without being aware of their meaning. After the opening of the outer gates, he heard the multitude approaching his dungeon. Tremblingly he arose, not knowing what to expect. His door was burst open. He fell upon his knees and begged for mercy.

"Arise, man, you are free!" was the cry, "tyranny has received its death blow. Kings no more shall triumph and their dungeons and gibbets mar the fair face of earth. Come forth into the air of freedom and rejoice with us!"

He greeted his liberators with a vacant stare. He did not understand their words. Pityingly they gazed upon him, and then turned away. He followed them. As he approached his keepers, he fell to the ground, and in an agony of fear and apprehension, repeated the only words of which he seemed to remember the meaning, "Spare me! spare me!"

It was enough. That piteous appeal aroused the indignation of the mob more than a story of cruelty from the lips of sanity could have done. A murmur of horror and detestation ran through the crowd, and the guards were at once seized and brought before the prisoner.

Seeing that his oppressors were helpless, the man grew bolder and stood forth to view their faces. As Levon was led before him, the prisoner's face betrayed fierce passion; he sprang forward, seized the helpless wretch, and repeatedly kicked and struck him, subjecting him, apparently, to most of the tortures he himself had undergone.

This dumb pantomime produced a striking effect upon the rabble. Levon was lifted high above the heads of the crowd; a sword gleamed in the air, and his severed head fell to the ground. A man with livid face of hate thrust a pike into the ghastly head and waved it in the air above his own, the blood streaming down upon him. A woman, screaming in furious triumph, fastened a rope about the trunk, under the arms.

In the meantime, nearly all the guards and soldiers on duty in the Bastile at the time of its capture, had been killed and their heads fixed on pikes. A shout then arose, "Back to Paris!" With a mighty cry the crowd surged towards the city, dragging on the ground the decapitated bodies of the slain and carrying the severed heads as standards, while the seven newly liberated prisoners, two of them imbecile, were borne in triumph upon the shoulders of the throng.

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Thus paraded they through the streets of Paris on the night of July 14, 1789. They were no longer men and women. All that was manly, all that was womanly within them, had been destroyed by their wrongs and their passions. Furies they were as they marched through the streets, repeating their terrible cry.

It was heard in Paris, but its echo went around the world. It reached Versailles, where Louis the XVI. awakened from his sleep that the news might be told him, exclaimed, "Is it, then, a revolt?" And the answer came at once from his informant, "No, Sire, it is a revolution."

That cry, shouted amidst the waving of bloody weapons and still bloodier hearts, was, "Victory! Victory! Death to tyranny! The Bastile has fallen!" *Laertes.*

(To be continued.)

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

XIV.

WHEN that adventurous romancer Jules Verne chose Tampa Bay, on the Florida peninsula, as a starting point for his passenger projectile on its aerial trip to the moon, that modest little indentation on our southern coast achieved more renown than it has any reasonable hope of doing again.

At Port Tampa the only life or movement existant buzzes round a pier built a mile or more through shallow waters into the ocean, from whence the West India steamers of the Plant line sail tri-weekly for Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles." One night early in January of '92, the steamer Mascot arrived at the pier and while that racer of the wayward sea was discharging her cargo and passengers, I went in quest of the captain and made the yellow fever in the windward islands a subject of inquiry. I was already sufficiently well informed to know that isolated cases of that or some other malady was continually haunting the tropics, but at that time unusually disquieting rumors of an epidemic of "Yellow Jack" at Havana had been rife in Florida for a month or more, and I wanted to know, you know, because if these things are only found out after reaching your destination, "Where are you? Why, there you are, you see," as one of the English passengers remarked. The captain, a pleasant little man in navy blue, assured us that similar rumors were circulated every year when the winter resort season opens, by interested parties, presumably Florida hotel keepers. "I guarantee," continued the captain, bringing his seafaring hand onto my shoulder, "that there is no more yellow fever in Cuba than there is in you." That settled it, and I embarked, retiring an hour later to my stateroom with a vague suspicion that on a closer acquaintance the "Pearl of the Antilles" was likely to be not only a little off color but, worst of all, a straw color.

The staterooms on the Mascot are clean, bright and cheerful, and what is of equal importance to voyagers, they are well ventilated. Each room contains an upper and lower berth, a sofa, stationary washstand, mirror, jugs and decanters of water, an electric light and call button, and a couple of life-preservers, large canvas belts stuffed with coarsely-ground cork. There were instructions in a frame on the wall requesting the occupant of the room to try on a belt. The writer complied, but his figure being somewhat given to central expansion, there was not enough life-preserver to go around, and as a means of aiding longevity, what there was would have been as useful

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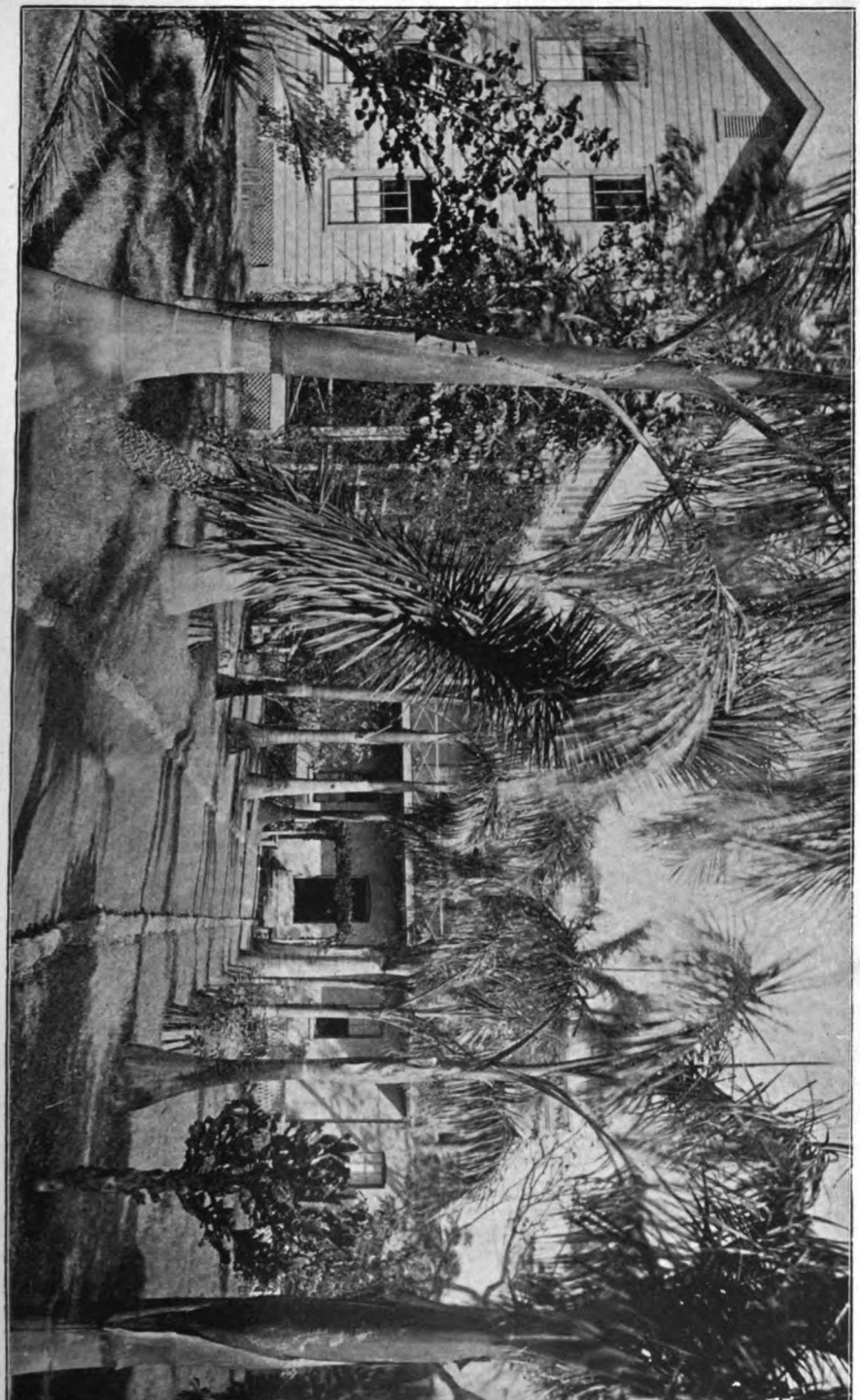

RESIDENCE OF A CUBAN PLANTER.

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as a lightning rod in the hands of a drowning man.

We left for Key West in a threatening sea, and it commenced to rise as the moon went down. Clouds had been gathering and a light wind and rain, forerunners of a storm over the face of the waters, commenced to beat against the shrouds. Not a star remained in what an hour before had been a cloudless sky, while the flying scud went thick and fast to windward and the passengers fled below. When leaving land none of the voyagers were in a mood to exchange the warm sweetness of the ocean night breeze for the stuffy atmosphere of the *salon* or gangways, but wind and wave rule on the great southern gulf as on other seas.

Next morning the sun came up glowing like a ball of fire. The wind had gone down during the night, but ship and sea were still rolling, while the personal appearance of the few passengers who came on deck gave unerring proof of their having passed a restless night; one in particular, a Spaniard, was frightfully ill and probably thought of all the sins he had ever committed—and would commit over again if he lived and got another chance. Towards evening the ship reached Key West, an island of twenty thousand inhabitants, lying in the Caribbean Sea, and celebrated, as you are aware, for its extensive manufacture of cigars and for nothing else. The extent of the key or island is about three by six miles, and eleven feet above the surrounding sea. When the cigar makers there are out on a strike, which a local government officer informed me was an event of almost tri-weekly occurrence, they amuse themselves by catching turtle, fishing or diving for sponges, the only three industries remaining. Owing to the extensive cigar factories Key West is said to be one of the richest as it certainly is one of the dirtiest cities of its size in the country. It is in importance the ninth port of entry in the United States, and the third naval strategic point. The city alone pays more import duty and internal revenue tax than all the rest of Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi combined. Passenger steamers remain there but five or six hours and that is quite long enough for any one not particularly interested in the manipulation of the odorous Indian weed. I found the city and location dull and commonplace, the streets and environs malodorous and off the one main thoroughfare, lonely and deserted; the population being mainly cigar makers, were probably at work in the factories. In its present prosperity and lack of sanitation Key West stands in need, not of the golden age but of the sewer-age. Towards midnight our ship slipped her hawser and stood out to sea. Half an hour later that Florida key and its glimmering lights, coral reef and combing breakers were fast becoming faint and far in the mists and gloom of the night.

Next morning at early dawn all the passengers were on deck watching for the dim outline of the Cuban coast, on the eastern horizon of the sea. The purple hills of Matanzas first came into view, then followed the wind-worn battlements of the Morro castle on a rocky headland. We took on a pilot, then a quarantine and customs officer and finally passed through a narrow, deep channel between the frowning guns of the Spanish forts, and entering the bay of Havana tie up to a floating buoy in mid-stream, none but Spanish vessels being allowed to dock. We were immediately boarded by the usual horde of howling hotel runners, who each secured some of the living prey, and dragged them and their baggage into the boats lying alongside. An examination of all but the hand baggage followed at the custom house where we landed. Shortly after carriages were taken, and within an hour most of the pas-

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A Cuban Creole (Spanish Type).

sengers had found pleasant quarters at the Hotel Inglaterra, the only first class hostelry, size and location considered, of which Havana can boast. Our party glance at the thermometer, seventy-eight degrees, order a bath, and an hour later, having exchanged our travel-stained attire for white flannel, linen duck or other summer suits with Panama hats, we are prepared to do the city and be done in turn. In Havana hotel charges and everything else are high except cigars and the grade of morality. At the Inglaterra, the tariff is four to six dollars per day, extra meals one dollar and a half; New York papers fifteen cents, American magazines seventy-five cents, Havana illustrated papers fifty cents each, and parquette seats in the theatres two dollars, the latter, however, will sell admission pro rata for a single act of any performance, after which should you desire to remain, another ticket may be purchased from the ushers in the aisle. The most prominent place of amusement is the old Tacon theatre, that long time temple of Melpomene and Thalia, of comedy

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and tragedy and — of Esmeralda whose memory is dear alike to the heart of Spanish grandee and Cuban creole.

The buildings of Havana, public and private, rarely attain more than two stories and never exceed three. The principal material used is a soft, cream colored limestone, hewn into shape with two-edged, short handled broad-axes which the native builders are very skillful in the use of. Mouldings, segments and circles, with the simpler designs in scroll work and carvings are readily formed with the one tool. While the work does not bear close inspection, the porous nature of the material will not admit of a finer finish, for which reason the walls are generally plastered in stucco and painted on the exterior. In the latter case the colors selected are sky-blue, yellow, red, pink, pea-green and similar shades of an equally modest and retiring disposition. Among the more pretentious structures the ceilings average twenty feet in height, and where these occur on new, outlaying or border streets, the second and third stories project over the sidewalks and are supported by colonnades of lofty, stone pillars, forming arcades which are cool and pleasant for shoppers and other pedestrians; but in the older parts of city the streets do not exceed thirty feet in width. In an article on Japan written for this magazine some months ago the writer stated that the side-walks in that country averaged three feet wide and thought them roomy enough as nobody used them; in Havana, on the busiest thoroughfares they are but two feet in width and everyone uses them or attempts to. Hence, of two pedestrians meeting, one must step momentarily into the street, a by no means desirable alternative when their condition is normal. In some of these narrow streets where shopping is done largely by visiting strangers, notably in the Calle del Obispo, (street of the Bishop) enterprising storekeepers stretch awnings across from side to side leaving the entire thoroughfare in a cool shade that is delightful to walk or ride beneath.

Oddly enough the houses possess no chimneys. Fires are not required except for cooking, and then a little charcoal takes the place of other fuel. With few exceptions window sash are not used; the openings required for light and ventilation are barred against intrusion by plain or ornamental iron work and closed at all only by paneled wooden shutters. Thus, rooms on the ground floor are open to the curious glances or supervision of idle passers-by. Residences, like stores and public buildings are flush with the sidewalk. Employes of an establishment generally take the noon-day meal, at least, with the proprietor on the premises, when the table is set in the store or shop in plain view of the customer or passer-by. The streets are sprinkled, if at all, by hand hose, but as a rule the semi-liquid filth of a Cuban thoroughfare is of such a clammy, ropy consistency that no dust can form; nothing generates therefrom but the foul, fetid exhalations of the fever breeding soil.

One day in passing through a squalor-haunted region I noticed a dozen or twenty Spanish soldiers engaged in deluging the streets from a fire plug and swabbing the reeking filth into the so-called sewers where it is probably lying now. I was startled at the unusual energy displayed and asked my Mexican friend, Colonel Colorado Maduro, who knows all about these things, what it meant. He replied that that particular district was threatened with incipient yellow fever. A few cases of the desolating malady were rampant in the south-western quarter, but was not spreading and I presume it is rarely if ever inexistent in the island; like the wind it strikes and goes wheresoever it listeth, frequently passing by the weak and emaci-

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A Young Cubana (Havana).

ated, while it strikes down the strong and robust. One might think those islanders' past experience with the dreadful malady had taught them a lesson; not so. Well knowing their one foe is forever afield, they throw open the gates, sit down and with careless unconcern light a fresh cigarette, while the sluggish, half-choked sewers become open trenches before reaching the city limits; and on that day, probably not less than five hundred unburied carcasses of the canine, porcine and feline species lay round about the streets and alleys festering under the fierce rays of a tropical sun.

Notwithstanding these discouraging facts Havana is beautiful, picturesque and interesting; its population is estimated at two hundred and forty thousand, one-third being Spaniards, one-half Cubans and the remainder principally Chinese and Negroes, the latter predominating in the streets and apparently the happiest class of the four, since slavery ceased in their island home and their swarthy shoulders no longer writhe under the whistle of the whip.

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Cuba is blighted by the moral mildew of king and priestly craft. Civil and religious despotism have sealed against the Cuban almost every avenue of distinction and every incentive to action. Spaniards hold all the civil and military offices. Since the revolution Cubans are not permitted to bear arms or hold office and the feeling between the two classes is anything but cordial to this day. The city is policed by the military, those on that duty wearing a short sword and pistol, hence instead of brutally clubbing an offending citizen, it is only necessary to shoot or stab him.

Facing our hotel was the principal promenade of the city, the Prado, a a broad avenue several miles in length running to the sea and lined on either side by magnolia and laurel trees. El Central, the principal one of three intra-urban parks which opens on the Prado contains among many flowering shrubs, palm and coral trees, a life-size statue of Isabel the Catholic. The Prado is a favorite promenade of the Habaneros in the evening, when shortly after sunset the noisy traffic of the city ceases to fret the ear, and residents and strangers alike begin to wend their way toward the common rendezvous. The fierce heat of the day is over in the tropics and the shade we've been hunting all day has deepened and flooded the street and by-ways. All the brilliant constellations of the Occident illumine the sky, followed by the southern cross and the rising moon. In the Prado, hundreds of chairs are grouped about where tamarind, mango, lemon and plantain struggle in luxuriant rivalry. Then at eight in the evening to a marble dais at the foot of the statue comes the captain general's military band and plays to the assembled thousands. The throng is cosmopolitan in every sense; while Cubans and Spaniards predominate, many of the promenaders appear to have wandered there from every land beneath the sun.

But the most noticeable figure among them is the creole of the gentler sex, the cubana she is called, and like her half sister the Spanish senorita, she wears no covering on her head, unless when the night winds blow cool across the sea, a length of black or white Spanish lace is draped about her hair and allowed to fall gracefully over head and shoulders, leaving the face uncovered (*gracios a Dios*). During childhood and youth these creoles are invariably pretty and frequently beautiful, more so than the natives of any country I have visited, our own not excepted. The dark, deep and limpid eyes are large and lustrous with long sweeping lashes, the complexion, a clear, bright olive, and the hands and feet small and shapely. The figure is developed at fourteen and I heard of mothers at that age; I also heard that like the bloom of other tropical flowers in those Caribbean waters, she fades as rapidly as she matures; that the large and limpid black eyes, resembling those of a fallow deer, hide no mental depths; that she cannot even read, in our sense of the term, and that at home, among the family circle, there is much of the mule—the Spanish mule, mixed up in her disposition. Certain it is that the middle age and later life of the Cuban creole do not keep the promise made in her youth. Her eyes alone retain their beauty; the face becomes worn and wrinkled long before the first rifts of snow fall and drift through the abundant black tresses. *G. H. Snell.*

Perseverance can accomplish wonders, but it cannot make a bad egg hatch.

It is hard to convince the young that Time has not hung up his scythe and gone to sleep.

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PREACHING AND PREACHING.

VIII.

THINKING OR THE ART OF SELF-QUESTIONING.

IN my last article I pointed out how difficult it is to get people into the habit of thinking — especially where the channel of mental energy is cut deeply in the direction of thought-gathering: that is to say, in the case of the multitudes that feed upon books and lean upon men. In the language of psychology, these do not apperceive. They remind one of the city cousin, who, being invited to help himself to peaches as they hung ripe and luscious on the tree, replied with conscious pride in his better bringing up: "No, thanks, I take my fruit canned." And so of the multitudes: but few people are willing to come in contact with thought until it is canned. Loaves, not wheat, is what they demand. The healthful mental toil of sowing, reaping, threshing, milling, baking, and we might add, masticating, their minds have contracted a disrelish for.

Since writing upon this subject one month ago, I have made careful observations in the case of three hundred students whose mental habits come before me every day. It is amazing to find what a small percentage of them are *real students;* that is to say, young people that think independently of books and teachers; young people of whom you can say, stopping school will not stop their mental growth. And yet their teachers are, so far as I am aware, all alert to the evil, and are making special efforts so to shape their methods as to compel thought.

The fact is our whole system of education, both secular and religious, is greviously one-sided. Constant and unremitting effort is directed to *putting in*, *putting in* and very little attention paid to *drawing out.*

Mathematics, though also largely directed toward memory, is, it would seem, the one study that cannot be utterly spoiled for developing thinking power. But mathematical thinking does very little to arouse general thinking. Every community is full of mathematical thinkers whose minds for the varied and complex reasoning of life are quite as impotent as minds that feed only on books. Perhaps even more so, from the very reluctance they have to getting out of their cherished mathematical grottoes. Mathematical thinkers are like locomotives, able to draw heavy loads and reach conclusions with undeviating exactness, provided an unobstructed track lies before them; but for hauling wood out of our canyons, or scraping out our canals, they are not an unqualified success—the locomotives, I mean.

To get our young men resolved to *become* thinkers, in spite of the teacher and the preacher, must then be my excuse for this review. The purpose of the last paragraph is to protest against the wide-spread fallacy that mathematics will accomplish this needed reformation. It is not even among the best studies for this purpose. Its value lies chiefly in the exactness it contributes; but this benefit is largely offset in the narrowness and exclusiveness of its reach.* It is the opposite of this last that makes the thinker great, viz.: the ability to hold in mind and correlate a thousand factors apparently unrelated.

The remedy is not to be sought in

* A friend to whom I read this MS. found for me the note which I herewith append. I am delighted to find my own experience and judgment correspond with the views of so great a thinker. "If we consult reason, experience, and the common testimony of modern and ancient times, none of our intellectual studies tend to cultivate a *smaller number of the faculties, in a more partial or feeble manner, than mathematics.* This is acknowledged by every writer on education of the least pretension to judgment and experience; nor is it to be denied by those who are the most decidedly opposed to their total banishment from the sphere of a liberal education. '—*Sir William Hamilton.*

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the matter but in the manner of study; and no better manner can be found than that already pointed out: Be endlessly inquisitive concerning everything that engages your attention, and answer your own questions. Conceive every object bristling with question-marks as thick as berries on the juniper. Try to discover the most natural and rational order to tackle these questions—which proceeding by the by would itself illustrate the very process of thinking I am trying to explain—in this case the answering of questions about how to tackle questions. This is very important. The proper order discovered, the subject yields readily to a logical development.

Generally speaking this order will be as follows: 1. What is it? 2. How is it? 3. Why is it?

It will be seen that the first is preeminently the question of the child. Everything he touches, sees, hears, smells, tastes—brings up the question, what is it? He must know what to call his "finds," else how can he talk about them? Like Adam, of whom he has also inherited other traits, he is called upon by nature to name things again as they pass by. Ideas without names may lurk in the darkness of a mind, but they cannot be induced "to go a-visiting" for they are naked. The child, by instinct, as it were, seeks to clothe his ideas, in which respect he is often wiser than his parent. Witness the amusing attempt of the latter to express himself at times. "And then the man took the-the-the thing-umbob and gave the-the-the *duphunny* a turn or two, and off it came."

The second question, how is it, is almost as characteristic of children. It is this wormy thing in his mind that makes Johnny smash his toy locomotive and pull out the tail of his hobby-horse ere he has had them a day. But after all the spirit behind this activity is only curiosity. The adult should never be less eager to find out the *how* of things, but he should be impelled by genuine interest, a force compared with which the child's motive is but a straw in the wind.

These questions are valuable as furnishing material for thought, but a man may have in the highest degree the aptitude to ask them and yet fail to become a thinker. It is the third question, why is it, that stimulates and develops thinking power. Children rarely ask this question, and when they do, parents, instead of encouraging the disposition, answer: "Oh, coz"—precisely as the children would reply were the case reversed. Unfortunately the vast majority of adults are but grown-up children in respect of not seeking cause—relations. Indeed, nothing short of a drawn sword in the heavens would rouse a *why* in some men's minds. And yet the *whys* are more numerous than all the other questions combined. For every *what*, *how*, *where*, *when*, there is an endless troop of *whys* lurking in ambush. The *why* may be called a key, opening as it always does into new mysteries. When you have exhausted the *how* of a problem, just ask a *why* concerning the *how*, and an entirely new set of relations are sprung upon the astonished vision. Young men, if you would learn to think, make much of the *why* question.

If a man unaccustomed to thinking should be given a familiar object, say a pocket-knife, and be told to talk about it consecutively, and without repeating ideas, for half an hour, would he, even under pain of death, be able to accomplish the feat? And yet it is certain that a bright boy of ten has enough ideas about it to do that very thing. The question is, can he collect them? Ideas, like cattle upon a broken range, seem meagre and scattering, indeed, as one looks inward upon his mind; but a round-up soon makes a respectable showing. Now the power of making an instant round-up of one's ideas, and of moving them hither

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and thither and making new combinations of them—should be sought for and cultivated as the supreme habit of mind. Where the preacher fails, not from poverty of ideas, but, as he puts it, from "want of words to express his thoughts," the fault in reality lies in his inability to recollect or make a mental round-up of his ideas. Surely, it is worth determined and prolonged effort to gain this power. I know no better way than to begin to form the habit of logical self-questioning. This is slow work, but very fruitful. Do not imagine that the burden of it can be thrown upon a school. Men go through colleges and universities without learning to think. First or last, it must come, when it does come, by down-right, native self-effort. The storing process will not count. The right kind of school will facilitate the growth of thought-power, the wrong kind will stultify it. The beauty of the self-questioning process is that it may begin as well on the farm as in the school. While you are resting in the field in the shade of your wagon, corner the insect that is crawling over the paper in which your dinner was wrapped, and turn loose upon it your what, how, and why questions. What marvels in legs, joints, wings, eyes, colors! Here is thought-food for an hour or two with the naked eyes and for many hours with a microscope.

So, too, when your evening chores are done, and you take your chair in the library. The next book you read —let it be a thoughtful, that is, a full-of-thought book—begin this thinking habit by inserting *how* and *why* question-marks after every important word and phrase. Curb that American propensity to get over ground, suppose you finish but one page by bed-time. Nay, do not cast an impatient eye upon the volumes yet unread in your library. One page an hour is splendid progress, especially if the thought has been made your own; if it has become so truly a part of your soul-fibre as to lose all trace of its origin. The pleasure of conscious growth and possession will more than compensate the loss of the accustomed exhilaration obtained from race-horse skimming.

Let us, then, before attempting so abstract a thing as a sermon, try to illustrate the art of self-questioning by some concrete object with which we are very familiar. Let our subject be a half-hour's talk on the apple.

Our first is manifestly a question of procedure—how shall we think upon this subject? Plainly, to take ideas at random as they happen to come, is to abandon the mind to the workings of chance, and certainly the mental faculties should be as well under control as the muscles. We determine that here there must be a rational order of treating this subject, the question is only how. First we curb with iron well the impulse to ask some one else how to proceed and also the impulse to ransack the library in the hope of "finding something on it." There is the question plainly enough, and we force our thinking minds to face it.

It would be tedious, and indeed carry me far beyond the limits of this article, to write down the varied questions that would arise in settling this first proposition. Suffice it to say that after a little vigorous thinking, some definite order more or less imperfect is fixed upon to guide the mind. Suppose it to be the following: 1. Introduction—Why this subject is brought forward. 2. Description of *this* apple. 3. Classification. 4. Kinds. 5. Cultivation. 6. Use.

These general heads can be easily kept in mind; and it is quite essential that they *be* kept in mind, otherwise the lecture would fail to move forward, and disjointed ideas and repetitions would be inevitable. These heads form a sort of guide to the thought: ideas intruding themselves out of relation, can be set aside till the proper sub-heading is reached.

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Let us select for example the second heading, the description:

(*a*) *Size.*—Very large—how many inches — weight — why so large—young tree—budded fruit—old tree, same kind, near by with scrubby fruit—why should age of tree make difference?

(*b*) *Shape.*—Like a pear—why—other shapes—does shape indicate quality—my experience.

(*c*) *Color.*—Faint tinge of red on one side—why not on both—did sun strike it—light or heat that turned it red — chemical action—what—what does red signify as to quality—apples of other colors—what quality goes with green—russet—yellow?

(*d*) *Parts.*— Skin — glossy—why —to keep air out — effect of air on pulp — after picking — why not before—power of nature to mend — effect of bruises in picking — why — how avoided. Stem — how long—thickness—deep indentation—why—attached to core—why not to pulp—purpose of stem—feeds apple —how does apple grow—from core outwards. Pulp—tart—crisp—juicy —discolors knife-blade—why—what else will do it—does it grow mellow by time—how long—what causes change—unlike some people I know. Core — sections — perfect — seeds — size—color—number—grow if planted—what kind of fruit—curious law —why?

(*e*) *Blemishes.*—Pit-marked—why —how prevented—worm hole—when —what kind of worm—under what conditions does it attack the apple—what becomes of it—how is it best destroyed, etc., etc.

This heading is by no means exhausted. The questions here given are such as would suggest themselves to the most ordinary intelligence and most of them can be answered by a wide-awake boy or girl that loves an apple. Yet this same boy or girl could push the *how* and *why* questions on this subject quite past the researches of science to the very boundary line of the unknown and the unknowable. It does not take long to reach the frontier of investigation, even with so commonplace a thing as an apple. And whoever thinks clearly on this frontier will command the attention of the cultured and thoughtful of the world.

The man who would be staggered if placed before a class and given point blank the apple for a lecture, discovers by a little thinking that the subject is vastly too broad. The half hour is gone ere he has finished the description, and yet this is really the least extensive heading in the list. Think what might be said under *kinds*, the causes of variety, and the characteristics of each variety. So under *cultivation*, the relations of climate and soil and stock would come in for consideration; also the arts of budding, pruning and pest killing. Under *use*, the material is no less varied and extensive, involving preserving, cooking and other arts. In short, it would be found that, as in the case of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," thought would be added to thought, until, instead of a meagre half-hour's talk, he would have a respectable volume or two on pomology.

Such is the fertility of a mind that thinks. I have emphasized the fact that this mind-action should be made a *habit*, so much so that it shall not need the will to spur the faculties into activity. The mind shall instantly seize upon every object it touches, for no other reason than that it is more natural for it to do so, than not to do so. Let this habit be formed from the contemplation of all things that come before the senses.

I chose my illustration, the apple, from among concrete rather than from among abstract things for another reason. Whatever may be the exclusiveness of the qualifications for sectarian ministers, Latter-day Saint preachers must be accustomed to think upon *all* subjects. Whatever bears upon the material, the intellectual, the social, or the spiritual

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interests of the people is germane to a Mormon sermon. Besides, even if we grant that the sermon deals chiefly with the moral and spiritual side of our nature, how shall these truths be brought home to the congregation unless the preacher be a sharer of their experiences? It is from what occurs during the week that imagery and illustration can best be drawn to make plain and enforce the moral lessons on Sunday. It is from the secular that we get the dress for the religious thought. We can reach men only through those channels to their minds which have been opened and enlarged by contact with every-day things and events. So, let us not wait to put on our thinking cap until we take down the Bible and the Book of Mormon. On the contrary, let us count only that too trivial for thought, which is too trivial for attention.

I have thus far written on how to think; it may be well to devote a few paragraphs in conclusion on how to think justly.

The preacher is especially exposed to the temptations of one-sided thinking. Taken as a fraternity the world over, no class is more biased and dogmatic in their views. In the first place, the matter of thought relates largely to another world and cannot be demonstrated till that other world come. Faulty thinking needs fear little, then, from the score of demonstration; for men do not come back and say: "This religion has led me to hell." In the second place, as to faulty thinking being overthrown by better thinking, it is a very slow and discouraging process; for all thinking is intrenched more or less behind unreasoning walls of emotion. Especially is this true of the faulty kind. Speculation and undue feeling should, therefore, be guarded against.

Now, the shortest cut to the end of this matter would be to say: Be always under the guidance of the Spirit of Truth when you think, and you cannot fail to think justly. But I apprehend that our Elders do not live lives pure enough to be guided always by this unerring teacher. We need therefore to set the will on guard like a sleepless sentinel lest our feelings and infirmities unduly color our thought.

We need to have by us at all hours a faithful mentor who shall have no other work to do than to prick our vanities and let out the air, repress the emotions when they tend to bias the thought, and in general, to argue us down into shame-faced humility, save when our reasoning be just. But this is impossible, you say. Not so. The mind is quite capable of creating just such a mentor within itself—a sort of personified justice with eyes cold and clear as a frosty morning and with no trace of sympathy or flattery.

In a former paper I referred to the need of our having within us an adversary silently to sneer at and find fault with what the mind is concocting—in short to find the same objections *before* the thought is expressed that a real adversary would make *after* it is expressed. The better conception is probably to look upon the mind as a complete court, and upon thinking as the process of finding a verdict. The feelings are prosecution and defense, the judgment is jury, and the will judge. Some minds, however, finding the case so *very* clear, pronounce judgment when the prosecution is done. Other minds, ignoring the prosecution, come into court only when the defense is ready to begin. This is only a figure of speech, but it is well to keep it in mind whenever we are thinking upon any subject.

Wherein then lies the specific difficulty in thinking unjustly? It is in *refusing to ask a question* the answer to which would be painful. Or, the question having been asked, it is in the *suppression of facts* in the answer of it, that happen to run counter to our prejudices.

Let us be morally brave enough to out-face self! *N. L. Nelson.*

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KING FOLLETT'S FUNERAL.*

APRIL, 1844. At a quarter past three p. m., the choir sang a hymn. Elder Amasa Lyman offered prayer. President Joseph Smith delivered the following discourse before about twenty thousand Saints, being the funeral sermon of Elder King Follett. Reported by Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, Thomas Bullock and William Clayton.

Beloved Saints: I will call the attention of this congregation, while I address you, on the subject of the dead. The decease of our beloved brother, Elder King Follett, who was crushed in a well by the falling of a rock, has more immediately led me to that subject. I have been requested to speak by his friends and relatives; but inasmuch as there are a great many in this congregation who live in this city, as well as elsewhere, who have lost friends, I feel disposed to speak on the subject in general and offer you my ideas so far as I have ability, and so far as I shall be inspired by the Holy Spirit to dwell on this subject.

I want your prayers and faith that I may have the instruction of Almighty God and the gift of the Holy Ghost, so that I may set forth things that are true and which can be easily comprehended by you, and that the testimony may carry conviction to your hearts and minds of the truth of what I shall say. Pray that the Lord may strengthen my lungs, stay the winds, and let the prayers of the Saints to heaven appear, that they may enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, for the effectual prayers of the righteous avail much. There is strength here, and I verily believe that your prayers will be heard.

Before I enter fully into the investigation of the subject which is lying before me, I wish to pave the way and bring up the subject from the beginning, that you may understand it. I will make a few preliminaries, in order that you may understand the subject when I come to it. I do not calculate or intend to please your ears with superfluity of words or oratory, or with much learning; but I calculate to edify you with the simple truths from heaven.

In the first place, I wish to go back to the beginning—to the morn of creation. There is the starting-point for us to look to, in order to understand and be fully acquainted with the mind, purposes and decrees of the Great Eloheim, who sits in yonder heavens as He did at the creation of this world. It is necessary for us to have an understanding of God Himself in the beginning. If we start right, it is easy to go right all the time; but if we start wrong, we may go wrong, and it be a hard matter to get right.

There are but very few beings in the world who understand rightly the character of God. The great majority of mankind do not comprehend anything, either that which is past, or that which is to come, as it respects their relationship to God. They do not know, neither do they understand the nature of that relationship; and consequently, they know but little above the brute beast, or more than to eat, drink and sleep. This is all man knows of God or His existence unless it is given by the inspiration of the Almighty. If a man learns nothing more than to eat, drink and sleep and does not comprehend any of the designs of God, the beast comprehends the same thing. It eats, drinks, sleeps and knows nothing more about God; yet it knows as much as we, unless we are able to comprehend by the inspiration of Almighty God. If men do not comprehend the character of God, they do not comprehend themselves. I want to go back to the beginning, and so lift your minds into a more lofty sphere and a more exalted un-

* At the earnest request of numerous patrons we re-publish the following sermon as only a limited number of volume four of THE CONTRIBUTOR remain in which it appeared.

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derstanding than what the human mind generally aspires to.

I want to ask this congregation, every man, woman and child, to answer the question in their own heart, what kind of a being is God? Ask yourselves; turn your thoughts into your hearts, and say if any of you have seen, heard or communed with Him. This is a question that may occupy your attention for a long time. I again repeat the question—what kind of a being is God? Does any man or woman know? Have any of you seen Him, heard Him, or communed with Him! Here is the question that will, peradventure, from this time henceforth, occupy your attention. The Scriptures inform us that "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

If any man does not know God, and inquires what kind of being He is—if he will search diligently his own heart—if the declarations of Jesus and the Apostles be true, he will realize that he has not eternal life; for there can be eternal life on no other principle.

My first object is to find out the character of the only wise and true God, and what kind of being He is; and if I am so fortunate as to be the man to comprehend God, and explain or convey the principles to your hearts, so that the Spirit seals them upon you, then let every man and woman henceforth sit in silence, put their hands on their mouths, and never lift their hands or voices, or say anything against the man of God or the servants of God again. But if I fail to do it, it becomes my duty to renounce all further pretensions to revelations and inspirations, or to be a Prophet; and I should be like the rest of the world—a false teacher, be hailed as a friend, and no man would seek my life. But if all religious teachers were honest enough to renounce their pretensions to godliness when their ignorance of the knowledge of God is made manifest, they will all be as badly off as I am, at any rate; and you might just as well take the lives of other false teachers as that of mine, if I am false. If any man is authorized to take away my life because he thinks and says I am a false teacher, then, upon the same principle, we should be justified in taking away the life of every false teacher; and where would be the end of blood and who would not be the sufferer?

But meddle not with any man for his religion; and all governments ought to permit every man to enjoy his religion unmolested. No man is authorized to take away life in consequence of difference of religion, which all laws and governments ought to tolerate and protect, right or wrong. Every man has a natural, and, in our country, a constitutional right to be a false prophet as well as a true prophet. If I show, verily, that I have the truth of God, and show that ninety-nine out of every hundred professing religious ministers are false teachers, having no authority, while they pretend to hold the keys of God's kingdom on earth, and was to kill them because they are false teachers, it would deluge the whole world with blood.

I will prove that the world is wrong, by showing what God is. I am going to enquire after God; for I want you all to know Him, and to be familiar with Him; and if I can bring you to a knowledge of Him, all persecutions against me ought to cease. You will then know that I am His servant; for I speak as one having authority.

I will go back to the beginning before the world was, to show what kind of a being God is. What sort of a being was God in the beginning? Open your ears and hear, all ye ends of the earth; for I am going to prove it to you by the Bible, and to tell you the designs of God in relation to the human race, and why He interferes with the affairs of man.

God Himself was once as we are

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now, and is an exalted Man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret. If the vail was rent today, and the Great God who holds this world in its orbit, and who upholds all worlds and all things by His power, was to make Himself visible—I say, if you were to see Him today, you would see Him like a man in form, like yourselves in all the person, image, and very form as a man; for Adam was created in the very fashion, image and likeness of God, and received instruction from, and walked, talked and conversed with Him, as one man talks and communes with another.

In order to understand the subject of the dead, for the consolation of those who mourn for the loss of their friends, it is necessary we should understand the character and being of God, and how He came to be so; for I am going to tell you how God came to be God. We have imagined and supposed that God was God from all eternity. I will refute that idea, and will take away and do away the vail, so that you may see.

These are incomprehensible ideas to some; but they are simple. It is the first principle of the Gospel to know for a certainty the character of God, and to know that we may converse with Him as one man converses with another, and that He was once a man like us; yea, that God Himself the Father of us all, dwelt on an earth, the same as Jesus Christ Himself did, and I will show it from the Bible. I wish I was in a suitable place to tell it, and that I had the trump of an archangel, so that I could tell the story in such a manner that persecution would cease forever. What did Jesus say? (Mark it, Elder Rigdon.) The Scriptures inform us that Jesus said, "As the Father hath power in Himself, even so hath the Son power"—to do what? Why, what the Father did. The answer is obvious—in a manner to lay down His body and take it up again. Jesus, what are you going to do? To lay down my life as my Father did, and take it up again. Do you believe it? If you do not believe it, you do not believe the Bible. The Scriptures say it, and I defy all the learning and wisdom and all the combined powers of earth and hell together to refute it.

Here, then, is eternal life—to know the only wise and true God; and you have got to learn how to be Gods yourselves, and to be kings and priests to God, the same as all Gods have done before you, namely, by going from one small degree to another, and from a small capacity to a great one; from grace to grace, from exaltation to exaltation, until you attain to the resurrection of the dead, and are able to dwell in everlasting burnings, and to sit in glory, as do those who sit enthroned in everlasting power. And I want you to know that God, in the last days, while certain individuals are proclaiming His name, is not trifling with you or me.

These are the first principles of consolation. How consoling to the mourners when they are called to part with a husband, wife, father, mother, child, or dear relative, to know that, although the earthly tabernacle is laid down and dissolved, they shall rise again, to dwell in everlasting burnings in immortal glory, not to sorrow, suffer or die any more; but they shall be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. What is it? To inherit the same power, the same glory, and the same exaltation, until you arrive at the station of a God, and ascend the throne of eternal power, the same as those who have gone before. What did Jesus do? Why I do the things I saw my Father do when worlds came rolling into existence. My Father worked out His kingdom with fear and trembling, and I must do the same; and when I get my kingdom, I shall present it to my Father, so that He may obtain kingdom upon kingdom, and it will exalt Him in

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glory. He will then take a higher exaltation, and I will take His place, and thereby become exalted myself. So that Jesus treads in the tracks of His Father, and inherits what God did before; and God is thus glorified and exalted in the salvation and exaltation of all His children. It is plain beyond disputation, and you thus learn some of the first principles of the Gospel, about which so much hath been said.

When you climb up a ladder, you must begin at the bottom, and ascend step by step, until you arrive at the top; and so it is with the principles of the Gospel—you must begin with the first, and go on until you learn all the principles of exaltation. But it will be a great while after you have passed through the vail before you will have learned them. It is not all to be comprehended in this world; it will be a great work to learn our salvation and exaltation, even beyond the grave. I suppose I am not allowed to go into an investigation of anything that is not contained in the Bible. If I did, I think there are so many *over-wise* men here, that they would cry "treason," and put me to death. So I will go to the old Bible and turn commentator today.

I shall comment on the very first Hebrew word in the Bible; I will make a comment on the very first sentence of the history of creation in the Bible—*Berosheit*—I want to analyze the word. *Baith*—in, by, through, and everything else. *Rosh*—the head. *Sheit*—grammatical termination. When the inspired man wrote it, he did not put the *baith* there. An old Jew without any authority added the word; he thought it too bad to begin to talk about the *head!* It read first, "The head one of the Gods brought forth the Gods." That is the true meaning of the words. *Baurau* signifies to bring forth. If you do not believe it, you do not believe the learned man of God. Learned men can teach you no more than what I have told you. Thus the head God brought forth the Gods in the grand council.

I will transpose and simplify it in the English language. O, ye lawyers, ye doctors, and ye priests, who have persecuted me, I want to let you know that the Holy Ghost knows something as well as you do! The head God called together the Gods and sat in grand council to bring forth the world. The grand counselors sat at the head in yonder heavens and contemplated the creation of the worlds which were created at that time. When I say doctors and lawyers, I mean the doctors and lawyers of the Scriptures. I have done so hitherto without explanation, to let the lawyers flutter and everybody laugh at them. Some learned doctor might take a notion to say the Scriptures say thus and so; and we must believe the Scriptures; they are not to be altered. But I am going to show you an error in them.

I have an old edition of the New Testament in the Latin, Hebrew, German and Greek languages. I have been reading the German, and find it to be the most correct translation, and to correspond nearest to the revelations which God has given to me for the last fourteen years. It tells about Jachoboy, the son of Zebedee. It means Jacob. In the English New Testament it is translated James. Now, if Jacob had the keys, you might talk about James through all eternity, and never get the keys. In the twenty-first of the fourth chapter of Matthew, my old German edition gives the word Jacob instead of James.

The doctors (I mean doctors of law, not of physic,) say, "If you preach anything not according to the Bible, we will cry treason." How can we escape the damnation of hell, except God be with us and reveal to us? Men bind us with chains. The Latin says Jachabod, which means Jacob; the Hebrew says Jacob, the Greek says Jacob, and the Ger-

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man says Jacob; here we have the testimony of four against one. I thank God I have got this old book; but I thank Him more for the gift of the Holy Ghost. I have got the oldest book in the world; but I have got the oldest book in my heart, even the gift of the Holy Ghost. I have all the four Testaments. Come here, ye learned men, and read, if you can. I should not have introduced this testimony, were it not to back up the word *rosh*—the head, the Father of the Gods. I should not have brought it up, only to show that I am right.

In the beginning, the head of the Gods called a council of the Gods; and they came together and concocted a plan to create the world and people it. When we begin to learn in this way, we begin to learn the only true God, and what kind of a being we have got to worship. Having a knowledge of God, we begin to know how to approach Him, and how to ask so as to receive an answer.

When we understand the character of God, and know how to come to Him, He begins to unfold the heavens to us, and to tell us all about it. When we are ready to come to Him, He is ready to come to us.

Now, I ask all who hear me, why the learned men who are preaching salvation, say that God created the heavens and the earth out of nothing? The reason is, that they are unlearned in the things of God; and have not the gift of the Holy Ghost: they account it blasphemy in any one to contradict their idea. If you tell them that God made the world out of something, they will call you a fool. But I am learned, and know more than all the world put together. The Holy Ghost does anyhow, and He is within me, and comprehends more than all the world: and I will associate myself with Him.

You ask the learned doctors why they say the world was made out of nothing, and they will answer, "Don't the Bible say He *created* the world?" And they infer, from the word *create*, that it must have been made out of nothing. Now, the word *create* came from the word *baurau*, which does not mean to *create out of nothing*; it means to *organize*, the same as a man would organize materials and build a ship. Hence we infer that God had materials to organize the world out of chaos—chaotic matter, which is element, and in which dwells all the glory. Element had an existence from the time He had. The pure principles of element are principles which can never be destroyed; they may be organized and reorganized, but not destroyed. They had no beginning, and can have no end.

I have another subject to dwell upon, which is calculated to exalt man; but it is impossible for me to say much on this subject. I shall therefore just touch upon it, for time will not permit me to say all. It is associated with the subject of the resurrection of the dead, namely, the soul—the mind of man—the immortal spirit. Where did it come from? All learned men and doctors of divinity say that God created it in the beginning; but it is not so: the very idea lessens man in my estimation. I do not believe the doctrine; I know better. Hear it, all ye ends of the world; for God has told me so; and if you don't believe me, it will not make the truth without effect. I will make a man appear a fool before I get through, if he does not believe it. I am going to tell of things more noble.

We say that God Himself is a self-existent being. Who told you so? It is correct enough; but how did it get into your heads? Who told you that man did not exist in like manner upon the same principles? Man does exist upon the same principles. God made a tabernacle and put a spirit into it, and it became a living soul. [Refers to the old Bible.] How does it read in the Hebrew? It does not say in the Hebrew that God created

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the spirit of man. It says, "God made man out of the earth, and put into him Adam's spirit, and so became a living body."

The mind or the intelligence which man possesses is coequal with God Himself. I know that my testimony is true; hence, when I talk to these mourners, what have they lost? Their relatives and friends are only separated from their bodies for a short season; their spirits which existed with God have left the tabernacle of clay only for a little moment, as it were; and they now exist in a place where they converse together the same as we do on the earth.

I am dwelling on the immortality of the spirit of man. Is it logical to say that the intelligence of spirits is immortal, and yet that it had a beginning? The intelligence of spirits had no beginning, neither will it have an end. That is good logic. That which has a beginning may have an end. There never was a time when there were not spirits; for they are coequal with our Father in heaven.

I want to reason more on the spirit of man; for I am dwelling on the body and spirit of man—on the subject of the dead. I take my ring from my finger and liken it unto the mind of man—the immortal part, because it has no beginning. Suppose you cut it in two; then it has a beginning and an end; but join it again, and it continues one eternal round. So with the spirit of man. As the Lord liveth, if it had a beginning it will have an end. All the fools and learned and wise men from the beginning of creation, who say that the spirit of man had a beginning, prove that it must have an end; and if that doctrine is true, then the doctrine of annihilation would be true. But if I am right, I might with boldness proclaim from the housetops that God never had the power to create the spirit of man at all. God Himself could not create Himself.

Intelligence is eternal and exists upon a self-existent principle. It is a spirit from age to age, and there is no creation about it. All the minds and spirits that God ever sent into the world are susceptible of enlargement.

The first principles of man are self-existent with God. God Himself, finding He was in the midst of spirits and glory, because He was more intelligent, saw proper to institute laws whereby the rest could have a privilege to advance like Himself. The relationship we have with God places us in a situation to advance in knowledge. He had power to institute laws to instruct the weaker intelligencies, that they may be exalted with Himself, so that they might have one glory upon another, and all that knowledge, power, glory and intelligence which are requisite in order to save them in the world of spirits.

This is good doctrine. It tastes good. I can taste the principles of eternal life, and so can you. They are given to me by the revelations of Jesus Christ; and I know that when I tell you these words of eternal life as they are given to me, you taste them, and I know that you believe them. You say honey is sweet, and so do I. I can also taste the spirit of eternal life. I know it is good; and when I tell you of these things which were given me by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, you are bound to receive them as sweet, and rejoice more and more.

I want to talk more of the relation of man to God. I will open your eyes in relation to your dead. All things whatsoever God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit and proper to reveal to us, while we are dwelling in mortality, in regard to our mortal bodies, are revealed to us in the abstract and independent of affinity of this mortal tabernacle, but are revealed to our spirits precisely as though we had no bodies at all; and those revelations which will save our spirits will save our bodies. God reveals them to us in view of no

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eternal dissolution of the body, or tabernacle. Hence the responsibility, the awful responsibility, that rests upon us in relation to our dead; for all the spirits who have not obeyed the Gospel in the flesh must either obey it in the spirit or be damned. Solemn thought— dreadful thought! Is there nothing to be done? No preparation—no salvation for our fathers and friends who have died without having had the opportunity to obey the decrees of the Son of man? Would to God that I had forty days and nights in which to tell you all! I would let you know that I am not a "fallen prophet."

What promises are made in relation to the subject of the salvation of the dead? And what kinds of characters are those who can be saved, although their bodies are mouldering and decaying in the grave? when His commandments teach us it is in view of eternity; for we are looked upon by God as though we were in eternity. God dwells in eternity, and does not view things as we do.

The greatest responsibility in this world that God has laid upon us is to seek after our dead. The Apostle says, "They without us cannot be made perfect;" for it is necessary that the sealing power should be in our hands to seal our children and our dead for the fullness of the dispensation of times—a dispensation to meet the promises made by Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world, for the salvation of man.

Now, I will speak of them. I will meet Paul half way. I say to you, Paul you cannot be perfect without us. It is necessary that those who are gone before and those who come after us should have salvation in common with us; and thus hath God made it obligatory upon man. Hence God said, "I will send Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord; and He shall turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

I have a declaration to make as to the provisions which God hath made to suit the conditions of man—made from before the foundation of the world. What has Jesus said? All sins, and all blasphemies, and every transgression, except one, that man can be guilty of, may be forgiven; and there is a salvation for all men, either in this world or the world to come, who have not committed the unpardonable sin, there being a provision either in this world or the world of spirits. Hence God hath made a provision that every spirit in the eternal world can be ferreted out and saved, unless he has committed that unpardonable sin, which cannot be remitted to him, either in this world or the world of spirits. God has wrought out a salvation for all men, unless they have committed a certain sin; and every man who has a friend in the eternal world can save him, unless he has committed the unpardonable sin. And so you see how far you can be a savior.

A man cannot commit the unpardonable sin after the dissolution of the body, and there is a way possible for escape. Knowledge saves a man; and in the world of spirits no man can be exalted but by knowledge. So long as a man will not give heed to the commandments, he must abide without salvation. If a man has knowledge, he can be saved; although, if he has been guilty of great sins, he will be punished for them. But when he consents to obey the Gospel, whether here or in the world of spirits, he is saved.

A man is his own tormentor and his own condemner. Hence the saying, "They shall go into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." The torment of disappointment in the mind of man is as exquisite as a lake burning with fire and brimstone. I say, so is the torment of man.

I know the scriptures and understand them. I said no man can

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commit the unpardonable sin after the dissolution of the body, nor in this life, until he receives the Holy Ghost; but they must do it in this world. Hence the salvation of Jesus Christ was wrought out for all men, in order to triumph over the devil; for if it did not catch him in one place, it would in another; for He stood up as a Savior. All will suffer until they obey Christ Himself.

The contention in heaven was—Jesus said there would be certain souls that would not be saved; and the devil said he could save them all, and laid his plans before the grand council, who gave their vote in favor of Jesus Christ. So the devil rose up in rebellion against God, and was cast down, with all who put up their heads for him.

All sins shall be forgiven, except the sin against the Holy Ghost; for Jesus will save all except the sons of perdition. What must a man do to commit the unpardonable sin? He must receive the Holy Ghost, have the heavens opened unto him, and know God, and then sin against Him. After a man has sinned against the Holy Ghost, there is no repentance for him. He has got to say that the sun does not shine while he sees it; he has got to deny Jesus Christ when the heavens have been opened unto him, and to deny the plan of salvation with his eyes open to the truth of it; and from that time he begins to be an enemy. This is the case with many apostates of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

When a man begins to be an enemy to this work, he hunts me, he seeks to kill me, and never ceases to thirst for my blood. He gets the spirit of the devil—the same spirit that they had who crucified the Lord of Life—the same spirit that sins against the Holy Ghost. You cannot save such persons; you cannot bring them to repentance; they make open war, like the devil, and awful is the consequence.

I advise all of you to be careful what you do, or you may by and by find out that you have been deceived. Stay yourselves; do not give way; do not make any hasty moves; you may be saved. If a spirit of bitterness *is* in you, don't be in haste. You may say that man is a sinner. Well, if he repents, he shall be forgiven. Be cautious; await. When you find a spirit that wants bloodshed—*murder*, the same is not of God, but is of the devil. Out of the abundance of the heart of man the mouth speaketh.

The best men bring forth the best works. The man who tells you words of life is the man who can save you. I warn you against all evil characters who sin against the Holy Ghost; for there is no redemption for them in this world nor in the world to come.

I could go back and trace every subject of interest concerning the relationship of man to God, if I had time. I can enter into the mysteries; I can enter largely into the eternal worlds; for Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—John, xiv; 2. Paul says, "There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead."—1 Cor., xv: 41. What have we to console us in relation to the dead? We have reason to have the greatest hope and consolations for our dead of any people on the earth; for we have seen them walk worthily in our midst, and seen them sink asleep in the arms of Jesus; and those who have died in the faith are now in the celestial kingdom of God. And hence is the glory of the sun.

You mourners have occasion to rejoice (speaking of the death of Elder King Follett), for your husband and father is gone to wait until the

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resurrection of the dead—until the perfection of the remainder; for at the resurrection your friend will rise in perfect felicity and go to celestial glory, while many must wait myriads of years before they can receive the like blessings; and your expectations and hopes are far above what man can perceive; for why has God revealed it to us?

I am authorized to say, by the authority of the Holy Ghost, that you have no occasion to fear; for he is gone to the home of the just. Don't mourn; don't weep. I know it by the testimony of the Holy Ghost that is within me; and you may wait for your friends to come forth to meet you in the morn of the celestial world.

Rejoice, O Israel! Your friends who have been murdered for the truth's sake in the persecution shall *triumph* gloriously in the celestial world, while their murderers shall welter for ages in torment, even until they shall have paid the uttermost farthing. I say this for the benefit of strangers.

I have a father, brothers, children and friends who have gone to a world of spirits. They are only absent for a moment. They are in the spirit, and we shall soon meet again. The time will soon arrive when the trumpet shall sound. When we depart, we shall hail our mothers, fathers, friends, and all whom we love, who have fallen asleep in Jesus. There will be no fear of mobs, persecutions, or malicious lawsuits and arrests; but it will be an eternity of felicity.

A question may be asked: "Will mothers have their children in eternity?" Yes! Mothers, you shall have your children, for they shall have eternal life; for their debt is paid, their is no damnation awaits them, for they are in the spirit. As the child dies, so shall it rise from the dead, and be forever living in the learning of God; it shall be the child the same as it was before it died out of your arms. Children dwell in and exercise power in the same form as they lay them down.

I will leave this subject here, and make a few remarks on the subject of baptism. The baptism of water, without the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost attending it, is of no use; they are necessarily and inseparably connected. An individual must be born of water and the spirit in order to get into the kingdom of God. In the German, the text bears me out the same as the revelations which I have given and taught for the last fourteen years on that subject. I have the testimony to put in their teeth. My testimony has been true all the time. You will find it in the declaration of John the Baptist. [Reads from the German.] John says, "I baptize you with water; but when Jesus comes, who has the power (or keys), He shall administer the baptism of fire and the Holy Ghost." Great God! where is now all the sectarian world? And if this testimony is true, they are all damned as clearly as anathema can do it. *I know the text is true.* I call upon all you Germans who know that it is true, to say Aye. [Loud shouts of "Aye."]

Alexander Campbell, how are you going to save people with water alone? For John said his baptism was good for nothing without the baptism of Jesus Christ. "Therefore, not leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on to perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. And this will we do, if God permit."—Heb., vi: 1–3.

There is one God, one Father, one Jesus, one hope of our calling, one baptism. All these three baptisms only makes one. Many talk of baptism not being essential to salvation; but this kind of teaching would

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lay the foundation of their damnation. I have the truth, and am at the defiance of the world to contradict me, if they can.

I have now preached a little Latin, a little Hebrew, Greek and German and I have fulfilled all. I am not so big a fool as many have taken me to be. The Germans know that I read the German correctly.

Hear it all ye ends of the earth; all ye priests, all ye sinners, and all men: Repent! repent! Obey the Gospel. Turn to God; for your religion won't save you, and you will be damned. I do not say how long. There have been remarks made concerning all men being redeemed from hell; but I say that those who sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven in this world or in the world to come: they shall die the second death. Those who commit the unpardonable sin are doomed to *Gnolom* —to dwell in hell, worlds without end. As they concoct scenes of bloodshed in this world, so they shall rise to that resurrection which is as the lake of fire and brimstone. Some shall rise to the everlasting burning of God; for God dwells in everlasting burnings; and some shall rise to the damnation of their own filthiness, which is as exquisite a torment as the lake of fire and brimstone.

I have intended my remarks for all, both rich and poor, bond and free, great and small. I have no enmity against any man. I love you all; but I hate some of your deeds. I am your best friend; and if persons miss their mark, it is their own fault. If I reprove a man, and he hates me, he is a fool; for I love all men, especially these my brethren and sisters.

I rejoice in hearing the testimony of my aged friends. You don't know me; you never knew my heart. No man knows my history. I cannot tell it; I shall never undertake it. I don't blame anyone for not believing my history. If I had not experienced what I have, I could not have believed it myself. I never did harm any man since I was born into the world. My voice is always for peace.

I cannot lie down until all my work is finished. I never think any evil, nor do anything to the harm of my fellow-man. When I am called by the trump of the archangel and weighed in the balance, you will all know me then. I add no more. God bless you all. Amen.

RECLAIMED.

"SHE's 'most gone, doctor, aint she?"

The speaker—an elderly woman—was standing by the bedside of a woman who was almost insensible, and was breathing very faintly.

"She can't live many minutes," said the doctor, looking at his watch. "It is needless for me to remain longer, and I must visit other patients. I hope you will stay with her, Mrs. Hoffman, while she lives. You will not be detained long."

"Reckon I will. That drunken beast of a husband of hers hasn't come in yet. Not that he's any good when he's here—and goodness knows what these poor children would do by themselves."

Her coarse, homely face softened in pity for the three little children—the eldest not more than seven—who were huddled together in a corner. The eldest, a girl, had a dim comprehension of what death meant, but the others were simply frightened. The youngest, a pretty boy of three years, was crying:

"I want my muzzer! Lemme go to my muzzer!" and through her choking sobs, his sister was trying to soothe him.

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The house was little better than a cabin, and the room in which the woman lay was poorly furnished, though such pieces of furniture as were in it showed that the Greys had not always been in poverty.

There were curtains at the windows, patched, to be sure, but of good quality. There was a tidy on the broken rocking-chair, and some strips of a handsome carpet lay by the bed. There were some faded flowers in a broken vase, and a wreath of autumn leaves hung over the mantel — pathetic touches of adornment which told that Mary Grey had struggled hard to bring some beauty and grace into her wretched life.

She would struggle no more. The emaciated hands had done their last work. The hollow, sunken eyes had shed their last tears.

"Well, death's a good thing to some poor critters," Mrs. Hoffman muttered, looking at the quiet face. "There aint no more heart-break for her—only I jest wish it was him a-lyin' there instead of her—poor lamb! The dispisable, cruel murderer! Yes, I jest calls him by his right name, for he——"

She stopped, for the sick woman suddenly opened her eyes.

"Where's John?" she whispered, feebly.

"I hear him a comin'," the woman answered, frowning viciously at the door.

It opened, and John Grey slouched in, with a flushed face and unsteady step. There was an unmistakable whisky bloat in his well-cut features, and a whisky film covered what might otherwise have been his clear blue eyes.

Those who knew John Grey four years before could have told you that he was then the handsomest man in the county, and the most intelligent mechanic. They, and no one else, could have explained how and when the madness of drink mastered him.

Those steps down the fiery ladder are usually alike in all. There is a dallying with temptation, a reliance in one's own strength, and the first step is taken, and then rounds of the ladder are burned behind the descending man.

That is the reason why the return of the drunkard to his first position is so difficult. Each foothold has been consumed in turn, and nothing but the infinite mercy of God can weave a cord strong enough to lift him from the fiery gulf.

John Grey drew near the bed. For three years the poor woman lying there had seen him every day intoxicated, more or less. For three years her heart had throbbed with agony at his disgrace and the impossibility of reclaiming him. But now she was too near the peace of eternity for an active feeling of pain.

"John," she said, trying to lift her hand to him.

It was the feeblest whisper, but he obeyed and bent over her.

Although a drunkard he had never been a brutal husband or father. He had broken her heart, but had never struck, or even cursed her.

Of course, the blow and the oath would have come in time, but so far the old love for his wife was in his heart, though the liquor madness was stronger.

"I'm almost gone, John." Her wide, solemn eyes looked into his without emotion.

He buried his face in his hands, for he could not bear that look.

"Take care of little Frank, John. The girls will get on. Somebody will help them. But don't let my baby grow up a"——

"Drunkard! A miserable drunkard, like his wretched father!" he interrupted, passionately, falling on his knees. "Why don't you curse me, Mary? Am I fit to bring up any child? Don't leave me, Mary! for the children's sake, don't leave me!"

"Little Frank," whispered the

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failing voice, "my innocent baby! John,"—rousing herself suddenly to a last effort—"I will require his soul at your hands! See to it John, see to it!"

"I will, I will!" he cried. "Have you not a word for me, Mary? Are you going to leave me without even a look, when your love has borne with me so long?"

"Little Frank," faltered the pale lips, and then the seal of unbroken silence was placed on them forever.

"I tell you he went on awful," Mrs. Hoffman said the next day to some of her cronies. "He beat his head on the floor, and kept hollerin', 'Not a word or look for me; only the child she thought of. Oh, why can't I die too?'"

"And I says 'Amen' to that," went on the woman. "Sich folks as John Grey p'ison the earth, and the sooner it's rid of him, the better. Why, I axed him, neighbor-like, to let me keep little Frank fur a day or two, till he got used to bein' without his mother; and he turned upon me like a ragin' ba'r and cried out—

" 'You heard her tell me to keep him, and 'tend to him, and he's never goin' to leave me, never!'

"Then he snatches the child up and runs to the shed with him, as if I was goin' to steal him.

"Funeral's for four o'clock. Come up and see her, Miss Neal. I never knowed Mary was sich a purty woman till yesternight, lyin' there so peaceful after her death."

The old beauty had indeed come back to the dead face. John Grey, gazing at it, felt like shrieking in his remorse. He rushed away from it to take a drink. Then another and another followed.

When the funeral procession started, he was there, in his place, carrying little Frank, but everyone who looked at him knew that by night he would be in his usual sottish condition.

"Better let me take Frank home with me tonight, Mr. Grey," said a kind neighbor, whose motherly heart was aching at the sight of the pure little face pressed against the bloated, flushed cheek of the father.

"No," he answered harshly. "I've got to be father and mother too, to him, and the sooner he gets used to me the better."

Half drunk as John Grey was, the sight of the desolate house to which he returned with his children almost sobered him. He took a seat and stared vacantly around.

There was her little shabby work-box, with a ruffle for Nelly half finished. There was her old Bible, which his drunken eyes had watched her bending over so many times when the children were abed and asleep.

He suddenly saw before him the pleasant happy home from which he married her, and the cosy nest to which she came as a bride. And to this he had brought her—to these sordid shifts of poverty, and a death-bed at last.

The conscience of the man, not quite drowned in liquor, stung him almost to frenzy. This would not do. As soon as the children were in bed, he would go out and drown his sorrows.

He did not think of reforming his habits *immediately*. In time, for little Frank's sake, he would give up liquor; but just now he needed it, he thought, to keep him from going mad.

The two eldest children had thrown themselves on the bed, sobbing aloud. Little Frank was leaning against his father's knee, looking up with troubled eyes. What were Nelly and Jane crying about, he thought, and where was "muzzer," that she didn't undress and wash him as usual?

There was no connection in little Frank's mind between the coffin that went out of the house that afternoon and his mother. He had always been fond of his father, and glad to be with him, but his mother's special

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hour was here, and no one but her had ever prepared him for bed.

His father saw the little mouth quiver, and knew that a burst of tears was at hand.

"Come, sonny," he said, "let pa undress and put you to bed tonight. It's high time for little chaps like you to be asleep."

Nelly sprang up instantly.

"I'll do it, pa," she said. "I guess Frank will let me undress him."

But Frank would not let her, even if her father had been willing. Holding the child jealously to him, John Grey waved her off.

"I'll do everything for him," he said. "I promised your mother, and I'll keep my word."

Though he knew he was about to indulge that very night in the sin that had wrecked his wife's life, and driven her to the grave, yet he felt a kind of childish satisfaction in caring for the child's little wants himself. He thought, surely, that was *beginning* to keep his promise to the mother.

He was clumsy in untying strings and unfastening buttons. As he did it, he remembered his wife's looks, and the caresses she used to lavish on her "baby," as she called him. No one had kissed him since she died, and with streaming eyes, the man pressed his hot lips to the fresh, sweet mouth.

A sudden realization of his own degradation came to him as he did this. Frank had slipped from his lap, and was prompted, as usual, in his evening prayer. He clasped his hands reverently, and looked into his father's face, waiting for him to begin.

The man had long forgotten every prayer he had ever known. His brain was in a whirl.

"Now I lay me," lisped the child, seeing that he was expected to begin.

As if by a divine touch, the wholesome springs in the man's nature rose above the filth and drift that had choked them so long, and flooded his soul.

"Not that prayer, my dear," he cried, in a broken voice; "no, not that prayer. Say 'God be merciful to a poor sinner, and strengthen and help him! Amen!'"

A strange prayer for baby lips to utter, but they lisped it forth, and in it was found the salvation of a half-ruined life.

No more drinking for John Grey. The turning-point came to him that night, and he chose the better way.

"I thought it strange and hard that Mary had no word for me when she died," he said, one day; "but the dying see more clearly than we do. She knew that only through little Frank could I be turned from my evil ways, and his name was her only answer to my questions.

"I know, now, that she loved me at the last, and that she believed I would reform." *Y. C.*

HAPPINESS AT HOME.

It has been said by a philosopher that every cross word uttered or angry feeling experienced, leaves its unerring mark on the face. This can be verified by a close observation of the countenances of those around us whose tempers and habits are familiar to us, and its truth thus established. And if the lineaments of the face show traces of such things how much more must the general, moral and mental system be affected by them? Nothing is more susceptible of proof than the statement that one angry word brings on another, except the good old biblical saying, that "a soft word turneth away wrath." Many people, really possessed of a sincere desire to do right in all things, allow themselves to fall into the habit of using ungentle and even unkind words to those around them, when if their attention were called to the fact in the right way, they would be astonished at themselves. They mean no harm, but

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they *do* harm, both to themselves and to their associates. More especially is the harm perceptible in the family circle, where the developing child is the proud imitator of all the acts of its elders, and particularly those which are pronounced and noticeable. Here is where the carefully sown seeds of ungentleness are eventually ripened into a harvest of harshness and too often gathered in a crop of vice and crime. Too frequently are these sins of the parents visited upon the children, even of the third and fourth generation.

This all results from a lack of full appreciation of happiness at home. Happiness is made, not born. It may with reason be argued that it is an impossibility to be happy at home when one is crushed by the cares of life—by difficulties crowding on every side. But that brings us to the very point we are seeking and leads us to repeat, that happiness is made, not born. If a man firmly resolves to throw aside the vexing cares of business, or a woman the aggravations of domestic life, when the family is united, as most families are once in twenty-four hours, the thing is done. After the excitements of the day the nerves are naturally pretty "high strung," and an effort is required to prevent their disturbance upon the slightest provocation; but each effort renders its successor easier of accomplishment. Thus, a habit of gentleness, cheerfulness and kindness can be acquired, which nobody sees but to appreciate, admire and desire. The children acquire it in youth and are saved the subsequent efforts at self-control, while the neighbors are softened by contact with it, and the result is what we all should seek—Happiness at Home.

UTAH, MY HOME.

Dear Utah, sweet Utah, loved home of the free,
How grateful I am to be numbered with thee:
When duty doth call me 'mong strangers to roam
I long for the joys of sweet Utah, my home.

Thy snow peaks, fair Utah, as sentinels stand
To shield me from plagues that are vexing the land;
Thy streamlets, so constant, so pure and so bright
Are types of thy effort for justice nad right.

Thy sweet vales, fair Utah, that slumber below
Are fanned by the breezes, in summer, that blow;
In winter the charms of thy sheltered retreat
Make life worth the living and pleasure complete.

Thy people, dear Utah, are joyous and free
As the sweet little songster that sings in yon tree;
Thy flower-covered meadows and woodlands so gay
Chase all their dull cares and vain sorrows away.

Thy temples, dear Utah, that tower to the skies
Bring hope to my bosom and tears in my eyes
To know I am worthy a labor to do
For loved ones departed, so noble and true?

How is it, sweet Utah, the blessings of God
Are on thy glad children so freely bestowed,
So long scourged and driven, by tyrants oppressed
Deprived of a place where the weary could rest?

The question is solved by the prophets of old
Who saw the wild desert its blossoms unfold;
Who saw the small stone from the mountains roll forth
Subdue ev'ry kingdom and fill the whole earth.

Brave Utah, earth's hope star, proud queen of the West,
By God and by nature so favored and blest
Of all lands below there are none can compare
With thy sweet, lovely valleys enchanting and fair.

Thy royal-robed splendor, blest Utah put on:
Bid all thy past wrongs be forgiven and gone;
Thy foes and oppressors their errors shall see
And cast down their riches in honor to thee.

Dear Utah, fair Utah, the home of the just
Thy laws and thy precepts I cherish and trust,
I feel I'm an exile wherever I roam
Denied of the bliss of sweet Utah, my home.

J. C.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR
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SALT LAKE CITY, - JUNE, 1894.

ROOM FOR ALL.

WE have heard some young men complain because they are crowded out of positions by young women. They seem to feel that their sex entitles them to greater consideration, and they feel it an infringement on their rights for any female to even apply, much less to receive, positions which they have filled. Only within a very short time one hundred positions as ticket agents on the Illinois Central Railway, near the city of Chicago, were filled by woman who displaced men of long standing in the company's service. The cause of the change was not the inability of men to successfully discharge their duties, but because the stringency of the times required a reduction of salary, and men, especially those having families, felt they could not afford to work for the amount which the company was able to pay.

Women are rapidly taking the places of men in stores, offices and other places where the service is light, and where quickness and geniality are important qualifications. Because of this, however, men should not feel that their rights are being taken from them, or that they are to be the dictators to employers of the help they shall engage.

The times and conditions in our Territory are such that young women must look about them and find some employment other than ordinary house-work to engage their attention, if they would become both happy and useful. The chances of marriage are not so abundant as they were a few years ago, and though the sexes are nearly equal, the excess being in favor of the females, young women are running great risks in taking up with any male who happens to present himself for her acceptance. With the views of the Latter-day Saints concerning marriage, the conscientious young woman would much rather remain single all her life than to marry an unworthy member of the Church, or one who does not accept our religion. Hence, ambitious and energetic young women naturally look about them for opportunities of employing their time and earning the means which they need for their own sustenance.

This ambition on the part of our sisters to do something is perfectly right, and instead of meeting with disfavor from any source, the feeling should be encouraged, not with the idea that they will occupy all the positions, but because the field is so broad and the opportunities so numerous for the employment of young men that none need lack labor. Indeed it would be much better if many young men were taken from the easy positions which they now occupy, and be forced to do that work which women are incapable o performing. It would be better both for the development of their physical as well as their mental powers. There are trades and businesses which are specially adapted to men, and which women can never successfully fill. These same positions lack today men of energy and ability to fill them, and if women by their ambition to do something for their own welfare, will only force men to seek in other directions than clerking and ordinary office work the employment they need, and will thus establish industries and open new avenues for labor and thrift, great good will be accomplished.

There is nothing dishonorable, of course, in men performing these easy tasks, but every young man should be filled with an ambition to be something more than a mere retailer of goods, or a machine to labor

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under the direction of others. He should try to become a master in some branch of productive industry, uniting therewith that intelligence and wisdom which can be acquired by faith and by honest and severe study and toil.

The thing to which we object, is, that because young men occupy positions where they earn sufficient to keep them and their families comfortable, that they should be content with this, and feel no necessity for improvement and growth. If a man is a clerk, let him study thoroughly everything pertaining to that position, learning the source of supply, the methods of manufacturing the wares which are sold, and in other ways keep his mind so employed that he will become an intelligent workman, and one capable of filling a higher position whenever a vacancy occurs, or whenever there is a demand for a person with more experience and knowledge than the ordinary day laborer.

Whatever the occupation is in which either men or women engage there is always room for growth. The man who shovels dirt, if he does so thoughtfully, and keeps his mind busy as well as his hand, will not only cause the time to pass much more rapidly, but he will do better work than his fellow who acts as a mere machine, having no thought of the labor required of him.

We are very glad to see the disposition on the part of young women to do something and to be something. While we think the principal duty of a woman is to become familiar with the home and its management, and to study all those nice arts which make her so desirable a companion for men, we do not know of any field which she is capable of filling that should be closed against her. We believe she is capable of bringing into every department of life a higher sense of honor, a more conservative spirit, a more exalting motive and a higher appreciation of the good and beautiful in life. Let no person place blocks in the way of her progress.

MISSIONARY LIFE.

We cannot too highly recommend to the attention of all our young men the articles published in the present number of The Contributor, and which will be continued in the July number, from the presidents of the various missions in the Church. They contain some most valuable suggestions to our young men who expect to perform missionary labor. And who is there among us that does not expect at some time or other to be engaged in this labor? We hope these articles will have a tendency to encourage the youth of Zion to greater exertions in preparing themselves for the important mission devolving upon the Latter-day Saints to carry this Gospel to all nations as a witness unto the people before the end comes.

There is so much to learn that no young person should allow a single moment to be wasted, nor a single opportunity for doing good or making advancement, to pass unseized. Verily the harvest is great but the laborers are few. The laborers are few because such a limited number are qualified for the duties required of men among the various nations of the earth. We trust the Lord will infuse greater faith, energy, perseverance and determination into the hearts of the young people of Zion, that they may prepare themselves for the marvelous events which are to be accomplished in Zion, as well as among the nations of the earth.

Look at those who address you; but in speaking to others do not stare at them.

Remember that a servant is a man or a woman, and will appreciate treatment as such.

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M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 21.

PROPHECY.

Subdivisions:—Definitions: Prophecy is history reversed; see Key to Theology, p. 30. It is foreknowledge; see Voice of Warning, p. 4. It is one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost; see II Peter i, 21. "It is a miracle of knowledge," i.e., it is a mode of seeing, hearing, and feeling *future* that man does not understand nor has he found any process by which he can, with certainty by reason, follow the law of coming events in all things, hence to man it is a miracle of knowledge.—Prophecy is an unmistakable evidence of an intelligence superior to that of man. Astronomers, by observation and calculation, predict with a mathematical certainty events in the planetary universe, but they can neither figure out a famine nor with any degree of certainty prognosticate coming social or political events, yet men and women too unskilled in the law of inference and unlearned in the science of cause and effect, have (when operated upon by the influence of Divinity) seen and recorded the events of coming ages with an accuracy that is inexplicable by man-made philosophy.—Prophecy is a means by which man may escape calamity; instance the Deluge, and the famine in Egypt; Genesis vi and xli.—Prophecy is uttered and believed by the same spirit; *i.e.*, it is as essential to have the Holy Ghost or spirit of truth to accept a prophecy as it is necessary to be in possession of that influence in order to prophesy. See I Cor. v, 11.—Prophecy leaves the wicked without excuse in the day of trouble, which they might have escaped by giving heed to the warning. See III Nephi, viii.—Prophecy is infallible when uttered by the spirit of truth. See Matt. xxiv, 35.—Scriptural prophecy has no private interpretation, *i.e.*, it does not mean one thing for one man and another thing for another. See II Peter i, 20.

Self-review:—1. What is prophecy? 2. How does prophecy prove the existence of God? 3. What is the chief value of prophecy? 4. What principle does Peter give concerning the fulfillment of prophecy? 5. Why can prophecy not fail in being fulfilled?

LECTURE 22.

PROPHECY ALREADY FULFILLED.

Subdivisions: — Prophecies concerning ancient cities; (*a*) Babylon (Isaiah xiii; 19–22); (*b*) Jerusalem (Luke xxi; 20–24); See Voice of Warning, pp. 25, 26; Book of Mormon, I Nephi i, 4; Josephus, Book VI. chapter ix, x.—Prophecy concerning our Savior. (*a*) Micah v, 2; Matthew ii, 5; See Voice of Warning, p. 24; Helaman, xiv; I Nephi ii; III Nephi, ii.—Prophecies concerning the re-discovery and settling of America, I Nephi xiii, 12–22.—Prophecies concerning Joseph Smith (Book of Mormon II Nephi, ii, 6–18.—Prophecy concerning the Book of Mormon; Isa xxix, 11–13; see also History of Joseph the Prophet, p. 65; see testimony of the eleven witnesses.—Prophecy concerning the war of the rebellion, Doc. and Cov., sec. 88.

Self-review:—1. What prophecy concerning Jerusalem has been literally fulfilled? 2. Quote the prediction concerning the birthplace of Jesus. 3. What prediction recorded in the Book of Mormon concerning the re-discovery and settlement of America has been literally fulfilled? 4. Quote and give reference to a prophecy that was literally fulfilled by the raising up of Joseph the Seer. 5. Prove that Joseph Smith was a prophet by quoting one of the prophecies that has been literally fulfilled.

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LECTURE 23.

PROPHESIES YET TO BE FULFILLED.

Subdivisions: — Prophesies concerning the gathering of the Jews; see Voice of Warning, pp. 32, 49.— Prophesies concerning the return of the Lost Tribes; see Doc. and Cov., Sec. cxxxiii, 26, 35. — Prophesies concerning the removal of the curse from the American Indian; see Book of Mormon, II Nephi, xxx.—Prophesies concerning Zion's being the only place of peace and safety; see Doc. and Cov., Sec. xlv, pp. 68, 75.— Prophesies concerning the second coming of the Savior; see Voice of Warning, pp. 53, 58.—Prophesies concerning the final judgment and restoration; see Rev. xx, 12, 15; Voice of Warning, ch. vi; Doc. and Cov., sec. lxxvi, 15, 119; Book of Mormon, Alma, ch. xli.

Self-review:—1. Prove from the Scriptures that the Jews are to be gathered back to Jerusalem. 2. Quote a prophecy in proof that the Lost Tribes will be brought back from the north country. 3. Quote a prophecy concerning the civilization of the American Indians. 4. What prophetic proof have we that Zion will be the only place of safety? 5. Mention a prophecy predicting Christ's second coming.

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation Continued.*)

LECTURE 21.

JOB.

Subdivisions:—His home. — His holy and righteous life.—His wealth. His social standing.—His religious care for his children.—Satan's argument.—The proposition, "Can goodness exist irrespective of reward?"— Preparations for the test. Time, B. C. 1520 (probably.) Ref., Job. i; Smith's Bible Dictionary pp. 201, 202.

Self-review:—1. Where was the home of Job? 2. At what period of time did he supposedly live? 3. What can you say of his wealth? 4. What religious care for his children is recorded concerning him? 5. What is the great problem set forth in the book of Job?

LECTURE 22.

THE TEST.

Subdivisions: (*a*) The destruction of Job's prosperity; (*b*) The destruction of his children; (*c*) The loathsome affliction of his body.—Job's three friends, Eliphaz the Temanite, Bildad the Shuhite and Zophar the Naamathite. Ref., Job i–ii.

Self-review:—1. What restriction was placed upon Satan in this great trial of Job's integrity? 2. Describe the first test. 3. What was the second test? 4. What was the result of these two tests? 5. What was the third test? 6. What was the object of the visit of his three friends?

LECTURE 23.

THE ARGUMENTS.

Subdivisions: (*a*) Argument of Eliphaz; (*b*) The argument of Bildad; (*c*) The argument of Zophar; (*d*) The argument of Elihu; (*e*) Job's responses. — His testimony. — The argument of Jehovah. Ref., Job iv to end.

Self-review:—1. What were the chief points in the argument of Eliphaz? 2. Name the six points in Bildad's argument. 3. What were the four points presented by Zophar? 4. What was the position assumed by Elihu? 5. Select ten questions from the many propounded by the Lord to Job that you think most weighty—in proving the existence, omnipotence and majesty of God.

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 20.

BIRTH OF THE SAVIOR.

Subdivisions:—Departure of Nephi. —Fulfillment of prophesies.—Scoff-

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ing and conspiracy of the unbelievers. —Nephi's special pleading for his people.—The answer: "On the morrow come I into the world."—The night of light.—The new star.—Baptisms and remissions.—Revival of the Gadianton robbers.—Disregard of the signs given.—The Nephite calendar.—War for freedom.— Threatened destruction of the Nephite nation.—The curse removed from the faithful Lamanites, their children exceedingly fair.—The remarkable epistle from Giddianhi, the leader of the robbers, to Governor Lachoneus, demanding of the Nephites their possessions.—Preparations for the final contest.—Deliverance promised on conditions of repentance only.—Gidgiddoni the prophet, commander-in-chief, and chief judge.—The terrible slaughter.—Repulse of the invaders.—Great rejoicings of the people of God. — Mormon the compiler. Time B. C. 1 to A. D. 22. Ref., III. Nephi, 1 to 5 inclusive.

Self-review:—1. What answer was given to Nephi's earnest prayer for his people? 2. Describe the night of light. 3. What followed the appearance of the new star? 4. Explain the Nephitic calendar. 5. Give an instance where the curse of the dark skin was removed from the faithful Lamanites. 6. What was an essential qualification of a chief captain among the Nephites in times of their righteousness? 7. Who was Mormon, the compiler?

LECTURE 21.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF OUR LORD.

Subdivisions: — Nature's proclamation; (*a*) the thunderings and lightnings during the three hours of agony on the cross; (*b*) the three days of utter darkness; (*c*) the scars of Nature's face in the form of rugged upheavals and yawning chasms commemorative of the conflict in which victory over the grave was won by the Great Redeemer.—The howlings and lamentations of the inhabitants left upon the continent.—The ill-fated cities and their rebellious inhabitants.—The voice of revelation in warning, announcement, commandment, reproof, admonition, promise. Time, 33 A. D. Ref. III Nephi, 8, 9, 10.

Self-review:—1. Describe the terrible tempest preceding the three days of thick darkness. 2. What is said of the destructive changes in what is now known as North America? 3. Mention evidences of terrible upheavals referable to that sublime and awful event. 4. What was the fate of the cities of Zarahemla, Moroni, Moronihah, Gilgal, Jerusalem, Jacob, and Laman respectively? 5. Give a synopsis of the proclamation of the VOICE that was heard among all the people.

LECTURE 22.

ADVENT OF THE SAVIOR TO THE NEPHITES.

Subdivisions:—The multitude of the Temple city assembled at the divinely-preserved edifice. — The voice of God the Eternal Father introducing His Son Jesus Christ.—The descension of Jesus.—Proclamation of His personality, authority, relation, physical proofs of His identity.—Special instruction in regard to baptism.—Simplicity and positiveness of His doctrines.—His testimony of the superiority of the knowledge that comes by faith.—His comprehensive sermon. (See Matt. 5, 6, and 7.) Time, A. D. 34. Ref., III Nephi, 11–15.

Self-review:—1. What were the topics of conversation with the people assembled about the temple in Bountiful? 2. Give an account of the voice they heard from heaven. 3. What simple proofs did the Savior give the people of Himself? 4. Whom did the Savior first call and commission on this occasion? 5. Give a synopsis of His remarkable sermon from your notes.

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NEW TESTAMENT.

(Dispensation of the Meridian of Times, continued.)

LECTURE 20.

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR (CONTINUED).

COURSE II

Group IV.—Illustrating the principle of Charity (Love).

Subdivisions:—1. The unmerciful servant; (*a*) place, Capernaum; (*b*) ref., Matt. xviii, 23–35. 2. The two debtors; (*a*) place, Galilee; (*b*) ref. Luke vii, 41–50. 3. The good Samaritan; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Luke x; 25–37.

Self-review:—1. What is charity? (Moroni vii, 47, and viii, 17.) 2. Make a practical application of parable one in this lesson. 3. What is the relation of love to forgiveness? 4. What was the cause of the unfriendliness between the Jews and the Samaritans? (Josephus, Antiquities, Bk. IX, ch. xiv; Bk. XI, ch. viii, p. 418. 5. What is meant by a *neighbor?*

LECTURE 21.

Group V.—Illustrating the principle of reward.

Subdivisions:—1. Talents; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Matt. xxv, 14–30. 2. The ten pounds; (*a*) place, Jericho; (*b*) ref., Luke xix, 12–27. 3. The vineyards, (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Matt. xxi, 33–41. 4. Sheep and goats; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Matt. xxv, 31–46.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by a reward? 2. Upon what are rewards predicated? 3. Show the distinction between rewards and gifts. 4. Make an application of parable three, this lesson. 5. How can man be kind to God?

LECTURE 22.

Group VI.—Illustrating the principle of integrity.

Subdivisions:—1. Servants waiting for their lord; (*a*) place, Galilee; (*b*) ref., Luke xii. 2. Laborers in the vineyard; (*a*) place, Peræra; (*b*) ref., Matt. xx. 3. Marriage feast; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Matt. xxii. 4. The faithful steward; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Luke xii.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by integrity? 2. Apply parable one of this lesson. 3. In parable two, why was each laborer entitled to the same amount? 4. What is meant by the expression "For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required?" 5. What special lesson is taught in parable one of this lesson?

SLEEP.

"TIRED nature's sweet restorer." Take enough of it—in the fore-part of the night, if possible. "Midnight oil" is a great humbug and health-destroyer. Sleep! It is nature's time to carry on processes of assimilation—to manufacture food into blood, and blood into healthful tissue. The time for repose is the time for the repair of waste. A man is taller in the morning than he is at nightfall—his brain is clearer, his step more elastic, his nerve steadier, his muscles more energetic. Give children plenty of sleep. Put them to bed early. Shut the glare of gas, and resist the appeals to "sit up," to go to night parties, night concerts, night Sunday-school exhibitions, night meetings. Send them to bed betimes, and give them sound sleep, sound nerves, sound constitutions. Night-air is bad. Malarias are abroad, and there is no kindly sun to dispel the noxious vapors, and war upon the deadly venoms. Sleep in the upper stories, in the largest rooms of the house, and the best ventilated. Let a child have its sleep out in the morning. Never wake it up till it wakes of its own accord. Some young men and young women have to get up at six to go to employments. It will not do for such to sit up till eleven or twelve the night before. Sleep till the eyes open of their own accord.

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It is hard for a boy or girl to be called to dress and go about business when the tired, sleepy and unrested eyes feel as if they were "full of sticks."

Different persons require different amounts of sleep. Some want six hours, some seven, some nine. General Grant wanted nine, and said, at the siege of Vicksburg, he could get but seven, and it almost killed him. John Wesley found that he could do with six, and fixed his hours of rest between ten and four; and, by example, if not by precept, put the whole Methodist fraternity into the same inexorable strait-jacket. John Wesley became thus the author of a fearful waste of life and energy. He killed off whole generations of preachers, who undertook to sleep six hours because this exceptional bundle of animated iron-wires could do with six. The strong require much sleep, the weak and feeble more.

Sleep should be graded by periods of life, and, perhaps, by temperaments; but no one man's experience is a guide for any other. The average has been given as follows: The infant sleeps twenty hours, and wakes four: the old man wakes twenty and sleeps four; in middle life seven to nine hours sleep are requisite to keep up the balance between waste and supply. Nervous persons find it difficult to sleep. Such should nurse the hours of rest with great care; avoid tea, coffee, and stimulants before retiring; avoid hard, exciting studies of an evening; avoid excitements of all kinds, and court quiet, music, genial conversation, and soothing employments or meditations. Above all, go to sleep when the first fit of drowsiness comes on. Roused out of that, one may lie for hours, and roll and toss, and not be able to entice sleep to the uneasy pillow.

A compliment, to be appreciated by any sensible person, must be prompted by sincerity.

As there are no laws extant against ingratitude, so it is utterly impossible to contrive any that in all circumstances shall reach it.

It is a test of politeness for a man to listen with interest to things he knows all about, when they are being told by a person who knows nothing about them.

GRIN AND BEAR IT.

'Tis not a motto fine as some,
  Perhaps, in terms high-sounding;
But as from coal, rare colors come,
  Truth richly worth expounding
Lies in this adage—truth sublime—
  And I would here declare it;
And if a bore you deem my rhyme,
  Why, simply "grin and bear it."

When cherished projects come to naught,
  Or pain embitters pleasure;
When banks and bonds your firmest thought
  Bring loss to hoarded treasure;
When friends forsake, and foes increase.
  Put on, though hard to wear it,
A sunny smile of perfect peace—
  'Twill help—just "grin and bear it."

When woes come thick and still more thick,
  Disasters gathering daily;
When hope deferred the heart makes sick,
  While round you, jesting gayly,
The world knows not how sad your soul,
  Dreams not what griefs do tear it,
Keep over self a calm control;
  All bravely "grin and bear it."

Ah, 'neath these homely words there lie
  Vast mines of deepest meaning;
Whole tomes of sound philosophy
  Well worth most careful gleaning;
Yet not mere stoic's lore I urge—
  Forever I forswear it—
Let earth's and heaven's best wisdom merge—
  Trust God, then "grin and bear it."

Philip B. Strong.

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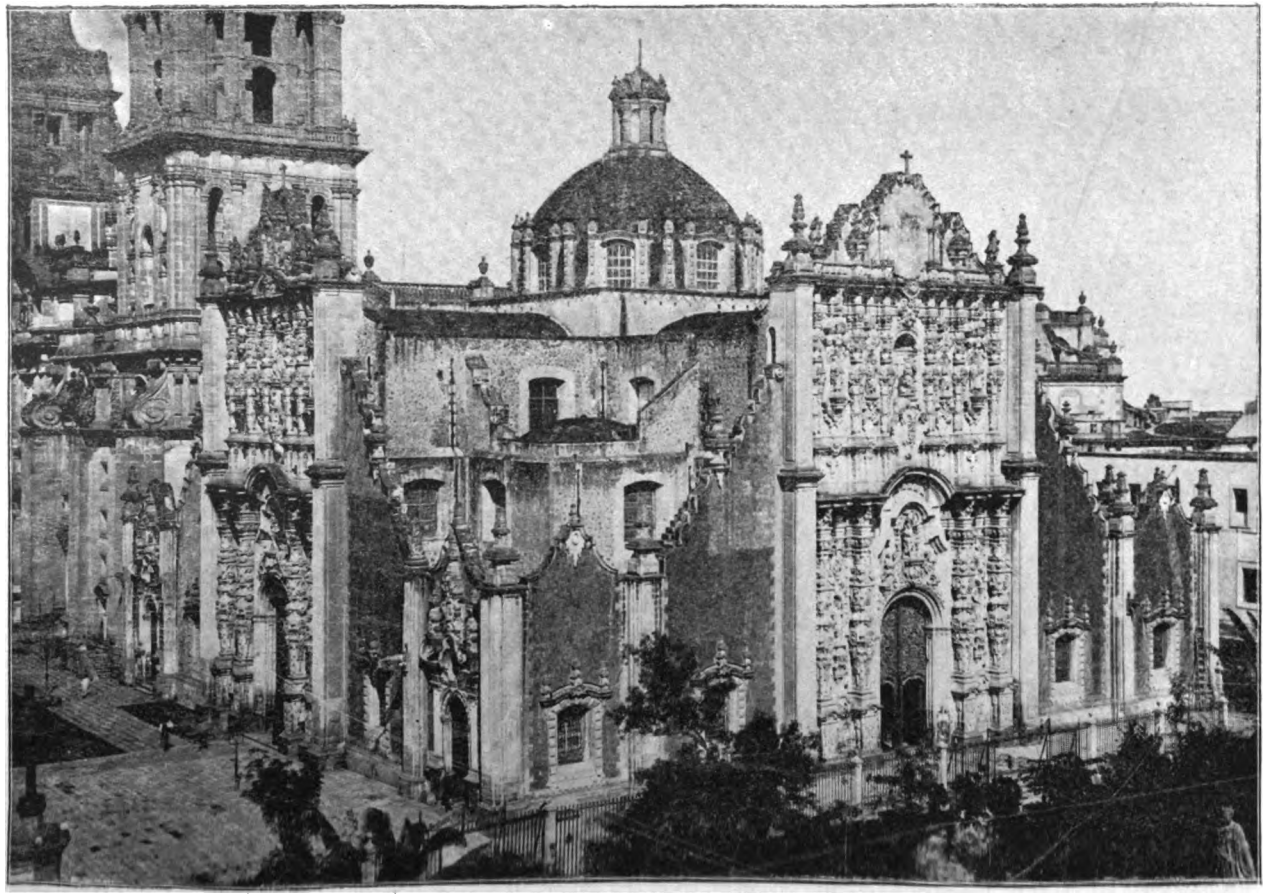

THE CATHEDRAL OF MEXICO.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. JULY, 1894. No. 9.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

XV.

In mid-October the writer left Salt Lake to witness the closing days of the World's Fair, to while away a fortnight on the eastern sea-board and spend the winter of '93-4 below the tropic of Cancer in that land of the sun—Old Mexico, where the hand on the dial has been set back 200 years. While in New York when the winds careering up the bay were bringing the chill menace of coming winter, an irritant cough was added to bronchial troubles already in stock, and the conviction followed that gray-haired December and his shivering kindred were not proper restoratives for the "lost chord"—vocal chord—the vertical line of travel was changed, and wheeling to the south-west our southern border was reached at El Paso. The little Texan town was in a local ferment about one of those intermittent "revolutions" in Mexico. Every arriving or departing stranger was regarded with curiosity if not suspicion. Hand bills flooding the streets and alleys offered five dollars per day for men equipped with horse, rifle and ammunition, and two dollars per day to men enlisting for infantry service with the revolutionists, but the latter—where were they? Some gangs of marauding Mexican thieves had banded together for revenue only—were having exciting adventures in the chapparel of northern Chihuahua and Sonora—and are said to have numbered among them some of the worst desperadoes between the North Fork and the most southerly sweep of the Rio Grande.

The population on either side of that ever-changing stream is largely of pie-bald parentage. Mexicans, Indians, half-breeds, cowboys and assorted scoundrels and evil-doers of every shade and variety thrive apace. And, like the ever-shifting sands of the river-bed they veer from side to side as the approach of the sheriff or any other emergency may suggest.

Coming to El Paso by way of the Rio Grande Western and the Atchison, Topeka and Sante Fe, with their usual luxuriant comforts of modern travel, the writer had some misgivings about the supposedly antiquated equipment of Mexican railways, but a broader experience brought greater wisdom and he found the railways of our southern neighbor as well equipped and the management in no wise inferior to our own. At Juarez opposite El Paso on the Mexican side, custom officers go indifferently through the baggage. Your valise, umbrella, etc., are thrown indolently at the bombastic, kinky-headed porter standing expectant on the Pullman platform, he waves you into your section where, sinking wearily among the cushions you wonder with a half-hearted sigh if, after all, the game is really worth the candle. The depressing effects of that last leaden meal at the leading El Paso hashery,

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where everything on the table was sour, except the vinegar, constrains a negative reply to your mental question. The other passengers in the sleeper, all apparently from long distances, retire early, but next morning rise expectantly and with long looks at the low-lying hills and barren, sterile waste of rock and sandy desert, wonder if they are really in Mexico and have been traveling through "the romantic land" all night long. Giant lizards and the nopal tree, organ cactus and other wild and fantastic variants of the prickly pear family prove scant compensation to half-informed travelers who more than half expect to cross dividing lines with a jolt and plunge at once from mid-winter to mid-summer. To all such inexperienced tourists, much of the pleasures of a journey to Mexico will be lost in the shuffle. The scenery and tropical features of that land of the sun lie far to the south. Straggling tourists who may feel discontented with the face of the country lying between the Tropic of Cancer and the Rio Grande might follow the example of traveling theatrical companies and carry their scenery with them.

Coming from the north, the first town of importance reached by the Mexican Central Railway is Chihuahua, from whence parties desiring to reach the Mormon settlements in that State usually proceed inland. Continuing south, with a slight trend to the east, the train makes brief stops at most of the wayside stations. At each of these we were received by the usual deputation of depot loafers, every adobe hut in the neighborhood furnishing its quota. The copper-colored population who wear a general appearance of being down-at-the-heel all over, have also that air of languor and faintness consequent on the exhaustive labor required from those who lie on the sunny side of depot platforms during their very few waking hours. Their only other fad is *hats;* these are generally a couple feet in diameter, with high, sugar loaf crowns and trimmed with a gaudy display of cheap tinsel, faded finery, grease and dirt, and the usual insect life of tropical latitudes. Remove the sombrero and blanket or serape, as they call them, and all that remains of the peon of Mexico is not worth a funeral service. In habit, features and filth they much resemble our own Indians, whose remarkable personal beauty must have often impressed the reader when watching a group of squaws masticating the fragments of a cow.

Once more the train speeds away to the south, and the first cultivated land seen from the train appears in the neighborhood of Las Delicias, three hundred miles below El Paso. A mile or more from the station of Queretaro, on the same line, lies the city of that name, where the late ex-Emperor Maximilian made his last desperate stand against the patriot Juarez and his troops. A chronicler of those times, says: "The condition of the foreign army shut up in Queretaro became more and more painful, Provisions grew scarce. Maximilian, with the greatest serenity, accepted the coarse food which was all that could be had. The only hope of the garrison lay in General Marquez, who had been sent by Maximilian to the capital for those forces and funds which had been so confidently promised him by the clergy. Day after day brought only disappointment, as no aid came from that source.

"On the night of the fourteenth of May, General Lopez, who had charge of the most important point in Queretaro, the Convent de la Cruz, betrayed his trust and admitted two battalions of the enemy into the citadel. From this point they advanced stealthily to other parts of the city, where all became at once terror and confusion. With his aides-de-camp Maximilian passed, unrestrained, and gained a little hill just outside the town. Here he surrendered to a detachment of the victor-

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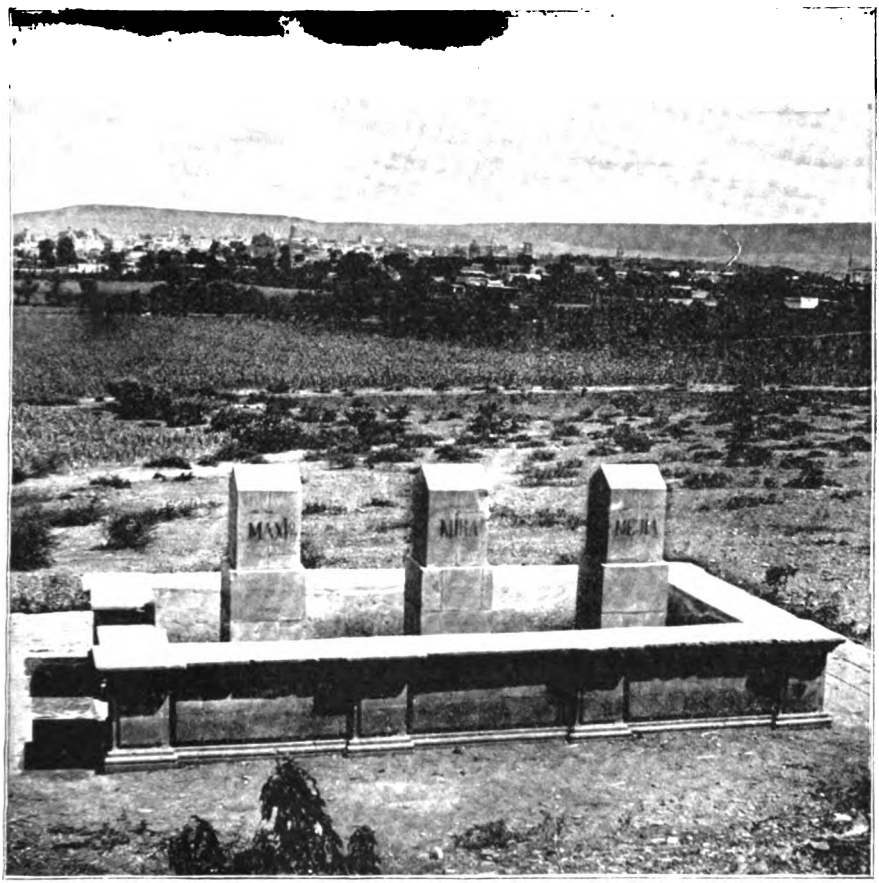

EXECUTION PLACE OF MAXIMILIAN, MEJIA AND MIRAMON.

ious army and delivered up his sword. A month later, the ill-starred Austrian, with two of his generals, Miramon and Mejia were shot at the same moment on that spot."

And so ended the episode of the French intervention in Mexico; and thus was added one more precedent for carrying out the Monroe Doctrine on this continent.

Railways now reach nearly every point of interest in the Republic and their mileage is constantly though not rapidly increasing. Fares are reasonable, accommodations good and the management excellent. In short, those desiring to travel or escape the rigors of a northern winter and visit a foreign country without leaving the continent cannot do better than by spending a few months among the descendants of Montezuma. Those who cannot accustom themselves to the pungent odors of Mexican provender will find house rent low and girl help plentiful at three to four dollars per month; candor, however, compels the writer to add that the kitchen ladies in that country understand more Spanish than English, and are said to know more deviltry than either.

The writer had been led to expect high prices in Mexico but found the reverse to be the case, and appends some figures for the convenience of the reader who may contemplate visiting an interesting neighbor in

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the south. For the sake of clearness the prices given are reduced to American coin which is at a high premium in Mexico, as the silver in that country is not redeemable in gold.

All hotels in the capital are run on the European plan, but restaurants are attached and one may eat on the premises or not, as circumstances suggest. Rooms in the Hotel Iturbide, the largest hostelry in the republic, cost one to two dollars per day. A regular dinner consisting of soup, fish, three meats, vegetables, fruit and coffee for dessert, can be had at the Maison Dore, Concordia or other first-class restaurants at sixty cents. No good apples are grown, but other fruits are in abundance, and they number six or eight varieties unknown to this country. Anywhere in the interior, away from the capital, hotels are run on the American plan, and the best ones charge one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents per day. Should a prolonged stay be contemplated lower rates may be obtained. Carriages charge thirty to fifty cents an hour, and street cars from three cents upward according to distance traveled.

To Americans the most noticeable feature of Mexican households, I approach it with terror, is what they fatten on, their menu or bill of fare; verily the flesh pots of Egypt in no wise resembled those of Mexico, or the Israelites would have remained inflexibly firm to the end. In those latitudes are raised and consumed every kind of meat known to Americans, we may breed better strains, but the various species are there, and a greater variety of fruits and vegetables is rarely seen in any land, and visiting their great markets is an ever-recurring delight to observant travelers—their inexpertness lies in preparing the food. The bean excepted, no one vegetable is cooked and served alone—the writer is referring to his own experiences, which have been principally in the interior—all are mixed and mingled with each other and with various soups, stews and meats. *Olla Podrida* is a phrase we borrow sometimes from the Spanish, while there is nothing in our cuisine requiring its use. Jenkins' lexicon says:

Olla Podrida (putrid mixture). Any odd mixture, as the Spanish dish of all meats and vegetables.

They possess nine varieties of beans, only one of which, the castor oil bean, is not served at table. However, its arrival there is daily expected, as the little use resident Americans have for Spanish dishes has created an opulence of appetite that will welcome any change. Other Mexican dishes are plentifully seasoned with whole spices, red and green peppers, garlic and onions, until the very ghost of vegetarianism itself stands aghast.

In December last the writer was domiciled at Cuautla, the sunny little capital of the State of Morales, and while strolling through the local market saw a number of women selling brown colored bugs by the quart. The insects were round and flat, alive and kicking, uniform in size, and would probably measure three-eighths of an inch in diameter. In the evening he learned from the hotel steward that such insects were popular among the masses who used them for sprinkling in soup or eating with bread, and that a pint or so would be served at the evening meal if desired. The writer promptly declined, not wishing to accustom himself to luxuries he might miss after returning to his own country.

The only other point of discomfort among the hotels of the interior is the bed. It usually consists of a folding cot, the old army pattern, in the form of a sawbuck with canvas stretched across. Except in remote districts a mattress and pillows of raw cotton are added. Miscellaneous use soon balls up the cotton, or, equally as bad, leaves it in ridges

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and furrows, in which condition the room attendant generally allows it to remain. The apartments, unless quite small, contain two cots, and, if the house is full, the two must be paid for or a room-mate accepted.

Few travelers care to linger long in the city of Mexico. Rumors of its dire unhealthfulness had reached me before I had crossed the frontier, and like all rumors, proved to be grossly exaggerated. Typhus fever and pneumonia are by no means rare, and yet, scant food, insufficient clothing, and prurient lives are largely instrumental in confining those dread maladies to the native and to the poorer classes. Certain it is, that temperate habits, cleanliness of person and ordinary precautions against sudden changes of climate will render a residence in the Aztec capital as safe as in that of most other countries. And yet the Mexican metropolis does not possess a single good hotel. The Iturbide, previously referred to, is the most pretentious. It is a gloomy, rambling old palace, or rather funeral pile belonging to the descendants of the emperor of that name, and only notable as having been the residence of that hapless monarch during the fleeting days of his very brief reign. The city I found raw and chilly. Hotels or other buildings have no chimneys or appliances for heating apartments, hence a drop in the barometer leaves the luckless wanderer no alternative but to walk the streets or shiver in his room. Fortunately, however, a few hours' journey east or south, will take him into a region of perpetual sunshine amidst tropical foliage where flowering May and rosy June hold eternal sway; where droning bees and glittering butterflies swirl aloft in the drowsy air, and thickets of wild heliotrope, roses and pomegranates run mad in furious splendor.

Before leaving the region of the capital for the tierra caliente or hot lands near the coast, a call was made upon Our Lady of Guadelupe, the holiest shrine in Mexico, to which pilgrimages are made from all over the republic. Many peons of the outlying towns traverse the distance, two or three miles, on their hands and knees, arriving penitent at the sanctuary, bruised and bleeding. On the day of the writer's visit some preparations going on in the church barred admission to the shrine for the time being, and he strolled among the side-shows which always infest the neighborhood whenever a saint's day or other holy festival occurs at Guadelupe. There were gutter restaurants which hawked, not only fried liver, but lights and lungs as well. Drinking booths where pulque, the unfermented juice of the maguey or century plant, and fiery aguardiente went for a cent a glass; in one shanty a gaudily attired hag, blear-eyed and haggard-faced with each crevice of time painted and plastered was performing a "dance" of some kind, admission ten cents; but by far the greater number of tents, awnings and tables were occupied by sure-thing men with gambling devices, and these were always crowded. One enterprising Aztec had erected a shooting gallery in the open air, the targets comprising paste-board representatives of nearly every animal beneath the sun and a number which are not. Laying down three cents, the price of two shots, I drew a deadly aim on a blue-eyed lion which flourished a yellow rag-tail—the shot was fired and evidently struck a vital part—there came a whirring sound of clock work set in motion, the paste-board jaws slowly opened in two immense yawns and emitted such a howl of anguish from his patent insides as threatened to awaken our old-time enemy, Santa Anna, who slumbers in the village church-yard on the hill above.

When the Mexican peon walks to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadelupe, on his hands and knees and lingers

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at the gutter restaurant to line his interior department with liberal portions of fried lights seasoned with garlic and green and red peppers, washed down by generous libations of decayed pulque, he is in a suitable frame of mind to squander his remaining coppers on the nearest gambler, enter a church and accept the miracle of the apparition of the Virgin or anything else that he can lay his hands on.

"*Ave Maria purisima, que venga el sol!*"—Holy Virgin, let the sun

In the Groves of Chapultepec.

shine! Those are the words, spoken in Spanish, which fell upon the writer's ear as he stood in the depot after being dislodged from the train which brought him to the showery little Mexican town of Jalapa, the capital of Vera Cruz; dislodged is the word as he had fallen asleep during the latter part of the journey and the other passengers, Mexicans all, had left the car without disturbing the stranger in the corner, that rude task being left for the mozo who came to sweep out the car. Five minutes later the scene was transferred to the platform of that wayside station on the line of the Inter-Oceanic railway operating between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz on the sea-board. There was a dull, grey sky, the air laden with mist, fog, and a drizzling never-ending rain. A solitary street car with six mules, thirty passengers and twenty seats, goes toiling up the steep hillside which leads to the plaza or public square of the quaint old town. Looking vainly for a second car or other conveyance the lonely traveler fumbles in his pockets for a card of directions on which is penciled "Hotel Diligencia," and surrendering his valise into the slimy, Aztec hands of a native porter, he rolls up his trousers a la Regent street, and proceeds to follow in the direction taken by the car and is in turn followed by the moist and saturated tramp with the hand baggage aforesaid.

Arriving at the top of the hill, a scant, very scant knowledge of the Castillian tongue enables him to ascertain that the tavern recommended had recently expired in the last

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throes of commercial decay; the next and remaining alternative proved to be a characteristic Mexican inn, such as one often meets in interior towns of the tawny republic—and nowhere else, save perhaps in Spain or the South American republics—a description of one is a description of all. They are generally of a single story, though sometimes of two; the walls are laid with a rubble of lava stone, the whole country, at some remote period, appears to have been volcanic—and covered with a stucco of lime, or perhaps cement, as evidences of decay are rarely seen. Roughly squared timbers support the pen-tiled roofs, and walls and timbers are colored in distemper, the gaudy hues selected for that purpose being those common to the architecture of all tropical and most sub-tropical countries. The French window or double glass-door is universal, ordinary windows being rare if they exist at all. Another leading feature of the better class of Mexican structures, is the *patio* or open court surrounded by the four walls of the building. Most of the apartments open on this court or garden, and all have access to it. Colonnades with balustrading run around each story and overlook the garden beneath.

Passers-by, American or other foreigners, returning from a weary round of sight-seeing, tired out with the heat and dust of the ill-paved streets, hug narrow strips of shade along the houses, and sometimes through open hallways, catch glimpses of these patios where fountains play, the limpid waters sparkling like diamonds in the glancing sunlight, where palm trees or miniature groves of orange and lemon trees shade cool, green grass plats and beds of brilliant flowers, and ferns, pendant vines, and creepers bound each to the other with tangled and twisted sprays of delicate foliage, while jagged boughs of frangipanni break the undergrowth and scent the air with sweet white blossoms. Here, on rainless days, free from the supervision and idle curiosity of strangers (who so frequently infest the vicinity of American lawn fetes) the Mexican hostess may receive and entertain, may lounge in easy chairs or swing hammocks among cool shadows where tamarind and mango, pineapple and plantain struggle in tropical rivalry.

The pavement of the interior galleries, the floors and hallways of the various apartments, as well as the walks in the secluded patios, are laid with red earthen tiles. In some instances the tiled floors of the living rooms are carpeted, in others, among the wealthier classes, marble, slate, or art tiles replace the more plebeian red. As in the West Indies, French windows opening on the street are flush with the sidewalk and guarded their full height by iron gratings; hence when sad-eyed señoritas are seen, as they frequently are, clasping the prison-like bars and gazing wistfully out, the resemblance to a captive bird beating its wings against an iron cage is not far to seek.

G. H. Snell.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

IX.

THE SERMON—CHOICE OF A SUBJECT.

WE are now to consider the product of preaching—the sermon. By this term I mean, not the elaborate effort generally called by this name in contradistinction to the address, or the informal talk, but rather any oral communication of original composition directed to a religious assembly. These communications take so many forms in Latter-day Saint assemblies, apparently obeying no rules whatever, that it will hardly be

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profitable, at least before we have considered other things, to make distinctions here as to kinds of sermons. Let us rather direct attention to what must be common to all such communications.

First of all, then, we have a congregation which, if the conditions be as they should be, is made up of minds poised in an expectant attitude; minds that have left business cares and all other mundane affairs at home. The choir by its sweet strains has sought to attune the diverse vibrations of many souls to one solemn harmony. These hearts are also drawn to beat in unison as every voice says "amen" to the opening prayer. As if this were not enough, the way is further prepared for the sermon, by the sacrament, wherein all sit down, as it were, to the table of the Lord, showing forth by this object lesson that all men, high and low, rich and poor, are equal in the eyes of their Heavenly Father. How, indeed, could the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man be more solemnly impressed upon a congregation?

After the sacrament, what next? Such is the attitude of every mind? Here we have not only expectancy as manifested ordinarily by secular audiences, but an ideal expectancy, reinforced as it is by humility, by a spirit of charity and forgiveness, and by a deep, reverential attention. What more could a speaker ask? Shame to the Elder, then, that seeks to satisfy such listening by the echoes of an empty mind, or to feed such hunger on the mouldy crusts of a lazy memory!

But, dropping figures of speech, how shall the Elder avoid doing these very things—hiding (or exposing) his emptiness, under cover of many "words without knowledge," or, what is little better, repeating platitudes that do not have the merit of belonging to the same kind of cloth, or even fitting the same worn-out garment he is patching at? How shall he *begin* to avoid these things from the time he begins to speak?

The farmer ere he begins to plow takes care to secure a piece of land; the shoemaker does not begin to stitch till he has leather; the weaver does not start his shuttles till he has yarn; but the preacher alas! often sets *his* loom going without warp or woof, and regales his hearers with the mere click of machinery.

The *first requisite of the sermon is the choice of a subject.* Is it not astounding that this proposition needs seriously to be argued? What! do you pretend that there can be preaching without a subject? Preaching—no; but what passes for it—yes. I am not afraid to let every reader draw from his own memory in support of this assertion. How often it happens that a speaker fritters away a whole hour and then sits down without having found a subject! Quite as often we hear him say finally: "Now, what I want to get at is this"—and looking at our watches we discover he has been twenty, thirty, forty minutes in getting at it.

Now, I should have nothing more to say about this fiddling away of time, if people would apply to it the same common-sense reasoning by which they condemn a sheer waste in any other business. But preaching, we seem to feel, is too sacred, too spiritual, to be touched by the rules of common sense, hence abuses grow rank without being molested—nay without even being so little disturbed as to be called by their true names; like a Sunday garden whose soil is too sacred for week-day feet, and whose weeds must be pulled only on the Sabbath when no man must work!

The temptation to vagrancy as opposed to system and method, is by no means peculiar to preaching. It has struck-in on the farming community throughout Utah, and manifests itself in all fields of activity. Every teacher discovers it no matter what the subject or what the school.

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What child does not naturally prefer slinging ink in meaningless strokes and curves to following the copy line for line? Every teacher of penmanship knows, also, how the young sophist when caught at it, justifies the turning loose of his hand as tending to give him flexibility and freedom of movement, when the fact *is* that scribbling causes him to *lose* not to gain control of his muscles.

Aimless talking is mental scribbling and differs from scribbling pure and simple chiefly in that it is harder to cure; for none is so blind as not to see the utter worthlessness of an ink-bespattered sheet of paper, while multitudes, distrusting their own impressions, still cherish a vague notion that there may be some good in a word-bespattered hour of time, from which they have just escaped.

The difficulty in curing this vagrant habit lies in the fact that it is intrenched behind this delectable piece of reasoning: Whoever speaks by the guidance of the Spirit of God speaks what is good for man. Latter-day Saint Elders speak by this Spirit, hence what Latter-day Saint Elders speak is good for man. But Latter-day Saint Elders are often aimless and wandering in their sermons; hence—well—in some way which we can't exactly see, aimlessness in speech must be good for man. I leave the reader to detect the fallacy.

"I love to count myself only as a fiddle on which the Holy Ghost may play whatever tunes it lists." This remark is credited to one of our eminent leaders, now dead. If this sentiment was intended as an apology for a rambling tongue, then even the uniqueness of its dress ought not to spare its author the just criticism that he is blaming the Holy Ghost for what is a very common human frailty. But so far as I can learn, this Elder always played *tunes*. He did not realize that his very words would often be used to justify the most discordant noises, or what is little better, the endless *tuning up* for a sermon, that there is neither time nor patience left to listen to when it finally begins.

The remedy for all this lies in choosing *one* subject, sticking to it as long as fresh thoughts spring up concerning it, and sitting down when one is "gravelled for matter," and begins to repeat ideas. "What! stick to one subject for a whole sermon! Impossible. Some of our most fluent speakers would be floored in five minutes."

Well, suppose they are. Would it not be a good thing? What vanity can be more contemptible than that which sacrifices a whole audience that some Elder may have it to say: "I held them an hour!" But no such result would take place—at least, after the first few trials. These Elders, who now dig a few spadefuls in this garden then rush madly to that, and so on through the entire field of thought, would find in a single narrow compass, more thoughts; richer thoughts, intenser thoughts, and all this simply because the thoughts would be *specific* and closely related. The microscope reveals more wonders to us than the telescope, and the truths it reveals are of as much more vital interest to us as they are nearer to us than are the stars.

This confining one's self to a single subject is at once a strong support to self-confidence and a powerful stimulus to thought. The rambling talker, if he will but train his powers for a short time, will be surprised and delighted to discover for himself the truth of this assertion. But it will require a powerful effort of will to realize the new advantage. Perhaps keeping in mind this illustration will aid the will. I once beheld a pesky hen, with worn and bedraggled wing and tail feathers, trying to cover a brood of lordly young turkeys. Picture the ridiculous figure! But ridiculous though it be, it is a valuable comparison for any Elder

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to keep in mind who is tempted to do likewise. It has served me on many an occasion when I would otherwise have "spread myself," or attempted to spread myself over all the peaks of thought in a continent of knowledge.

The question most important here then is, how shall we choose a subject? The choosing of an appropriate subject is really harder than the speaking upon it after it is chosen. If some one could put to the speaker, as he arises, a specific question, the answer to which would be just the spiritual food needed, not a minute would be lost in aimless and often fruitless foraging for something rational to say. It is not my purpose to teach that any Elder may presume to choose for himself or another a subject for any given occasion. That must ever be left to the Spirit of Truth which searcheth all hearts. What I do maintain is, that Elders should think about subjects—central truths in their relations to the details of life—so that there may be something in their minds to choose from. It is not the spirit of inspiration we should seek to improve, but our pliability and plasticity to the workings of this spirit. If, then, we think much about what is good and what is bad in preaching, we shall offer less resistance, or perhaps it would be more exact to say, we shall yield more readily, to its suggestions. It is in view of this thought that I invite attention to the discussion that follows as to the nature and choice of a subject.

Three things are to be taken into account:

1. The nature of the occasion; 2. The qualifications of the preacher; 3. The qualities of the subject itself.

1. *The subject should be in harmony with the occasion.* Human beings are insensibly influenced by ever-changing environments: springtime and autumn, winter and summer, prosperity and adversity, events political, social, religious, educational and also by the occupations which for the time being engage their attention. The Elder who is oblivious to the pulse of nature and callous to the touch of mankind, is in danger of preaching against the wind. He is not bringing meat in due season. His thoughts are likely to stalk in dressed in overcoats and fur caps amid the roses of June.

It is not so much in the choice of a subject as in the standpoint from which it is treated and the images and allusions by which its truths are brought home to the audience—that the preacher gains by being alive to what for the moment stirs the multitude. Let the preacher ask himself ere he begins: What is in the air today, and in some way or other make this contribute toward impressing upon his hearers the moral lessons of the sermon.

2. *The subject should be of present interest.* This rule must take into account the people addressed as well as the subject treated. What may be old and stale in one part may be new and fresh in another. We often hear criticisms about "Mormonism forty years old." If applied to the truths of the Gospel as advocated forty years ago, the criticism is foolish. Moral principles have no age. They do not change from eternity to eternity. But, certainly, the statement or exposition of these principles and the events that cling about their exposition, do constantly vary, and should vary, with the needs of the age and the people. It is the dress then that gets old, and let us not underrate the effect of worn-out or antiquated garments. Fashions in speech hold as well as fashions in dress. Well dressed thought lives, because it finds its way among men and is entertained. Equally good thought, poorly dressed, dies for want of entertainment. But aside from sermons in worn-out dresses, there is a kind of Mormonism forty years old, which is justly censured: sermons which were of present inter-

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est one or two generations ago, but which ought never to be heard today out of a museum of relics. So, too, it often happens that Elders on missions acquire so little versatility that on being called to preach at home they launch into a rote sermon, quite oblivious to the fact that they are talking to the Saints, and not to a congregation of unbelievers.

Let every Elder called upon to address the Saints, ask himself the question: Is this of present interest? and it will greatly aid him in avoiding the hackneyed subjects that so often make our meetings dreary. If he discover that he knows nothing about other subjects, let him somehow find the moral courage to sit down, and then prepare himself better for the next opportunity.

3. *The subject should be suited to the intelligence of the congregation.* Instinctively the speaker should feel when he is not being understood; should perceive instantly waves of intelligence or of doubt as they pass over the audience, like the alternate lights and shades made by fleecy clouds on a summer day. He will thus be able to adapt his thought and diction to the varying needs of his hearers. This rule is oftenest violated in talks before the Sunday Schools, which generally go over the heads of all, save the teachers. But it is also the fault of young Elders, dangerously puffed up with a "little learning." They find it so hard to curb their vanity, so delightful to air their scraps of knowledge and enjoy the blank stare of their elder brethren and sisters. Set it down as a rule, that the Elder who thus loves to mystify by grandiloquent words and obscure allusions, is thinking mainly of himself. He speaks, not by the clear, steady light of the Spirit of Truth, but by the accumulated gas product of his own vanity.

4. *Only such subjects should be chosen as are interesting to the speaker.* It need scarcely be argued that what is not interesting to him, he will utterly fail to make interesting to the congregation. Moreover, want of interest in a subject is *prima facie* evidence of want of knowledge —at least of fresh, vigorous knowledge—concerning it. He should, therefore, avoid the subject for the further reason that he would be wasting the time of his hearers in mere general assertions and dreary platitudes. If this rule were invariably followed, three-fourths of our sermons would be on stock-raising, commerce, or farming. What then? Better far to be kept awake by a fresh, vigorous, specific talk on how to irrigate, so as to raise good crops, than to be put to sleep by drowsy emptinesses on a spiritual subject. Of course it is the spiritual subject that we come to be stirred up concerning. But if the Elder cannot stir us—because he is not stirred himself—let him speak upon a subject in which he can stir us; or, better still, let him give way to the Elder who *can* interest us in what we came to hear. If we will be guided by the Spirit in the choice of a subject, it will always be chosen from that part of our mind-stores in which we are interested; for the Spirit delights not in scraps and mouldy crusts, and it can find fresh food to draw from only where our ideas are alive and growing. Let us then make it a rule only to speak on those subjects in which we are interested; and if we are not interested in what should be talked about, let us not talk, but sit and be ashamed of our indolence.

5. *The speaker should choose only such subjects as command his entire belief.* The tippler and tobacco-user will make a poor sermon on the Word of Wisdom Even if it be faultless rhetorically, it will lack the Gospel ring, for the Spirit does not lend itself to hypocrisy. The first requisite of a preacher is a testimony of the Gospel—an abiding, an ever-burning testimony. It is not enough that an Elder have a passive belief

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in a subject in order to speak well upon it; his belief must be *active*—so active as to dominate him, if he would make others believe in it.

6. *A subject ought not to be attempted that is beyond the powers of the speaker.* If this rule be followed it will stop much vain speculation as to the seventh heaven and kindred subjects that may belong to theology but do not belong to the Gospel, at least in this life. It will also be of aid to the young Elder who, dazzled by the first glimmerings of a mighty subject, rushes into sermons under the delusion that he is the first and only one to whom the glorious truth has been revealed.

We have now treated the choice of a subject as regards the occasion, and as regards the speaker. We have next to speak of this choice as regards the subject itself. The discussion of this part is so important as to require a separate chapter.

N. L. Nelson.

SAYINGS AND WRITINGS OF PREST. WOODRUFF.*

1. "JOSEPH SMITH left as strong a testimony as was ever given to the human family, and sealed that testimony with his own life and blood."

2. "We are laying a foundation while in the days of our youth for a character which will decide our destiny throughout all time and eternity either for good or evil."

3. "All the prophets both ancient and modern, together with all the holy angels, are anxiously watching this work."

4. "We all have our agency to choose the good and refuse the evil, or to choose the evil and refuse the good, for the Lord forces no man to heaven neither does He tempt any man to do evil."

5. "A man cannot leave this Church without the power of God leaves him. It has been the power of the Priesthood that has made men great, and no man can handle this Priesthood only as God wills."

6. "In my opinion the character of a person is formed between childhood and the age of eighteen."

7. "As I have received the good and evil, the fruits of obedience and disobedience, I think I am justified in exhorting all my young friends to obey the whisperings of the Spirit of God and they will always be safe."

8. "Whenever you are blessed with any good thing be willing to share it with others."

9. "I am living on borrowed time and I know not how long I shall be permitted to remain here, but I wish to bear my testimony to you that this work is true."

10. "It is better for us to fall in the defense of truth than to deny the words of God and go to hell."

11. "I would rather seal my testimony with my blood and lay my body to rest in the grave and have my spirit go to the other side of the veil to enjoy a long eternity of light, truth, blessing, and a knowledge that the Lord will bestow upon every man who keeps His laws, than to spend a few short years of earthly pleasures and be deprived of these blessings and the society of my friends and brethren behind the veil."

12. "You will lose nothing by honoring your fathers and redeeming your dead, for it is a glorious work."

13. "We will soon pass to the other side of the veil but let us do our duty while we are here."

14. "The spirit of God labors and strives to preserve all the children of men from evil, and the Lord gives

* Sentiments presented at the Young Ladies' Reunion in the Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake City.

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His angels charge concerning us and they do all in their power for our salvation."

15. In the testimony of a life-time addressed to the Y. M. M. I. A. he said: "I have confidence in you to believe that you will qualify yourselves for the great duty and work that lie before you." After tonight may he feel the same confidence in the young ladies.

16. "This work depends on no man or set of men; God can and will fill any man's place who proves himself unworthy, and He will permit no man to lead this people astray."

17. "The spirit of revelation belongs to the Priesthood."

18. "We are blessed with power and authority to redeem both the living and the dead."

19. "The Lord is determined to raise up a people that will worship Him, and if He has to whip and scourge and drive us through a whole generation, He will chastise us until we are willing to submit to righteousness and truth, or until we are like clay in the hands of the potter."

20. "I would exhort my young friends not to cherish selfishness, but if you have any, get rid of it as soon as possible. Be generous and kind-hearted to all, especially to your parents."

21. "It is better to suffer stripes for the testimony of Christ than to fall by our sins and transgressions and then have to suffer afterwards."

22. "I have been a member of the Church over sixty years, one of the apostles fifty-five years, and the president for a short time, and I have never performed any ordinance without the assistance of the Holy Ghost."

23. "The time is here when the veil shall be lifted, and the hearts of the young men and women shall be turned to the work of the Lord."

24. "This Gospel has caused prophets, elders, and saints to rejoice. It has nerved up their spirits with fortitude and strength, and borne them up against every opposing influence; this has been the case in every dispensation when this light and power have been enjoyed by the children of men."

25. "I knew the Prophet Joseph both in public and in private, have worshiped with him, and run horse races with him over the public square, and in every duty of life he was a man to be loved and revered."

GOOD ADVICE.

THE following advice, given some time ago by General Sherman, is worthy of attention by young men of today:

"One half of the evils that beset the path of young men starting in life come from the neglect of their parents to educate them in the use of money. Not that all parents, or even most of them, are extravagant with their sons' allowance, or that they do not give them a great deal of advice on the subject of economy. But they do not, in the strictest sense of the word, make the proper use of money a part of their education. They restrain, but they do not guide. As boys' needs and desires increase, they are too apt to be met with only increasing difficulty in getting money, interposed often in such a form as to stimulate rather than regulate their appetite for spending. It is hard for parents to realize that sooner or later their sons must have the control of more or less money to use or waste, to save or invest, according to their own judgment, and that mere restriction in the allowance of money does not fit them for the temptations, difficulties, and perplexities of this important part of the business of life. Nor should it be forgotten that a great proportion of the dishonesty which is so common in our modern communities, flows from the want of

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proper training of young men in the employment of money.

"The old Roman rule, that the debtor was to be regarded always as the possible slave of the creditor, is not now a basis of legal action, and American law no longer allows imprisonment for innocent debt. But neither the Roman rule nor our own former practice was without its basis of reason and equity. It is common to speak of the oppressed debtor, but in most cases debt is a voluntary thing. Few men incur it from necessity. In the great majority of cases, men who cannot pay their debts, especially young men, might have been able to do so if they had not wasted their means. A very small percentage of debtors habitually cut down their expenditures to the lowest possible point. Indeed, they would generally be considered 'mean' if they did so. The economies necessary for a man of small means to keep out of debt are very petty in amount and in character. They are inevitably annoying and irksome, and the strain on the will is constant. It is quite easy to regard them as contemptible. But they are in reality the reverse of that. They are essentially noble, and they add to, instead of detracting from, the dignity of the man who is capable of them. The old law was based on this fact, and punished and degraded the man who would not deny himself to pay his debts.

"Borrowed money, where the debtor does not know how he is to pay, and has no clear resources to depend on, is not the money of the borrower, but of the lender. And where the motive of the lender is not one of friendship, and the credit is given as a matter of business, no man has any right to borrow without knowing that he can pay, any more than he has the right to swindle. The promise of payment in such case is essentially a false pretense, and as unjustifiable as any other form of deception."

RISING IN THE WORLD.

Experience continually contradicts the notion that a poor young man cannot rise. If we look over the list of rich men, we find that nearly all of them began life worth little or nothing. To any person familiar with the millionaires of the United States, a score of examples will occur. On the other hand, the sons of rich men, who began life with the capital which so many poor young men covet, frequently die beggars. It would probably not be going too far to say that a large majority of such moneyed individuals either fail outright or gradually eat up the capital with which they commenced their career.

And the reason is plain. Brought up in expensive habits, they spend entirely too much. Educated with notions of personal importance, they will not, as they phrase it, stoop to hard work. Is it astonishing, therefore, that they are passed in the race of life by others with less capital originally, but more energy, thrift and industry? For these virtues, after all, are worth more than money. They make money, in fact. Nay, after it is made, they enable the possessor to keep it, which most young men pronounce to be more difficult than the making. The young man who begins life with a resolution always to lay by a part of his income is sure, even without extraordinary ability, gradually to acquire a sufficiency, especially as habits of enonomy, which the resolution renders necessary, will make that a competence for him which would be quite insufficient for an extravagant person. It is really what we save, more than what we make, which lead us to fortune. He who enlarges his sxpenses as fast as his earnings increase must always be poor, no matter what his abilities. And content may be had on comparatively little. It is not in luxurious living that men find real happiness.

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LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XII.

Souls made of fire and children of the sun,
With whom revenge is virtue.

Young.

THE fiercest fires must necessarily burn themselves out after a time. So passions must be exhausted and wrath wear itself away. Weary at last with the scene of blood, the crowd dispersed. The Bastile remained to be razed to the ground, and the keys thereof sent by Lafayette to Washington "as a trophy of the spoils of despotism."

Just before daybreak Vivian returned to his lodging. The events of the day and night had strongly impressed him; now that the insanity of passion had left him, he was nervous and apprehensive. Remorse that he had sanctioned the dreadful deeds of the day, was now his most prominent feeling. Where might not the passions he had helped arouse lead the people? He sat in his chair, and laid his burning head on the sill of the open window, now cool with the dews of early morning. The weary condition of his body overcame even the strong excitement of his mind, and he fell into a deep and troubled sleep.

He had not been sleeping long when the door of the room was softly opened, and Marie Latour entered. She gazed at him for a time with eyes of devouring love. She stepped noiselessly to his side and took his hand in hers, covering it with kisses. Still Vivian slept. Falling on her knees by his chair, she clasped him in her arms and pressed her lips to his cheek. The caress was as gentle as the breath of the morning zephyr. The young man stirred not. With a sigh that shook her heart's foundations, she arose, and with her eyes still bent upon him glided noiselessly to the door and passed down the stairs.

As she reached the street she saw a man with long, gray beard and disheveled hair, walking toward her. On his near approach she recognized the prisoner of the Bastile. As he paused beneath Vivian's window, he saw the weary head bent to its sound slumber. "Blessed be sleep!" he exclaimed in a yearning voice. "I can get no sleep. My brain is too hot with the fire of suffering!" With these words he passed along the street and disappeared.

"What are his sufferings now, and what were his prospects once?" moaned the unhappy girl. "Perhaps loving and beloved, and yet his life has reached its present point, and he is without friends, without love, without a home. Unhappy I love but am not loved in return. My despair has come already! What will it not be when I reach his age?" She, too, disappeared, and the sleeper awoke.

Immediately upon the return of consciousness the memory of the scenes of the previous night flooded upon him. He looked into the street. It seemed to swim in the blood of the victims of the Bastile. He even fancied his own hands were red. He thought he saw the glaring eyes of the imbecile who had been released from the dungeon, and instinctively he covered his eyes with his hands and shuddered at the memory. He could endure Paris no longer. He must go home.

This resolve was instantly carried out. Gathering his few belongings, he formed them into a compact bundle, paid his score, and was soon trudging lightly, but not joyously, toward his native village. He was ill at ease. He had been disappointed in the people. He had expected them to sustain the dignity of the toiling classes, but they had proven themselves brutal and unreasoning. He was now firmly convinced that worse scenes than those

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just witnessed, awaited the people of France, before the nobility could be reduced to the common level, and the people made rulers.

After days of weary traveling, Vivian reached La Brede. The news of the Bastile's destruction had preceded him, and the people were wild with enthusiasm. Already they had given vent to their feelings by terrorizing the nobles dwelling in their vicinity, and Vivian saw with alarm that the fierce and bloodthirsty passions of the people were not confined to the rabble of Paris.

His mother greeted him with a feeling of joyous relief, for she had been apprehensive for his safety in the midst of the stirring scenes enacted in Paris. His recital of these was simple and to the point. His mother was most forcibly impressed, and folding him in her arms she begged him to remain at home and leave the fight to be carried on by others. Her widowed heart revolted at the thought of losing the only dear one now remaining to her.

The day following Vivian's return to La Brede, his neighbors came to bid him welcome. He spoke sadly to them of the scenes he had witnessed in Paris, and they were awakened to great zeal by his story, but they neglected to heed its warning features. They heard with satisfaction of the bloodshed in the city, and added the details of scenes of cruelty in the country, where the chateaus of the nobles had been burned, their other property destroyed, and many of the tax-gatherers tortured to death at the stake. Vivian's heart ached. His admonition to the villagers was, "My friends, what you now regard as meritorious deeds, you shall yet consider to the last degree criminal. The tyranny you exercise shall react upon you to your intense sorrow. Be wise and humane in the exercise of the power placed in your hands, and so will God judge and reward you!"

His words had their effect. The next day was free from scenes of lawlessness in the village of La Brede. As evening came on, Vivian and his mother sat under the vine near the door of the cottage, and she was again recounting to him the story of his father's labors and mysterious disappearance. A quiet gloom pervaded the atmosphere as the evening shadows began to fall, and sweet peace was breathed into the heart of mother and son.

Quietly and lovingly she conversed, and as her memory bridged the span of a score of years, Jeanne Duruy could imagine that her beloved Claude sat at her side and held her hand in his.

Their converse died out, and they sat absorbed in thought. Twilight was upon them, but it was not yet dark. The figure of a man appeared in the street in front of the house. He walked slowly and wearily, and his feet grated harshly on the uneven pavement. Vivian immediately recognized the prisoner of the Bastile. As the man approached the gate, he paused and looked intently at the house. Vivian and his mother arose, and the latter advanced toward the street. The light of intelligence, unaccustomed as it was to the seat, appeared upon the brow of the prisoner. With a joyous cry of "Jeanne! Jeanne! my darling!" he sprang through the gate and seized her in his arms. Claude Duruy had returned from his living grave.

The joy of the meeting and the delight occasioned by his temporary return to sanity, were too great for his strength. His already fevered brow became hotter, and almost before his wife could call the beloved name of husband and press her lips to his, he became delirious. Tenderly his son bore him to the couch, whereon, nearly twenty years before, he had left his delirious wife.

Oh, the irony of fate, that lifts us to a pinnacle where we may see the land of promise, and then slays us

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lest we enter! With the glimmering of reason which flashed upon him for a moment, Claude Duruy saw wife, child, home, future hopes, all in brightness and glory before him. But that light faded like the lightning flash, and darkness settled down upon his vision as delirium overcame his mind!

Day and night the devoted wife and loyal son watched by the fevered bedside. The third week of his delirium was nearing its close, and the point of its greatest violence had been reached. The doctor had given promise that that night should witness the crisis.

Several of the neighbors, Claude Duruy's old friends, had come in to help watch at his bedside. He was very violent in his delirium, and the combined efforts of all were required at times to keep him on the bed. Toward midnight he fell into slumber, and the watchers became less vigilant. Suddenly he threw himself from the bed, ran to the other side of the room, and seized one of the villagers. "Paul Levon!" he hissed, "I owe you this for your cruelty. Why did you beat me like this? Why did you crush me to the earth with heavy manacles? Why did you swear falsely against me and drag me from the arms of my wife to a living tomb? Down, down to hell, where blacker fiends will not be found!"

It would have fared badly with the unhappy peasant who was now prostrate on the floor and almost strangled, had not the others rescued him and borne the patient to the bed. There he lay moaning and complaining of his treatment during the long and weary years of his imprisonment, until sympathetic tears flowed down the cheeks of all within the room, and the wife and child flung themselves into each other's arms, and wept and prayed together.

At last the change came. The fever died away. The eyes opened, and the glare of delirium gave place to the light of reason. He was again conscious. His wife knelt at the side of his bed and laid her head upon his breast while he fondly stroked her hair and spoke to her in the terms of endearment of their early married life, for that period alone was present to his mind. He also took the hand of his tall, manly boy, and for a few minutes seemed absorbed in deepest thought. The other watchers respectfully left the room, and the re-united family was alone.

The view of the past followed, and each wept as the sorrows and trials of the others were narrated. Intrusion upon the only satisfying joy they had for nearly twenty years would not be proper; therefore the scene is left to the imagination of the reader.

At length the doctor came. He looked at the patient and silently departed. The clock was on the stroke of twelve. The patient raised himself wearily upon his elbow, and placed his free arm about the form of his wife. Something in his looks alarmed her. She hastily rose from her knees, seated herself upon the bed, and pillowed his head upon her breast. He tried once, twice, thrice to speak, and at last came the faint words, "My wife, my child, adieu! God calls — I must obey." One gasp, and he was dead!

God knows the grief of widow and orphan. Pen cannot describe it. With a wild shriek of despair, Jeanne Duruy fell to the floor. Her cry called the neighbors back to the room. Seeing the lifeless form upon the bed, they bared and bowed their heads and devoutly crossed themselves. Is there not a written law of Scripture, that the evil and the good deeds of the father shall bear sway upon the life of the child? And is there not, closely connected with this, and almost as sacred, the unwritten law that the wrongs of the father shall be avenged by the child? What wonder is it, then, that Vivian Duruy, standing by the dead body of his father, his mother, fainting with grief, lying at his feet, should have

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taken an oath not to rest until the men and the government sanctioning such wrongs should be removed and the power given to those who would use it justly?

CHAPTER XIII.

What is liberty without wisdom and without virtue? It is the greatest of all possible evils; for it is folly, vice, and madness, without tuition or restraint. ***Burke.***

Two days after the sad death of Claude Duruy his remains were interred in the churchyard, amid the lamentations of all the people of the village. The widow was heart-broken. After her long years of hope, she had met with bitterest disappointment. He whom she had expected to return to her and spend the latter years of his life in peace, surrounded by her love, had come home only to die. Only one element of comfort remained to her, and that was centered in the life of her son.

Over him an entire change had come. Previously buoyant and hopeful, he had now become moody and despairing. Thoughtfulness far beyond his years had developed in him. Towering above all his other feelings was one great desire—to avenge his father's death. Heretofore he had checked the youths of the village in their denunciation of the privileged classes; now he seemed willing to join them in their most extreme utterance.

He felt, however, that his duty was to remain home with his mother, at least until the effects of the blow she had sustained in the death of her husband should be diminished. He accordingly remained in the village, watching with intense interest the course of events in Paris, an echo of which was invariably sounded in the provinces of France. It is thought well to epitomize the leading events of this period, that the further progress of the story may be better understood.

Thoroughly alarmed at the action of the mob in destroying the Bastile, and putting to death its officers and others deemed unfriendly to the people, the king came in person to the National Assembly and promised to meet their demands. Many of the nobility, considering their lives unsafe in France, migrated to other countries, and those who remained voted to destroy all relics of feudalism, and to place all the people of France upon the same social level.

This act would have produced the desired effect upon the peasantry if it had been voluntary and sincere; but not two months later a crowd of young, thoughtless courtiers at Versailles gave a banquet at the Theatre Royal, and during its course deliberately insulted the Third Estate. The people of Paris broke out into a fiercer rebellion than that of July 14. The crops had failed and the poor were starving; they surged through the streets, demanding bread. At last a band of women, almost blind with fury, marched to Versailles, followed unwillingly by Lafayette, leading the governmental troops. There they invaded the palace, and the queen barely escaped with her life. The entire royal family was brought to Paris, and the king found himself a prisoner in his own capital. To make the leveling of ranks throughout France more sure, and to provide for the people during the winter, the church lands were confiscated and paper money was issued upon this security. Then came the news that the king had taken an oath of allegiance to the representatives of the people.

In the spring of 1791 the attitude of the commons became more threatening, and it was apparent that they would be satisfied with nothing less than the abolition of the royal power. On June 25, 1791, almost two years after the death of his father, Vivian came in a state of great excitement to his mother.

"There is no king in France!" he shouted joyfully. "The name of

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Louis XVI. has been erased from all public places, and the word 'royal' replaced by the word 'national!'"

"Why has this been done?" his mother asked.

"Because the king attempted to flee from France. Disguising himself as a servant, he escaped from his palace-prison and had almost reached the frontier of Belgium, when he was recognized and brought back to Paris."

"Why did he flee?"

"He was a traitor to his own country," was the indignant reply. "The enemies of France are gathering their armies on the frontier, and he desired to join them and direct their movements against his own people. Now the republic will be established."

With equal joy the young man learned that on July 20th the king had been practically deposed by the Assembly and placed under stricter guard. On the fourteenth of September, a constitution providing for a limited monarchy was signed by the king. Much interest was occasioned at La Brede by the fact that this instrument authorized the formation of a part of the province of Guienne into a department called LA GIRONDE, from the river of that name. This department was to send members to the legislative assembly appointed to meet immediately after the adjournment of the constituent gathering, on September 30, 1791. The legislative body began its work October 1st.

In the election of members of this gathering, the common people of La Brede, for the first time in many years, had the privilege of voting for their law makers. A glimpse of freedom, but it was as tantalizing in its lack of stability as the dream of escape to the life-long prisoner.

Vivian remained at home during the work of this assembly. At first he was overjoyed at its measures. It was divided into three distinct parties: the constitutionalists, who favored a limited monarchy; the extreme republicans, who desired a communistic government, and the Girondists, their leaders being from La Gironde, who wished a republican form of government like that existing in the United States.

The Girondists were in power. They passed acts lessening the authority of the king. but he vetoed them. The people were indignant. Rebellion began to appear above the surface. Jean Paul Marat mingled with the people, denouncing royalty and calling for assassination. The people were with him. Not knowing Marat's true character, Vivian almost idolized him. This popular outburst manifested itself in an attack on the Tuilleries where the king was imprisoned, and he was forced to wear the red cap of the tribune. In alarm he called for assistance from the other monarchs. They responded willingly, and soon an army was approaching the boundaries of France. In a furore of enthusiasm, the people of France prepared to meet it.

The Girondists and the constitutionalists had now fallen into disrepute, and the communistic Jacobins had gained control of affairs. Then all semblance of order was lost. The armies of France became mobs and passed through the streets singing the Marsellaise, "Ye sons of France, awake to glory," which never failed to arouse people to a high pitch of bloody enthusiasm.

As a climax to these scenes, a terrible massacre took place on August 10, 1792. The palace of the Tuilleries was attacked by the mob, captured and sacked. The Swiss guards were murdered. The king and the members of his family were forced to take refuge with the almost powerless assembly. Nearly five thousand people perished miserably in the streets of Paris on that day. For the first time came into full prominence the names of Danton, Robespierre and Marat.

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Considering the near approach of the enemies of France, the policy of these leaders was to kill all the political prisoners in Paris, and thus ensure the people against revolt. Men, women, children, paupers and idiots shared a common fate. This jail delivery cost France fully ten thousand lives.

When the news of this event reached him, Vivian's heart was sick. He had hoped that the people would be reasonable and moderate in their course toward the upper classes, but he now saw that fiercer wrongs were to be committed by the people than had been perpetrated by the nobility. It was, therefore, with feelings of joy that he heard of the calling of the National Convention to meet September 21, 1792.

During the scenes above referred to, when helpless men, women and children were put to death upon a slight pretext and with only a form of trial, when the heads of innocent women were carried in insolent triumph on pikes, and their bodies hacked to pieces in the streets, when children were tortured and slain because their parents were suspected of being royalists, the armies of the republic were engaged on glorious fields of battle against the invading enemies of France. They met defeat at first, but success was a later and more permanent attendant.

The election for the National Convention having been held, it was found that Vivian Duruy had been chosen a deputy from La Gironde. He accordingly departed for Paris, attended by the tears and lamentations of his mother, who knew well the dangers awaiting him.

Laertes.

(To be continued.)

AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

II.

IT is profitable for us to know what promoted art to its high position in France, that we might profit by the example. Generally, writers give an outline of the aims, standing, and ability of painters who form links in the chain of art history from its earliest inception to the present time. I will not undertake to do this, for art development does not depend solely upon painters, but grows best in favorable surroundings and atmosphere. We will therefore refer to those conditions and influences which always favor the growth of art in any country or age, and ascertain to what extent they exist in France. A husbandman first makes sure that he selects sound seeds; his attention is next directed to the proper preparation of the soil, and its subsequent management and cultivation. So with art. The painter should disabuse his mind of all traditional theories that are scattered over the art world by people who claim to be critics, but who are practically strangers to the art of painting, and must look to nature for inspiration, and entertain only those theories that the philosophy of nature will suggest. Next, high literary culture, and a deep enthusiastic love of poetry and music, should be national characteristics. National support and patronage is also a necessary feature.

Regarding the first of these propositions it may be said that the dawn of modern French art was inaugurated by Theodore Gericault, whose artistic career dated from 1791 to 1824. He was a painter who introduced thorough innovations with great boldness; and preferred fidelity to nature above all other aims. History informs us that his example proved a powerful stimulant to a series of succeeding painters. A close observer of the paintings in the galleries

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of the Louvre can readily discern the new era, and trace it from the above date until the present time. Had it not been, however, for the sympathy of a cognate school of poetry, and the liberal patronage of the day, this new departure could not have survived the violent opposition that was hurled against it, by, I presume, the traditionized critic element; and it would have been buried, for a time at least, under the rubbish of musty theorism. As a student of French art, I can testify, under the highest conscientious conviction, that the Parisian artist of today is in harmony with the first proposition, and that his works are not without poetic feeling either, as some critics claim fidelity to nature will lead to.

We next glance over the relative arts which are very conducive to art development. I have already referred to a time when poetry extended her helping hand so effectually to her struggling little sister. And what added still more impetus to the promotion of this new art, was that its disciples paid sincere homage to literary culture, and were enthusiastic admirers of Dante, the great mediæval poet. They were also acquainted with poets and authors of other nations, drawing their inspirations from Shakspeare, Byron and Sir Walter Scott. Thus, literary culture and admiration for poetry and music has been handed down even to this realistic and practical age.

National support and patronage is not surpassed by any nation. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts, founded by the government in 1648, for teaching painting, sculpture, engraving, gem-cutting and architecture, has a staff of fifty professors, which is not only free to the sons of France, but her liberality has overflowed her borders, and other nations are recipients of this privilege; age, and successfully passing examinations as to certain knowledge in art and history, being the only qualifications necessary to enter the academy. Those French students who obtain a prize in the different departments, are sent to Rome, at the expense of government, for four years. Of course this privilege is not extended to foreigners. The works these students send home every year, termed "grand prix de Rome," are annually exhibited. Such works having accumulated since the early part of the seventeenth century, form a most admirable collection.

There are also the galleries of the Luxembourg and Louvre. The former composed of choice paintings and sculpture, purchased by the government yearly from the famed salon exhibitions. When the painter of a picture (which has been honored with a place in the Luxembourg gallery) dies, the painting is removed to the Louvre. Hence the Luxembourg gallery is a feeder to the Louvre. Those two extensive galleries are open every day except on Mondays, and are free to all visitors. Native or foreign students have the privilege of copying any painting in these two galleries, which is an excellent opportunity for a gifted son or daughter to develop the divine art even though they are poor. France does not stop here. Her public parks and buildings testify to her liberal patronage of the arts. The statuary, monuments, fountain pieces, arches of triumph and gateways, are not mere decorations designed in the foundries and stone quarries, but are the productions of the minds of the world's greatest genius.

With all these conditions so favorable to art, there is still another feature that is absolutely essential to the perpetuation of the fine arts. One word, "morality," divines this very important fundamental principle of all human achievements. The sad condition of the civilized world in this respect has led me to draw particular attention to the subject. No matter how high the attainments of men have reached in the art of painting and sculpture, of poetry, litera-

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ture and music, the terrible effects of immorality are sure, sooner or later, to drag the proud goddess of art into the mire of degradation and ruin. History has proven this too often to leave a single doubt upon the mind of any sensible man or woman. Swift judgment will most assuredly follow this sin in so momentous an age.

In view of the excellent examples which France and other nations who have attained glory and renown in the arts and sciences have given us, and of the solid moral foundation on which the Gospel rests, may we not hope that the nucleus of a great nation or commonwealth inhabiting these Rocky Mountains shall yet build a structure whose magnificence will outshine anything the world has ever seen? This is certainly our destiny, if we will but diligently apply ourselves to the development of the talent God has given us, and to the keeping of His commandments.

John Hafen.

OUR MISSIONS AND MISSIONARY WORK.

PRESIDENT J. G. KIMBALL,
Of the Southern States Mission.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.,
March 1, 1894.

The Contributor:

DEAR BRETHREN.—The privilege of answering important questions regarding the Southern States Mission and missionaries, affords me great pleasure. Your questions are important, and I shall answer them in the best possible manner, wishing it understood that perhaps said information and suggestions are only applicable to the Southern States mission.

The Southern States mission comprises the following States: south half of West Virginia, Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Texas, Tennessee and Arkansas. The mission contains ten conferences, located at present in eight of the above States. We are not doing anything at this date in Georgia, Louisiana and Arkansas. Have prospect of making an opening in Texas, and have appointed two Elders for that purpose.

The headquarters are at Chattanooga, at a private residence on East Terrace, one of the fashionable streets of this beautiful city.

One hundred and twenty-eight Elders are laboring in above-named States. The outlook is very encouraging that the number can be increased, should the brethren of the Authorities see proper to do so. Already openings are made for additional Elders.

An Elder being called of God as was Aaron, should remain in the field until he is released by that same authority. No definite time ought to be designated, as releases should depend upon the condition of missionaries' health, his family being provided for, and his usefulness in the mission, etc. Some could remain three years, two and one-half, two, and others eighteen months or one year. If two years is established as the time for releases, at least three months of their time, most useful to the mission, is lost in Elders making preparations to return. Let releases come unexpectedly and we get the benefit of all their time. Once let an Elder make up his mind to go home, and his usefulness is lost, and that of his companion. If we find such cases we release at once, regardless of time. When the president of a mission fails to have the confidence of his co-laborers that releases will come at the proper time, said president should be released. Missions are greatly hindered on account of this misunderstood prece-

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HEADQUARTERS OF SOUTHERN STATES MISSION, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

dent, that two years is the appointed time for a mission. All should join in discouraging this false idea.

It is difficult to explain which is best adapted for missionary work, married or single men, as everything depends on their adaptation to such labors. Married men have greater responsibilities, unless single men have sweethearts in Utah, when the burdens are about equally divided. There are cases where wives discourage husbands, but not often. To the praise of the wives, be it said, they bear their trials better than some husbands, and it is through their encouragement that many remain from home. I cannot speak as to sweethearts, but presume they are just as valiant. If married and single men are equal in intelligence, we prefer them equally divided, so that we can pair them off, a married man with a single one. They can exchange experiences, and the single man is sure to get married as soon as he returns.

No Elder, however great his intelligence, who depends on money alone, will succeed as a missionary. Men are naturally so independent when their wants are provided for, that I am fearful of the consequences. My confidence is somewhat shaken in a missionary who is provided with plenty of money, as his natural feelings predominate if persecuted, and he lacks that humility and faith that usually arise from a complete dependence on the Lord. Yet we are at sea when we come to travel without purse and scrip in visiting cities and towns. The citizens are usually proud and rich; they direct the Elders to hotels, refusing to feed them. The churches are all closed, excepting occasionally getting the use of the courthouse for one meeting. We are advised to rent a hall, and more frequently driven out. We can distribute tracts and go from house to house, visiting a city of thousands, too rapidly to be comfortable. Are we justified in leaving a city in this way, or does God expect us to use the means He has so abundantly blessed us with? This point I cannot answer. A man often feels on such occasions, if he had money he could hire a hall, pay for

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food and lodgings, long enough to make a few friends and establish himself until prejudice was partially allayed. He would then have a conscience void of offense, feeling that every creature had been warned. There are as intelligent and noble people in the cities of the South as can be found; there must undoubtedly be many good people, yet in every case, in the past three years, we have failed to make an opening in any city. The Elders are not satisfied with this part of their labors, unless approved by the Presidency of the Church. I therefore conclude that there are countries, cities, circumstances and conditions where money could be used to an advantage and great good be accomplished. Men could be chosen adapted to this particular kind of labor, viz., visiting cities, and be furnished money, and yet trust in the God of Jacob and be directed by the guidance of the Holy spirit. Such men, however, will have to be *selected* and their converts will be, "one of a city and two of a family." I am not one of those selected kind, therefore can only judge by my own experience as a traveling Elder, and careful investigation of the experience of other brethren laboring in the Southern States Mission. With money, or without it, a man not blessed with the Holy Ghost sufficient to direct him in advocating so unpopular a doctrine cannot succeed, so I conclude that the great majority of men, with few exceptions, do not, neither can they, exercise the same faith, when provided with plenty of money, as can the poor, humble, dependent servant of God, who feels that he is no better than his Master, and is entirely dependent on the mercies of God. There scarcely passes a day that the Lord in some way does not make manifest His power. These testimonies are so apparent, that the unbelieving young man sent out as a Mormon Elder, becomes convinced beyond contradiction. Send all your sons with plenty of money, and I promise you they will return but little improved and unconverted. Our mode of preaching the Gospel came from the Lord, and who dare be so presumptuous as to question His wisdom? If traveling without purse and scrip is not the most successful way, why did the Lord adopt the plan? Our most successful missionaries are those that follow counsel in making a good appearance as regards dress, and act gentlemanly, and go humbly forth in whatever direction instructed, leaving old, worn-out fields, and old fosilized friends, with moss growing on their backs, and are guided by the Holy Spirit, trusting not in the arm of flesh, or filthy lucre, and are not afraid of men, but say as the Savior did, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Southern missionaries use but very little money, unless it be in buying clothes and tracts.

I have traveled with money and was glad when it was gone. It was not until the money was spent that my prayers seemed to reach God. My importunities must be heard, for my dependency was self-evident. Such occasions are about the only times that our prayers reach our Father in heaven. I thank God for His plan, for it puts the brethren laboring for the cause of Christ all on a level, and it's about the only time we are on the same footing. Yes, the Southern States Elders heartily endorse traveling without purse and scrip.

Would recommend a training for prospective missionaries that they first become familiar with the history of their people, so that interesting lectures could be given. Also include in these lectures the moral, political and religious condition of our people. Elders at once, and almost invariably confine themselves to faith, repentance, baptism and the Holy Ghost, which should be the

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grand object of a missionary's life, to make said principles foremost of all else. Yet some Elders cling as tenaciously to these four subjects as man does to life. They preach them for two years and but little originality is exercised, until it would make angels weep. People in the South are educated from childhood that we are a wicked, immoral and priest-ridden people. Believing this, when we at once commence preaching on faith, etc., they cry aloud, "Take your unholy hands from that holy Bible," and cry still louder, "away with such a man, it is not fit that he should live." They fail to see how an "impure fountain can bring forth pure water," or "figs can be gathered from thistles. My plan would be to use a little guile. Talk on subjects uppermost in their minds, viz., the history of our people and country, their moral, political and religious condition. Thus we allay prejudice, and may gain a few friends, after which we can preach the Gospel both loud and long.

The plan of conducting the mission is as follows: A president is appointed to preside over each of the ten conferences. Each pair of Elders is *required* to report every week to their president in the following manner: first, names of Elders; second, miles walked; third, meetings held; fourth, families visited; fifth, refused entertainment; sixth, baptisms; seventh, tracts distributed; eighth, county and State; ninth, remarks and comments regarding health, etc.

The president has ruled blanks, printed as above explained. He then makes up his report of conference, and mails report to the office at Chattanooga every week. Our information is clear, and our record complete. We know accurately what president and Elders are doing, as the following report for November and December, 1893 (two months), will prove: Number of miles pairs of Elders walked, 20,123; number of meetings held, 458; number of families visited, 9,811; number of times refused entertainment, 1,436; number of tracts distributed, 12,772; also about $40 in books given away to poor people.

Elders always travel two and two, and are positively instructed not to go alone. Each pair of Elders is given one county and directed not to leave it until thoroughly canvassed, going from house to house, and city to city, holding meetings in district schoolhouses and very poor ones at that, distributing tracts and conversing with people by the fireside. Fireside preaching is the only successful plan of proselyting in the South. The poor people do not always comprehend preaching. After a country is canvassed it is closed, but we do not forget friends or Saints in closed counties; they are visited as long as they will investigate.

June, July and August of each year are used in visiting our scattered Saints, numbering about sixteen hundred souls, teaching them the Gospel, calling sinners to repentance and excommunicating adulterers who will not repent. We had some difficulties with Southern people who emigrated, their minds all inflated, their imaginations enlarged regarding Zion and her people. Elders sometimes picture their country and homes to be grand beyond description. In fact when away, Utah to an Elder is a Garden of Eden and he so describes it. Promises are not always kept with these people, yet most of our Elders are very honorable men. These generous, kind, hospitable people worship at the shrine of the first Elder who brings them the Gospel, and love him better than the principles they have embraced. They often emigrate in this condition, only to be disappointed and discontented, and return to the South, misrepresenting us most shamefully, so much so, that fields were closed, and Elders lives endangered. The brethren of the Authorities stopped emigration, for the present,

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and branches and Sunday Schools are being organized, hoping in this way to season the Saints to the faith, so that they will love the Gospel, and not tie to "the arm of flesh."

Our Elders are young men, as men over forty years of age cannot seemingly endure the hardships of the South. These brethren meet with much opposition, adversity and tribulation, yet, like Paul, they glory in tribulation, for it worketh experience, patience and hope. They represent our people honorably, and are heroes. We are making thousands of influential friends, who are honorable men. They will not embrace the Gospel, although they believe it, but will die protecting the Elders, if necessary. The mission is doing a great work and assuming considerable importance. We all feel proud of the Southern Mission, and trust our people at home will lay aside all prejudice, and feel as do the one hundred and twenty-eight Elders: "Whatever the Lord commands, do it."

Very truly yours, etc.,

J. G. Kimball.

PRESIDENT ANDREW KIMBALL,

Of the Indian Territory Mission.

I. The Indian Territory Mission, separate and apart from any other field, is composed of the Indian Territory proper and Oklahoma, a large area of country inhabited by a great variety of people. The eastern portion of this land is occupied by the five civilized tribes: Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles, about seventy-five thousand, including the mixed whites and adopted citizens, besides about as many white people—renters, business men, school teachers, and other people living in the Indian country. In the west there are something like thirty remnants of tribes of wild Indians; and Oklahoma Territory, allotted lands formerly owned by the Indians, fully twenty million acres, which has a population of fully one hundred and fifty thousand white people from the various parts of the world, principally the south and west of the United States; making a population of nearly three hundred thousand in all.

II. We have fourteen Elders employed, six in Oklahoma which promises to be a good field, and other eight amongst the civilized tribes.

III. Our field is comparatively new as yet and we are constantly increasing the number of workers. Our field with its present dimensions will accommodate from twenty-four to thirty Elders. As Texas, Arkansas, and Kansas join Indian Territory, where but little is being done in the preaching of the Gospel, I believe they will yet become the south-western states mission, and use a hundred Elders where we now have use for twenty.

IV. I do not think an Elder can accomplish much good short of two years. Very few amount to much until they have been in the field one year, because, as a general rule, our young men serve their apprenticeship in the field, where journeymen's labor is expected of them, instead of at home.

Owing to the malarial influences of the Indian Territory I am convinced that twenty-two months is long enough for an Elder to be exposed. By taking advantage of the early fall in the beginning we thereby avoid the second late summer which is always the hardest on our mountain boys.

V. Unmarried men are generally the most successful. It would not necessarily be so, if our men of families were more temperate in their indulgences at home, and possessed of sufficient faith to leave their loved ones in the hands of the Lord. A divided mind is not successful; the majority of married men think too

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HOME OF WM. H. HENDRICKS, MANARD, I. T.*

much of their wives when away from them. Unmarried young men, not deeply in love, leave all behind and concentrate their all on the mission, thereby, through their love and devotion, they succeed best.

VI. Elders traveling without purse or scrip are usually the most successful, though those who do in reality, are very few, as the construction of that passage of Scripture, is usually made to imply, "without pay or without price for preaching." We are so constituted that but few would put up with the indignities put upon our Elders, had they money to pay their way; and if people are compensated for accommodations, their reward is in this life, and they are therefore not in a position to claim a blessing through the Elders, from the Lord. But few Elders are worth their keep the first few months of a mission, consequently the poor people are in many instances imposed upon. An Elder depending upon

* Manard is a scattered farming settlement situated near the stream "Bayou." The post office and store belonging to Mr. Hendricks, about the center of the neighborhood, are about eight miles from Fort Gibson, an evacuated United States barracks in the western part of the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. A quarter of a mile from Bayou is the house of Hon. William H. Hendricks, half Cherokee and half white. Since the spring of 1883, when Elders George Teasdale and M. W. Dalton were led by inspiration to the house of our noble Indian friend, the above log cottage and surroundings have been the home and headquarters of our Mormon Elders. As yet Mr. Hendricks has not embraced the Gospel though a firm believer. His wife, "Auntie" as we call her, has been a faithful member for years.

Immediately over the way, on an opening in the forest on the estate of Mr. Hendricks, is our meeting house, built by the Elders and considered the finest log house in the nation, size, 16 x 30, and will accommodate over one hundred persons.

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the Lord is sure to succeed best, because there is no other alternative than to rustle. Many times those with money in their pockets avoid the very circumstances which would give them the proper experience; whereby they could get the spirit of their mission and prove the Lord. Let an Elder go well dressed, make a proper appearance, and he cannot escape being designated a minister; without funds he naturally evokes either criticism or sympathy. The idea of a gentleman, a man of culture and refinement, a man of means and business ability, a farmer, a mechanic, an independent man subjecting himself to the insinuations of an uncharitable world for their sake, is beyond a question, the true disciple of Jesus Christ. I would recommend Elders traveling in our part of the world to go well provided with proper clothing and equipment with little or no money, or in reality "without purse or scrip with which to pay their way."

VII. A proper training for a Mormon Elder is a complete education in all branches. Humble missionaries depending upon the Lord for guidance cannot be too well educated. The great trouble with many of our young men is they get a smattering of education and think they know it all. True education causes one to realize how little he really knows. While I believe our young men cannot be too well versed in our own books, a thorough knowledge of the Bible is indispensable. Knowing as we do that we have the living oracles, we could get along without the old Bible, but we must be versed in that book to prove to the world our position. I maintain that a thorough and systematic training in Bible proofs to substantiate our position is the most necessary. Every Elder should know the books of the Bible and where to turn for every proof needed. After this, the history of the world and Christianity, the establishment of the Church of Christ, organization, doctrines, ordinances, laws and ceremonies, gifts and blessings, apostasy from, and restoration of the Gospel, and a complete knowledge of Church history from the restoration to the present time should be learned. I am heartily in accord with the Manual system of training, but deplore the mechanical groove into which many of our theological students are falling. Originality should be encouraged that fixed personal ideas and prepared sermons may be avoided. Let our youth fill their minds like a well-filled and carefully arranged storehouse, where the owner can put his hands on any article needed, and when that knowledge is required the Holy Ghost will bring it forth to the overcoming of false doctrines.

Our Elders should not be surpassed by the world in any branch of education and culture; as gentlemen we should lead; as moralists we should always be at the top; as temperate, virtuous and pure-minded men, we should be exemplars; as social beings we should excel, and as the true disciples of Christ in very deed we should lead the world; in fact a Mormon Elder should be one of the most practical of men. Cultivate faith and true reliance in the Lord, through which source alone true confidence comes; also be self-denying; kind-hearted, good-natured, considerate of companions and all people, always perferring others to self. Cultivate neatness, cleanliness and every good trait of character. Music is a great help. I would recommend every young man to learn how to sing, and wherever practicable to play an instrument. Musical ability and conversational qualities aid an Elder in establishing friendship and finding homes and in allaying prejudice preparatory to preaching the Gospel. Every act of a missionary's life and every move he makes should be an index to, and in keeping with his profession. *Andrew Kimball.*

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LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MEETING HOUSE, MANARD, I. T., AND GROUP OF ELDERS AND SAINTS.

PRESIDENT C. A. CARLQUIST,
Of the Scandinavian Mission.

COPENHAGEN, March 12, 1894.

The Contributor Co.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Yours of Feb. 23rd to hand, and it is with much pleasure that I try to answer the different questions. Will say in reply to the first, the Scandinavian Mission embraces Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Finland and Schleswig. At present we have in the field, missionaries as follows: In Denmark, 46; in Sweden, 47; in Norway, 15; in Schleswig, 1. Myself with two writers for our "Stars," here in the mission office, making a total of 112, all from Zion. Then we have four native Elders laboring in Sweden.

In answering the third question, I can say: We could use more than twice as many Elders in Sweden and Norway, and several more in Schleswig (those for Schleswig should have relatives there to protect them from banishment). Many of the Elders in Sweden and Norway are overworked, having too many appointments to fill. The writer spent the first ten months of his mission in Sweden, during which time he preached in two hundred and thirty-seven meetings.

In reply to the fourth question, I would say: If a man is somewhat familiar with the customs and the languages of these countries, which would enable him to start right to work as soon as he arrives, then I should say two years about right, but if he has to learn the above named points before being ready to do anything, then I should say a little longer. It is, as a rule, the fact that most Elders can do more good the last six months of their two years' stay than they could the first twelve months.

The fifth question is a hard one to

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answer. Can say that more mistakes have been made by single men while in the mission field than by married. The family ties at home helps the married man wonderfully, besides being familiar with family life he can gain the confidence of more people than one not married. I would, therefore, give it as my opinion that, as a rule, married men are best adapted to the requirements of this mission; but one should not be too old, if he is the long distances are more than he can stand to walk, and the food is often poor.

In answering the sixth question I must say that as a rule, the Elders who are provided with money can do more good than those without it. Because an Elder has money he need not use it only as necessity demands. But, if he happens to come into a city where people would be willing to hear him, if he had money, he could hire a hall, pay for advertisements, and thereby open the door perhaps for future work. Then the Elders have to give away many tracts, and often have to pay for their own living. In some instances, the branches are too poor to pay for the little hall which the Saints meet in, and the Elders have to assist them in this. Clothing cuts a big figure in this country and a man shabbily dressed can not get access to as many people as the one well dressed. Besides being missionaries, I look upon it that we are "representative men," representing God's people, and by our neat appearance we can remove many of the old prejudices which now exist.

The last question, the seventh, "what training would you recommend for a prospective missionary?" I would answer like this: The first principles of the Gospel, the order of the Priesthood, Church organization and history, the forms revealed for administrations, respect for others' feelings and love for all men. For prospective Scandinavian missionaries I would suggest study of the languages and subscribing for our "stars" which are published in this office, whereby they could be familiar with the workings in these lands. I also send you a photograph of the building No. 14 St. Paul's gade, Copenhagen, (the street deriving its name from St. Paul's Church in the background) in which the mission office has been since the fifteenth of April, 1856. The four windows on second floor (marked 1, 2, 3, 4,) are our front.

Apostle Erastus Snow came here to open the Gospel door June 14, 1850, and returned home March 4, 1852. John E. Forsgreen took charge of the mission until December 20, 1852. Willard Snow having been appointed, presided till August 18, 1854; John Van Cott presided till January 29, 1856; Hector C. Haight presided till February 4, 1858; C. Widerborg presided till November 23, 1859; John Van Cott (second mission) presided till May 1, 1862; Jesse N. Smith presided till April 10, 1864; Samuel L. Sprague presided till August 1, 1864; C. Widerborg (second mission) presided till September 15, 1868; Jesse N. Smith (second mission) presided till July 15, 1870; W. W. Cluff presided till June 15, 1871; Knud Peterson presided till June 20, 1873; C. G. Larsen presided till June 25, 1875; N. C. Flygare presided till June 23, 1876; O. N. Liljenquist presided till December 1, 1877; A. W. Carlson (President pro tem.) presided till January 9, 1878; N. C. Flygare (second mission) presided till August 30, 1879; Nils Wilhelmsen presided from August 30, 1879, until his death August 1, 1881, when Andrew Jenson was appointed President pro tem. until September 1, 1881; C. D. Fjeldsted having been appointed, presided till April 1, 1884; Anthon H. Lund presided till October 15, 1885; N. C. Flygare (third mission) presided till October 1, 1888; C. D. Fjeldsted (second mission) presided till October 1,

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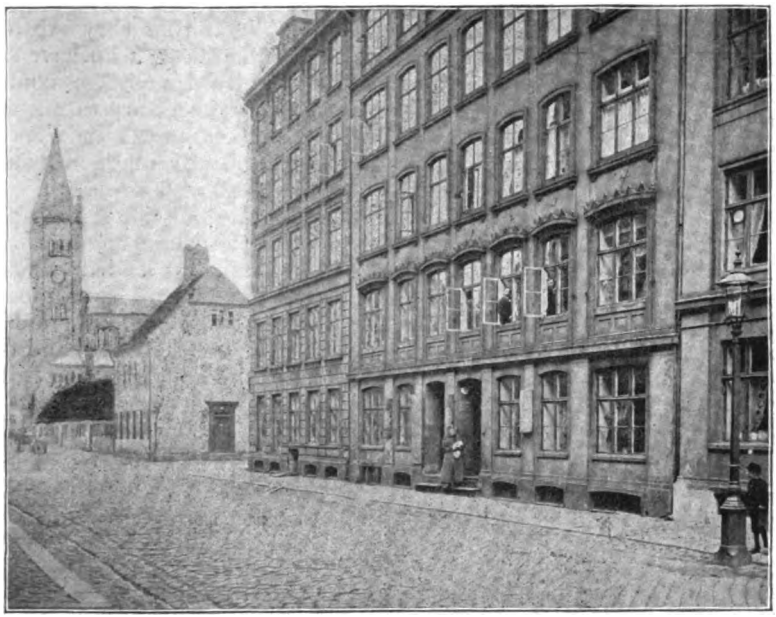

HEADQUARTERS OF SCANDINAVIAN MISSION, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK.

1890; Edward H. Anderson presided till September 22, 1892; Joseph Christiansen presided till May 11, 1893; C. A. Carlquist presides now.

I have given you all the information now that I thought would interest you, and hope you may find material enough in same for an article in THE CONTRIBUTOR. The Elders now in the field are all feeling first rate and doing a good work, and the prospects for the future look bright. I am feeling as well as I possibly can, being away from home. I love to work for the advancement of God's work upon earth and hope always to be found willing to do so, at home or abroad. May God bless His own work and all His servants, is my prayer. Yours in the Gospel,

C. A. Carlquist.

PRESIDENT R. M. STEVENS,
Of the Samoan Mission.
FAGALII, UPOLU, SAMOA,
April 9th, 1894.

Editor Contributor:

This mission embraces the Samoan and Friendly groups, and also all islands adjacent thereto. In the Samoan group there are ten inhabited islands, but three of which (Savaii, Upolu and Tutuila) have been very extensively worked by the Elders. Some of the smaller islands have been visited, and one of them (Aunuu) was the first permanent landing place of Elder J. H Dean and party when the mission was established by him in June, 1888; but there still remain several islands towards the eastward where the Gospel has not as yet been preached, to my knowledge. I refer to Manua, which, according to the tradition of the natives (this tradition also agrees with Book of Mormon history) were the first islands of this group to be inhabited by descendants of Laman who left the shores of South America many hundred years ago and were drifted by heavy winds to these, then remote, islands of the sea. We anticipate making an opening on that group in the near future.

With the Friendly Islands, I am not so well acquainted, having not yet visited the Elders who are labor-

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ing there; but there are a large number of islands in that group, and many of their inhabitants must yet have the privilege of hearing the everlasting Gospel. In this field there are now twenty-seven Elders and four sisters engaged as missionaries. The present number will very likely be somewhat increased, as new fields of labor are opened upon the various islands. We have found it quite necessary to keep Elders stationed in pairs in the various districts where branches are established, as the natives are not yet sufficiently schooled in the Gospel to be left to themselves. In these branches the Elders are engaged in holding meetings, teaching school, and looking after the general welfare of the Saints. Besides being a minister of the word of the Lord to that particular branch where he is called to labor, every Elder is also supposed to be a school teacher. In consequence of this but little traveling from place to place can be done.

It is the opinion of the writer that, under ordinary circumstances, three years is about long enough for a missionary to remain in this field before being released. The majority of the Elders acquire a very fair knowledge of this language in a year and a half or two years; but a very few of those who have been here that length of time being unable to express themselves clearly in the native tongue. In acquiring the Samoan language, it is noticeable that those Elders who have previously studied some foreign language, and are fairly acquainted with English grammar, advance most rapidly. It must be understood, however, that scholastic attainments are but of a secondary nature, and that unless they are coupled with such qualities as humility, patience and perseverance they are more detrimental than beneficial to their possessor.

Taking all things into consideration, I think married men best adapted to the requirements of this mission. As a rule they are more contented than those who have left a "girl" behind them, and, as contentment is very necessary to advancement and success in any undertaking, they have the advantage in that respect. Those who are required to remain at the Mission Home must have the necessary means to provide for their wants, but Elders who are out in their fields of labor most of the time require but little money, having their food provided and their clothing washed by the native Saints. However, as the natives wear but very little clothing themselves, they can provide none for missionaries.

In my opinion a humble servant of God can be quite as successful, if not more so, with as without money, being enabled thereby to reach the more wealthy classes.

For a prospective missionary, I would recommend a thorough training in the first principles of the Gospel and, in this connection, a knowledge of how to perform aright the sacred ordinances of the Church should be specially considered. How sad one feels when an Elder comes from Zion and upon his being asked to anoint the sick with oil, or to perform any other ordinance, he is compelled, through lack of knowledge, to say: "I don't know how to perform the ordinance!" How can one perform his duty without first knowing something about how it should be done? And how very embarrassing it must be for one to be told just what to do and say? Thus it is with many good young men, who have the work of the Lord at heart, but whose training in the proper performance of the ordinances thereof has been sadly neglected. In this respect I, for one, feel that there is great need of a speedy reformation in the midst of the young men of Zion. We may think there is plenty of time to ponder over such things after being called to take a mission; but how much better a previous preparation would be!

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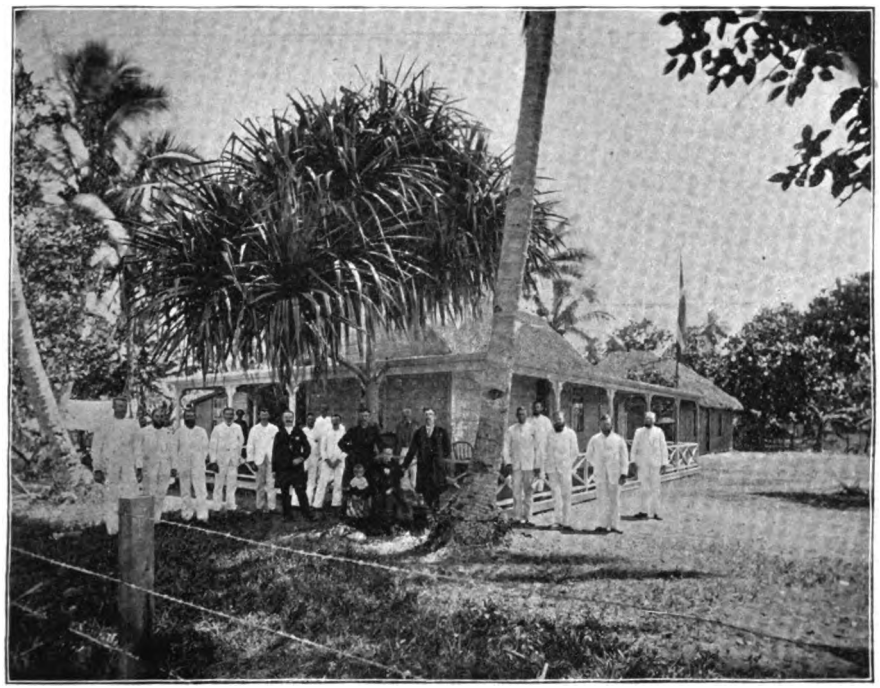

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SAMOAN MISSION.

Many a young missionary's career of usefulness is greatly retarded by first having to learn the Gospel before he is able to teach it intelligently to his fellowmen—by his having to be trained in the performance of certain ordinances after he has gone out into the world as a messenger of salvation. The proper place for every young man in Israel to acquire a competent knowledge of the Gospel and how to rightly perform its sacred ordinances, is right at home in Zion. Just as it is impossible to draw water from an empty well, so also is it impossible for us to give to the world that which we do not ourselves possess. The Lord has said: "Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom, seek ye learning even by study and also by faith." Thus we are commanded by the Lord to prepare ourselves for the mighty responsibilities which, in His providence, He may see fit to place upon us. It behooves us, therefore, to be wide awake, and embrace every possible opportunity to improve our minds and implant within our hearts a lasting knowledge of those glorious Gospel truths which we have been taught to regard above all earthly things.

Let us, as faithful stewards, make good use of the gifts and talents which God has so bounteously bestowed upon us.

Praying the Lord to bless all Israel, and especially the youth of Zion, I am pleased to remain your humble brother in the Gospel of peace, *R. M. Stevens.*

SECRETARY B. GODDARD,

Of the Australasian Mission.

A brief review of the Australasian colonies will enable the readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR to comprehend more clearly the importance of the labors

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of the Elders in the Antipodean territory.

Australasia includes the five Australian colonies, viz: Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia, with a total area of 3,030,506 square miles, and a population of 3,176,116; Tasmania with a total area of 26,215 square miles, and a population of 153,144; New Zealand with a total area of 104,471 square miles, and a population of 692,426, including 41,993 Maoris, or Aborigines of the islands; besides the Figi, Chatham, Stewart and adjacent isles. According to the annual report of December 31, 1893, the total membership in the mission is 2,353, children under eight years of age 841; total number of souls 3,194, of this number 2,933 are Maoris, and 261 Europeans. The latter figures represent the total number of European members in the Church, out of a total population of nearly four millions of people. Forty-nine of these are resident in Queensland and Victoria, where six Elders are laboring, and the rest are in New Zealand. Two Elders were recently despatched to Tasmania, and are now endeavoring to open up a new field there.

Fifteen Elders in the Australasian Mission are devoting their time exclusively in preaching the Gospel to the white population. The spirit of enquiry, now manifest among the people, convinces us that more laborers are needed to carry the warning message to this vast population, as we can only spare, out of our present force, one Elder to every 265,000 inhabitants.

The Maori Mission comprises twelve conferences, in which thirty-three Elders are laboring among the natives. The peculiar condition of the Maori members renders it necessary for these Elders to devote most of their time visiting, encouraging, and teaching the Saints, and hence very little attention can be given to the thirty-eight thousand seven hundred Maori non-members. The majority of these have not yet been taught the principles of eternal life, and a few of the Elders, familiar with the Maori language, could accomplish a great amount of good by returning to their former fields of labor.

The recent publication of "Ready References," in Maori, is infusing new life into many districts, and awakening an interest in the work of God among many outsiders.

As this part of the Lord's vineyard is about seven thousand miles from Zion, it is necessary for Elders laboring among Europeans to stay about two and a half years, and, as much time is consumed by other Elders in learning a new language, they cannot be spared in less than three years.

Married or single men are adapted for our work here, but it is not advisable for the first named to bring their wives.

Elders, laboring among the Maoris, travel almost exclusively on horseback, the members generously furnishing the horses, and, as the natives are an exceedingly hospitable people, the brethren can travel without purse and scrip.

The Europeans, however, do not possess this trait of character, and the depressed condition of trade in the Colonies has thrown vast numbers out of employment who now constitute a traveling population. The Elders, therefore, suffer many hardships, and possibly lose influence if unable to provide for themselves.

Prior to 1881 the Elders laboring in Australasia devoted all their time among the Europeans, and quite a number of Saints have gathered to Zion from these islands. As no mission records were kept prior to that time, no particulars can be given of the work done.

During the presidency of Elder William M. Bromley, an effort was made to introduce the Gospel unto the natives of New Zealand. According

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CHURCH AT PORIRUA, NEAR WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

to the mission records the first Maori baptized into the Church was a native named Ngataki, on the eighteenth of October, 1881. He was subsequently excommunicated for adultery.

During the year 1882 several attempts were made to present the revealed truths of the Gospel to the natives, in various parts of the colony, and in Waikato district a number were baptized about the end of the year, but they were subsequently scattered and fell away from the truth.

One year later, however, the work was taken up and permanently established, commencing in Wairarapa district, in the south part of the North Island. Elder W. T. Stewart was president of the mission at that time.

It was soon found necessary for all the Elders in the mission to learn the native tongue and devote themselves exclusively to this labor, and it was therefore deemed expedient to allow the European work to rest for a season. Since that time the mission has been presided over successively by Elders William Paxman, A. T. Wright, J. S. Bingham, William T. Stewart (second term), and William Gardner. The latter commenced his labors as president of the mission in December, 1893, having previously labored among the Maoris from June, 1884, to November, 1887.

During the year 1893, it was deemed advisable to recommence the work among the Europeans in New Zealand, and Elders were appointed to this labor upon both islands.

It is very desirable that energetic work should be done in the near future. The Elders now in the mission are doing much good, many of them are young men but their youth enables them to learn the language readily. For the European work, however, especially in the large centers, a number of experi-

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enced, middle-aged Elders are very much needed. Prospective missionaries should earnestly strive to qualify themselves for the work of the Lord before receiving their calls. We would respectfully recommend all such to study carefully biblical and ecclesiastical history, and for work among Europeans, especially in the principal cities, it is advantageous to be acquainted with the history of the leading sectarian churches, and the erroneous teachings of modern Christendom. Missionaries should, of course, be familiar with the principles of the Gospel, and have some experience in public speaking and a talent for singing should be cultivated. If every Elder possessed these qualifications much better progress would be made, and greater satisfaction would be experienced by all.

Encouraging reports are now being received from the various conferences, and a great demand is being made for Church literature. We are so far removed from headquarters that it is difficult to obtain a supply of tracts sufficient for the requirements of the mission. We desire to flood the country with the message of warning, in both languages. To accomplish this successfully, it may be necessary to establish a printing department in the mission, and our Maori Saints are prepared to lend valuable assistance unto this end. A hymn book, containing suitable pieces in the Maori language, is also very much needed, as our members meet twice a day in all our native branches for worship, and we are compelled to present for use books containing erroneous doctrines.

The photograph, sent herewith, represents the church and Maori village at Porirua, near Wellington. The members are very exemplary Latter-day Saints, and many of them appear in the photograph. President William Gardner stands to the right of the picture, near to Wi Neera Te Kanae, the first counselor of the branch, and a leading chief in the Ngatitoa tribe, the clerk of the mission, Elder B. Goddard, being seated near them. The residences shown in the picture are all Maori homes of Latter-day Saints.

The readers of THE CONTRIBUTOR will observe that old Maoridom is rapidly passing away and the natives are now adopting European customs. It is earnestly hoped that as they advance into the light of Gospel truth they may be preserved from many of the debasing and contaminating influences of so-called Christianity. Unto this end the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are earnestly laboring, "preaching the Gospel as a witness unto all nations," and warning them of the coming judgments of the Almighty. *B. Goddard.*

PRESIDENT KARL G. MAESER,
Of the California Mission.
17½ OAK STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO,
CAL., Mar. 7, 1894.

Editor Contributor:

DEAR BROTHER:—Your favor of the 8th inst. is at hand, to which I will endeavor to reply from the best information at hand.

So far as I can learn, the California Mission does not include any other states than that of California, in which there are at present six Elders laboring as missionaries, exclusive of Apostle F. M. Lyman, Elder B. H. Roberts and myself, as follows: Elder Alva S. Keller, of East Mill Creek, Salt Lake Co., who is laboring in and around Sacramento; Elders Geo. H. Maycock, of Ogden, and Henry B. Williams, of Mill Creek, who are laboring in and around San Bernardino; J. D. Cummings, of Mill Creek, and Ezekiel L. Blodgett, of North Ogden, who are laboring in and around San Francisco. Bishop Elmer Taylor, of Juab, is at present laboring with Elders Maycock and Williams.

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Elder B. H. Roberts has been delivering a course of lectures in San Bernardino of late, which we feel sure will result in much good in that section, and will greatly assist those who are laboring in that place.

As to the number of missionaries needed in the field, I would say that at present there is ample labor for four good energetic Elders in San Francisco, and the cities on the east side of the bay—Berkley, Oakland and Alameda, as there are more enquiring after the Gospel in those places than the present force are able to visit. While those of Sacramento and San Bernardino have no very flattering prospects, but are living in hopes of finding some who are desirous of learning and embracing the truth.

We think a missionary who is able to fill a mission at all, should remain at least two years, as the nature of the people of California is such that one cannot get himself thoroughly initiated and perform much useful labor in less time.

As to whether married or single men would be best adapted to the requirements of the mission, I would suggest that either would do, provided they are able to withstand the many temptations that are so openly placed before them. All are married men who are here at present.

We have not had any Elders who have attempted to travel without means from home, so we could not answer that question definitely. But our opinion is that the people of California have been so badly overrun with unscrupulous tramps as well as multitudes of honest unemployed persons, that their naturally generous disposition is beginning to be affected, and we find that the great majority are getting tired of those who ask for a bed and a meal.

We would suggest that those who anticipate filling a mission in this State should be very careful to post themselves in relation to "who was the legal successor of Joseph Smith, the Prophet," as there are so many of the "Re-organized" or "Josephite" Church, who claim that their present leader was ordained to that position by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and that President "Brigham Young usurped that position."

It is also very desirable that, as far as possible, only those who are possessed of a goodly degree of confidence, who are able to lead out fearlessly in the face of that class of opposition which comes from apostates and those who have been isolated from the body of the Church for a great many years, should be sent there; there are a great many of those classes to be met with in almost every city and village in the State, and we find them the most stubborn and aggressive.

A thorough knowledge of the principal events in the history of the Church is very necessary in order to meet the accusations of some who like to blame the Church for all the crimes, both real and imaginary, that have transpired in Utah since the Saints first settled there.

We think the prospects for getting the Gospel before the people of California are very promising, and if we can secure the co-operation in the future of more good laborers, we feel confident that much good will result. There is a nice "branch" in San Francisco with an enrollment of over eighty members, and another in Sacramento with a membership of fourteen, while on the east side of the San Francisco Bay there are enough to make a good strong branch, which will soon be organized, and we feel quite sure that the Saints in Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego will also be organized into branches, as there are quite a number who still claim a standing in the Church in these places.

Praying for the welfare of Zion and for the success of the California Mission, I subscribe myself,

Your Brother in the Gospel of Christ, *Karl G. Maeser.*

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A TRIAL OF HEARTS.

FIRST PRIZE PIONEER DAY STORY.

HART RICHFIELD touched the horse lightly with his whip, then leaned back in the buggy-seat, and drew a long breath of enjoyment.

It was six o'clock in the morning. The country road over which he drove was rutless and grass-edged; some of it lined with cottonwood trees, their satiny, green leaves winking and twinkling in the noiseless morning breeze. On either side were meadows of lucerne and long stretches of tilled fields, many of them with a lark perched like a sentinel on the fence-pales, alternating their near plaintive cadence with the faint calls of a fellow songster somewhere in the distance. Over in the east the indigo peaks were tinting up with reflections cast by patches of sunrise-reddened cloud, poised like kites in the sky above. The air was dewily cool, as if blown from the surface of some crystal stream, and its breath, and the hush, and all the sweet freshness and fragrance of the morning made Hart's pulses glow with absolute delight.

The sense of a new birth of time and the world, which the sight of an early dawn brings even to jaded hearts—was it not three-fold keen with this lusty young fellow hardly out of his teens, strong, hopeful, ambitious, with life's thousand avenues of effort and achievement open before him? And then, too, to be experiencing at this particular time a first touch of that "perennial sorcery of the world"—love; and to be upon this particular morning on his way to an opportunity of seeing, and being, and conversing with its object—was it wonder that the air and landscape and dawn should hold magnified enchantment.

It was a holiday—the Twenty-fourth, and *she* was to be his partner to a picnic at Hilton's Farm, or Hilton's "Grove," as it had been newly christened since the street cars ran there. They were to meet the rest of the "crowd" at seven o'clock, and he had just an hour to ride out to the mouth of the canyon where she lived, and join the others at the ward schoolhouse, from whence they were to start.

The "crowd" were six inseparable young couples (of which he and Millie were members) who considered any pastime insipid which lacked the full complement of their number in its participation. Not any of them were engaged *yet;* but the pairing of these young fledglings meant some pretty mating and nesting in future time, though the majority of the sextette would have blushingly and cynically disclaimed any present idea of such serious and important prospects.

Hart had little to do in the way of talk, but he had no bashfulness in owning to himself about Millie. She was to be "his girl" always, as now, if only she remained willing. He could answer for his own sentiments, and as to their families—no room for doubt existed with regard to them.

The pleasure had been embarrassingly manifest. Hart's nerves grew tense yet at the remembrance of the open congratulations which had taken place at the ward entertainment between their respective parents, upon the evident liking of the young people for each other, when his and Millie's "beauing" was as yet but a fortnight old. It had almost "broken it up" at first, but the sentiment had proven too strong to be snapped by the little gust of bashfulness and self-consciousness which followed—and it had come now, to all but an open understanding between them.

He was to take a two years study of dentistry in New York to equip himself with a profession, and if when he came back, she was still the same, they would be married. This thought, too, helped to tinge the wonderful morning.

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How cool and green the hills looked near at hand, with their shadows filtered into half-tones by the morning sunshine. A pretty spot for a home, with the pines and cedars running down the hill slopes to the very edge of the yard.

The house was set back from the street under a shade of poplar and cottonwood trees, and Hart leaned down, trying to catch a glimpse of the doorway under them, before getting out of the buggy. He thought she might be on the porch waiting. Then he tied the hitching-strap to a tree, and went in.

The front door was open, and Hart rapped on it, a little girl came into the hall from a side room. It was Millie's sister.

"Hello, Fanny," said Hart. "Is Millie ready?"

"No. She aint going."

"Not going! why what's the matter! Is she sick?"

"No," said Fannie. "She aint sick. She can't go. Pa won't let her."

"Can I see her a minute?" asked Hart, confidently.

"She told me to give you this," said Fannie in answer, handing him a note. The child acted shy and strange, something entirely new to Hart's long acquaintance with her.

"She said to read it when you was alone," went on Fannie, as Hart, with characteristic directness was about to break the seal and at once settle the mystery.

"Oh!" said Hart. He turned away quietly, satisfied that something more serious than he could imagine had caused this strange and formal proceeding. Once away from the house he opened and read her letter. It contained the following:

"*Dear Hart!*

"Father has refused to let me go to the Grove with you today, and he has also told me to tell you that you can't come to see me any more. It is something about that case that was tried in court the other day. He says that your testimony not only betrayed and sacrificed your brother, but the principles of your Church as well. You know, dear Hart, just how father feels about these things, and I hope you will not blame *me* for what I believe to be his unjust judgment. I know you too well to believe for a moment that you would do anything that your conscience could reproach you for, and I am sure you can explain all to your own and father's satisfaction. Try not to be angry with him or me, and believe that I am, as ever,

"Your loving,

"*Millie.*"

Hart crumpled the note into his pocket with an indignant and impatient gesture. Not because of Millie. He could ask for nothing sweeter nor fuller than her expression of sympathy, but his clear conscience and the double blow he had received through his disappointment and pride, made him unable to suppress a swift feeling of resentment against the man who had punished him in so harsh a way for an uncommitted, or at least purely innocent fault.

The facts of the matter were these: In the trial of his half-brother for polygamy, Hart had been called upon to testify in the case, and the sharp examination had called forth certain damaging statements against the defendant. The second marriage, in fact, had been of too long duration and too publicly acknowledged to make possible a successful defense under any circumstances, and Hart had but followed the instructions of his brother in answering frankly as to what he knew in regard to the reputed relation existing between the two. It ended in a six months' sentence, which the brother was now fulfilling with every show of patience and cheer. This was the gist of the circumstances which had called down upon him David Hurst's unexpected anger. Hart was too well acquainted with the man's character to be at all

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surprised at the step, if the latter believed him really culpable.

No fault on earth, there was, that could not be more easily pardoned by him, than that of turning in any way against the Church—Mormonism being to him a jewel, in whose defense he would elect as willingly to die as live.

For his devotion, nothing, indeed, could be but praise. Hart had been forced always to admire the strict integrity—the uncompromising adherence to principle which was his predominant trait of character—a trait as fixed as the hills to the earth. He came of a long line of Calvinistic ancestors who were as willing to be burnt, as they were to burn, for religious conviction; as willing to sacrifice a son, as an enemy to principle; and the trait had descended in direct force to David Hurst, making him, in any serious or important matter, a stern antagonist to compromise or quibbling, and in the question of his religion ready to become a voluntary martyr rather than slight its cause. With this commendable integrity and fervor, however, there was a fault of temperament which made his zeal sometimes objectionable, unmingled as it was with the discretion and forbearance by which ends are so much better and quicker gained than through bluster. His spirituality was of a bristling sort, that pricked rather than soothed; goaded rather than led, and repulsed instead of won.

It was a common description in the ward, when David preached, that "Brother Hurst scolded the congregation," his discourse imitating oftener the Caudle style, than that of an evangel of Christ—harshly pointing out the shadows of the world, without unfolding any light which might dissipate the darkness.

This was the man with whose prejudices or peculiarities Hart Richfield had involuntarily clashed, and in whose hands lay the privilege of influencing at least one part of his destiny for good or ill. Hart's knowledge of the grain of gold in the man's character had made him lenient in many cases where a display of ill-directed zeal or anger had awakened severe judgment from others. But to theorize generously and dispassionately about other's grievances and one's own, are two separate things; and Hart for the first time was able to realize how cruel the sting of an unmerited and harsh rebuke, prompted by however honest and worthy a motive.

He rode back through the lanes and meadows with a sore heart. The enchantment had faded from the dawn and landscape. The sun-brightened fields looked dry and parched, and the long road, fretted by a light wind that faced him, showed a scurry of gray dust that rose over the wheels and filled his throat. This and the rest of the disagreeable happenings made him glad to reach home.

In about two hours' time, Miles Hentley, Hart's particular friend, rode back from the Grove to find out the cause of the missing couple's absence.

"We thought possibly you'd been tipped over," said Miles, "and the crowd appointed me a committee to investigate." Hart told him the occurrence and Miles persisted in laughing at the entire affair. "It will all come out right," he said, "and I for one shouldn't let it spoil my pleasure—I'd spend the day at the Grove just the same.

But Hart was too miserable to think of that. He stayed about the house all day—sitting on the front porch and trying to fix his mind on the *Dental Journal*, for which he had recently subscribed. But it was in vain. His thoughts whirled and revolved inevitably upon the engrossing slight. The house was situated in the nearer limits of——addition—the main road leading past his home, and on towards the Hurst farm at the extreme outskirts.

Sometime in the afternoon Hart

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recognized David Hurst's buggy coming in the distance, and upon its approaching nearer, saw that it was the man himself in the seat driving. Hart walked down to the gate. Hurst drove past looking straight ahead.

"Mr. Hurst."

The other turned.

"I want to speak with you a moment."

David drew rein, looking at Hart in silence.

"I want to ask you, Mr. Hurst, if you think the stand you have taken with regard to me and Millie is entirely justifiable," he said quietly.

David Hurst leaned toward him over the buggy.

"Hart," he said impressively, "I can't put in words how I felt when I read in the paper what you'd done. I couldn't have felt worse if it had been my own son. To think that a lad that I've watched grow up from a babe to manhood, born in the Church, reared in the Church, and with parents that have suffered persecution, and given up all that they had on earth for its sake, should have turned traitor, and betrayed its principles to our enemies, and one of his own flesh and blood, to further the ends of their hatred, is almost more than I can believe, even with the proof that I have. I tell you Hart, I'd rather have seen you buried than to see you live for this."

Hart kept silent until he ended. The man's sincerity was so evident that it helped to keep in check the resentment rising in his heart at the severe arraignment.

"I suppose you are referring to my testimony in my brother's case," he said at length; "and on my part, I can assure you that I never would have dreamed it possible for any one on earth to take such a view of it as you have expressed. In the first place the case would have been decided as it was, without my testimony. My brother himself recognized the hopelessness of making a defence, and advised all of us to attempt no further reservation than the examination would permit."

"I'd have seen them in Tophet," interrupted David Hurst warmly, "before I'd a helped to make it easy for 'em to carry on their persecution."

"I simply answered the questions they put to me," said Hart. "I couldn't do less than that."

"They'd have had to take more trouble than asking, to get it out of me. Red hot irons couldn't have made me tell what you told, if it had been an enemy on trial, let alone one of my own kin."

Hart's face flushed.

"I have explained the circumstances," he said, "and can feel that I have nothing to reproach myself for; with regard to my part in the trial my conscience is absolutely clear."

David Hurst straightened himself up as if to go, then turned and looked at Hart. The face which had been flushed and angry became pale.

"Hart Richfield," he said slowly, "I've looked on you and loved you always as if you were my own son. I've been proud of you and your good name and standing in the community, but I tell you when you dare to stand up before me and talk of a clear conscience with the knowledge in your heart of having sided with our enemies against your people and the principles of your Church, I want none of you. And I warn you now that from this time on, unless you acknowledge your fault and repent before the Lord, you'll go down, till you're brought to the dust, to mourn for it in sackcloth and ashes."

Hart Richfield for a moment was deadly pale, then his face flushed with hot resentment.

"I've done nothing to repent of nor to be made to mourn for," he said; "and if it was you or my own father I'd do the same thing over again; I——"

David Hurst interrupted him. His

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face was flushed again, and his eyes blazing with anger. He leaned far out over the buggy and shook his fist in Hart's face.

"If you'd ever have dared to take the stand against me that you did in that case," he said, "I'd have smashed your face so that your own mother would never have known you!"

Then he picked up the reins and drove away.

That evening, after dark, Hart's father drove over to the Hurst farm. Both parents had taken the affair seriously to heart.

Priceless, next to their religious faith, was the good name and standing of their beloved son in the Church and community, and the thought that anything so like the nature of a curse as that pronounced by David Hurst had descended upon his head, was to this good and devout couple something almost like a tragedy.

"I for one sha'n't let such a thing pass by," said Jacob Richfield; "It's a wrong to me as well as to Hart, and I mean to go to Brother Hurst and lay the whole matter before him in its true light. Then if he wants to make it right he can; if not, it will rest on his own head."

"I don't believe but what he *will* make it right, when you've explained it to him," said Mrs. Richfield. "I believe David Hurst would do whatever he thought was right, no matter how much he had to humble himself."

"I know *that*," said her husband. "If I didn't, I shouldn't think of going near him. But Hart will never get over this unless he does make amends, nor I neither, for that matter; and I'll be fair enough to give him the facts in the case, anyway, and then let him act for himself."

"The trouble will be," said Mrs. Richfield significantly, "to make him see that he *is* in the wrong."

"That's where the trouble usually *does* come in with David Hurst," answered her husband.

He went away, coming back after a long evening, with spirit sorer than when he left home.

"Well," he said to his wife, who was waiting for him, sitting down and taking off his hat with an emphatic air, "I've had my trouble for my pains this time."

"You don't tell me," said Mrs. Richfield.

"I've heard of stiff-necked people before," he answered slowly, "but if there was ever an incarnation of stiff-neckedness, I believe it's David Hurst."

"I want to hear all about it," said his wife anxiously.

Her husband drew his chair up to a little leaf-table and commenced to eat from a bowl of bread and milk placed ready for him, with nervous excitement.

"To sum it all up in a nutshell," he said, "the man wouldn't hear a thing I had to say. I couldn't tell him anything, nor explain a word about the affair. He knew all about it, and didn't want to hear any more. There wasn't an iota of excuse for Hart, under any kind of circumstances, he declared, and he'd live to see the day every word he'd said to him would be fulfilled."

"I can't believe it," said Mrs. Richfield, the tears filling her eyes.

"Well, Brother Hurst," I said, "I come in a peaceable and friendly spirit—though I don't consider it my place to make the advances—to come to an understanding with you if possible, so there would be no bad feelings between us. I know my boy's heart better than anyone, and I know he wouldn't do any more to hurt the Church or this people than you would yourself. But if this is your stand after all I've done, to explain matters I've nothing more to say on the subject. Then he went on and talked an hour, all to the end that he'd done righteously in rebuking Hart, and that he had nothing to

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retract. At last I saw it was no use arguing, and I came away."

"Poor Hart!" said Mrs. Richfield, "I guess he'll feel worse than anyone knows about losing Millie."

"I told Brother Hurst so; and I said 'twas a shame to separate them, and he told me in plain terms that he'd rather see her dead than that she should marry him. I tell you, Annie, I've had just about all I could do to keep my temper within bounds tonight."

"I guess you have," said his wife.

"Now, I ain't going to worry anymore about it," declared Jacob, with a trusting way that he had; "I'm going to leave the whole matter in the hands of the Lord."

In the fall Hart went to New York to take up the study of dentistry. He had seen nothing of Millie in the meantime, and went away without the privilege of a word of farewell. How different had been his "castles" —those dawn-built structures, vanished now into gray air! The event had made a perceptible change in both the young people—evident to familiar and loving hearts, if to none else. Hart had become strangely taciturn and thoughtful, if not morose, and had given up all pleasures, and his meetings as well, staying closely at home; while Millie went about the Hurst household, a shadowy negative of her former self. Not a quiet negative, though. Her unhappiness found expression in a continual discontent and peevishness which was as unpleasant to those about her as it was unusual to her hitherto even and cheerful disposition.

"She's no more like herself than black is like white," her mother said to David Hurst one day. "It's getting so we can hardly live in the same house with her—she's so fretful."

"I've noticed it," said her husband, "and more than all that, she's neglecting her meetings and the association. There's always some excuse ready with her to get out of going. Either you or I shall have to take her in hand now, and have her do different. It is pure stubbornness, her giving up to this spirit."

"I don't know about that, David," said his wife, "Millie was never willful in her life before and you have only to look at her, to know she aint well."

"Well, have something done for her. I'll tell Dr. Haight to come over to-day and see if he can't give her a tonic, or something to help her."

"I don't believe medicine would do her a mite of good. If you want to know just what I think, I believe it's nothing but her fretting about Hart Richfield that ails her."

"Then it's time she was coming to her senses. I'll have a talk with her myself tomorrow." This threat was carried out; resulting in a protracted conversation between the two in the parlor, the next day, from which Millie emerged with eyes betraying signs of weeping.

She commenced to go regularly to her meetings again, and went occasionally to the "Mutual" though with an air that revealed better than objections could have done, her actual lack of interest in their concerns;

"Millie's the last one on earth I could ever have believed would turn so shrewish," said her mother to the others. But she was gentle and forbearing of the child's fretful outburst, guessing at the unhappy heart whose secret had caused the change.

"Brother Andy, I'm glad to see you around again," shouted David Hurst from his buggy, driving past a vine-covered adobe cottage on his way home one afternoon in the late spring.

Andy Gale rose from the porch steps, and limped down his tulip-edged path to the gate.

"How are you Brother Hurst," he said giving his thin hand into the

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other's strong grasp. "Yes," in reply to his neighbor's first greeting, "I'm glad to be well again: I just told Sister Gale that it was pay enough for hibernating in a sick room all winter to come out again with the rest of the June roses."

"We all know your heart's as fresh as they are, if your frame's not, Brother Andy," said David affectionately. The old man was a tenderly loved soul in the community, his sympathetic, gentle, and brave spirit attracting hearts with a spell as subtle and steady as the magnet's.

"Well, maybe it is," he answered, "but I guess a little pruning wouldn't hurt it. How are things up town, now; the Commonwealers gone yet?"

"Not all; I've just been to one of their open air meetings to-day. I was passing, and thought I'd wait and hear what they had to say."

"Pretty threatening talk engaged in, I understand."

"Terrible! Scandalous! I never thought the time would come in any place in this country, that such talk would be allowed, or countenanced, let alone in our own quiet little valleys in the mountains."

"Well, we can rest sure it will go no further than talk, with us here, but with the nation I fear it will be a more serious affair."

"It will, unless steps are taken to crush it out."

"Brother Hurst," said Andy solemnly, "this problem that has risen in the midst of the nation will not be crushed out until the Lord's purposes are fulfilled. If we think this scourge has come about by accident—we forget the predictions that have been uttered by our prophets since the foundation of the Church. I tell you, Brother Hurst, it is the beginning of the end. The Lord has been patient long enough with this nation, and now, the times of threshing for the harvest have begun. What is all this trouble, whose uproar is filling the land, but the outcome of the selfishness and iniquity of those into whose hands have fallen the power of governing the people? Since the emancipation of the slaves, what effort has been made by the government for the advancement of human right? None that have not been backed by selfish and mercenary interests of individuals seeking their own and not another's gain. For nearly thirty years the parties of this nation have been making a fetich of the tariff question whilst abuses have been rolling up whose problem the justest tariff measure on earth can never solve."

"I guess you're right about that. The tariff would hardly serve effectually in the present instance either way. Protection can't put *all* the unemployed at work, now, any more than it has in the past; and, on the other hand, as the politicians say—cheap articles don't benefit a man much if he hasn't got the money to buy them."

"It's a shibboleth," said Andy solemnly, "a war cry, that men quarrel for, while they pass graver questions by. Joseph Smith foresaw this time. I've heard him say often, that a crisis would come when the great parties of this nation would have to consider the cause of humanity, and live out the law of equality and brotherhood which Christ declared to be the only perfect system, or they would split asunder and go to the wall. In Nationalism, Populism, and the hundred and one movements that are being made in the direction of bringing about the establishment of that system, we can see as plain as Belshazzar, the handwriting that predicts the downfall of the selfish and useless powers that have usurped the place of right so long.

"These questions are certainly figuring in the affairs of the nation now," said David.

He had always a pleasure in hearing Andy talk. There was a gift of foresight and prediction belonging to

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the spiritual side of the old man's nature, and his thoughts gave one material, always, for remembrance and reflection.

"Why Brother Hurst," the latter went on, in his quietly earnest way, "what is this Nationalism we hear so much about now-a-days, but the very system revealed to us by prophecy, years before this agitation began?

"Here is that young fellow, Hart Richfield, just back from New York and Boston, where they are in the thick of the movement, explaining Nationalism to me as if it was some new thing just heard of. I told him to go home and read up on the Order of Enoch in his Doctrine and Covenants, and see if the two systems wasn't as near alike as two peas. 'Of course they differ a little in detail,' I said, 'but the principle's just the same.' "

"That's just about how it goes," said David Hurst quietly. "The young people will rush off into the world for something they can find right at home."

"So I told him. But he came right back at me with a question that fairly swamped me, smart as I am. 'I've heard of the Order of Enoch, of course, Brother Gale,' he said, 'but with the people here it seems to be practically a theory. Back East, now, they are trying to put it into practice—that's what a right principle is made for, isn't it?' I can tell you, Brother Hurst, I felt —quat! Of course I told him we intended to practice it some time—when the right time came. But he thought with such an important principle imparted to our trust we ought to have commenced it long ago. And I don't know but what he's right. At any rate the Lord has seemed to see fit to put into the hearts of others to bring about the establishment of this system on the earth, and all we can do now is to fall in and help the work along."

"I've said it a thousand times over," answered David Hurst, earnestly, "that some time we would be called to task for our lackness and negligence in attending to the principle. And I believe that the trials of these hard times that are on us are a lesson to us, as well as to the nation, for our selfishness and forgetfulness."

"Brother Hurst," said Andy solemnly, "it's not alone in this matter that we Latter-day Saints merit chastisement. It's in our every-day life as well. For a half a century we've been priding ourselves on having a Gospel that ought to make us Christ-like if anything could! But how many of us live up to the letter of His teachings? How many of us enjoy the blessing that ought to come from a right observance of His word? Have we less sickness, less deaths, less hardships and worry than other people? No. And yet the Book of Mormon tells us that the ancient inhabitants of this earth who had the same Gospel, lived so purely at times that for long periods no afflictions or trouble came upon them. Now, if they could do that, why shouldn't we? Because we don't take the trouble to live to deserve it. We're just as ready to hate as to love, to curse as to bless, to let die as to let live! and the result is that we have trials come on us that we never would have, if we'd lived up to our commandments and light.

"I want to ask you why it is that some of our people are running after this Christian Science? Is it because that doctrine has more truth than Mormonism, any purer principles than our religion, any greater power of healing than our system? No. But because we've been careless of our privileges, and of our way of living, careless of our gifts as we have been of our Enoch system, till we're in danger of losing what power and influence have ever been bestowed to our trust."

David Hurst winced. He realized of course that the neighbors must know that Millie had taken to "running after Christian Science," and

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the mention of anything approaching the subject, seemed to him a cruel sting. Yet he could not believe the kindly old man meant malice, and he answered frankly:

"Brother Gale, I have a daughter who, to my sorrow, has seen fit to go outside the Church for spiritual comfort; but I can't think that it's because every good thing she needs is not contained in this religion."

"Why, man, there's *nothing* good that's not contained in it! But the trouble is, in nine cases out of ten, though—like the Order of Enoch, we don't take the pains to prove it. I tell you, Brother Hurst, the time is coming when we've got to *live* every word of our religion to keep its blessings. And I believe all these trying things have come about to bring us to it."

David Hurst rode homeward with a thoughtful heart. Andy Gale's talk had come home to him with unusual power and suggestion. A new light had seemed to enter his soul, and by it he saw clearly for the first time in his life, the web of prejudice and self-will in which he had been entangled for many years. His thoughts kept going back to and reiterating Andy's words. "As ready to hate as to love, to curse as to bless." Yes. He knew too surely that that could apply to himself. And about Millie, too? Was not his conscience sore there? How many times had she been harshly repulsed And that, too, when she had been all love and kindness. It had made him angry to see the sudden change in her of late, since she had taken up Christian Science, for she had attributed it all to *that*. Was not love, and gentleness, and forbearance and all those considerations of which she was so tenacious now, in Mormonism also? Indeed yes? But, had he always applied them? Alas! Too many instances were in his memory to let his conscience boast here!

And Hart Richfield! Had he possibly been wrong in that affair? In the two years that had passed since then, no doubt had crossed his mind. Only once a shadow had flitted, when after a year in which Hart's family had not spoken, the good old couple had come to him at the time of the Temple dedication and freely proffered their forgiveness and friendship.

"We can't go into that holy place holding hard feelings or resentment against a living soul," they had said, their lips quivering, and he could not but guess then, how hard it was for them; especially after reports had come that their son was drifting away from Mormonism, as if in fulfillment of his word—a trial harder than any on earth for them to bear. He could see now how selfish, how ungenerous it was for him to let them make the first advances of peace. To him, who, without any personal right or business in the affairs had taken it upon himself to interfere—and chastise their son. How blind he had been? As he rode on, tears were in his eyes, and he was praying silently. When he reached the Richfield cottage he tied his horse and went in.

"Sister Richfield," he said as she came forward to greet him, "is your son Hart at home?" "Hart," he went on quickly, as Hart, hearing his name, looked up from his desk, "I've come here today in humility and repentance to make amends if I can, for the wrong I committed against you two years ago. I took upon myself to judge you then for a fault that was grievous in my eyes, not seeing that I was committing a greater one by my lack of charity and brotherly forbearance. I see it now, and I am ashamed of it. I'm ashamed for the slight I put upon you, and more than all for the fit of anger and spleen I exhibited toward you that day at the gate. I'm ashamed that I let Brother and Sister Richfield, here, come to me with offers of peace, whilst I held back

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and rejoiced in my pride and self-righteousness. And I want Hart, and I want you friends, to forgive me, if you can, for it—and to try and take me back into your friendship and esteem."

"Millie," said her father some two weeks afterward, "how do you like the idea of giving a picnic to some of your young friends here at the farm on the Twenty-fourth? There's room under the orchard-trees there for a floor to dance on, and we might put up a pavilion over in the pines across the creek for refreshments—and the swings and other amusements we could think up would make a first rate holiday for the folks."

"Father! You don't really mean it!" cried Millie in delighted amaze. She had often thought of the plan but the hints she had thrown out twice as "feelers" in that direction had been met by so chilling a douche by the head of the house that she had not dared to crystallize them into a formal suggestion. And now it had come at his own will! Not that it was the surprise that it would have been a month since. He had been so changed of late—so full of gentleness and love towards them all in the household, that this last evidence of considerate forethought for her happiness seemed indeed but natural in this kind father whom she was newly learning to know and love aright. And yet—it seemed, indeed, too good to be true!

"Oh! Pa!" shouted Fannie, who had overheard the precious proposal, "will you let us have bonfires and ice cream?"

"Do you want 'em mixed?" asked her father.

"Yes," replied Fan. eagerly, "and oh! can we have some Chinese lanterns to hang in the air?"

"In the air or on the trees, Fan?" asked Millie laughing. "Your idea of combining the elements is somewhat supernatural."

"Well, can we?" insisted Fan.

"I shouldn't be surprised," answered her father. Then as she bounded away to apprise the rest of the household of the princely event promised, he turned to Millie.

"I guess daughter," he said, you'll need some one to help you plan out and carry on the affair, and I thought perhaps you'd better ask Hart Richfield over to take some of the responsibility off your shoulders. He's apt to have new ideas, and——"

"Father! Millie's slim form was shaken with sobs, and her arms were clinging close around his neck. David Hurst's strong hand gently stroked the short auburn curls pressed tight against his shoulder.

"There daughter! There my little girl!" he said.

The important day soon came at the Hurst farm. In the house, on the porches and lawns, in the pavilion across the creek, and upon the smooth floor laid down in the orchard grove—groups of young people—pretty girls in dainty white and pink, and blue dresses, and good-looking young fellows in cool nobby summer suits had laughed and talked and danced, and downed ices and lemonades and sandwiches with purest enjoyment all the afternoon, and showed no signs of tiring of it until the furthest hours of evening.

Millie in her white swiss dress, flitting here, and there, and everywhere throughout the house and grounds in her role of hostess, made Hart think of a snow-white butterfly he had chased once in childhood across fields and meadows, and through strips of orchard, only to vanish, eventually—when he had about imprisoned the pretty whisp of light under his hat—so far up in the air, that even his strained glance could not pursue it.

Today he had shadowed Millie throughout the grounds with like success so far as futile following went, and in his disappointment he

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had told himself that she would probably slip from him forever in some such effectual, if not solemn way, in which he had lost the butterfly.

He had been with her frequently during the past week but had not dared to speak of his newly-aroused hope, lest it might prove the step too far beyond the limit of her father's willing concessions. So he had put it off from day to day. He had not had a word with her today since the people began to arrive at two o'clock. It was now twilight. The lanterns were lit about the porches, and in the orchard, and Hart for a moment was sitting apart, enjoying the fanciful scene made by the colored lights and the pretty groupings under the trees.

"Is that you, Hart?" asked Millie's voice suddenly near by. "I was looking for you," she said coming towards him in the dusk. "Will you come with me to look for little May Burns and Fannie? We can't find them anywhere about the place, and mother's afraid they've strolled up the canyon. She wants me to find them before father knows."

Hart put her hand under his arm, and they went quietly across the creek and towards the canyon. As they walked along the lonely road Hart told Millie of his thought about the butterfly.

"I don't see why that particular circumstance should suggest me," said Millie laughing. "I don't believe I shall go so far as to die to escape you, and that seems to me to be the only possible way to establish an analogy."

"There are other ways of losing you as hopelessly," said Hart, tinging his tone with his blue mood.

They walked on a few steps in silence, then Millie spoke softly.

"Hart!"

"Yes," he answered.

"Why don't you drop your hat over the butterfly?"

"Millie!" cried Hart.

They were quite alone; but if a hundred had been near no one could have told whether it was the gurgling water or a kiss; and before Hart had released her, they heard Fannie's and May's voices just ahead in the darkness. They were crying pitifully, and Hart and Millie hurried toward them anxiously.

"Fannie!" called Hart, reassuringly as they approached, "it's all right, Millie and I are here to take you safely home."

"I don't want you to," came a reply in wailing, petulant tones, "I want Annie and Jim to!"

"Why folks are you with them?" cried Millie and Hart in a breath. Millie's cousin Ada and her fiancee were in a buggy, each holding a weeping child in their arms.

"Yes," said Ada, "we got tired of staying around the grounds, so Jim hitched up and we took the children up the canyon for a ride. "What are you crying for, Fan," asked Millie, "are you afraid of the dark, or that you'll be reminded about not asking leave to go, when you get home?"

"I aint afraid of either," snapped Fannie.

"She says she knows the refreshments will be eat up," said Jim explainingly.

"You saw to that yourself before you came away, Fan," volunteered Millie, unsympathetically.

But only Hart's assertion of countless freezers waiting to disgorge their entire treasures at the "open sesame" of the two certain small wanderers, brought peace eventually to the mournful, aching hearts. Finally the buggy went on with its rejoicing load, Millie and Hart bringing up the rear of the triumphal procession.

As the latter walked homeward, Millie told Hart about the change in her father; and Hart told her of his work, and plans for the future. She was interested in his new politics as well, and Hart told her about that, too.

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"I've found out one thing, though," said Hart finally before they reached home, "in everything I've taken hold of that amounts to anything, I've discovered in studying the subject up, that we've got something in the same line just as good, if not a great deal better, in Mormonism."

"I've found that out, too," said Millie.

"That dear old gold-brick, Andy Gale," went on Hart," put the whole truth in a nutshell when he told me, that people travel all over the universe —and discover Utah!"

"Hart," said Millie presently, in a shy but earnest tone, "I feel that it is only right to tell you before-hand—that—I wouldn't be married—any way but in the temple—for anything on earth!"

"Why, neither would I!" said Hart. *Josephine Spencer.*

I.

THE sun was as hot, and the road was as dusty as the average July day brings, when a traveler on the public highway some miles south of Salt Lake City, stopped by a stream of water flowing across his path to rest and quench his thirst. Some willows lined the creek and a few cottonwoods cast a cooling shade. The traveler unslung a bundle from his back, which he deposited under a tree, took from his pack a tin cup and drank eagerly from the cooling water. Sitting on a large stone, well under the bank, he washed his hands and wet his face with water, stroking back his hair with his wet palm.

He seemed to be a very nervous individual. A minnow leaped to the surface of the pool for a fly, and he started at the splash. At the rumbling of a distant wagon he looked quickly up; then went back to his bundle and stood gazing up and down the road. The landscape had a quiet, peaceful look. Here and there were some farm houses, but they were far apart. The traveler, seeing no one moving, sat down again by the tree and leaned his head against its trunk. He seemed to be

* Second prize Pioneer Day story.

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tired. He closed his eyes against the sun and for a few minutes appeared to be asleep.

Take a look at him as he sits there—a mountaineer in dress and appearance. His clothes are much the worse for wear, his shoes being so ragged that his bare feet must press the hot dust. His hair and beard are long and tinged with gray. But his face! Mark his countenance! Did you ever see such a one possessed by human being before? Look at the peculiar expression of the mouth and did you notice his eyes before he closed them? Here, there and everywhere, quick as lightning, and glowing with a look that is indescribable. If the eyes are the windows of the soul, what a soul must be back of these!

The man's age may be anywhere from forty to sixty—it is difficult to say where. Is the man a tramp? No, not of the modern kind; it is too early in the century for that.

After a few minutes repose, the wayfarer awoke with a start and began to talk to himself. As he talked, he seemed to be arguing a point with some invisible companion. He raised his voice to an angry pitch, and then how his eyes flashed! Is he an escaped lunatic? No, not hardly; but hear him!

"I admire an honorable man—a man of his word. And I say a bargain is a bargain, and you should stick to it. You promised me a whole hour's rest, and here you come tormenting me at the end of five minutes. Is that right?"—"I don't deserve it? That's none of your business. A bargain is a bargain, I say, and you're an impostor to go back on it."—"Now let me rest a few minutes." His head sank on his bundle, but in an instant he was up again.

"You have no conscience," he remarked, very pathetically. "Would I were in your place." He got up and straightened his long limbs to their full height. Then he pointed out toward the mountain, and said:

"Do you see that mountain?"—"You do? Well, it's full of gold; it's mine and I will give it to you for a day's rest—just one day to be freed from ye imps of the infernal pit! There's my hand on the bargain." He stretched out his hand as if offering it to his invisible companion.

"You won't take it? Wouldn't take such a red-stained hand? Well, that's all right, you needn't. I'm off, just you follow me if you dare!" He put on his slouch hat, picked up his bundle and was about to travel on, when he suddenly changed his mind and sat down again.

A little girl came trotting down the road, with a hat in one hand and a basket in the other. Every few moments she would stop and gather a flower or blade of bright grass. She came right along and ran up to the stranger before she saw him; then she started and backed.

"O, don't be afraid, little girl." he said mildly. "I'll not hurt you. What have you got in your basket?"

"Biscuits," was the reply.

"And where are you going with them?"

"Down to Aunt Sarah's. They're for her to take to the celebration."

"O, is that so!" He chattered with her kindly and her little tongue got loose and chattered away.

"Where do you live?" he enquired.

"O, we live up yonder where the big trees are, but we're all going away tomorrow—me and pa, and ma and Aunt Sarah."

He seemed pleased in her company. The awful look in his eyes surely modified as he listened and talked to her. He asked her name.

"My name is Drusilla Woodland."

"Drusilla Woodland! Drusilla—!

"Yes, I'm named after grandma—grandma who's back in the states. But I must go now. You're going to the celebration aint you? I'm just going to auntie's. You know where we live, now don't you?"

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"Drusilla Woodland," he repeated. "Why, yes, of course down on Mullholland Street close by the temple—no, I mean—what do I mean?"

The wild look came back again. "O, God, what have I found—don't leave me little girl—don't——"

The man's face was a study then. Waves of emotion swept over it. The color came and went with his hard breath. He covered his face with his hands and groaned. The little girl becoming frightened ran on her way down the road. The sun went down behind the western hills.

"Up yonder where the big trees are" was a busy scene next morning —by the way the exact date was the twenty-second of July, 1857—not only there but in many of the other farm houses people were packing and preparing for an outing of some kind. Shortly before sunrise Silas Woodland drove up to his door, boxes and bundles were lifted in the wagon, his wife and daughter Drucilla were helped to the seat beside him, and away they rattled down the lane under the locusts and box-elders to the main road where people were already passing, some in wagons, others on horseback, but all headed towards the mountains.

The first driver who had caught up to a strange-looking man trudging by the roadside that morning had asked him if he would ride; but he had politely declined. Others also offered him a seat in their wagons but he thanked them gracefully and said no. While many looked curiously at him, he did not seem to notice them but went on his way with his bundle on his back and his eyes generally directed towards the ground, though with a rapid movement of his head he got a glimpse of every new arrival.

Silas Woodland came whistling along. The stranger saw him, marked the others by his side, and stepping out of the road, went up to the fence. He leaned over the top rail and looked away over the fields to the distant mountains until Silas got past, then he turned and gazed after them.

Drusilla recognized him and told of their meeting the evening before.

The next man who came along was alone in a sort of cart. He was about to drive past when the stranger asked him for a ride.

"Certainly," said the man, "jump up. Are you going to the celebration?"

"I guess so," said the stranger. They drove on.

What a crowd there was at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon that morning! Hundreds of vehicles and veritably thousands of people. Most of them had gathered there the day before and had camped over night ready for ascending the "stairs" as the steep places in the canyon were called. What a sight it was! Carriages and wagons and prancing steeds; cavalry and artillery; bands of music and uniformed companies of young men. All were bent on celebrating the twenty-fourth of July, the tenth anniversary of the pioneers' entrance into the valley. It was to be away up in the tops of the Wasatch, in a beautiful glen of the mountains, by Silver Lake, at the head of the canyon.

President Young with General Wells and other military leaders took the lead and the long train followed. Up they climbed, up from the hot valley, to where the breezes blew fresh and cool from snowclad peaks. Up to where mountain streamlets trickled down into the lakes; and where the green spread out in tiny meadows to the lake, around which the peaks and pines stood sentinel. Here the wagons were stopped, camps erected and preparations were made for the celebrating of the morrow.

This was about noon. The afternoon passed, and at evening President Young talked to the multitude. He dwelt on God's mercies to His people. Benediction was pronounced,

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and the throng separated, with peace in their hearts, and joy and love. Around the camp fires, or on the dancing floors of the boweries, a grateful people could offer their praise to God, the Giver of their good.

Silas Woodland had built a fire by his tent door, and he was reclining on a quilt; he did not care to dance. His wife sat opposite with some crochet work; Drusilla was asleep inside. Neighbors came and went; everybody chatted and were merry. When nearly time to retire an acquaintance stepped up to the fire and seated himself on a brush pile.

SILVER LAKE. "AWAY UP IN THE TOPS OF THE WASATCH."

"Who is that man that's been standing over by the wagon watching you for the last half hour?" he asked.

"Who? Watching us—has anybody been watching us?" and Silas Woodland looked towards the place indicated.

"Yes; haven't you noticed him?"

"No; who can he be? What can he want?"

"Well, it's strange. I think it's the same fellow who rode up with me this morning. He was the oddest man I have ever met, and he seems to be interested in you."

"Is that so?"

Alice Woodland had ceased her work and was listening attentively.

"Didn't you notice a man get out of the road when you drove up just this side of Maple Creek?"

"Yes; Drusilla pointed him out to us."

"Well, he rode up with me, and, as I said, there's something mysterious about him. He asked me all sorts of questions about yourself and wife, your names, where you lived, and all about you. He seemed civil and decent enough and talked intelligently about many things. He knew all about the Church in Nauvoo times; but all the time he talked he was fidgeting with his hands and there was a strange expression in his eyes. Well, down in the canyon where the dugway is narrow, I believe the fellow meant to jump into the river, but I put out my hand and said: 'Look out or you'll fall out!' and he startled as if out of a dream.

"But the worst was when he wanted to trade consciences with me—he got clean luny then. Why, the fellow said the conscience was something a person could buy and sell like an article of merchandise. He offered his own in exchange for mine, and said he would give me a whole box of gold to boot."

They all laughed; but Alice was

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uneasy. She did not like to have an escaped lunatic watch their movements, she said; and that night she laid awake a long time thinking of what she had heard.

Next morning was the Twenty-fourth and its celebration began in earnest. After the program of songs, oration, etc., was carried out, the day was spent in dancing, boating on the lake, picnicing, and climbing the mountains. All were happy, and the time went merrily. The majority did not notice the arrival of four travel-stained horsemen about noon, and their hurried interview with President Young. Some there were, who had noticed the sober countenances of their leaders, who had been called together in council, but most of the Saints made merry as if no evil were at their doors.

In the evening the assembly was called together and General Wells spoke. His words thrilled the people, and made many a heart beat, some no doubt with indignation, some perhaps with fear, all with the profoundest emotions. The news was that an army was marching against the Saints, was now on its way from the states, to once more drive and pillage and outrage this much persecuted people. The general instructed the company to break camp in the morning and quietly go home. "But don't worry," said he, "don't be alarmed, God will take care of His people and He will yet make the wrath of His enemies to praise Him."

II.

It had been hard for Silas Woodland to abandon his house and farm, his barns and garden; his hard-earned home that he had wrested from the desert. But it had been no harder for him, no doubt, than it had been for thousands of others who, with tearful eyes, had bade farewell to their homes that spring of '58, and followed their leaders southward to where, no one seemed to know; but it was anywhere out of the reach of the armed horde who would soon infest the valley and would, no doubt, try to repeat the acts of Missouri and Illinois.

Silas Woodland had packed his most valuable movable goods into a large wagon. He had made a "spike" of his extra horse, and the milk cow had been tied behind. His wife had also been busy packing.

"Is there any more room?" she had asked from the doorway.

"Well, you might get a few more small things in here by the seat," Silas had answered.

"I was thinking I should like to take father's and mother's pictures along.

"They are pretty awkward to handle on such a trip," he had interposed.

"Yes, but"—the loving, pent-up emotion had burst forth. She had tried her best not to cry, but it was of no use. She let the tears run unchecked.

Silas had quietly taken the pictures from the wall, wrapped them in an old piece of carpet and stowed them away.

"Aint my kitty going?" Drusilla had cried, as the cat had, with tail erect and rising back, rubbed coaxingly against her.

"No, my dear, we can't take it." whereupon Drusilla had wept bitterly.

Then, when they were ready to move Silas and Alice had lingered fondly; had taken a last look at the two cosy rooms that had been home to them for years; had viewed the bit of vegetable and flower garden in front; had looked at the young trees in the orchard; had turned away as if they did not wish to see the piles of hay and straw thrown up by the barn and house, nor did not wish to understand their meaning. Silas' strong arms had nearly borne his wife into the wagon, while he had nearly hissed the words: "We will make another Moscow! Another

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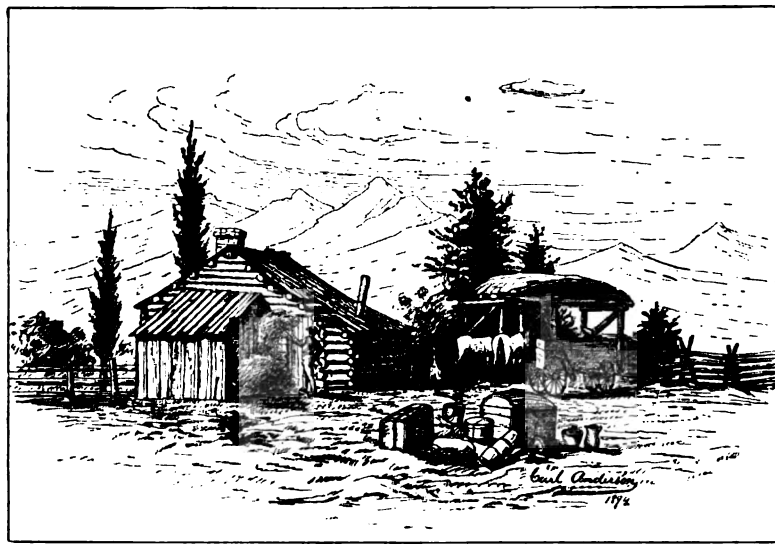

PREPARING FOR THE MOVE SOUTH.

Napoleon will meet his defeat. God help us!"

But it was all over now. The "move" was over and all had returned or were on their way home. The army had come, had seen—nothing to conquer and had marched peaceably to their camp forty miles away; and the Saints were rejoicing that God had so wonderfully delivered them.

A beautiful evening in June and Silas Woodland and family had reached within a few miles from home. They had decided not to camp for the night but to drive on. Silas had walked back to drive up his lagging cattle and Alice held the reins letting the horses take their time. Drusilla was elated at the prospects of getting home, and she was wondering whether her pussy cat was yet alive. The sun went down and it was getting dark.

Suddenly the horses took fright at some object by the roadside, and began to run. Alice tightened the reins, but in her nervousness she pulled the horses from the road. It happened to be down grade, and the heavy load was therefore no hindrance to the increasing speed of the frightened animals. Drusilla cried lustily, but her mother crouched down and held on to the lines, clinging to the wagon. They ran thus for half a mile; when a wheel struck a rock. The wagon tilted, and its occupants were thrown to the ground. The horses ran some distance to a hill and then stopped.

Down the hill back of them came a horseman at full gallop. He evidently did not see the two figures by the roadside, but dashed up to the runaway horses. Seeing no one there, he galloped back to where Alice Woodland laid still and pale. Drusilla was crying and trying to get her mother to speak to her. The horseman dismounted and came up to them. He peered hastily into Drusilla's face, then said:

"Little girl, is this your mother?"

"Yes, yes," she cried, between her sobs. "The horses ran away, and—I'm afraid she's killed—and my back hurts awful; oh! oh!"

The stranger bent over Alice's unconscious form. His long hair fell over his buckskin coat and brushed the face of the woman. He lifted

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her head gently to his knee, and turning her face to the fading light in the west, scanned her pale countenance. Was there a tear in that otherwise wild eye? He stroked back her hair, and then tenderly kissed her on the forehead.

Silas Woodland came panting up. He asked no questions but went to work comforting Drusilla and to resuscitate his wife. He asked the stranger to get his team and drive up to them, which he did. Alice regained consciousness and was lifted in the wagon.

The stranger's horse had stood quietly by. Before mounting, he had asked if he could be of further service.

"Thank you very much," said Silas, "come along with us home, if you can; it is not far."

"I will," he said, and rode after the wagon. Silas drove carefully along, turned up the lane under the locusts and box-elders to the little house standing just as they had left it, not two months ago. Alice was lifted out and made comfortable on the lounge, while the wagon was unloaded and things straightened out a little.

Silas worked hard to get things in order again. The stranger said he was in no great hurry and by a silent consent remained with them. He slept at night in the barn on the hay, and was content to share such bachelor's fare as Silas could prepare. However, Drusilla soon got over the effects of her fall and persisted in helping to keep house, much to the stranger's delight.

Alice improved slowly. Though she had suffered no serious injury, she was weak and nervous and was confined to her bed for some days. Though the stranger took a deep interest in the family, and was continually asking about Alice's condition, he would never go into the sick woman's room. Silas noticed this among other eccentricities of the man. His name or occupation he kept a secret, though Silas had hinted that he would like to know the former.

Early in the morning of the fourth day after the home-coming, the stranger rode up to the door and said he must be going.

"But you haven't had breakfast yet. You must wait a few minutes," said Silas.

"No, I must be going," was the answer.

"Well, I'm ever so much obliged to you for your help," remarked Silas, "and if you ever come this way again, you must be sure to call."

The stranger did not answer, but dismounting, softly stepped to Alice's bedroom, where she was yet sleeping. He walked quietly up to the bed and gazed for an instant on the pale face, then hurried away again. "She is out of danger now," he said, more to himself than to her husband.

"I think so," answered Silas. "Good bye, sir."

Drusilla came running out in her gown. "Good bye, Mister," she shouted.

"Good bye—a kiss, my darling—a kiss—but no, no!"

"O yes, you may, sir—here."

But the man was already in the saddle and galloping down the road. They watched him disappear over the brow of a hill, his horse at full gallop, his head turned towards them, his eyes on Drusilla's waving handkerchief.

"A strange man," said Silas Woodland. He went in the house, and on the table he found a small, buckskin-covered wooden box. Silas looked at Drusilla for an explanation and she said the man had put it there. On the box was a slip of paper, on which was written in lead pencil: "Open when I am gone." He picked the box up, and found it quite heavy. The lid was fastened with a stout cord, which he cut with his knife. Lifting the lid he found a folded paper containing writing, and on removing this paper, lo! the box

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was nearly filled with gold, loose in dust, small nuggets and some coin! With astonishment Silas unfolded the paper and read. Its contents were as follows:

"*Mr. Silas Woodland:*

"DEAR SIR.—This paper and the contents of this box will surprise you; but I have a short communication to make to you, which I hope will make all things plain. This gold I give to you to be used in making yourself and family comfortable. Your wife Alice is my daughter. Use this gold to prevent her or her child Drusilla, or her children, from suffering for the comforts of life.

"Now you know who I am. I am Burr Griffin, whose daughter you married some years ago in Nauvoo, Illinois. You have seen some of my strange actions, and you will wonder what it all means. I will tell you.

"In the year 183—, I lived with my family in the eastern part of the State of Illinois. I had one daughter, Alice, who, becoming converted to the Mormon religion, moved to Nauvoo. It was against my wishes, and I was very angry about it. Of course she had a right to do so, as she was of age, but I becoming enraged at what I considered the wicked snares of the Mormons, followed her. But I could do nothing. She would stay with the people, she said, and I could not prevail on her to give up her religion. This embittered me more. To think that my only child should be so debased as to mingle with such a people! Well, she met and married you. You were a Mormon, and I swore to heaven that I would be avenged on you and your leaders.

"God help me I was avenged! You remember that day the twenty-seventh day of June, 1844. O, that I could burn it out of my memory, erase it from my conscience. I remember it. Yes, will do so, it seems through all the ages of eternity. I was a willing tool of mob leaders. My heart was hard and black. The evil one tempered it to steel, and that day I gave my soul into Satan's power, and it is in his keeping today. I blacked my face, to correspond to my heart within.

"It was at Carthage at the jail. Joseph and Hyrum were there. We knew that the law could not reach them, so we reached them with powder and ball. I shot with the rest. God knows whether any bullet of mine spilled their blood. It was a wild scene. I can see that face at the window now, I can see him leap and fall, can see his body leaning there against the well-curb riddled with bullets, and as I see, I can hear that which rang in my ears loud as any thunder rolls: 'You are guilty, guilty of the blood of the prophets of God! That blood shall be a stain upon your soul, henceforth and forever!'

"From that day to this I have been an outcast and a vagabond, roving the earth, and seeking a place to rest my head in peace. I have tried to forget, tried to smother an ever present conscience, tried to escape from the evil one, strove to lose myself in some sweet oblivion; but all in vain. Even Death has fled from me as from a repulsive creature unworthy of his embrace.

"I came west five years ago. I learned of your moving to Utah, but did not find you until last July. I followed you to your celebration in the mountains, but did not dare to make myself known. I determined to linger and protect you from any violence of the approaching army, but my tormentors who sometimes overpower me, drove me away, away over the mountains to California, where I have been digging gold. I returned just the other day, and found my daughter after the accident. But I must not linger longer, though these few days I have been with you have been as the bright sunshine of heaven to

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a prisoner. My child must not discover me, must not know that her father is already handed over to the buffetings of Satan. I pray you keep her ignorant of the fact. My wife died some years ago. I have no kin left but Alice—and Drusilla, if you will permit me to say so. Use this gold for them. It has been honestly earned, don't fear for that. Thank you for your kindness. I shall not disturb you again. Whereever I shall wander, I shall try to keep away from your roof. Now you know my awful secret.

"This is all. God has given me strength to write this much and make it plain. I am in my right mind now, but it may not be long. The way of the transgressor is hard. God hasten my end.

"Yours,

"*Burr Griffin.*"

Silas Woodland has kept one secret from his wife: and in a bank in the city he has an account which is, according to compound interest, assuming large proportions. To this day he is undecided to know what to do with the money.

Burr Griffin has never more been heard from. Somewhere within the reach of the wrath of the Almighty he may be a wanderer still.

Nephi Anderson.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

When the prospectus for Volume XV. of The Contributor was issued, we offered prizes for Fourth of July and Pioneer Day stories. Through the forgetfulness of our writers or from some other cause, we received but one story for the Fourth of July, which could not be considered in view of there being no competitive pieces.

Of the Pioneer Day stories we received five, nearly all of which contained considerable merit. After careful consideration, however, the judges decided that the story, entitled, "A Trial of Hearts," by Miss Josephine Spencer, of Salt Lake City, was entitled to the first prize of twenty-five dollars, and the article, "A Conscience from Carthage," by Elder Nephi Anderson, of Brigham City, is worthy of the second prize of ten dollars.

We are pleased to note the interest which has been taken in our prize competitions, and only regret that more of Zion's able writers did not participate in it.

For the approaching Territorial Fair, The Contributor has offered a prize of twenty dollars for the best story, founded on facts, connected with Utah history, of not less than four thousand words; and fifteen dollars for the best quartette for male voices by any home author. We trust that many young people in these mountains who have talents in these directions will not fail to forward their productions in time for examination by the committee, and though all will not be able to receive prizes for their efforts, the practice of writing and composing will be of great benefit to them. Every opportunity for developing these talents should be seized by young men and women, for they will undoubtedly find abundant opportunity in the future for their use.

The Value of Failure.—It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must recommence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us to what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false: no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home—
His hearth, the earth; his hall, the azure dome.
Emerson.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR
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SALT LAKE CITY, - JULY, 1894.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THERE has perhaps never been a time in the history of the Latter-day Saints when they were so heavily burdened with indebtedness as at present. Few, indeed, are the individuals in our community who are free from obligations of a financial character. All have felt with more or less severity the distress through which the country has passed, and some have almost become discouraged at the future prospect.

Various causes have led to the conditions which now prevail. In some instances extravagance can be credited with the results which we experience. Whatever the cause, it is not now the time for the Saints to become discouraged or relax their efforts to achieve success. Even if failures and assignments are necessary to any of the people, they should still retain hope and faith in their hearts, and be filled with the spirit of energy and perseverance to finally come successfully through every difficulty.

It is stated that there is only between five and ten per cent. of business men and firms that succeed. The remainder go into bankruptcy sooner or later during the period of forty years. Some of those men who are today financially strong, both in our own community and in the world, have failed in the early part of their business career, and have been compelled to settle with their creditors at less than one hundred cents on the dollar; but be it said to the credit of most of those who live in our midst they have afterwards paid in full for their indebtedness.

This should be the desire and determination of any who meet with financial misfortunes among us. All men are liable to accidents and miscalculations, but where such occur the effort should always be made to repair injury done to others, and to convince them that such failures are not intentional. A man possessed of health and filled with faith can accomplish wonders in financial as in other ways. The opportunities are so abundant in our country that no one should supinely fold his hands and become discouraged because of distress which may overtake him.

It said of Spurgeon, the noted English divine, with whose large tabernacle in London many of the Elders are familiar, that he started out to obtain grounds and means to erect this building without any human prospect of success. But he made up his mind that every day should add to the store of means for the accomplishment of this object, and he would build a tabernacle which would be a credit to himself and the church of which he was so eloquent a preacher. His faith buoyed him up under the most trying circumstances, and it was by his faith, coupled with the works which he performed, that he succeeded. A less faithful and persevering man would have signally failed, even if he had possessed the courage to begin so stupendous a task.

Thus it is with great men everywhere and in every department of life. Seemingly insurmountable obstacles only make them more determined, and seem to fill them with greater energy and faith. With health, faith and perseverance a man can accomplish almost anything upon which he sets his mind. Consequently, if men cannot meet their obligations at present, let them persistently work with the object in view of paying every just debt, coupling with their efforts earnest prayers to God, and there is no doubt relief will come to them, and they will be able to hold up their heads among their fellows with a conscious-

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ness that they have done their full duty to their fellowmen, and have paid with honor every debt which they owe. Even if the demands upon us seem to be unjust, it is better to pay a seemingly unrighteous obligation, than to have the ill-will of our fellows directed against us, because of failing to meet the claim thus presented.

The future seems bright with promise. All will doubtless have their struggles to make, but none will be left without help in the time of need, if the spirit of the Gospel prevails in the hearts of the people; for Zion is as sure to become the glory of the whole earth, and her people to be the richest of all people, as the sun is sure to rise upon the morrow and shed its glorious light and warmth upon the world.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

WE are pleased to call attention to some illustrations in this number of the CONTRIBUTOR which have been produced by home artists. The illustrations in the article "A Conscience from Carthage" were drawn by Brother Carl Anderson of Ogden, an artist of no mean ability. They give evidence of considerable talent, which we hope to see more abundantly developed in the future.

The view of the Mission House in New Zealand has been done by what is known as the half tone process, and is the first piece of such work, we believe, that has ever been done in this Territory. A member of the Church from Germany, who not long since emigrated to this city, was the producer of this piece of work.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 24.

THE GATHERING.

References, Compendium, as a guide to special references.

Subdivisions:—Relationship of the gathering to the scattering of Israel. —Objects of the gathering, (*a*) preservation; (*b*) education; (*c*) power. —Time for gathering.—Places of gathering, (*a*) Zion; (*b*) Jerusalem. —*The spirit of gathering.—†Means and methods of gathering.

Self-review:—1. What does the gathering of Israel mean? 2. What are the chief objects of this gathering? 3. Prove that the gathering has begun. 4. Name and locate two general gathering places. 5. Give proofs that the spirit of gathering follows conversion, and quote three prophecies predicting the gathering.

LECTURE 25.

EDUCATION.

Subdivisions:—Meaning of the word, to lead out.—Comprehensiveness of the term, *True Education;* (*a*) the accumulation and proper application of physical, spiritual, mental and moral power, by divinely-directed self-effort; (*b*) the development and use of one's entire self; (*c*) the development of physiological activities and their application in righteous words and acts; (*d*) the complete functioning of the entire being; (*e*) the learning and doing in its place and time of every act in the economy of life; (*f*) the perfect or harmonious development of all the capabilities of the individual; (*g*) the acquiring of knowledge (the perception of truth) and wisdom (the application of truth in relation;) (*h*) the acquiring a knowledge of and receiving and using truth relations, (*i*) the desiring, asking, seeking;

* Our missionaries and converts testify that persons in foreign lands, upon hearing and accepting the Gospel are filled with a desire to unite themselves with the body of the Church socially.

† It will be well to study up and explain the P. E. (Perpetual Emigration) Fund as a means.

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receiving, and using or assimilating the Spirit of the Lord in all departments and relations of life; (*j*) the knowledge and power of increase (life); "The expansion of the soul—the body and the spirit—to the fullness of its capacity." Ref. CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. X., p. 281; Vol. XI., p. 351; Vol. VI., p. 343; Vol. XII., p. 388; M. I. Manual, part I., p. 9.

Self-review: — 1. What is the meaning of the word education? 2. What is meant by education in its true sense? 3. Formulate a definition of true education. 4. Why is the Gospel of Jesus Christ the only complete system of education? 5. Why is a plan of education that aims to develop *only* the intellectual faculties necessarily imperfect? 6. Show that a plan which has for its object the development of the physical and mental only, neglecting the spiritual, will of necessity prove a failure. 7. Why is it imperative that the cultivation of the affections keep pace with the development of the faculties? 8. What is essential in a perfect system of education?

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation Continued.*)

LECTURE 24.

PSALMS.

Subdivisions:—Their meaning.—Their origin.—Their authorship.—Their place in the Gospel.—Their scriptural importance.—Their worth ("An epitome of the whole Scripture,"—Athanasius; "A compendium of Theology,"—Basil; "A little Bible and a summary of the Old Testament,"—Luther; "The most elegant writing in the world,"—Melancthon.) — Their number. — Their division.—Their classification. Ref. Bible (Holman), Family, Historical Division. Bible Helps, (Teacher's Bible, Bagster,) pp. 35–41. Smith's Bible Dictionary, pp. 340–342. Dictionary of the Bible, American Tract Society, pp. 357–359.

Self-review: — 1. What is the meaning of the word psalms? 2. What is the nature of the psalms? 3. Who was the principal author of the psalms? 4. Give proof of the divine inspiration of the psalms. 5. How many psalms are recorded in the Bible, and into how many books is the entire collection divided? 6. Give the classification of the psalms. 7. How were the psalms regarded by Athanasius? Luther? Malancthon? 8. Repeat psalm i. 9. Repeat paragraph 1 of Psalms xix. 10. Repeat paragraph 1, Psalm xxiii and xxiv respectively.

LECTURE 25.

PROVERBS.

Reference: Bible and Bible Dictionary.

Subdivisions:—What the Proverbs are.—Authorship of this book of the Old Testament.—The broad ethical scope of the book.—The literary value of this part of the scriptures.—Some of the leading topics handled by the author; (*a*) Knowledge and wisdom. See Proverbs i, 7, 8, also ii, 6, 7 and iv, 7, 8; (*b*) The seven sins, vi, 17, 18, 19; (*c*) Charity, vi, 32; (*d*) Self control, xv, 1 and xvii, 22; (*e*) Companionship, xx, 24, 25, 26; (*f*) Chastity, vi, 32.

Self-review:—1. What are "The Proverbs?" 2. Who is the author of the Proverbs, and during what period of his life did he write them? 3. What is the chief value of this portion of the Old Testament? 4. Wherein are the Proverbs of literary value? 5. Recite ten of what you consider the best of the Proverbs.

LECTURE 26.

ECCLESIASTES.

Reference: Old Testament, and Dictionary of the Bible.

Subdivisions:—Meaning of Ecclesiastes.—Authorship.—The philosophic nature of the work.—Special topics treated, (*a*) the folly of man's

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vanity; (*b*) the propriety of time. See ch. iii, 1 to 9; (*c*) value of wisdom, iv, 5; (*d*) sacredness of vows, v, 4–5; (*e*) superiority of rebuke, vii, 5; (*f*) the original condition of man, xii, 13–14; (*g*) the responsibility of existence, xi, 9; (*h*) duty, xi, 13–14.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by Ecclesiastes? 2. Who is the author of the book? 3. Why is a just rebuke of great value? 4. Prove that we will be held responsible for our opportunities in life. 5. What is set forth as man's whole duty?

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 23.

PERSONAL TEACHING OF THE SAVIOR.

Subdivisions:—The law of Moses fulfilled in Jesus because He gave the law.—The three divisions of the house of Israel, (*a*) those of the land of Jerusalem; (*b*) those of the land of the Nephites (America); (*c*) the nine and a half lost tribes.—America an everlasting inheritance to Israel.—The Gospel to the Gentiles because of their belief. — Transferring the Gospel from the Gentiles to the remnant of the house of Israel.—The unbelieving Gentiles subservient to the house of Israel.—Healing of the multitude.—Blessing the children.—Institution of the sacrament of the Lord's supper.—Choosing the Twelve Nephite Apostles.—His ascension. Time, A.D. 34. Ref. III Nephi, xv–xviii.

Self-review:—1. Name the three divisions of the house of Israel spoken of in this lecture. 2. When speaking to the Jews whom did Jesus mean in the expression, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd?" 3. When speaking to the Nephites what people did He refer to in saying, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, that I have other sheep which are not of this land; neither of the land of Jerusalem . . . . therefore I go to show myself unto them"? 4. To whom is this land (America) to be an everlasting inheritance? 5. What significant and joyful manifestation followed His blessing of the little children? 6. What ordinance of the Gospel was established at this time?

LECTURE 24.

CONTINUATION OF THE THREE DAYS' PERSONAL ADMINISTRATION OF JESUS AMONG THE NEPHITES.

Subdivisions: — The preparatory work with the Apostles, (*a*) the dividing of the multitude into twelve bodies, (*b*) teaching the people, (*c*) baptism of the Twelve, (*d*) the gift of the Holy Ghost, (*e*) the ministering of angels, (*f*) the return of Jesus. — The marvelous prayer. — The marvelous seeing and hearing. —The miraculous provision for the sacrament.—Giving of America to the remnant of the house of Jacob for an everlasting inheritance.—His testimony concerning the unbelieving Gentiles.—A "New Jerusalem." —Explanation of the fulfillment of the Abrahamic Covenant.—The redemption of Jerusalem signified.—The remnant of the house of Jacob to lead in the establishment of the New Jerusalem—assisted by the Gentiles.—His careful inspection of their records—He orders a record made of the resurrection of the Saints as declared by Samuel, the Lamanite prophet.—His revelation and explanation of the words of Malachi.—His universal exposition. —Marvelous declarations made by the children. Time, A. D. 34. Ref. III Nephi, ch. 19–26.

Self-review:—1. What was the object of dividing the multitude into twelve bodies? 2. What was the burden of the prayer of the Apostles? 3. What was the Savior's declaration concerning the faith of the Nephites? 4. By whom is the "New Jerusalem"

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to be established? 5. What remarkable instance of the importance and sacredness of records is mentioned in this lecture?

LECTURE 25.

CONCLUSION OF THREE DAYS' PERSONAL MINISTRATIONS OF JESUS AMONG THE NEPHITES.

Subdivisions:—The Savior again appears to the Twelve.—He declares the name of His church.—His Gospel and mission, "To do the will of my Father, because my Father sent me."—The universality of accounts, or all things recorded, and the world judged out of the books.—His granting of the individual desires of the Twelve, (*a*) desire of the nine, (*b*) desire of the three.—His ascension. The transfiguration of the three Apostles.—Their continuous ministry on the earth.—Mormon's testimony. Time, A.D. 34. Ref., III Nephi xxviii–xxx.

Self-review:—1. By what name is the church necessarily known? 2. By whose authority was the church named in the days of the Nephites? 3. What is the Gospel and mission of the Savior? 4. What is said of the universality of accounts or records? 5. How is the world to be judged? 6. What was the special desire of the nine Apostles? 7. What was the desire of the three? 8. What evidence have you that the three Nephite Apostles are still laboring on the earth? (pp. 539, 540, 541.)

NEW TESTAMENT.

(Dispensation of the Meridian of Times, continued.)

LECTURE 23.

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR (CONTINUED).

COURSE II (*Continued*).

Group VII.—Illustrating the principle of wisdom.

Subdivisions:—1. The ten virgins, (*a*) place, Mount of Olives; (*b*) ref., Matt. xxv. 2. The cunning steward; (*a*) place, Galilee; (*b*) ref., Luke xvi. 3. The builder; (*a*) place, Galilee; (*b*) ref., Matt. vii; Luke vi.

Self-review:—1. Besides wisdom, what other important principle is illustrated by parable one of this lesson? 2. How many of all the ten virgins mentioned were ready to meet the bridegroom when He came? 3. With what does the parable forcibly impress us? 4. What is the distinction between wisdom and cunning? 5. What is meant by "building upon the rock?"

LECTURE 24.

Group VIII.—Illustrating the principle of fidelity.

Subdivisions:—1. The wedding feast; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Luke xii. 2. The wise steward; (*a*) place, Jerusalem; (*b*) ref., Luke xii.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by fidelity? 2. Why is it necessary to watch constantly and continually? 3. What is the reward of fidelity? 4. What is the result of knowing a requirement and neglecting to prepare for it? 5. Make an application of these parables.

LECTURE 25.

THE LABORERS.

Illustrating the principle of validity of contract.

Subdivisions:—(*a*) Work to be done; (*b*) blessings to be gained; (*c*) men to be invited to engage in the blessed work; (*d*) the contractor; (*e*) the bargain; (*f*) the contract filled; the remuneration perfectly agreeing with the terms of the engagement. Ref., Matt. xx.

Self-review:—1. Applying the parable, what is the nature of the work to be done? 2. What is the advantage or benefit to the individual workers? 3. Who are invited to labor, and at what age and hour? 4. Who is the high contracting party? 5. What is the nature of the bargain? 6. How is the contract filled? 7. What noble principle besides that of validity of contract does this parable specially emphasize?

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On the Rio San Juan, Mexico.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. AUGUST, 1894. No. 10.

RAMBLINGS AROUND THE WORLD.

XIV.

THE port of Vera Cruz lying in the great gulf on the eastern coast of Mexico has been a terror to sea-faring men for three hundred years. It is built on a sandy, desolate region, and for a space of five, or more likely, seven months in the year is very unhealthy, during which period yellow fever, smallpox and other foul pollutions poison the air and fret the soul; a great lazaretto where every one infects with his sores the next within reach. During their brief immunity from these "visitations of God," as Vera Cruz and other Catholic communities are pleased to call such maladies, the surviving population, receive, rob and entertain native and foreign tourists from other parts of the country. The once-flourishing, but now fast decaying little seaport then becomes a winter resort notwithstanding *vomito* or black death is still, in isolated places, stalking through the streets and luring obscure strangers into nameless graves; and—by common consent, little time is lost in Vera Cruz when shriving a sinner (protestant).

In last mid-December the writer chanced to be at Vera Cruz when the steamer *Siguranze* of the Ward line plying between New Orleans and the Mexican ports arrived off the bar with twenty-one smallpox patients aboard and managed to increase the number to thirty-two within twenty-four hours after reaching quarantine. Four days later the pest-ridden ship was thoroughly disinfected and all the patients convalescing, so thorough and heroic is the treatment of such unwelcome visitors when the closing of a voyage or stress of weather drives a wave-worn ship into those Caribbean waters.

While in the southern gulf the writer made an excursion through a long stretch of tropical jungle to Alvarado and many miles further up the San Juan River to the little village of Tlacotalpam where a holy festival and fair was about to be held in honor of some dead and decayed priest or saint whose miracles have passed into the dim memories of long ago. In the July number one of these holy festivals held in commemoration of Our Lady of Guadelupe was characterized in detail and a description of one is a description of all.

Leaving the *tierra caliente* or hot lands of the eastern coast I traversed many a pleasant league on returning to the valley and city of Mexico. The traveler passes through immense tracts of cultivated land covered with endless parterres of the century or Maguey plant producing an excellent, valuable fibre, and yielding a liquid from which *pulque* is made. This latter, in color is a bluish white, the shade of diluted milk. It is the common drink of the peon class and will intoxicate when drank to excess. It is obtained by tapping the base of the plant and applying a crude syphon from which it is discharged

In a

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SYPHONING THE MAGUEY PLANT FOR PULQUE DRINKING (MEXICO).

into buckets in the manner shown in the illustration.

The elevated, comparatively narrow plain called the table land of Mexico, spreads almost from ocean to gulf, and has an elevation of four thousand to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Above this plateau rise the crests of the great volcanic ridge. The main chain of mountains is known as the Sierra Madre. North of the twenty-first parallel three well-defined ranges extend. The middle range joins, finally, the Rocky Mountains; as does also the western, after making a wide loop to the westward; the eastern sinks away gradually as it approaches the Rio Grande.

Lying partly within both the tropical and temperate zones, and having a curious physical formation, Mexico possesses three well defined climates: hot in the *tierra caliente*, or hot lands of the coast; temperate in the *tierra templada*, or regions lying at an elevation of between three thousand and six thousand feet above the level of the sea; cold, in the *tierra fria*, at an elevation exceeding six thousand feet. These several climates are, naturally,

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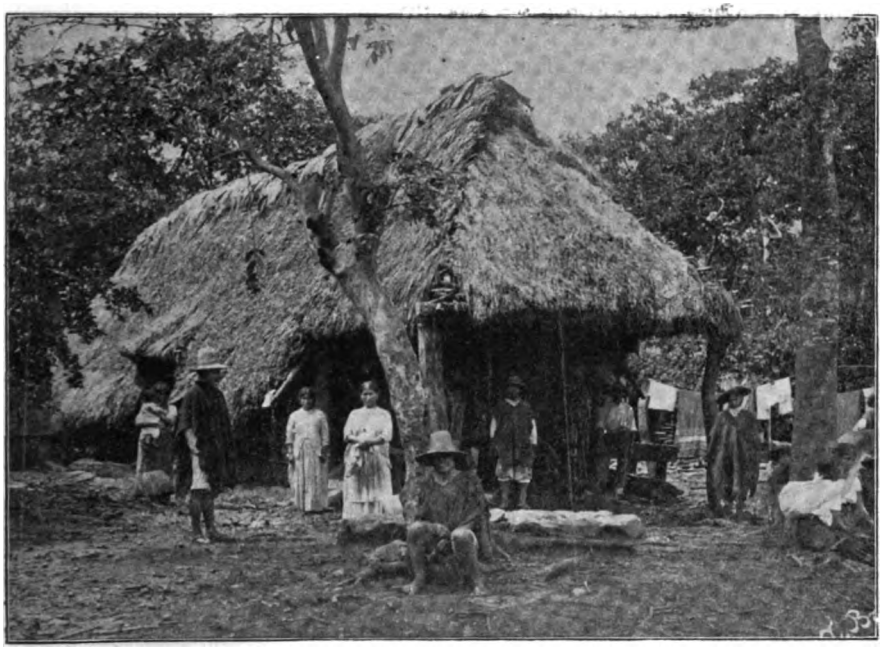

PEON HUT OF PALM BRANCHES IN THE TIERRA CALIENTE (MEXICO.)

modified further by latitude. The "cold" region of the north is actually bleak, while the cold region of the south is only so by comparison with the very hot climate hovering near it at a lower level. The mean thermometer (Fahrenheit) in the hot lands is 80°; in the temperate lands, 70°; in the cold lands, 60°. The extremes are about 100° in the hot lands, and about 20° in the cold lands. In the temperate lands of about the latitude of the city of Mexico the mercury generally ranges between 65° and 75° the year round. The year is divided into two seasons: the dry season from November to May; the rainy season, from June to October. During the latter, rain usually falls late every afternoon and in the night. The mornings usually are bright and clear, while the air is deliciously cool and fresh. In short, the climate of Mexico, as a rule, is pleasant and healthy. The exceptions to the rule occur in the hot lands of the coast, where fevers of various sorts usually prevail; and, to a less serious extent, at all seasons of the year, in the damp valley of Mexico, where little or no drainage occurs.

On the east coast of Mexico the great current of the Atlantic Ocean sweeps around the peninsula of Yucatan and through the Gulf of Mexico, causing a continual extension of the beach, increase of sand banks and barring of river mouths. On the entire Gulf coast there is no bay of any importance; no good harbor easy of access, nor any sheltered anchorage. Excellent harbors might be made, however, by removing the bars that block the entrances to the lagoons of Terminos, Santa Ana, Madera, Tamiahua, and Tampico. On the west coast, the highlands approach the seashore, and the coastlands, relatively, are high. On this coast are the excellent harbors of Acapulco and San Blas—two of the finest harbors in the world—then follow the very fair harbors of Guaymas, Manzanillo, Mazatlan, and several smaller ports in which

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good anchorage and protection are found.

About the year 1524 was founded, in a suburb of the city called Tlaquechiuhcan (meaning where sleeping mats are made) a chapel dedicated to the Assumption of Our Lady. To that shrine went on Sundays and holy days a monk from the church of San José to say the mass; and every year on the Feast of the Assumption went out from this chapel a procession of its Indian worshipers who thus celebrated the day. One year it fell out that certain students who had gone there to see the procession, made light of it, which so enraged the Indians that they mutinied against them. Therefore, the Lord Archbishop ordered, under pain of excommunication, that neither students nor monks any more should go to see that procession. In the chapel was venerated an especially holy image, the making of which was miraculous; for a pious Indian having begun to make it, and leaving it for a time, found upon his return that his handiwork had been miraculously carried on. And by this image many miracles were wrought —most notable of which was the quenching of a certain fire, December 11, 1676, by which the first great church of Saint Augustin was consumed. The parish continued to be administered by the Franciscans until June 26, 1753, when it passed into the control of the secular clergy.

The foregoing narration—a miracle, an image, a monk and a peon is representative of the causes which

GROUP OF MEXICAN LADIES, SPANISH TYPE.

founded seven-eighths of the churches of Mexico. Religious superstition, bigotry and intolerance—a smooth, stagnant pool reflecting only the images of idleness and servitude. Prior to the separation from Spain, almost every public institution in the province was a religious foundation—schools, hospitals, asylums, even the principal theatres in the city; all had their origin in the church. As the term is used there, however, its meaning is restricted to churches, and to establishments of which a church

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was the principal or a very prominent part. A church was a part of almost everything in the earlier time.

One of the most commendable charitable institutions of the tawny republic is known as the Monte de Piedad, a national pawnshop founded by a wealthy mine owner named Pedro Romero de Terreros, for the benevolent purpose of enabling the poor of the capital to obtain loans on pledges for almost nominal rates of interest. Its effect, to the material gain of the poorer classes, was to break up the usurious rates of interest previously charged by private pawnbrokers. For the purpose of the charity he endowed the establishment with a fund of three hundred thousand dollars. Upon its foundation no fixed charges, or, indeed, charges of any sort, were made for its loans. Payment for the obligation conferred was left to the discretion of the borrower, who simply was invited, when repaying his loan and receiving again his pledge, to make a gift for the maintenance of the charity. This benevolent laxity led to so much abuse that it became necessary to fix a regular rate of interest for loans; but the rate was fixed at the lowest figure that would yield sufficient revenue to meet necessary expenses. The exceedingly low charges have always been maintained; the charitable purpose of the founder never having been lost sight of by the administrators of the fund. When, by bad management in the year 1814, the capital was seriously impaired, being reduced to but little more than one hundred thousand dollars, the deficiency was made good and the original endowment regained. Later on, good management and careful investments raised the capital to upward of half a million dollars, and now, the average annual loans on pledges are in the neighborhood of one million dollars distributed among from forty thousand to fifty thousand borrowers.

G. H. Snell.

PATRICK HENRY'S WAY OF SPEAKING.

"We must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!"

These words are part of a speech by Patrick Henry, delivered in 1775, which is to be found in almost every school speaker. I have heard it spoken by boys many times, and I used to speak it myself at school; but we all utter these words in the wrong way. There are still old men in Virginia whose grandfathers heard this speech in 1775, and those words they say, were not spoken in a loud, vehement manner, as boys usually speak them, but in a low tone, and with the deepest solemnity.

St. John's Church, in which the speech was spoken, is still standing at Richmond. I visited it not long ago. It is a small church, built at a time when Richmond was only a village, and it was intended to seat about two hundred persons in its oaken pews.

If Patrick Henry had shrieked those sentences, as I have heard some boys shriek them, the effect would have been more laughable than impressive in so small a room.

It was a time when every patriot in Virginia was most anxious for his country. The first Congress had sat and adjourned, and it seemed to many that the colonies had then done all that they could to bring the king of England to his senses. The feeling was general that it was impossible for the colonies to contend with Great Britain in arms. Patrick Henry thought otherwise, and he supported his opinion with a number of powerful arguments.

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But this great orator had a way of putting his whole speech, after he had argued the matter, into one electric sentence, which pierced every ear, and remained in the memory ever after. He did so on this occasion, when he said in the lowest tones of his wonderful voice:

"We must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight!"

He meant to give that to the Assembly as his deliberate, reluctant, judgment. He did not intend to defy or threaten.

Every speech of his which has been preserved contains one or two of these burning sentences. Soon after he entered public life, it was proposed in the Legislature of Virginia to establish a public Loan Office, where planters who had great debts upon their lands could borrow money from the colony, with which to pay off pressing mortgages and carry on their plantations.

It was thought to be a good measure by many members, particularly those who had debts hanging over them. Patrick Henry, a young member only twenty-nine years of age, made a very short speech against it. He rarely spoke over twenty minutes in a public assembly. On this occasion he killed the loan bill by one sentence.

"What, sir," said he, "is it proposed, then, to reclaim the spendthrift from his dissipation and extravagance by filling his pockets with money?"

That was enough. The plain country members, who cultivated small farms, and who were cast into the shade by the splendid coaches and liveried servants of the great planters, voted down the bill.

This sentence cut so deep into the memory of the hearers that, although there was no record taken of it at the time, it was reported forty-five years after its utterance.

Another instance occurs to me. When the Revolutionary War was closed, there was a warm feeling among the people not to let the Tories come back to their native country. They were looked upon as traitors, who might betray their country a second time if they should be allowed to return.

Patrick Henry delivered an ingenious and masterly speech against this timid policy of keeping out valuable inhabitants from a country that needed nothing but inhabitants. He finished his speech with one of his usual flashes of fire.

"Afraid of *them!* What, sir, shall we who have laid the proud British lion at our feet now be afraid of his whelps?"

The House, it is said, visibly started at the boldness and suddenness of the figure. The absurdity of fearing a small number of ruined exiles was brought home to every mind, and was never heard of again.

But for this habit, scarcely anything would have been remembered of Patrick Henry's speeches. The greatest moment of his life was when he first addressed the Continental Congress in Carpenter's Hall, at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774.

There were about fifty gentlemen present, who sat silent and anxious, all wearing their cocked hats, according to the custom of the time. What were they to do against the mighty power of Britain? What *could* they do? They had no treasury, no army, no government.

When they were organized and ready for business, there might well be that long pause of which we read. At last a strange-looking figure took off his hat and rose to speak. The other members were dressed in the bright colors then fashionable,—peach-blossom coats, white silk stockings, knee buckles and shoe buckles of silver.

Patrick Henry commonly wore in public very much such dress. But on this occasion he was clad in a suit of cloth then called parson's gray, and those who did not know

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him took him for a Presbyterian minister.

He always began his speeches in an awkward, slow, faltering manner, like a vessel getting under way. He did so on this occasion; but soon rising from his slouching attitude and gaining the use of his penetrating voice, he spoke for about fifteen minutes with so much power and good sense combined, that fifty years after men who heard the speech spoke of it with enthusiasm.

But unfortunately there was no reporter present, and all we know of it is two or three of those intense, concentrated sentences of which I have spoken,—sentences which imprinted themselves upon the brain of every hearer. The main idea of the speech was that the colonies must stand together as one people, and he put this into his closing words: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American!"

Now you must know that in the early days the colonies did not love one another any too well, and it is always very difficult for equal States to act together. Patrick Henry darted at once to the real difficulty and danger, and he put into these two sentences the whole purpose and business of the Congress. All that the first Congress did was to expand them into a half-a-dozen long and formal documents, which said to all the world—

"We are no longer Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders. We are Americans!"

But in oratory it is not enough to say great and wise things. The effect upon an audience depends almost entirely upon the *manner* in which they are said. Everyone who has ever heard a great actor perform must be aware that this is the case.

After Macbeth had murdered Duncan, and he stands appalled at what he has done, looking with horror upon his bloody hands, a loud knocking is heard at the castle door. Macbeth says, as he goes out to wash his hands—

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!"

If I were to live a hundred years, I could not forget the manner in which Mr. Macready used to pronounce those words. Grief, remorse, despair, were all expressed in a loud cry which rent the heart.

It was the manner in which the words were uttered which produced the effect, and to acquire that manner cost the great actor many years of labor. He used to practice eight hours a day in his early life. I think it probable that he had spoken those words ten thousand times before the night on which I first heard him.

Now Patrick Henry appears to have had this gift direct from nature. He had a voice of singular power and compass, and he seemed to know by instinct just how to use it so as to produce the effect he wished. Mr. Gough has much of this natural power, which appears to have been fully developed when he was a young man.

Patrick Henry was a great actor. He was much more, but he was that. When he entered the courthouse, just before the Revolutionary War, to plead the cause of the imprisoned Baptists, he looked like a plain countryman, and being a stranger, few persons noticed his coming in. He rose to speak with the indictment in his hand, which had just been read. He assumed the attitude and expression of a man who was perfectly overcome with wonder.

"What did I hear?" he asked. "Did I hear it distinctly, or was it a mistake of my own? These men, whom your worships are about to try for misdemeanor, are charged with—with—*what?*"

He delivered these words as if his mind was staggering under the weight of a monstrous idea. Then lowering his voice to its deepest bass,

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he answered his own question by saying with the greatest solemnity,—

"Preaching the Gospel of the Son of God!"

The effect, according to the report of a spectator, was awful and overwhelming. The orator continued in the same strain and in the same line of acting, feigning to be entirely bewildered and unable to comprehend what such an indictment could mean.

He would go on for a few minutes with great power, alluding to the early history of America, how brave men had crossed the tempestuous sea for freedom to worship according to their consciences; but every now and then he would pause, and holding aloft the indictment, he would say—

"But may it please your worships, permit me to enquire once more, for what are these men about to be tried? This paper says, for preaching the Gospel of the Savior to Adam's fallen race."

The emotion in the court became distressing, and the judge abruptly ended the scene by saying—

"Sheriff, discharge those men."

I have called this a triumph of the actor's art, but it was much more than that. He had on his side the mighty power of truth and justice. The art which he used was only his way of bringing it home to the mind of his hearers. He had his faults and foibles as all men have, but his heart was right, and his judgment was generally sound.

Among his papers was found, after his death, a sealed envelope containing the five resolutions, written by himself on the blank leaf of an old law book, which began the revolutionary movement in Virginia.

On the back of the paper it was found that the great orator had written his last message to his countrymen. He said it was not yet certain whether the liberty won at the cost of so much blood and anguish would be a blessing or a curse to the people of America. The paper concluded with these words:

"If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone will exalt them as a nation. Reader, whoever thou art, remember this, and in thy sphere practice virtue thyself, and encourage it in others." *J.P.*

A SONG OF ZION.

O Zion! methinks from thy stateliest mount
The zephyrs are wafting sweet tones of a lyre,
And the lays, softly swelling, distill on the heart
As aerial strains from a heavenly choir.
Fair Zion! who singeth thy praise.

Ye brave sons of Ephraim, now join in the song,
The mountains of Zion, thy blissful retreat,
The pinions of truth shall unfurl from the heights
And the king's jeweled sceptre shall lie at their feet.
Sweet Zion; we'll praise evermore.

Let the ensign be reared on the loftiest peaks,
Till by Ariel's sons it is seen from afar;
That to thee they may flow ere the nations shall groan
'Neath the keen edge of wrath and the death-throes of war.
Fair Zion, our surest retreat.

Though the proud hosts of Mammon are rushing to arms,
Yet the brave sons of Zion will stem the fierce tide,
And from the dread ranks of the marshalling foe
The pure sons of Ephraim they'll bring to thy side.
Sweet Zion! our fondest delight.

But hark! a shrill trump from Elysium sounds;
The foemen of Israel, dismayed, wildly flee—
O Zion, chaste bride! from the auriole skies,
The Lamb's glorious pageant cometh to thee.
Fair city, celestial and pure!

Angus K. Nicholson.

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AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

III.

IT is very interesting to study out the educational influences upon which are based the character of different nationalities, for each nation has a character distinctly its own. And a student will generally find some habit or custom which has brought into prominence each characteristic. France (as we observed in our last article) manifests superior public generosity, consequently we may look for a principle of education which develops this disposition. Undoubtedly the custom, which prevails in that country, of giving gratuity money, has much to do with what is liberal in French national character. The giving of "pourboire" (drink money), or, as we call it, "tips," is practised in nearly every department of domestic service. Hotel, restaurant and family servants, cab drivers and numerous other helps, receive gifts of money, in amounts more or less optional with the giver, thus affording an almost daily opportunity for the exercise of generous inclinations. These gratuities are hardly in the character of our American "tips," for this practice is so old and common in France, that it has come to be a point of consideration in wages, and the difference made up on commodities in favor of customers. Waiters in hotels and restaurants generally pay for their situations by the month or year, as may be agreed upon, and depend on the patrons—whom they serve—for remuneration. Of course this is not the case in other occupations, but in all callings where "pourboire" is practised to any extent, the employee is as much interested in the success of the business in which he is engaged as his employer, for his income depends, in a degree at least, upon the popularity of the place.

So much for an explanation of the nature of this practice in France. But the main purpose in presenting this subject is to show that any habit or manner of conduct that brings into play or action any particular portion of human character, develops the same. Also to inspire a higher appreciation for the opportunities which the Gospel offers for the cultivation of this same trait of character which is attributed to France. Let us consider missionary work—men sacrificing time, means, the society of family and friends for the salvation of their fellowmen; also the law of tithing, of fast offerings, donations for the building of temples and houses of worship, for the caring of the poor and unfortunate; the weeks, months, and years that may be spent in ordinance work for the salvation of the dead. Who cannot discern in these grand principles a medium of education that will develop in men and women, to the highest degree, a generous and kind-hearted disposition?

We will next consider what we observed in regard to manners, not only in Paris, but in the country villages. It is not my intention to devote these articles exclusively to art, for we asked the Lord to give us power to grasp everything that was good during our sojourn in that great metropolitan city. Before we went to that country I had an idea that the French were artificial and over-polite in manners; this is a mistake so far as artificiality is concerned. It is second nature to the French people to be polite and respectful to each other. In my sketching tours in village and field, I would often meet little children who would invariably greet me with "bonjour, monsieur." Boys would raise their hats in addition to the greeting. This would always inspire a wish in me that our little children would do the same; they are just as good and bright as those in France are, but the trouble is parents here do not set the example. We noticed respectful demeanor in the family circle; even in the mother's baby talk there is much respectful address.

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It is not overlooked in commercial life; gentlemen raise their hats on entering or leaving any kind of a mercantile institution. This example is worthy of our earnest consideration, because we are far behind in this respect. No one can sense the lack of considerate and respectful deportment in America more than one who has become initiated into French social customs. I remember my feelings on first entering an American store after my return from France. Forgetful at the moment of the change in etiquette, I raised my hat on entering and leaving; at first I felt slightly embarrassed for in the exit I noticed the attitude of the clerks; not one showed any sign of recognition, which impressed me forcibly with the spirit of "we have got your money and you can go to hades for all we care," so rude and uncultured it seemed to me.

In consideration of the professions we make, and that the eyes of the world are so much directed towards us, we, at least, need to reform in etiquette, civility and affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner are adornments to social life, and are winsome in captivating the good feelings of others. Respect for others is God-like. No one is more in need of this virtue than ministers of the Gospel, whose duty it is to represent the government of God amongst the children of men. If the practice of polite deportment was a noticeable feature of the Latter-day Saints, it alone would wield a great influence towards obtaining the kind consideration of the people of the world. And thus a great deal of ignorance regarding the faith, purposes and aims of the Latter-day Saints would be removed.

John Hafen.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

THE POWER OF NOBLE ASSOCIATES.—There was once a dull, heavy English lad, who had the misfortune early to lose his father, whose guiding and restraining hand he seemed especially to need. His strong point seemed to be his strong will, which made him anything but a pleasant companion. But a wise mother felt that even this quality might be made a manly power for good if only properly restrained and directed. So she made obedience a law of his childhood, but taught him to decide and act for himself in matters where he could be safely trusted to judge.

At fifteen he was a lumbering, awkward, growing lad, more fond of rough field sports than of books. But now a most happy change came over him. Providence threw him into the society of the Turney family, a most accomplished and intellectual circle, but one with very wide views of philanthropy. They saw the grand "raw material" in the lad's composition, and encouraged and stimulated him to make the most of his abilities. Through their aid he entered the University of Dublin and won high honors, his great ambition being to carry home his laurels to his noble friends. He married a daughter of the house, and became at the age of thirty-two a member of Parliament. Sir Fowell Buxton's name will long be remembered by those who fought the battle of Emancipation in the British colonies. "Elephant Buxton," as he used to be called, threw the whole force of his strong character into the battle, and never flagged or faltered until there was not a slave on British soil. His success in life turned on his forming in early years the right stamp of associates. They were those who would lift him up and stimulate him to the highest exertion of which his nature was capable. Any

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young man who would rise in the world, must follow his example in this regard, and shun every downward tendency.

MISSPENT EVENINGS.—The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on street corners, wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the familiar sciences. If in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals of the country.

Boys, think of these things. Think how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by the lounge on the corner or by the cigar, is not only temporary but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in the practices without seriously injuring yourselves. You acquire idle and wasteful habits which will cling to you through each succeeding year. You may in after life shake them off but the probabilties are that the habits thus formed n early life will remain with you till your dying day.

Be warned then in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one and thereby fit yourselves for usefulness and happiness.

DEBT.—Did you ever think for a moment of the suffering and trouble which arises from debt? How many victims debt has sent to the rum shop, there to drown all thoughts of this trouble; how many men make the first step in crime to relieve themselves temporarily of financial embarassments; how many torturing, terrible years of worry and anxiety; how many sleepless nights are given to debt, no history, no pen can ever tell! With the proud and sensitive man who labors to recover losses, hoping by unusual exertions to regain the lost ground, the trouble is like a slow-eating cancer that leaves him no peace of mind day or night, the final end of bankruptcy and ruin, a fear that goads him almost to desperation. Honest in a determination to meet every debt, interest and principal, how often men, failing after years of useless struggle to meet compounding interest, cut short a useful life in a suicide's grave. The depreciation of property, the failure of crops, the stagnation of trade and manufactures, leaves today thousands of men looking eagerly into the future with the hope that the morrow may bring relief, each day adding gray hairs and hours of unknown torture. Is the picture overdrawn? Look around you and ask the man who has passed through financial trouble to tell you his history. Speculation has swept over the whole land, overturning calm and considerate judgment, inviting the young and old to join in the chase after fortunes. Sudden fortunes in gold, lead, coal, oil, lands or stocks have demoralized whole communities. Banking upon prospective gains, men have rushed ahead gambling in land and lots, with money thus easily earned. Throughout the great West since the war, has this hurricane passed over nearly every State, and with all the old landmarks, all old-fashioned ideas of values, salaries and economies, swept away in this pestilence of speculation, is it any wonder, as the storm lulls and the tide ebbs, that we find vast numbers of wrecks.

The man who has passed through the last fifteen years, if in active business, and witnessed the unparalleled fluctuations in values, may say to his son who is about to enter into active life: "There is in all this but one lesson, and that is as old as the hills. Select for yourself an honest and legitimate calling, within the range of your capacity, resist the temptation to speculate, and above and beyond all, keep out of debt."

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DAMAGED MEN.—You can see any day in the streets of any city, men who look damaged. Men, too, of good original material, who started out in life with generous aspirations; once it was said that they were bright, promising lads; once they looked happily into the faces of mothers, whose daily breath was a prayer for their purity and peace. Ah! what if some of them have vowed their souls away to confiding wives who silently wonder what can be the meaning of this change—the cold, slow-creeping shadows—that is coming over the house and heart.

Going to the bad; the spell of evil companionship; the willingness to hold and use money not honestly gained; the stealthy, seductive, plausible advance of the appetite for strong drink; the treacherous fascination of the gaming table; the gradual loss of interest in business, and in doings which build a man up; the rapid weakening of all noble purposes; the decay of manliness; the recklessness and blasphemy against fate; the sullen despair of ever breaking the chains of evil habits. What victories of shame and contempt, what harvest of hell, have grown from such seed as this!

MAN SHOULD RULE CIRCUMSTANCES.—Man's highest merit is, as much as possible to rule external circumstances, and as little as possible to let himself be ruled by them. Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of an architect except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine with the greatest economy and fitness and durability, some form the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without us, nay we may add, all things in us, are mere elements; but deep within us lies the creative force, which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest, till in one way or another, without us or in us, that same have been produced.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Much more depends on looking on the bright side of everything than is generally supposed. When you look down the vista of coming years and see nothing but poverty and want, sorrow and suffering ahead of you, mental and physical depression is the result. You feel yourself incapable of encountering the vast mountain of difficulties that threaten to confront you, and you begin to look about for means wherewith to avoid meeting them. The longer reflected upon, the bigger they seem to grow. Whereas if you assume a brave heart, and move on steadily step by step, the ascent is so gradual that when you have reached the top you are surprised on looking back to find that what you at first mistook for a mountain now seems only a small hill.

Make the best of everything. Great battles cannot be won by one fell stroke. Cheerful animal spirits are just as necessary to your success in the warfare of life as sunshine to the vegetable kingdom. Withdraw this blessed life-given elements from vegetation and it will grow pale and die. Look beyond the cold, wet day to the bright, glorious sunset beyond. Watch the great masses of cumulo-stratus clouds passing between the sun and earth, and you will observe that those which present the darkest surface to the earth are the brightest on the opposite sides. It is frequently so in life. And only those who reach the goal who have the courage to overcome present difficulties in anticipation of the success in store for them.

There is a class of people who always make you feel worse for having been in their company. Everything partakes of the gloom of their own peevish natures. Trifles are magnified, and they see in all their surroundings ills that never existed ex-

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cept in their own minds. Instead of driving away dull care they are ever on the lookout for something of which to complain.

SOLID LEARNING. — Superficial knowledge may show often to advantage, but it is only solid learning that avails to do the hard work of life. It is best to master studies thoroughly, or one will suffer mortification from an exposure of ignorance. Charles Greville mingled in the best English society, and was a welcome guest among nobles, and artists, and scholars. But in his "Memoirs," he confesses the embarrassment he sometimes felt among men of true learning. He writes, on one occasion:

"There was nothing discussed of which I was altogether ignorant, but I felt as if a language was spoken before me which I understood, but not enough to talk it myself. I have not the familiarity with the poets or the historians which enables me to discuss their merits, and a painful sense came over me of the difference between one who has superficially read, and one who has studied; one who has laid a solid foundation in early youth, and one who (as I have done) has huddled together a quantity of loose reading, as variety, curiosity, and not seldom shame, impelled. One must pay for the follies of one's youth. Reflections of this sort make me very uncomfortable, and I am ready to cry with vexation when I think of my misspent life."

MEN AS LOVERS.—In the first place, it is an imposition on any well-bred girl to keep her up later than 10:30 o'clock, when you have the opportunity of seeing her often. If you always leave her with the wish in her heart that you had stayed longer, you gain so much. Never run the risk of wearying her with your presence. Be just as earnest and straightforward as in your honorable dealings with men. Impress your friends with the worthiness and seriousness of your love, so that vulgar and senseless bantering will appear to them as such. Love is religion—the supremest happiness, wear it manfully and proudly, but holily. Woo a woman bravely. If there is anything humiliating to a woman, it is to have a lover, whom she wishes to honor, weak and vapid, ever yielding and half afraid of her. She longs to tell him to "act like a man!" The man who conceals or denies his love for being laughed at is a coward. A love that has no element of divinity in it is not love, but passion, which has nothing ennobling. That was a beautiful inscription on an engagement ring, "Each for the other, and both for God."

RECREATION. — Recreation of some sort is absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labor. Indeed the use of wisdom consists in tempering our recreations. There are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not but abandon lawful delights, for fear of offending. These are hard tutors, if not tyrants to themselves; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they are injurious to their own liberty, and to the liberality of their Maker.

Let your recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable and lawful. If your life be sedentary, let it be more tending to the exercise of your body; if active, more to the refreshing of your mind. The use of recreation is to strengthen your labor, and sweeten your rest.

STUDY FOR LEISURE HOURS.—Many a young working man might greatly improve his mind and advance himself in his profession if he would but spend a few of his leisure hours in profitable reading. Many make a beginning, but soon grow

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disheartened and quit. The main cause often is a want of thoroughness. It is a good direction of one of the most practical writers for workingmen, "Never to leave what you undertake to learn, until you can reach your arms around it, and clench your hands on the other side."

It is not the amount of reading you run over that will ever make you learned. It is the amount you retain. Dr. Abernethy said there was "a point of saturation in his mind beyond which it was not capable of taking in anything more." We have all doubtless felt this in attempting to study up any subject. The law seemed fixed beyond our control. After a certain point weariness of mind would set in, however we might strive to spur the jaded steed. Then is the time to stop and go about something else. Change of employment is often pleasant recreation.

Every young person should strive to perfect himself in his calling, if it is only the blacking of boots. It is just this application to study that makes the difference between the master-workman and the man who is all his life only a day laborer.

It was by long and patient study in his leisure hours that a common ship-carpenter in Philadelphia was enabled to invent a machine to saw ship-timbers in a beveled form, a very great improvement which yielded him a large fortune, and placed him high in the ranks of inventors. A companion spent his leisure hours during the same six months in teaching a dog to walk on his hind legs. Both succeeded, but the fame of the dog-trainer was confined to the admiring circle of bar-room audiences.

THE EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH. — The morning being cold, the sheriff wished him to warm himself at the fire. "No, good Mr. Sheriff," he said, "let us dispatch, for within this quarter of an hour my ague will come upon me, and if I be not dead before that, mine enemies will say I quake for fear." After having prayed, he rose up, saying: "Now I am going to God!" He felt the edge of the axe, observing to the sheriff, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." He then laid his head upon the block, and was told to place himself so that his face should look to the east; he answered, "It mattereth little how the head lay, provided the heart is right." The executioner hesitated to strike, when Raleigh cried out, "What dost thou fear? Strike man!" His head was severed in two blows. Born 1552, died 1618.

> "Even such is time, that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us out with age and dust;
> Who in the dark and silent grave,
> When we have wandered all our ways,
> Shuts up the story of our days.
>
> *Sir W. Raleigh.*

FOR BOYS.—It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade be compelled to follow it all his life. Governor Palmer, of Illinois, was a country blacksmith once, and began his political career as a constable in Macoupin county. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was a tailor. Thomas Hayne, a rich and eminent man of Illinois, was once a bookbinder. Erastus Corning, of New York, too lame to do hard labor, commenced as a shop boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first he was asked, "Why, my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do as I am bid," was the answer that secured him a place. Large numbers of men of prominence now living have risen from humble life by dint of industry, without which talent is as useless as a gold nugget on a barren island. Work alone makes men bright, and it does not alone depend on the kind of work you have to do whether you rise or not. It depends on how you do it.

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LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XIV.

Friendships begin with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up. *George Eliot.*

ON the evening of September 20, 1792, two persons stood at the door of a humble cottage in the suburbs of Paris. One was a young man with lithe form, nervous movement, and quick, bright gray eyes. His dress indicated that he belonged to the class of poor and struggling lawyers, who attempted to hide their poverty under a pretense at gaudy apparel. He was handsome, and showed unmistakable signs of apt intelligence.

His companion was a girl of medium height and slender form. Her hair was a light brown, naturally wavy,—that peculiar kind of hair which never appears neglected, though the art of dressing it is far from studied. Her eyes were blue, and her gaze was steady and self-reliant. Her face was striking in its beauty, and the air of intelligence pervading it made it seem almost transparent to the purity of her soul. She was neatly dressed, but her apparel was plain and of indifferent quality.

"La Verne," the young man was saying, "I have news which I hope will not be displeasing to you. My life's ambition is beginning to be realized. I shall soon be something more than a struggling lawyer, with prospects of starvation constantly before me. My reputation shall spread through France. My statesmanship shall be recognized everywhere. I have been elected to the National Convention."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, "it is a great honor."

"Especially now, in the country's great need. We have come to a period in our history where delay and hesitation would be fatal, if not to the cause, at least to him who is guilty of it. From this time until royalty and nobility perish, we must be firm in destroying all who would keep them alive. It is the day of the people, and they will rule."

"Eugene—Monsieur Pareau, may there not be some honest ones opposing these extreme measures? Shall they suffer with the rest?"

"They are no less dangerous than the men corrupted with the gold of the nobles."

"Your dearest friends may be among them," persisted La Verne. "You surely will not sacrifice them?"

"Yes," he said in a vindictive tone. She seemed displeased and he hastened to change the subject.

"La Verne, you have not yet told me if I may hope. You know how I esteem you. Your father respects me. Referring to the service I have done him, he has often expressed a hope that I may win you. Can you not say more than you have yet said to me?"

"I can say no more. I respect you. The service you have done my father carries due weight, and I have considered it my duty to consider his wishes. Therefore I have tried to learn a deeper feeling for you than respect, but even filial duty cannot beget love. That must spring from a deeper source even than sense of worthiness. To that depth in my soul your personality has not reached."

"Will it not do so?"

"I hope it will," she answered in her frank, straightforward way. "I admire your talent, unappreciated though it is. It is said to be only a step from respect and admiration to love. Could that step be voluntarily taken I should be glad. I regret that it cannot be. My wish is that I may chance to take it."

"You give me hope and the first glimmering of happiness. Accept this as a seal of my eternal devotion." Pressing her hand to his lips, he departed.

"He is so kind and noble," she

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mused as he walked rapidly toward his house. "I feel guilty that my selfishness keeps me from bestowing the affection due him for my father's sake. But perhaps, when his true worth becomes more apparent to me, I shall be able to appreciate his nobility and do my duty."

She stood at the gate, watching the gray sky turn to a leaden hue. Glancing down the street, she saw a figure advancing toward her. The face of Marie Latour was unknown to La Verne Bremer, and it would have been almost unrecognizable even to one familiar with her two years before. She was haggard, pale, and thin. Her large, lustrous eyes gave token of great mental suffering, but they possessed a refined, chastened, spiritual beauty which bore evidence that the admonition of Vivian Duruy had been well observed.

As she approached the beautiful, innocent girl standing at the door, she stopped and looked upon her with deepest admiration. "Ah, you are beautiful, Mademoiselle. Keep yourself pure. Yield your devotion only for love or duty. I might have been as lovely as you but for one misstep. Only one Mademoiselle!" she hastily exclaimed as La Verne drew back, "and that has been atoned for many times in the chastening sufferings through which I have passed. God bless you. Farewell." She embraced La Verne with intense eagerness and imprinted a kiss on her cheek. The next moment she was gone. Wonderingly La Verne watched her as she disappeared, and the precious pearls of sorrow and sympathy stood in her eyes.

"La Verne!" her father called.

"Yes, dear." She ran into the house and seated herself at her father's feet. He placed his hand upon her head and asked about the visit of Eugene Pareau. "He left me a few minutes ago," she answered.

"How? In hope, or——"

"Yes, father, in hope. I have determined to do my duty. It is your wish that I should wed with him. That wish shall be gratified." He kissed her brow.

"It is the only way to pay my debt to him," he said.

"Your debt?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, La Verne. Now that you have made your resolve, I will tell you what I have kept from you before for fear of influencing you unduly. In the course of my dealings in business affairs, complication after complication arose, and the removal of one merely gave place to another. At length things came to such a pass that one loan had to be negotiated to pay the interest on another, and I was fast sinking into bankruptcy. In my despair I sought the advice of Eugene Pareau. I explained my circumstances to him and asked what should be done. Foreseeing the political circumstances then so rapidly coming upon us, he advised me to take a bold step. He knew that the people had determined upon gaining their rights and overthrowing the nobility, and therefore he rightly concluded that my only safe plan was to place all my securities in the hands of the nobles, with the hope that as their power departed and their property was destroyed, these securities might meet the same fate. The plan worked admirably. I borrowed to the fullest extent of my credit and secured the loans by paper bonds. Long before these bonds fell due, the attack upon the houses of the nobility occurred. That of my creditor was one of the first to be destroyed. With it the bonds disappeared and my property was left free. Had it not been for Pareau's timely advice, we should now have been beggars."

"But was this not dishonest?"

"My child, honesty is a relative thing. My property would have been seized by this man without any cause, if a favorable opportunity had offered. You know how we were

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oppressed and unjustly taxed by the nobility. My impending bankruptcy was due to this cause. I have but saved my own from the hands of the robber. Besides, he has fled from France and will never return again," he continued after a pause; "I had given him a bond calling for my own person to be delivered up to his pleasure in case payments were not made. Since he would not have hesitated to take me and imprison me for the rest of my life, why should I scruple at the destruction of his bonds?"

To a loving child like La Verne, the preservation of her father from personal danger will outweigh any number of conscientious scruples. She threw her arms about his neck, and again promised to yield herself to Eugene Pareau as a reward for the kindness done her father.

CHAPTER XV.

Conspiracies no sooner should be formed
Than executed. *Addison.*

The next day Vivian took his seat in the convention. It took him but a short time after the commencement of the work, to learn the complexion of that body. It was made up of two parties, one, the Mountainists, determined in its course of destruction not only of royalty but of true republicanism; the other, the Girondists, bent upon establishing the republic by more moderate and humane methods. Unfortunately, the first party was in a decided majority.

The first act of the convention was, without discussion, to abolish the monarchy and establish the republic. All old forms were swept away. Like the tidal wave, rushing over the land and carrying all the works of men before it, the wave of these men's hate bore to destruction all the forms of government, religion, society, which men had instituted and accustomed themselves to observe. Henceforth there must be no king on earth and no God in heaven. All men should be upon the same level. The deposed king was a citizen, so was the meanest beggar. There should be no Sabbath. There must be no worship but of the Goddess of Reason. Even the old calendar was to be abolished and its place supplied by a new one counting September 21, 1792, as the first day of the first month of the first year of a new era, the era of the worship of liberty and reason. The cross should be deposed as an object of adoration and replaced by the *Holy Guillotine*, as a sign of the new religion, the religion of destruction and godlessness. Over the entrance to every cemetery should be placed the words, "Death is an eternal sleep."

Vivian looked aghast as he saw these changes effected with lightning rapidity. With the other Girondists he raised his voice in vehement opposition, but it was vain as vehement. Anarchy had placed its red cap upon the blood-stained head of France. The day of wisdom and moderation had passed.

Not content with the sweeping changes briefly outlined above, the extremists determined upon the destruction of the royal family. The king was brought from his place of imprisonment and placed on trial before his enemies on the charge of treason against the government of France. Again the Girondists opposed the wishes of the terrorists, but—the mole may retard but never stop the unfettered ocean. The king was convicted and the knife of the guillotine claimed the royal blood.

And now the month of February, 1793, had come. On the third day of that month Vivian was walking in dejected mood through the streets of Paris. He was revolving in his mind the wonderful changes of the eight months just past, and his eyes were dim with tears as he reflected upon the humiliation of his beloved France before the nations. As he

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raised his head and glanced within the gate he was passing, he caught sight of a girl's graceful figure, limned in beauty against the backgrounds of early foliage. Instinctively he paused in his walk and gazed upon her. A spray of mignonette she was carelessly twirling in her fingers, was caught by a gust of wind and carried to his feet. He picked it up and pressed it to his lips. A step sounded on the path. Vivian saw a man open the gate and walk toward the girl. It was one of the Mountainists in the Convention,—Eugene Pareau.

"Ah, my La Verne," he said as he greeted the girl and took her hand in his; "I have come to you for a few moments only. I must soon assemble with my friends in secret session. Business of importance is to be transacted. The weightiest interests of the state will be considered. Even Cupid must sometimes give place to prosy Minerva. Farewell." He raised the passive hand to his lips and was gone. Unobserved by either, Vivian also departed.

The girl had impressed him strongly. It was not merely her beauty, though that had interested him much. There was something of passiveness and indifference in her action toward her lover, and Vivian had taken cognizance of this, not, my dear reader, without a feeling of exultation. With an instinct common to young men in their views of interesting womankind, he had devined her feelings, and knew that her heart was not where she had so languidly yielded her hand. He found himself pitying her. He took a mental note of the street and the house, and hurried his walk, aimless though it was.

For an hour he walked through the streets, revolving these thoughts in his mind, when he was startled at meeting Marie Latour.

"Monsieur Duruy," she said in a low, respectful tone, "I have something to tell you."

"Say on," he answered shortly.

"The Mountainists are holding a secret meeting tonight."

"How do you know this?"

Her eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Have you known me three years, and yet ask how I know matters so simple?"

"Well?"

"It has been in session half an hour."

"What is their business?"

"It concerns you and your party. It also concerns one you do not know. They would make him a victim as well as you."

"A victim!"

She smiled in pity at his blindness. "Why, great and mighty one," she said in a tone almost of derision, "do you think that the members of the National Convention are safer than the king was? Fie upon you! Have you not read between the lines written and the words uttered by the Mountainists, that the blood of royalty must be accompanied by that of its sympathizers? Have not the Girondists gained the reputation of being friends to royalty? I would save you from your own blindness and their thirst for blood. Be wise and follow me."

Trying to dismiss from his mind the knowledge of her influence over him, he followed her mechanically. She stopped before the door of a shabby building in a crowded, filthy street, and pointed to a lighted room; the evening was upon them. "They are here," she said simply. "Would you know their councils!"

To one in danger the sense of honor is sometimes dim, often entirely absent. The latter was the case with Vivian. He hesitated not a moment, but followed the girl into an adjacent room, where the voices of the conspirators could be distinctly heard. Marie left him with the words, "I will see you at your lodging tomorrow."

Whatever conversation may have been held regarding him and his

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associates, it was too late for Vivian to hear it. A discussion of a most animated nature was in progress, but for a time he understood not its import. At length he heard the voice of Pareau in earnest persuasion. "All our interests demand his destruction and the seizure of his property."

As murmurs of expostulation arose, he hurriedly continued: "His former friendship counts for nothing. I have been able to hold him to our party only at the risk of sacrificing the hold I have upon him. I have made him believe that these securities have been destroyed. He does not know that they are safe and in my hands ready for my action against him. All his property, even his life itself, is forfeit to my claim. Why should we hesitate?"

"But his property is not considerable enough to warrant your action," said one.

"You are mistaken," was the reply of Pareau. "He is a miser. Hidden within the vaults of his house are riches almost beyond computation, to which he clings with the tenacity of miserly dotage. He and I alone know this, but he does not suspect my knowledge."

"But his daughter La Verne?" suggested one.

"She need not know of our action. She is my promised wife. My marriage with her, early to-morrow morning, will enable me to remove her to a place of safety. The secret can be easily kept from her."

"When shall it be done?" was the assenting question.

"To-morrow afternoon."

The meeting broke up. Vivian waited until all had departed, and then passed quietly into the street.

Laertes.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

X.

THE SERMON—UNITY.

A subject should have unity. This hits squarely the great fault of most of our preaching. Our sermons are generally a medley of many subjects without prominence being given to any one. *Unity requires that one thought shall be prominent throughout an entire sermon.* It must never be lost sight of, even for an instant. A thousand subjects may be grouped about this central thought, *if they throw light upon it*, but only on this condition. If the subject be faith, then all the principles of the Gospel may be treated, but only as subordinate for the time being to this subject. For instance, faith, if this be the subject chosen, may be treated in its relation to repentance, in its relation to baptism, to confirmation, to tithing, to prayer, to keeping holy the Sabbath day, etc., but the speaker must never lose sight of the fact that it is faith, not repentance, baptism, etc., that is being discussed. If baptism be chosen, then it for the time being is supreme, and all other subjects to which it bears relation are subordinate. To follow any other rule is to draw without perspective, and paint without regard to values.

Unity in the sermon is of such vital importance that I am tempted, even at the risk of seeming prolix, to devote the whole of this article to its consideration.

Examine for instance any of the pictures that hang upon your walls. Instantly you should be able to divine the purpose of the artist. If your judgment lingers between this possible purpose and that, then either the picture lacks unity or you lack the power of interpretation.

Compare three pictures of the same natural objects. Let the first be entitled the *Delaware*. Here the purpose plainly is to show the river

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in its majesty and beauty. The season of the year, the cast of the landscape, and the form of animal life, will all be made to contribute to this thought.

Let the next subject be *Crossing* the Delaware. Here it will not be enough to paint upon the other picture a raft or boat loaded with passengers. The want of unity would be detected immediately. Crossing is here the principal thought, and the river itself is made subordinate: made to foam and roar round the up-rooted and plunging giants of the forests, if the crossing is to seem dangerous and heroic, or made to shimmer and dimple under the moonlight if it is to seem romantic.

Let the subject be: *Washington* Crossing the Delaware. Neither of the other pictures will answer as a back-ground for this thought. Here everything must be grouped so as to throw light upon Washington. First comes the thought that he is commander-in-chief. His form must loom above all others. There must be an army, visible, however, chiefly by suggestions, else it would detract from the central figure. It is a strategic movement, hence there must be darkness—visible darkness —with the moon for a moment passing a rift in the clouds. Washington is an intrepid commander; hence there will be signs of a heavy snow-storm, with ice-floes and other dangers encompassing his passage.

So we might go on naming the characteristics of the picture. No detail is out of place provided it contributes directly or indirectly to the story. Indeed, the more detail the better, if it be of the right kind. But a single touch of the brush conveying thought not in harmony with the general purpose mars the unity, and cannot be justified, no matter how beautiful the thought may be by itself.

While there can be but one adjustment of details whereby perfect unity is secured, there may be a thousand separate adjustments whereby it may be destroyed. Imagine in this picture a choice bit of natural scenery worked into an unused corner, or the waste space of the river utilized by a quaint design in architecture!

But it is not alone by extraneous thought that unity is lost; the same thing occurs if any detail is too pronounced. If in the picture we have been considering, Washington's staff officers, instead of being mere figures, were drawn in as bold attitudes as he, and their features painted as accurately; if other details were so striking that Washington would be lost sight of, and the observer should find himself remarking, "What a splendid river scene!" or "I had no idea such fine boats were possible in the days of the Revolution"—depend upon it unity has been sacrificed. It is no work of art. The artist has lost sight of his subject. He is not an artist—only a sign painter. He lacks the essential of a true artist—power of harmonious composition. He forgets his purpose in the interest of the execution. He has not the moral courage to paint poorly some parts when it is so easy to paint them well—to slight details that the main figure may stand out in bold relief.

The artist, in any line of work, never loses sight of his purpose, always keeps in mind the whole while he is adjusting each part, and resolutely sets his face against the beautiful temptations by the wayside. The man of mediocre talent gets lost in the labyrinths of his own creations. He may even excel the master in power of execution, but he knows only indifferently where to emphasize and where to slur. In the first instance the man manages the work, in the second, the work manages the man.

Will it be profitable to consider other illustrations of unity? Let the subject be music. Who doubts that in Sousa's band a score of musicians might be found quite as proficient as Sousa himself in the interpretation of music, and perhaps more proficient

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than the peerless leader in its execution? Wherein, then, lies his preeminence as a leader? It is his marvelous sense of unity, his ability to energize or subdue, in short, his ability to manage a hundred instruments of varying sound, volume, and intensity, so that the thought of the composer is expressed in its nicest shades.

Compare with this performance the maddening brass of a country band by which I have lately been tortured. There were a dozen of these merciless instruments agitating the air. Each man played as loud as his neighbor—if his wind held out. It was absolutely a question of lung power. None but a physician could diagnose this music. Oh, it was grand and tall—especially tall! No need to say that the striking feature was want of unity.

Probably in no department are the demands of unity so generally complied with and want of unity so quickly detected as in dress and personal adornment. Let the young man who is accustomed to wait two agonizing hours in the parlor while his girl in her boudoir is "fixing up," try bravely to possess his soul in patience. He is being sacrificed in a noble cause, the education of his sweetheart in the sense of unity. Could he have but one glimpse within that mystical laboratory of the beautiful and watch the effect now of this ribbon, then of that lace, as the lovely whole was being harmonized by endless experiment, he would conclude with me that true art, not whimsical fancy, was depriving him for the time of her smiles. Happy for him if she has selected the true basis for this unity—her own personality. Too often all things, including the wearer herself, are made to bend to some flashy ornament or costly garment. Steer clear of such a one. She will always seek happiness outside herself. Not so of the girl who honestly "builds her beauty" upon herself—that is, upon her own complexion, face, figure, disposition, and—purse. It is of her that we say: "Everything becomes her, even calico." Depend upon it, she will in the same way, make herself the basis of that greatest of all unities—the unity of the home.

This question of unity enters into all that we think or say or do. In architecture we are just beginning to realize the meaning of it and to feel pained at the want of it. It is to be hoped that the sense will be fully awakened also in the management of our concerns, our business and other occupations—for without that unity of conception which makes all details bend to one grand purpose, there is no real success in anything. Unity is, in fact, the criterion whence we judge the degree in culture we have attained in any line of thought or work. What, indeed, is heaven but a condition in which *all things* are properly co-ordinated and subordinated according to divine law?

Let me come back again to preaching. I have been copious in my illustrations because I desire young Elders to understand fully the force of *unity* as applied to composition of any kind, be it painting, or music, or dress, or architecture, or business ventures, or preaching. It is the same thing in all: one thing is made *the* thing, and all its relations are subordinated to it. Success depends upon two things: (1) the choice of the thing to be made prominent, (2) the making it prominent, that is, the adjustment of all its relations so as to throw the greatest possible light upon it.

With the more comprehensive view which I trust the reader now has on this point, let us consider specifically the sermon as regards unity. First, then, no sermon can have unity unless it have a purpose. It may have a purpose and still lack unity, for it is not the having, but the constantly keeping in view, the purpose, that insures unity. But lacking a purpose, it may have all the

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other merits, and it will still be at best a medley.

Nor is it enough that the purpose be a general one as, to do good, to enlighten the congregation on the principles of the Gospel, to get the Saints to renew their diligence, etc. These are not purposes within the meaning of the term as I use it.

To do what good? *To get parents to attend diligently to family prayer.* Very well, that is a specific purpose. To enlighten on which principle? In what respect? *On tithing, and in respect to the spirit in which it is to be paid.* To renew their diligence—how? In what respect? *In observing fast day, by abstaining so and so, and being actuated by such and such a spirit.* Pinning oneself down to a specific purpose prevents wandering, arouses thought, economizes time, and what is best of all, *does* something.

Let me ask the young Elder who has just finished the rambling discourses which touched everything in general and nothing in particular: How would you regard yourself if on the road to the field Monday morning, you should discover you really had no definite purpose for going, and then should awaken to the fact that you had no tools with you, and had forgotten to change your Sunday clothes? You cannot conceive of such a lapse of attention. Still, if it did happen, you would be alone with your chagrin, and could sneak back and prepare yourself for the day's work without letting your neighbors know. But here you have been a whole hour exhibiting just such a condition of mind. And you are not alone this time: hundreds of eyes are upon you, pitying your vacuity. And yet, there you sit, apparently pleased that you have "held them an hour!" Vanity, thy name is preacher!

Outside of preaching, I call to mind but one business where a person may set out to do a thing without a definite purpose in view. That is the occupation of the tramp. Ask the footpad what purpose he has for the day, and he can consistently answer only that he will roust-about. That may mean going east, west, south or north; it may be begging, skulking, barn-burning, chicken stealing, or any other of the possibilities open to this product of the nineteenth century.

No word could be more conveniently general in meaning to suit an empty head, vagrant feet, and sticky fingers. For vagueness of purpose, it is matched only by the opposite general purpose to do "good," which is the end in view of the preacher whose chief qualification is the courage to arise and "let it talk." Instead of weary legs, the rambling instrument here is the tongue. And it is questionable whether the "good" accomplished by the latter is as definite and lasting as is the "bad" accomplished by the former.

My dear young fellow-preacher, for whose inexperienced minds I am especially writing: why, you are ready to ask, do I seek to draw my comparisons so scathing? Because I desire to make this reckless talking in the air seem odious; because I am fearful that we shall form the fatal habit of mistaking sound for sense, and thus become too easily satisfied with ourselves; because I desire that we form a high conception of what it means to preach, and then strive to realize that conception in our own preaching. One's usefulness as a preacher will be in the ratio of his ability to preach; hence preaching, both as to forms of expression and power of thought must be an ever new, an ever fresh study throughout life.

Let us suppose that the first requisite of unity in the sermon, viz., the fixing of a definite purpose in the mind, has been complied with. The question next comes, how shall the Elder avoid losing sight of this purpose? For losing sight of the purpose is little better than having

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no purpose. It is this point we must discuss now.

We will consider first the case commonest of all, the man who has nothing to say. Suppose he has read the passage; "By this shall ye know that ye have passed from death unto life, if ye love the brethren;" his subject might be stated as: The Saints should love one another; and the specific purpose he has in view is to create greater concord and union in this very ward. So far he has done well. This purpose will be of great aid to him by directing his mind into specific channels.

But now comes the difficulty. What shall he say? He begins probably by saying: "We ought to be more united in this ward. It is our duty to be more united. To love one another is right in the sight of the Lord, and to hate one another is wrong. It behooves therefore"—etc. Now this is the end of the whole matter. He can say no more. Twice already he has repeated ideas, and the probability is he will continue in this strain, moving round and round in a circle until obviously the dust of his own tracks flies in his face. His only thought is: "It is good to do it, it is bad not to do it, therefore we ought to do it." As long as he can find new words for the thought, he honestly believes he is giving new thoughts. At length new words fail and he awakens to the fact that he is using the old sentences over again. Perhaps he will justify this by way of clinching the thought, perhaps he will be generous enough to stop.

What is the matter? *The man has not learned to think.* His subject is bristling with suggestion and perhaps his mind is fairly well stored, but he does not know how to question himself. Suppose some good angel could prompt him, each time that he ran short, in some such way as this: "Prove it from the Bible—from the Book of Mormon—from the Doctrine and Covenants. Give examples—from scripture—from history. When it was different with us—our circumstances then—what has caused the change—in what respects we are now disunited. Why Latter-day Saints especially should love one another—why this ward should—what love does for the family circle—for neighbors—for the community—how it pays financially—socially—morally— religiously. Of what interest is it to God that we love one another? Heaven impossible unless we learn to do so—etc., etc."

These questions are only a tithe that crowd themselves upon the mind that thinks. The answer to them—keeping the purpose always in view—would make a very interesting discourse—one that did not violate unity.

But no good angel asks the man these questions, and he has not learned to ask them himself, so he has no resource but to sit down, or move on to another subject—then to another and so on to another, till his time is up. Before such a man shall be able to preach a sermon having unity, he must learn to think.

In the case just considered, the real difficulty is a lack of the power of suggestion. In the case which I shall now present, the mind is too full of suggestion, or rather suggestion dominates the mind, leading it in more zigzag and fantastic paths than could any will-o'-the-wisp. Such a mind usually starts headed in the right direction. But three sentences have not been uttered ere some thought needs illustrating. Here begins the difficulty. This mind, lacking the power to keep the whole and its parts in proportionate relations, draws out the comparison to such lengths that it in turn needs illustrating in some intricate part. So the preacher proceeds to illustrate the illustration till his time is up.

But what of the original thought? Gone. Killed by over-dressing, and buried in its own finery. Such a mind may set sail for some definite

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port, laden with choice ideas, but not even the angels of heaven can foretell what island in the sea of thought it will strand upon. The chances too are more than even that some air-spout off ancy will whisp its treasures up and scatter them like spangles upon the heads of the multitude.

While it may be doubted whether a mind can be too richly gifted with suggestions, it is beyond question a weakness not to be able to restrain or direct such a power. I call to mind an Elder whom I met several years ago, a man pre-eminently gifted in this way. It is astonishing what leaps of association he was capable of. From the braying of a donkey to a Chinaman's queue, things utterly dissimilar, was a chain of but two or three links in his mind. I have often imagined his brain as a net-work of mental wires connected and reconnected ten thousand times, so that an impression starting anywhere through eye, or ear, or touch, would almost instantaneously awaken every impression stored within the circumference of his head. Wires or not, such was evidently the state of his mind to judge by the illustrations that poured forth in his preaching, all struggling for life and breath. But he lacked the power of inhibition. Indeed I discovered, that so far from attempting to restrain or direct this faculty, he counted it a particularly fortunate possession, that was the secret of his power and popularity. We shall see later how far he was right in this.

After listening to his preaching one day, when his imagination was particularly fertile, I was asked to criticise the sermon. It was early spring, before the leaves had put forth, and we stopped before a poplar tree.

"Here," said I, "do you see this one-year-old sprout, scarcely large enough for a switch? Let that symbolize your opening sentence. When this shall become a tree it may fitly symbolize a perfect sermon. But was yours such a sermon? We shall see. Let each of these buds represent a word in the sentence. Nature, you perceive, is just beginning to build again upon her sermon. To which of these buds will she send her main strength? The top one. Very well. But suppose nature were whimsical, and sent her strength to this bud, it seems a particularly striking one, then to this, then this, and let the top grow but feebly, do you see what a comical little tree (sermon) she would be building? Well, that's you exactly.

"Now, suppose further, that nature chose to let a blue-bell grow from this tiny limb, a larkspur from that, a daisy here, an orange there, and a grotesque thing, say a summer squash, on the top—of course you recognize that all these things may truly be said to be in the imagination of nature—would it not be a remarkable tree? Would it not make people stare? Well, that's you again.

"Your sermon today was nothing like this noble poplar. This tree is a unit—pointing heavenward not only with its trunk but with every branch. The tree you have been building—I scarcely know what it does look like. It is a sprawling vine made up of every green thing that lives, full of flowers of every hue—flowers that bear no fruit.

"Seriously, my friend, dropping the figure, do not be misled by the rapt attention of your audience, into the delusion that you left them wiser or better than you found them. They were simply astonished. An uncultured audience is, in this respect, like the children of the forest that greeted Columbus—pleased with gew-gaws and shining baubles, and that is just exactly how you pleased the people today. True, you said a hundred truths today—each in pretty finery—but they were not connected by other links than the phantasms of your own mind.

"Hereafter, my dear friend, learn a

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lesson from the poplar. Shoot right upward to the climax of your sermon, having no more branches or foliage than are necessary to support that apex. Have the moral courage to avoid side issues—and I know of no severer test of your moral courage than to refrain from saying pretty things by the side—and you will preach a sermon that has unity, a sermon that will accomplish the purpose you had in view, and actually bear fruit in the lives of your hearers." *N. L. Nelson.*

A FATHER'S LEGACY.

WHEN Asa Bradley was sentenced to the State's prison for life for the double crime of forgery and manslaughter, many people said that a wicked man was now where he could do no more harm; but it was a dreadful misfortune to his wife and son.

Six months afterwards Mrs. Bradley died, and the friends of the family asked, "What will become of poor Walter?"

But this little burst of sympathy was all "poor Walter" ever got from them; and when the boy was sent to the almshouse, it was agreed that the place was good enough for the son of a convict. For five years the almshouse was Walter's only home. Then the overseers of the poor informed him that he must be "bound out," and earn his own living.

Young as he was (he was scarcely thirteen), Walter had a stout heart, and it needed only this sudden send-off to rouse a latent sense of independence. For the first time he realized his position clearly, and found his native pride. He declared with spirit that he would no longer be beholden to pauper help, or would render pauper service, and with this resolution he went his way to fight the battle of life alone.

He little knew the difficulties he would have to meet and conquer. After applying in vain at several places in town, he went to Rockland, a thriving factory village, and spent three days in a fruitless search for work.

Weary and discouraged, he finally met a farmer who wanted some help in his haying.

"I'll work for you cheap, and hard, too," said the boy, with a brightening eye.

"That sounds well. Where do you live?"

"I came from Stony Brook."

"Come a little nearer. I want to take a good look into your face."

Walter approached the wagon for inspection.

"You look willing at any rate. What's your name?"

"Walter Bradley, sir."

"I hope you aint no way connected with Asa Bradley, who killed Thomas Iding."

"I am—his son," faltered the boy, with averted face.

"Well, that's unlucky! I want to hire a good, likely boy, not a son of"—. Then came a long embarrassing silence.

"Well, I guess on the whole I won't hire you," said the farmer, reflectively. "I know you aint to blame for what your father did, but I guess I'll look a little further." And starting his horse he was soon out of sight.

Poor Walter! A sharp pain shot through him as he realized afresh how hard and unjust the man's decision was, and his own friendless condition. But at length his elastic spirit took hope again and he walked resolutely on to the next village.

Here he was more fortunate. A placard with "Boy Wanted" was conspicuously displayed in the window of a large dry goods store, and

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he applied for the situation. His open, manly face made a favorable impression on Mr. Lewis, the merchant, and he agreed to take him on trial for one week.

Walter was active and faithful, and gave perfect satisfaction. But Mr. Lewis chanced to learn that he was "the son of the forger and murderer Asa Bradley," and when the week was out, he coldly told Walter he could look for a place elsewhere.

The boy took this dismissal grievously. Knowing as he did the reason, it touched him like a death-chill. Was he to be cursed through life for inheriting a name loaded with disgrace? The thought filled his soul with bitterness, and prepared him for the stern, almost fierce, determination which followed. This tainted name should no longer be a hindrance to him. He would discard it forever.

Walter's maternal grandfather was Gilbert Henshaw, a man whose character was above reproach, and to be called after whom would be an honor to any descendant. Henceforth he would be no more Walter Bradley, but Gilbert Henshaw. He would go where he was unknown, and the secret of his old name should be revealed to no one.

More than three hundred miles he traveled on foot, begging food by the way after the little money Mr. Lewis had given him was gone, and often at night having only the damp ground for his bed. He reached the boundary line of Ohio, and at once began anew the weary search for employment.

One warm summer evening he entered a field, and found rest and refreshing sleep in a heap of new-mown hay. The sun was far above the hills before the tired, footsore boy awoke. Old Mr. Gardiner and his man came out with forks in hand to open the hay.

"Jiminy!" exclaimed Abel; "if here aint a boy asleep, and I came near a-pitching my fork right into him!"

Walter opened his eyes and looked wild and frightened.

"What are you here for," demanded Mr. Gardiner, gruffly.

"I—I—I am going to Ashburton, to try and find work. I hadn't any place to sleep, or any money, and laid down here for the night."

"You won't get work in Ashburton. The mills have stopped," said Mr. Gardiner, in a mollified voice.

"Do you know of anyone who would like to hire a boy? I'd be glad of even a small job, for I must either work or starve."

The farmer gave a sharp look into the boy's face.

"Well," said he, kindly, "go in and get some breakfast, anyhow; and if you're a mind to, you may stay here today, and I'll try you. What's your name?"

"Gilbert Henshaw," replied Walter, with a reddening face.

He was not yet sufficiently accustomed to his "new identity" to pronounce it without a certain self-reproach. Still there was a kind of assurance of freedom in the sound of it. Like another boy, who, from a childhood and youth burdened with the disgraced name of a vicious father, grew to be one of the noblest of our Vice-Presidents, he had cast off the old appellation, linked only with ignominy and unhappy memories, and chosen another, which would leave him free claim to the character and merit that was his own; though in assuming a new name without first taking the legal steps to such a measure, Walter, as must any boy so venturing, trod on dangerous ground, as we shall see.

He toiled faithfully all that day, and did so well that old Mr. Gardiner decided to keep him a week; and when the week was ended, Mrs. Gardiner had found him so obliging and useful in the house, that she said to her husband,—

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"I think we better keep this boy till the harvesting is over. He's very handy, and will save us a great many steps."

"Yes," responded Mr. Gardiner; and the matter was settled.

Weeks and months passed. Gilbert was happy in his adopted home, and the comfort and plenty around him made the long autumn like a continued holiday.

Old Mr. Gardiner and his wife grew more and more attached to him, and their kindness to him was unfailing.

One peculiarity in the boy, however, puzzled the worthy couple and piqued their curiosity. Gilbert never alluded to the past, and never would tell directly where he came from, or if his parents were dead or alive. But they were considerate enough not to press him, and preferred to think that he had some sad reason for his silence, which involved no blame of his own.

When winter came, the Gardiners were less inclined than ever to let Gilbert go. He staid with them, attended the village school, and worked morning and evening, taking care of the cattle.

One day, Mrs. Gardiner was looking ever a large mahogany box which contained valued family relics. She took out an ambrotype, and after gazing at it long and tenderly, she said to Gilbert, who was near, with much emotion,—

"This is the picture of my only brother, Thomas Iding. He came to a dreadful death. A wicked man, named Asa Bradley, murdered him."

Gilbert's knees shook under him. He gasped for breath, and his face looked wild and white.

"The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter," she continued, "but it was *murder*,—deliberate murder!

"Why, Gilbert, how pale you are! What is the matter?"

"I—I don't feel very well. I guess I will go out." And hurrying from the house, the poor boy, overwhelmed with horror and distress, went to the barn, and sat down alone.

That his best friend, his benefactors, who of all the world had in his need given him employment and a home, should prove, after all, to be the sufferers by his father's crime, was too much. How would they feel if they knew they were harboring the son of their brother's murderer?

It seemed as if he must fly from the place at once—fly to the ends of the earth, hunted by a paternal ban. But calmer thoughts returned, and he succeeded in quieting the tumult of his feelings. To run away would be a suspicious and cowardly act; to confess who he was could do no possible good. There seemed to be nothing left for him but to seek to atone, as far as possible, for his father's crime by self-sacrificing devotion to those whom that crime had so terribly afflicted. He could do this, though he should never break to them the dread secret of his real name and kindred.

Winter and spring passed, and summer came again. One morning, as Gilbert was returning from the post-office, he saw a man riding up the street whom he instantly knew to be Peter Harrington, one of the overseers of the poor in Stony Brook. Great was his consternation. If Mr. Harrington should recognize him, and reveal that he was the son of Asa Bradley, and had lived five years in the almshouse, all his present hopes and happiness would be at an end.

He quickly turned his face away, and stood leaning over the railing of the mill-stream bridge, gazing intently into the water.

Mr. Harington stopped his horse. "Boy," he said, pleasantly, "which road must I take to go to Ashburton?"

No answer. Gilbert seemed not to hear him.

"I say, boy! which is the right road to Ashburton?"

Still no reply.

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"Can't you speak, or don't you know?" touching Gilbert's shoulder with the handle of his whip.

Still Gilbert neither moved nor spoke.

"He either can't hear, or *won't* hear," muttered Mr. Harrington, as he started his horse and rode on.

Gilbert stopped to call on a sick friend, and an hour later reached home. As he entered the sitting-room, the first person he saw was Peter Harrington, in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. With a crimson face and wildly beating heart, he slipped out by the nearest door. As Mr. Harrington had merely glanced toward him, he hoped he had escaped recognition.

But Gilbert was mistaken. Hardly had the door closed after him when Mr. Harrington asked, in much surprise,—

"Is that boy, Walter Bradley, living with you?"

"That lad's name is Gilbert Henshaw," replied Mr. Gardiner. "He has been with us over a year."

"Ha, ha, ha! You have been well duped. He is the son of Asa Bradley, who killed your brother, Thomas Iding."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, simultaneously.

"It's a fact," persisted Mr. Harrington. "I knew Walter Bradley well. He was in the almshouse a long time. Over a year ago he disappeared, and most people thought he'd gone to sea. So he has passed himself off on you as Gilbert Henshaw? A pretty bold push, I call it."

As may be supposed, Mr. Harrington left the Gardiners greatly disturbed in mind. Their astonishment upon learning that they had befriended a son of the dreaded convict, Asa Bradley, seemed overpowering.

"I understand now why he does not allude to his past life, and will say nothing about his parents," said Mr. Gardiner, reflectively.

"And this explains why he turned so white when I showed him brother Thomas's picture, and told him he had been murdered by Asa Bradley," said Mrs. Gardiner.

"Well, wife, this boy's father took the life of your brother, and it's for you to say what we shall do with him."

Mrs. Gardiner was silent a few moments.

"Husband," she said, at last, "Gilbert has lived with us over a year, and all that time he has evidently tried his best to be a good boy. We have caught him in no wrong-doing, and have seen no signs of a bad disposition in him. He has been industrious and faithful. All we charge against him is that he came to us under a false name. He has been an outcast once; it would be cruel to set him adrift again. Let him stay.

"That's just my mind!" exclaimed Mr. Gardiner, fervently. "We have no children, and it may be that God has given us this boy. We will not turn him away for his father's sin."

When Gilbert came in to dinner, he cast an anxious look into the faces of the old people, but no trace of any revelation was visible. They were even more gentle and tender toward him than they had ever been before.

Five years passed. Gilbert lived, happy and beloved, under the roof of the good old Mr. Gardiner and his wife. He had attended school, and received a good education in the ordinary branches. His benefactors had no cause for regret for taking the friendless youth to their home and hearts.

One night Gilbert suddenly awoke, and was startled by a strange glare of light. Through his window he saw the elms and poplars outside glowing lurid red. He sprang up, and hurridly raised the sash.

The shed was on fire, and the flames had just seized the house.

Gilbert rushed down stairs, shouting the alarm, and in a moment

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every sleeper was awake. The family worked valiantly to put out the fire, but in vain. A fresh wind was blowing, and in half an hour the house and all the out-buildings belonging to Mr. Gardiner were in ruins. The good old man and his wife were homeless.

"It came hard to pay the interest on the mortgage," said Mr. Gardiner, in a hollow tone, "and now we haven't a place to lay our heads."

"God will provide," responded Mrs. Gardiner, trying for his sake to stifle her own sadness.

"You have me left to you," said Gilbert, tenderly. "I am strong to work, and you shall never want while I live."

A portion of the furniture had been saved. This Gilbert removed to a little unpainted house offered by a neighbor, and the old couple were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

A month later the following letter was received:

"FRIEND GARDINER;—If the boy who called himself Gilbert Henshaw is with you, or you know anything of his whereabouts, please inform him that his great-uncle, Joshua Bradley, has lately died in St. Louis, without family, and has left no will. By law he is one of the heirs to the property. I regret your loss by fire, and believe me.

"Truly your friend,
"*Peter Harrington.*"

The next day Gilbert started for Stony Brook, and was absent two weeks. Then again his happy face brightened the old people's humble home.

"I have news for you," he said, "which will give you both pain and pleasure."

"Give us the worst first, and the better last," said Mrs. Gardiner, smiling.

"I have a secret to divulge which will distress and astonish you. In all the time I have been with you, I have not told you my real name or parentage. I am *not* Gilbert Henshaw. I am——"

"We know who you are!" exclaimed Mr. Gardiner. "You are Walter Bradley, son of Asa Bradley."

A look of utter astonishment overspread Gilbert's face. How had they fathomed his secret?

"Mr. Harrington told us all about you five years ago," said Mrs. Gardiner.

"And you have given me a home, and love, and sympathy, knowing all this time I was the son of your brother's murderer?" said Gilbert, with moistening eyes.

"Dear boy," returned Mrs. Gardiner, fondly, "we could not drive you from us for your father's sin! You have been a constant comfort and blessing to us,—the child of our old age, given us by the Lord."

"And I shall not forget your generous kindness and true love. My share in Uncle Joshua's estate is five thousand dollars. We will build a new house on the old site with our money," said Gilbert.

The worthy pair looked at him in delighted wonder.

"*Your* money, my boy," they both said.

"No, *ours*. What is mine belongs to you,—to my second parents, who made my hapless, forsaken life happy again."

In a few months a commodious house was erected where the former home of the Gardiners had stood, and the old couple moved into it with their "son."

Gilbert gained a right to his adopted name by making application through form of law, and he is now a prosperous, noble-minded man, in whom the unfortunate and destitute always find a friend.

The aged people lived several years to enjoy their new home, and their consideration and charity for the boy in his sore need returned to them an ample reward. *S. P. B.*

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M. I. A. WORK.

In placing upon paper my ideas regarding Mutual Improvement Association work, I would first suggest this most important and most suggestive of titles, "M. I. A. Work," be thoroughly understood. We will all acknowledge that if we should enlist our names with others to perform a certain work at a certain time and place, we would first have formulated in our minds an object, and also the result; we would most likely, too, think of the class we were to associate with. Now let us draw this temporal work side by side with this great work of M. I. A., and with the invincible tie of comparison see how nearly the two are alike. You will first observe that there are three almost synonymous divisions in our temporal and in this particular spiritual labor. In our temporal work we should first have in view the object of our labor, then the result of our exertions, and lastly the reward of the honest laborer.

In the M. I. A. work, we have first to work mutually, in other words that should be our object; secondly, we should greatly desire that the result be *improvement;* and, thirdly, let the reward be a successful association. It is by our mutually improving that will insure us with the reward of energetic and intelligent associations, and in temporal affairs it is by the object we have and the result we accomplish that forms our reputation and character among any class of society.

And now that we know the meaning of the name of our organization, let us glance into the ways and means of making them the educators they are intended to be, and also the interesting meetings they can be made.

To build a house we will let the contract to responsible parties, give them the plans we wish them to conform to, and we will pay them when the work is accomplished.

The contractors then solicit the aid of fellow-workmen and after explaining how the house is to be made, all join in and mutually commence the foundation work. I say mutually because the entire force must work harmoniously together if they build a house. The case is parallel and identically the same with any spiritual organization, for our Supreme Ruler in the heaven is a God of nature and He governs on perfectly natural principles.

Now the question is, who are the Lord's contractors in the M. I. A. work? For me to answer this would be superfluous; we all know that the officers are they, who by accepting any position, promise that the work shall be done according to the plans drawn out. How many of the M. I. A. officers sense this promise they make, and how many get discouraged if the association does not accomplish the work that it should? And yet in many cases it is the fault of the very officers and more especially now that the Lord's architects, Elders Brimhall and Hardy, have given us the completest of plans, the manual whereby to build our associations.

In my experience in M. I. A. work this invaluable "teacher" supplies a long felt desire for an objective point; for in it are marked out courses of study, which when followed in their very carefully systematized roads will lead us to a knowledge of how, where and by what means we live; this self-instructor also leads us along the varied path of history and with the finger of evidence points to the time and place when the church of God existed upon the earth prior to its restoration in our day, and from the birth of Joseph Smith we find in its pages a review of God's dealings with His people down to the present time.

It also gives us the keys to natural history, to ancient and modern history, and to many other equally interesting and instructive subjects.

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And now the all important question should be: how can I best learn what the manual teaches? I wish to emphasize the word learn, for we should not see how much ground we can cover in the fewest strides, but rather let us seek the ground we can cultivate to best advantage and profit. Let us select a course of three, four or five studies, and let us learn their contents; again I repeat the word learn, for it is not the amount we read but the amount we remember that makes us wise. After the ground or course is decided upon, let us plant deep the plow of study, pull it by the team of perseverance and hold it firmly by the strong arm of determination until every sod of doubt is overturned—then with great care sow the seed of knowledge, which, when harrowed under the sharp points of application, will bring forth the richest harvest ever reaped by the student farmer.

I believe that scarcely a greater commandment was ever heralded from the portals of heaven than to mutually improve—or help each other to improve. In what can the great Creator take greater pleasure than from the reports of His messenger angels that His children improve their time, improve their intellectual storehouses of knowledge, and also improve their surroundings? And having thus improved, it necessarily follows that we will improve on our once neglectful way of keeping His laws. Summing in brief the road to success in M. I. A. work, let us observe the following: When we become members of the association we must continue, we must always be prepared on every subject under study, we must be punctual and never fail to respond when called upon. The officers should be competent, they should be at meeting ahead of time and well prepared to answer any question bearing on any of the lessons being pursued. By complying with these rules, and never straying from the lessons at hand, the objective point of success yet ahead will be reached, and the glorious hopes and fond anticipations of our beloved and late President Brigham Young, the founder of M. I. A. work, will be realized, even though he be in that bright abode of peace above. *E. J. Woods.*

THE POWER OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.—There is nothing that will let the light into the soul like personal influence; nothing that can lift one up out of the darkness, and lead one into the divine and quickening light, and baptize one into the spirit of faith, hope, love, and charity, like the magic power of a great example; nothing that can inspire, exalt and purify, like the magnetic rays of healing and helping that beam out of the eyes of noble men and women. If your life has been deep and broad in its experience then you have seen lives that were better than yours; lives whose pure light shone upon you from a serener height than you could reach, and touched you and warmed you through and through; just as the drooping flowers, some chilly morning, have looked up through the thick fogs and caught a glimpse of the bright sun, which scatters the mists and opens the glad blossoms to the warm, life-giving light. Whose life is not, sometimes, wrapped around with fogs? Who has not looked up from his little life-work and seen no cheering sun above him—nothing but a heavy, leaden sky hanging over? And then, perhaps, you have almost doubted the sun itself—doubted goodness and doubted God—until you have seen the clouds break away, the fogs lift, and doubt vanish before the beautiful radiance of some shining example. I tell you that I believe, more and more, that what the world needs to reform and redeem it is, not so much a sound theology, or a profound philosophy, but holier, purer, diviner lives—lives that shall be the light of men.

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M. I. A. ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

The General Annual Conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations of the Latter-day Saints was held in the Logan Tabernacle, Saturday and Sunday, June 2nd and 3rd, 1894. There were present Counselors Joseph F. Smith, and Moses Thatcher; M. W. Merrill and Seymour B. Young; Assistants M. H. Hardy and George H. Brimhall, the local Stake officers and representations from the Stakes of Bannock, Bear Lake, Box Elder, Cache, Juab, Malad, Morgan, Oneida, Salt Lake, Sevier, St. George, Utah and Weber, and the Canadian Mission.

Saturday morning at 10 a. m. the conference opened by the congregation singing the hymn on page 198, "Now let us rejoice," etc.

Prayer by Joseph H. Felt, Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. of Salt Lake Stake.

Choir sang, "Come go with me."

Douglas M. Todd represented the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Cache Stake. He said the year just closed had marked the most successful period during the time of his connection with the organization. This Stake had a live board and they felt encouraged to double their energies in the future. By a process of selection all the wards had fairly good officers who held regular monthly meetings which had increased their efficiency and resulted in more promptness in the performance of the duties required. The Stake Board had also held semi-monthly meetings and as a consequence the work was better systematized, the records were in better shape, and the spirit of the work was good. Cache Stake was fully converted to the manual system. He hoped the near future would bring an improvement in the preparation of Ward reports. Many of the associations had failed to send them to the secretary in time, and they were only secured by an officer making a trip on horseback through the Stake.

Reports of a similar nature were made by Seth H. Thomas of the Oneida Stake, H. S. Allen of the Canadian Mission, Thomas Bailey of Juab Stake.

Assistant Superintendent Milton H. Hardy spoke on the subject of "Missions and Missionaries." He introduced the subject by stating that in the letter of appointment from Presidents Young and Wells, dated November 5, 1875, and addressed to "John Henry Smith, Milton H. Hardy and B. Morris Young," the following remarkable and prophetic statement occurs, namely: "Each individual member will find that happiness in this life mainly depends upon the work he does and the way in which he does it." Continuing he said this is the key note to the subject of "Missions and Missionaries"—the work done, and how it is done, not so much where, whether at home or abroad, whether in public or private, whether in M. I. Associations or in the Sunday Schools. Not where one is in the list or line of positions whether president or member—it is *what* he *does* and *how* he *does it.* Each one learning his duty and then performing it. Each one attending the meetings of his association with the express object and determination of either giving or receiving something himself. In this day he does both.

The great objects of the earnest and continuous intermissionary work among the various associations are (1) to assist young men to gain a testimony for themselves. Leading to the possession of this testimony are conditions such as *desire* for the truth, asking, praying for it, seeking it, responding to appointments or calls promptly, reporting to the association to which he is sent, taking his proper place on the stand, at the proper time rising to his feet and speaking a few words amidst the prayers, faith and sympathy of his friends—thus fulfilling the conditions

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upon which the blessing is predicated. (2) Leveling up the associations, so to speak, by carrying information, advanced thought, to the more obscure or less favored associations or bringing some to his own. (3) As a means of breaking up petty cliques, and establishing universal sociability and brotherhood. (4) As a direct means of developing the art of public speaking.

A missionary is one *sent* or delegated to do a work. This part of our work develops young men in this dignity of responsibility. Earth life is a mission.

Prof. J. H. Paul spoke upon the subject of "Order in Effort." He referred to the third chapter of Ecclesiastes which contains the following:

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven. A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh: a time to mourn, and a time to dance; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to get and a time to lose; a time to keep and a time to cast away: a time to rend, and a time sew; a time to keep silent, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace." This extract is rich in suggestion. Unless we have order in effort we shall accomplish comparatively little. Each person has so much force. It will escape one way or another, and we should direct it. I have found it a great secret in the pursuit of any subject to make up my mind to return to it every day. Five minutes steady work on a particular subject every day is better than three hours a week. None of us should complain that we have not good memories. It will come down to this, that we did not put in a little work every day. There is only this difference between the idler and scholar. Lord Lytton wrote volume upon volume, and yet he never devoted to it more than three hours each day. The rest of his time was taken up in government affairs. We should have methodical habits and not deviate from them. Thus far we should be routine men. But we should not neglect recreation. The Prophet Joseph was fond of occasionally playing ball with the boys; and President Young was fond of dancing. It is pleasant to see the strong character unbend and take enjoyment in the harmless pleasures of life. Order in effort particularly distinguishes great minds. I believe that the differences in capabilities in us are exaggerated. The weak things can accomplish much if they make up their minds and stick to it. The lessons of order are written all about us. We find it in the winds and the waves, and the debris that the waves carry upon the shores of the ocean. It is seeming disorder; but cut down and you will find even the mud and sand in layers. All is regular, conformed to law and can be noted by mathematical symbols. Every plant is a specimen of regularity and order. Look at the orderly arrangement of the brain. The slightest mal-adjustment will overturn the reasoning faculties. Work is effort according to plan. Play is effort at hap-hazard. It is not work but anxiety that wears people out.

Choir sang the anthem, "Oh how lovely." Adjourned to 2 p.m. Benediction by Elder Simpson Molen.

2 p. m.

Congregation sang hymn on page 71. Prayer by Elder Archibald Geddes, of Salt Lake. Choir sang, "Softly beams the sacred dawning."

General Secretary Geo. D. Pyper read the statistical report of the Y. M. M. I. A. for the year ending April 30, 1894:

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STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE Y. M. M. I. A. FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 30, 1894.

STAKE.	MEMBERSHIP				MEETINGS.									EXERCISES.												
														THEOLOGY.				HISTORY.							SCIENCE.				
	Number of Associations in Stake.	Number of Members Enrolled.	Average Attendance.	Number in Stake between ages of 14 and 45, not Enrolled.	Officers' Meetings.	Regular Weekly Meetings.	Joint Officers' Meetings.	Monthly Joint Meetings.	Extra and Special.	District Conferences.	Semi-Annual Conferences.	Public Lectures.	Total Meetings.	The Gospel: M. I. Series.	Testimonies.	Miscellaneous.	Total.	Bible.	Book of Mormon.	New Testament.	Church History.	English History: M. I. Series.	Miscellaneous.	Total.	First Book of Nature: M. I. Series.	Civil Government.	Music.	Miscellaneous.	Total
Bannock	23	405	180	198	7	181	3	79	3	3	1	6	283	106	443		549	79	74	56	61	19		289	35	10	55		100
Bear Lake	21	387	217	131	10	175	7	40	11	3	1		247	91	117	6	214	17	87	35	38	28	20	225	78	18	52		148
Beaver	3	68	32			42	2			2		15	61					11					11		5	3	12	20
Box Elder	13	577	322	109	26	242	19	57	12	1	1		358	136	124	53	313	144	147	128	105	59	25	608		67	15	53	135
Cache	22	1204	531	858	34	482	25	121	9	3		8	682	286	447	250	983	205	303	189	134	119		950	109	19	148		276
Cassia	3	144	100	110	3	92		29	1				125	60	39		99	22	36	15	22	5		100	25		4		29
Canadian Wards	2	72	36		23	32	5					4	64	14	22	22	58	4	31	12	19	14		80			21		21
Davis	13	513	252	305		240	6	28	11			16	281	226	162		388	185	118	91	86	19		499	79	19	10		108
Emery	12	280	140	261	10	88	19	41	4			2	164	37	63		100	41	65	18	23	15		162	15	2	16		33
Juab	5	276	117		3	129	5	20	11	4	2	3	177	55	17		72	99	101	97	49	9		355	50		6	2	58
Kanab	3	164	102	27		37		6				1	44	17			17	14	6		2			22	9	1	10		20
Millard	10	280	200	600	10	160	20	60					250	60	120		180	80	80	82	30	20	20	312	20	20			40
Morgan	9	260	160	71	23	154	8	33	9		1	53	281	117	118	14	249	112	112	98	56	40	2	420	11	17	87	1	116
Malad	12	297	183	148	3	154	9	30	11		2	9	218	56	177		233	86	88	76	40	15		305	23	18	7	36	84
Mexican Mission*	4	142	79			56		15	3			11	85	20	63	52	135	23	29	20	15			87			44		44
Maricopa*	4	247	125			85		39	2		1		127	6	31	156	193	5	8		8			21	6	2	78		86
Oneida	26	410	249	279	2	196	1	56	3			16	274	87	158	65	310	99	120	121	98	7		445	15	2	35	30	82
Panguitch	6	223	161	82		146	9	20	5		1		141		95	20	115	38	39	15	14	18	19	143	12	11	40	14	77
Parowan	6	250	122	300	24	76	22	11	26		2	3	164	36	74		110	35	32	42	25	5	10	149	21	14	20		55
Salt Lake	49	2361	1222	1495	48	1093	22	132	30			83	1408	747	285	117	1149	401	746	630	563	198	27	2565	363	222	398	33	1016
Sandwich Islands Mission	20	371	134			175				2	1		178		105	124	229	139	61				157	357					
Sanpete	14	669	361	275	24	196	18	42	3		1	17	301	210	138		348	102	105	65	69	30	9	380	67	10	31	3	111
Sevier	13	483	246	163	34	184	19	44	8		2	21	312	244	103		347	142	209	47	93	20		511	62	12	32		106
St. George	13	300	175	190	25	197	32	40	5		1	15	315	98	30		128	94	67	58	65	11		295	27		12		39
St. Johns†																													
Summit*	10	370	181	170	14	206	5	15	7			8	255	82	93	20	195	76	46	11	5	15		153	24	28	25	21	98
Snowflake	6	108	46	69	9	56	7	24	1		2		99	41	45		86	10	23	11	9	26		79	21		4		25
San Juan†																													
St. Joseph	7	190	95	135	3	57	3	21	1		2	1	88	39	57	7	103	13	14	4	15	4	17	67	13	1	11	3	28
San Luis†																													
Star Valley	7	227	139	55		129	2	9	4		2	3	149	25	119		144	62	26	18	38	4		148		1		10	11
Tooele	8	197	129	241	2	127		21	3		2	4	159	26	113	16	155	70	66	74	32	17	4	263	10	45	32	19	106
Uintah	7	239	189	81	103	144	3	33	11		2	13	309	31	87	51	169	136	129	111	74	25	8	483	84	71		35	190
Utah	35	1598	740	1275	161	773	134	213	60	4	2	128	1475	532	523		1055	356	444	365	273	188	64	1690	288	214	69	14	585
Wasatch	4	133	68	103	2	92		5					99	38	17		55	41	33	37	31	26		168	36		11		47
Weber	23	824	391	578	99	378	18	88	6		1	5	595	306	278		584	246	298	246	136	59		985	48	6	12		66
Totals	413	14269	7414	8279	772	6514	423	1372	260	22	30	445	9768	3829	4263	973	9065	3187	3743	2772	2228	1015	382	13327	1551	835	1288	286	3960

*Last year's report. †Not reported for three years.

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STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE Y. M. M. I. A. FOR YEAR ENDING APRIL 30, 1894 (CONTINUED).

STAKE.	EXERCISES (Continued). LITERATURE.										SPECIAL CLASSES.			MISSIONARY LABORS.			LIBRARIES.						FINANCE.		
	Readings: M. I. Series	Essays.	MS. Papers.	Select Readings.	Recitations.	Miscellaneous.	Total.	Grand Total of Exercises	Written Questions Answered	Home Preparations.	Number of Members Studying Civil Government.	Number Studying Music.	Number in M. I. Choirs.	Appointments Filled.	Visits of General and Stake Officers.	Members on Missions.	Number of Libraries.	Bound Volumes.	Pamphlets.	Scrap Books.	Total.	Value of Libraries.	Total Cash Received and on hand.	Cash Disbursed.	Balance on hand.
Bannock	14	23	16	89	96		238	1176	97	130	75	16	23	12	9	11	19	101	28	6	135	$ 135 05	$157 55	$129 50	$ 28 05
Bear Lake	14	19	11	72	94	14	224	811	118	612	23	13	58		9	6	9	147	104	7	258	149 00	41 75	19 70	22 05
Beaver								31	25						5	3							2 65	2 15	50
Box Elder	9	6	14	35	9		73	1129	943	365	125	14	61	3	28	10	8	306	23		329	596 50			
Cache	39	53	33	139	103		367	2676	94	2081	51		225	6	83	44	19	906	108	20	1034	944 40	292 80	178 40	114 40
Cassia		17	33	20	19	7	96	324	15	260			15	3	7	4	2	36			36	53 50	66 62	33 75	34 87
Canadian Wards		1	6	12	29		48	207	9	3			3	4			2	14	5		19	8 50	6 30	3 45	2 85
Davis	5	2		47	35		89	1084	212	1374		7	31		15	10	8	1017	141		1158	1332 05	189 75	169 90	19 85
Emery	2	5	13	59	46	17	142	437	137	190	2	8	41	1	17	9	6	245	74	1	320	194 30	18 25	18 25	
Juab	1	4		18	15	12	50	535	1116					18	12	8	4	207			207	210 50	35 30	28 70	6 60
Kanab	1	2	10	21	19		53	112	1	55			19		1	8	2	51	20	8	79	75 00	2 00	1 50	50
Millard	20	40	20	100	50	100	330	862	102	204			10				7	500	150		650	1000 00			
Morgan	70	17	2	40	55		184	969	435	416	47	4	66	30	17	4	6	31	34	8	73	25 90	29 35	18 40	10 95
Malad	10	12		80	152		254	876	44	396	57	2	15	3	5	2	7	147	26	20	193	137 35	53 05	30 70	22 35
Mexican Mission*		2	2				4	270	60						12			26			26	33 00			
Maricopa*	15	5					20	320	9					8	16		4	236			236	224 55			
Oneida	15	18	2	62	142	31	270	1107	106	54	10		1	18	26	7	18	19		4	23	36 25	32 65	29 30	3 35
Panguitch	18	22	2	75	76		193	528	36		68	6	93	2	5	3	3	15	12		27		5 55	2 25	3 30
Parowan	3	4		11	22		40	354	111	201	70				11	11	6	282	40		322	450 40	38 19	32 12	6 07
Salt Lake	10	68	60	265	193		596	5326	360	7946	141	69	159	12	154	62	21	1630	74	5	1709	1650 40	736 53	619 75	116 78
Sandwich Islands Mission								586	176	104				50									3 10	1 50	1 60
Sanpete	7	11	17	54	49		138	977	975	1012	23	24	77	18	7	4	8	1066	4		1070	1165 35	42 35	31 50	10 85
Sevier		10	17	34	35	24	120	1084	452	1413			29		17	13	7	158	81	5	244	120 10	19 90	15 50	4 40
St. George	1	1	4	43	29		78	540	481	20		12	55	7	1	9	6	239	503		742	283 50	5 95	2 50	3 45
St. Johns†																									
Summit*	16	28		106	94		244	690	183	109	11	20	65	42	22	7	7	118	1		119	140 00			
Snowflake	4	1		6	14		25	215	8	70	1	1	6		6		2	17	29	8	54	12 50			
San Juan†																									
St. Joseph	3	9	1	33	29		75	273	5			1	17		7	3	3	67	43		110	69 50	98 60	19 00	79 60
San Luis†																									
Star Valley	3	40	4	81	76	15	219	522	35		8		24	1	4	1	2	12	5		17	14 40	15 65	6 80	8 85
Tooele	14	21	8	84	39		166	690	100	890	61	16	19	19	23	5	1	16			16	20 50	65 85	23 00	42 85
Uintah		8	8	9	16		41	883		954	77	76	79	19	23	8	4	66	78	2	146	86 70	80 00	61 45	18 55
Utah	57	55	96	323	217	111	861	4191	2135	4714	222	141	298	105	40	47	20	2169	378	15	2562	2214 75	647 10	509 10	138 00
Wasatch				24	22		46	316		268					2	3	2	108	143		251		90 95	88 75	2 20
Weber	8	24	4	55	74		165	1800	1123	3118	12		15	2	36	13	15	893	15	6	914	856 55	137 25	110 45	26 80
Totals	359	528	385	1997	1849	381	5449	31800	10621	26909	1084	430	1524	383	620	315	228	10847	2119	115	13061	$12241 11	$2916 99	$2187 37	$729 62

*Last year's report. †Not reported for three years.

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Joseph H. Felt, of Salt Lake Stake, said he had been with the associations since their first organization. President Brigham Young was inspired when he called missionaries to accomplish this work of organizing the young men into societies. The important thing to be done now was to secure the attendance of non-members. This can be done by carrying the Y. M. M. I. A. work into the household. The parents should become interested and that would help to keep the children in strict attendance. The organizations had been established by the highest authority of the Priesthood, as a help to the Priesthood and not to be in conflict with it; and the officers should not only be supported by the votes of the people but by every act of their lives.

Samuel D. Davis, of Malad Stake, reported that at no time had the associations of his Stake done as good work as during the past year. Four of their young men had been attending the normal class in Provo, and the exercises are all conducted in accordance with the Manual plan.

J. E. Heppler, of Sevier Stake, spoke in relation to "systematic Stake work."

B. Cluff, Jr., said that if properly prosecuted this M. I. A. work would accomplish great things. The young men of this community should accept the opportunity and let God bless the results. All that tends to build up the people intellectually is included in our educational system. Proper education is the harmonious development of the capabilities of the soul. I say harmonious advisedly; for what the world calls education is one-sided, not being directed along the line of morals. We want all-round education. A development of all the faculties God has blessed us with. I know much depends upon environment, and the hand of the Lord is manifest in gathering the people here in these valleys of the mountains. People who live in the mountains are generally a liberty-loving people; and the love of liberty is part of the education of this people. One of the great factors of our educational system is our Church organization. The Priesthood tends directly to the education of the members of that Priesthood. The family also is an important factor, as are the schools and Sunday schools. Society can aid in the cultivation of moral and ethical faculties, but the foundation must rest in the family. Parents recognize this. Teachers can almost detect the standard of the family by the children who go to their schools. They are mirrors of the family. If a man is to grow great the foundation of that greatness must be laid at home. The organization of the Priesthood is the great central school around which all our organizations and societies rotate.

The Y. M. M. I. A. cannot be separated from this system. They must have the same underlying thought, and receive counsel from the same source. And what may they not accomplish! They must study the Gospel from a philosophical point of view. The Gospel is the true philosophy. Men have put forth systems but God has given us the true philosophy. We have opportunities possessed by no other people upon the face of the earth. The key to success is not genius nor wealth, but good honest work. The reason some are not advancing faster is because they prefer dancing and pleasure to work. Let us apply ourselves and the world will say that a wonderful work is being accomplished in these valleys of the mountains.

Choir sang an anthem and conference adjourned to June 3, 1894, at 10 a.m. Benediction.

Sunday, June 3, 1894, 10 a. m.

The congregation sang "Praise to the man." Prayer by Elder George H. Brimhall. Choir sang "Where the Voice of Friendship's Heard."

William Hymus of Bear Lake

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Stake reported that in his Stake the distance from one end to the other was one hundred and twenty miles, which made it very hard to get around, but the Stake officers had made the necessary visits and held district conferences, there being four or five associations in each district. Some of the members thought that the manual work was too dry and wanted something more of a theatrical nature, but we labor to convince them that we cannot lower the standard of our M. I. work even to reach this class of young men.

W. G. Brough of Morgan reported that they had used the Manual in his Stake more successfully than ever. In addition to the regular meetings they had established a lecture bureau and had thirteen lecturers in the field holding extra meetings. He said his organizations were in good shape and complete.

Angus F. Wright of Weber reported that some time ago the Manual had been condemned by some in his Stake before trying it, but now he found that the greatest success was found to be in the wards which followed its plan. He thought the weekly officers' meetings were great aids to success. There questions were discussed before they reach the association, and the officers stand as a unit and confidence is had in them.

Counselor Ricks of Bannock reported that it took a trip of one thousand and fifty-five miles to visit all the associations in that Stake, but the trip had been made. They had accomplished more last year than ever before. They followed the Manual and had met with all the difficulties reported by others, but were improving continually.

Apostle Moses Thatcher said: I have been unable on account of sickness to perform fully my duty as one of the General Superintendency of the M. I. A., although at no time have I been indifferent to the great work of the Mutual Improvement Associations.

I have been asked to occupy some time on the question of Generosity. Generosity may have reference to those noble traits of character supposed to belong to that class of individuals called high born or well born, in stations making them able to be generous. Closer observation and examination have caused us wholly to discard any idea with reference to the high born. Our definition of genius is work. Generosity as I desire to impress it upon your minds has special reference to liberality, magnanimity, free will offerings, reciprocity, and all those noble traits that go to make up a great and grand character. Perhaps in nothing can we show our generosity than in the manner in which we refer to our neighbor's virtues and good qualities uninfluenced by a spirit of jealousy or by an overweaning desire to gratify personal ambitions.

In England once I witnessed a marvellous feat of strength by an expert swordsman of ordinary size. He took a Damascus blade, showed its flexibility, and after testing the weapon, a Southdown sheep was hanged up and with one blow the man severed it in two, the blade going through every joint of the back bone. Another blade was brought, and laying a piece of three-quarter inch iron upon a table he severed it in twain with one blow of the sword. This was the result of skillful training. Had he varied one-fourth of an inch in the part of the blade which struck the iron it would have failed; but by striking the iron it appeared as easy as cutting cheese.

From a platform of a train going forty miles an hour I have seen men shoot birds from the telegraph poles between Ogden and Salt Lake. That was the result of persistent training. The wonderful feats of Buffalo Bill with the rifle and others renowned for great skill are the results of practice and a proper control of the head and hand.

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If these things are possible in the physical world, far more is possible in the spiritual and moral world. It is held even by the heathen that mind should be master of matter. The only reason it is not is that we do not concentrate on any one subject. Try to concentrate on one subject and see how difficult it is. Put an object a few feet from you and look at it for twenty minutes and see how it strains the nerves of the eye. The sick are healed by those who have the power of concentration. No person was ever healed unless the person who performed the administration lost virtue from his own body.

Of all the creations of God man is the master. He is of triune nature—physical, mental and spiritual. When the Elder is in danger and fear blanches his cheek instantly the spirit masters the body. The danger remains but the fear is gone. This is the control of the physical and mental by the spiritual organization.

The liberal man deviseth liberal ways. God loves a willing giver. He will not reward an unwilling hand or heart. God said to Adam and Eve eat freely of all but one thing. Christ gave freely of his life in order that salvation might be free to us. But is there no reciprocity in the plan of human redemption? I hold there is. From Adam and Eve God expected obedience and the cultivation of nobler traits which should bring them back into the presence of God. Do I refer to the M. I. fund? No. That is not what causes me anxiety, but so long as the payment of fifty cents per year by each member is regarded as an irksome task, so sure am I that the true spirit of Mutual Improvement has never reached our hearts. Show me the young man who has won the affections of a young lady who does not willingly bestow upon her in gifts many times that amount. Shall we have less regard for Mutual Improvement? 'Tis more blessed to give than to receive. A visiting minister after preaching a good sermon passed around the contribution box and it was filled. The local minister surprised, said, "How is this, your box is filled, while I usually get nothing?" The visitor answered, "You preach to their purses and close their hearts; I preach to their hearts and they loosen their purse strings." Until the young people have their hearts opened, I shall not feel that Mutual Improvement is properly grounded.

A liberal life is one of happiness, peace, joy and consolation; it triumphs over mortality and draws upon immortality. The liberal man deviseth liberal ways and by his liberality shall he live, but of what avail would be my urging you to pay a mere pittance per year for improvement if you are unconverted? Point out the most liberal man in this community and will I willingly sign a guarantee that he will never want. For as he has dealt with others, others will deal with him. An illiberal man can never be a great or good man. If he wins the confidence and love of the people he must be not only just but also generous. It is impossible to regard anything with love or affection without being prompted to do something for it. No young man can properly esteem Mutual Improvement without contributing to aid it.

President Joseph F. Smith said: The subject assigned me, viz: "Who we are, why we are, and where we are; or our origin mission and destiny," is one too great to be properly treated in a few moments. I desire, however, to depend upon the scriptures for an answer to the questions contained in this subject. Let me first call your attention to a part of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job which reads as follows:

"Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

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"Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding.

"Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

"Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof:

"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy!"

It is the last sentence that I wish to call your attention to, viz.: "When the morning stars sang together, *and all the sons of God* shouted for joy."

Again we find in the third chapter of the First Epistle of John:

"Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

"Behold, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

"And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

I read from the Pearl of Great Price:

"And the Lord said unto me, These two facts do exist, that there are two spirits, one being more intelligent than the other; there shall be another more intelligent than they; I am the Lord thy God, I am more intelligent than they all. The Lord, thy God, sent his angel to deliver thee from the hands of the priest Elkenah. I dwell in the midst of them all; I now therefore, have come down unto thee, to deliver unto thee the works which my hands have made, wherein my wisdom excelleth them all, for I rule in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, in all wisdom and prudence, over all the intelligences thine eyes have seen from the beginning; I came down in the beginning in the midst of all the intelligences thou hast seen.

"Now the Lord had shown unto me, Abraham, the intelligences that were organized before the world was; and among all these they were many of the noble and great ones; and God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood, in the midst of them, and he said, These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me, Abraham, thou art one of them thou wast chosen before thou wast born. And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with him, We will go down, for there is peace there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell; and we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord there God shall command them; and they who keep their first estate, shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate, shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate, shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever."

We need not give to the young men of the Latter-day Saints any further proof to show that we were with theFather before the foundations of the earth were laid; that we were among those who sang for joy, when they spoke of worlds whereon we might come and dwell. We may say point blank that we are the SONS OF GOD. That is our origin, —our source. We came from the Father. The foundations of the earth were laid for us that we might dwell upon it. For what purpose? It is here stated:

"To see if they (we) will do all things whatsoever the Lord their (our) God shall command them (us). And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever." We are His sons and inasmuch as we keep our second estate we shall become like our Father.

I will refer to Romans, commencing with the twenty-eighth verse of the eighth chapter:

"And we know that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose.

"For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate, to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren!

We are the sons of God; so was Jesus Christ. He was the first-born, and more noble than the rest. He

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came that we might become like unto Him; and if we become like Him we are like the Father. The Father and Son are one. Jesus was the exact likeness of His Father in physical attributes, equal with God. He rose above all things and became like the Father. The things that the Father did He did, and no other things did He do except those which he was commanded of the Father. We being His brethren—His co-heirs we were predestined before the world was to become like unto the Father. He has given us the examples that we may become like unto Him so that we may enjoy the same blessings He enjoyed.

Man is destined to become like Jesus Christ; and that is what he is here for, and also to do the things Jesus did. When he does this, then will he have fulfilled his mission. When we think that some of us will become gods, even the sons of God; that we will live in immortal youth; that this tabernacle is necessary to conform to the image of Christ who is like His father; that weak, erring man, so prone to evil, and darkened in mind and understanding, so little above the brute creation, because he will shut his eyes to God;—when we think of his becoming like God, it almost takes one's breath. Who will reach it! Because we were foreordained for it it does not follow that we will reach it. If we do not keep the commandments of God we will fail to reach this high destiny. Who can aspire to anything greater? Yet this is what God has in store for man. Let us get as near to it as we possibly can. Do the best we can, and bye and bye we shall be permitted to reach the destiny in store for us. Now I desire to impress upon you this thought: We are the sons of God. We read it in the Bible, the book of Doctrine and Covenants (Sec. cxxxii, 20) and the Book of Mormon. We were ordained to become perfect. We are destined to be joined together in God, as fathers, mothers and children, as husbands and wives, under the bond of the new and everlasting covenant, that we may see things as God sees them. While this life is very important as relating to the great future, it is but a drop in the bucket.

We must use this world to gain glory in the next, and do all things with a view to having all things added unto us. This is the object to keep in view. Let all things in this world be used for the work of God, and for the accomplishment of the object we have in view to become like our Father in Heaven.

Choir sang, "Hallelujah." Adjourned to 2 p. m. Benediction by Elder Seymour B. Young.

2 p. m.

Conference re-convened and sang hymn on page 268, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning." Prayer by Elder B. Cluff, Jr. Choir sang an anthem.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by the authorities of Cache Stake.

General Secretary, Geo. D. Pyper, presented the names of the general officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., and they were unanimously sustained as follows: Superintendent, Wilford Woodruff; Counselors, Joseph F. Smith, Moses Thatcher; Assistants, Junius F. Wells, Milton H. Hardy, Rodney C. Badger, George H. Brimhall; Secretary, Geo. D. Pyper; Treasurer, William S. Burton; Music Director, Evan Stephens.

Charles Kelly, of Box Elder, said that the M. I. A. of his Stake were working under the Manual, and he was convinced that it was an inspired work. Some of the associations were going through it for the second time. The young men of Box Elder Stake were feeling well, though all were not converted. Some are drawn away by the pleasures of life.

Counselor McQuarrie of the St. George Stake said: It argued well

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for the M. I. A. that so many were able to come from points five and six hundred miles apart. Our meeting together would give us union and strength. The Manual had infused new life into their organizations. The young men had completed the course, and had been looking this year for a new Manual, but it did not come. He hoped by another year to have part second.

J. E. Heppler, of Sevier Stake, reported that the officers of Sevier were interested in the work and trying to bring the young men of that State under the influence of the Priesthood. They were in a bad shape financially but expected to send in every cent of their apportionment. They were striving to eradicate evils such as card playing and round dancing, and the Mutual Improvement Associations were found the successful means of accomplishing this end.

Elder Merrill, of Smithfield, said he had just returned from the Samoan Islands. Three years ago last February he left his home in Cache Valley for Samoa. He arrived at his destination one month later, and after a few months of labor death robbed him of his companion; but by humility and prayer he was able to fulfill his mission. He went among the young people of that race because their minds were more susceptible than the older ones. Good results followed teaching that race in the Gospel plan. He had the gift of their language by the goodness of God and was able to labor from almost the first. In seven months I was able to preach and had plenty of listeners. There was a steady increase in the work. The mission there was different to other missions. They had many things to combat with there that are not in other places; but when they did get the light of the Gospel they stayed with it and seldom left the Church. The membership was four hundred, mostly under eighteen years.

Elder S. B. Young said: The M. I. A. belongs to the organizations of the Latter-day Saints. It was perfected by President Brigham Young, the founder of these classes which have had such practical working in Zion. Last Friday evening the Young family met in the Lion House parlors near rooms where President Young breathed his last in peace. They recited some things in memory of this great man; met as kindred and friends and had a great time. President Young was born June 1, 1801, and became identified with the Church early after the organization thereof, and with him his father's household. He was ordained second in the first quorum of the Twelve Apostles February 14, 1835. Thomas B. Marsh went into apostasy, leaving President Brigham Young president and a leading man from then until his death. He came to Salt Lake Valley as a pioneer July 24, 1847; returned in the fall to Winter Quarters, where his family had remained during his trip to the valleys. At a conference held at Council Bluffs, President Young was upheld as prophet, seer, and revelator in all the world, with Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards as counselors. In 1848, led the way back to this valley. Under his advice mutual improvement associations were formed. Our life's mission meant mutual improvement from the time a member was introduced into the Church until his death. The speaker was not surprised when he saw the leading men take hand in this great work. The Latter-day Saints should be the most intelligent people on earth and they will be if they listen to the revelations of the Lord given for the advancement of His people. The Word of Wisdom was a hackneyed phrase, but it was one of the grand principles of Mutual Improvement. It would give us the necessary strength to resist the power of the adversary. It had been proved at Harvard that not a man has grad-

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uated at the head of his class in fifty-five years who was a user of strong drink or tobacco.

Assistant Geo. H. Brimhall said that knowledge was the key to success in going into the avenues of life. He was surprised at the statement that some were discouraged at the Manual before reading it. He hoped the day would speedily pass when we would fly from a shadowy form. Mind is greater than matter. Mind is the man. Food for the mind is important. One dollar spent for a book will give us a treasure house for eternity.

Moses Thatcher said: I desire to say a few words about securing funds. There are insufficient funds in some Stakes. It might be a good idea to accept grain and then turn it into cash, keeping a strict account of gains and losses. On the question of scarcity of money, it may be proper to state that in this temple city, the center of learning, the seat of the Brigham Young College and the Agricultural College, there are five places in which intoxicants are sold. Each license is eight hundred dollars a year, a total of four thousand dollars to be paid out of profits of those who expend money for liquor. Thus goes the money that should buy books; thus goes the means of paying for THE CONTRIBUTOR.

Choir sang, "Arise, all ye nations." Adjourned to eight o'clock. Benediction by Apostle Merrill.

8 p. m.

Congregation sang "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." Prayer by President Orson Smith, of Cache Stake. Choir sang "Come with me."

Remarks on the success and benefits of the conference were made by Elders W. B. Preston, Jr., Will. C. Farrell, and Geo. D. Pyper.

President Joseph F. Smith spoke of THE CONTRIBUTOR as a means of educating our young men and circulating good ideas and thoughts amongst our organizations. Every talented young man should write for it and sustain it. The speaker also touched upon the subject of round dancing, saying that the Authorities did not want to curtail any legitimate recreation or enjoyment, but urged that dancing be kept under proper influences and guidance. Round dancing had a great fascination for the young, and it often led to folly if not to sin. We were not here for pleasure. The Savior denied himself pleasure. He was acquainted with grief. He was joyful, but mourned the sins of the world. He was not uncharitable, for when the sinner was brought before Him, and her accusers had slunk away, he turned to her and said, "Go thy way and sin no more." So the speaker felt towards all, but he did not like to see our young people going down the stream. The Authorities would like to see round dancing obliterated entirely; but would it be wise to do this all at once? Rather than drive our young people to the other side, two or three of an evening had been allowed under proper regulations. Our dances should be opened and closed with prayer.

Choir sang, "Joy to the Lord." Adjourned for one year.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

WHAT IS THE MOST PROBABLE THEORY?

There is no subject that could occupy the human mind that is of greater interest and importance than the study of man and his relationship. Pope says, "The proper study for mankind is man." Huxley significantly remarks: "The question of questions for mankind, the problem

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that deeply underlies all others, and that is more intensly interesting than any other. is the ascertainment of man's place in nature and the relationship he occupies to the universe of things. From whence our race has come, the limits of nature's power over us and our power over nature, are the questions that present themselves anew with undiminished interest to every man born into the world." Whatever progress has been made toward a reasonable adjustment of these problems has been accomplished within the past few hundred years or since the dawn of modern learning. It seems the deeper man delves into life and its appurtenant mysteries the more thoroughly is he appreciative of the vastness of the unknown. The horizon of the mysterious expands with the progress of his research; he discovers that after a life devoted in patient and ceaseless investigation that he is just entering on the threshold of an infinite field of unexplored thought possibly only known to the Gods. He exclaims with philosophic significance, "Amid the pomp and splendor of nature there is no place left for man."

The Hindoos and Grecians speculated copiously on the clouded and mystified questions of the origin of man and his position in the universe, but the infancy of the race, so far as science was concerned, precluded the attainment of any substantial and permanent results. In their philosophy, however, they recognized that which science has so beautifully elaborated, the tangible and transient character of all natural phenomena; looking upon the grand mechanism of material embodiment as but temporary and limited manifestations of an infinite principle upon which universal nature is fashioned.

It may be said to the credit of those venerable nations that a broad and commendable latitude was permitted in their investigations. On turning to Rome after her assumption of imperial power, we find that thought was restricted within the narrowest limitations, and whatever freedom had been acquired in metaphysical speculation among the Grecians it had been destroyed by the church of Rome. From the time of the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, to the Reformation in the sixteenth century, impassable barriers were placed upon the progress of human thought and philosophy; any deviation from the established ideas of the clergy being punished as contempt and heresy: thus the great problems of life and its complicated relationships were held in abeyance through the darkness of a thousand years by the coercive weapons of the Roman church. But from the time the immortal Luther asserted the right of interpretation of the scriptures, a scientific activity was inagurated which, with the progress of liberalism and religious tolerance, has resulted in that magnificent preeminence of intellectual advancement characteristic of the present age, so to-day we may say there is a comparative freedom of thought in which the danger of incurring the displeasure and ill-will of contemporaries is practicably eliminated.

The first statement we encounter of the origin of man is that recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, according to which man was formed from the dust of the earth, and woman was manufactured from a rib taken from her lord and master. The Christian world generally have no hesitancy in accepting this mode of creation, and rest content, taking it for granted because contained within the lids of that reverenced book, the Bible, that it must be true. The feasibility of a Being endowed with infinite wisdom and intelligence creating a man by the above process is not so questionable as the method of the introduction of the first woman into earthly environments. To people whose minds are occupied with the emotional, fanciful and poetical, such a scheme perhaps can be quite easily

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reconciled to their mode of thought; but the mind that is only satisfied with the rigorous test of reason, basing its deductions on the grounds of scientific certainty, requires something more substantial and tangible.

The Mosaic theory of the creation proceeds upon the supposition that at a period comparatively recent, nature had for its antecedent nothing but chaos and discordancy, that the present phenomena were the product of a separate and distinctive act of divine creative intelligence, eliminating altogether progressive continuity and spontaneous development. To properly test the accuracy and genuineness of this hypothesis, recourse must be had to the evidence of archæology and geology. It is said "That the occurrence of an historical fact is said to be demonstrated when the evidence that it did not occur renders the assumption that it did occur in the highest degree improbable." Now in the absence of human testimony we must resort to circumstantial evidence, which, though not so desirable, is, however, in the question we are now discussing, from the very necessity of the case, the only evidence available.

Human affairs are made up of such a complication of circumstances, so intimately interwoven that there is absolutely no link missing in the chain of continuity; in other words every cause has its effect, the effect in turn being a cause; this same order is prominently manifested throughout all the grand mechanism of the universe, therefore it is reasonable to infer from our observation of the constancy of the order of nature that a like process has always been employed in the growth and development of life, varying only with the oscillations of geological activity. It is this presumption that gives to circumstantial evidence its probative force and significance. Therefore in any theory accounting for the origin of animal life, inasmuch as chronological records cover comparatively so brief a period, it must be tested by this evidence.

If it were a fact that the introduction of life upon the globe occurred in the manner described by Moses, the evidence of archæology and geology is unavailing; on the contrary if the indications afforded by those sciences be trustworthy, then the Biblical account is visionary and inaccurate; as it will subsequently appear, however, there must be a harmony between what Huxley terms the "Miltonic hypothesis" and geology, in order to render the former worthy of credence. Both theories may be correct, but one may be more complete and elaborate than the other. Dr. Winchell in his work on "Pre-Adamites," maintains that from the fact that the introduction of life on earth occurred as recorded in the Bible, it did not necessarily antagonize the existence of life before that time; therefore, while the Bible does not affirmatively deny a previous course of evolution, it does not support it. Prof. Huxley, however, undertakes to show a direct conflict between the "Miltonic hypothesis" and geology.

If the succession of strata in geological history occurred with its alleged regularity, and the evidence these distinctive formations contain of the existence of life by reason of fossil remains, be genuine, then of course life existed in great abundance for an indefinite period of time antecedent to the alleged introduction of life by Moses.

According to Genesis the present phenomena were established in the course of six days. On the first day light appeared; on the second day the waters from above separated from those beneath the firmament; on the third day vegetable life was produced; on the fourth day the heavens were chequered by the appearance of the sun, moon and stars, etc.; on the fifth day the fishes of the sea and waters were created; and on the sixth day all terrestrial animals

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appeared, including man, excepting birds whose creation was contemporaneous with aquatic life. Huxley has shown that this order cannot be reconciled with the evidence of geology; for instance, land animals and all terrestrial life excepting birds did not appear until the sixth day, therefore in geological history, if the above be true, we could not look for any evidence of the existence of terrestrial animals other than birds only in formations subsequent to those affording evidence of the existence of birds, but such is not the case, for in the carboniferous age of the Paleozoic era according to LeConte we have abundant evidence indicating the existence of grasshoppers, cockroaches, spiders, scorpions and centipedes, and we find no traces of birds until the Jurassic age of the Mesozoic era, so then if this be true the creation of birds should have been postponed to the sixth day. It is very obvious from what has been adduced that there is not a perfect harmony prevailing between the "Miltonic hypothesis" and the evidence of geology.

There is another theory which during the past century has obtained great prominence in the scientific world, and claimed by its disciples to be the method that nature has employed in the history of the growth and development of life upon the globe. It is the evolution hypothesis. It proceeds upon the supposition that the present condition of things has sprung gently and imperceptibly by a process of orderly sequence out of the past; that the further we go back in the history of the earth the greater will be the contrast between existing animals and those that then obtained, until we reach a period when no life of any kind existed.

As fundamental it is affirmed by evolutionists, "That the great variety of plant and animal life now scattered over the globe, have been driven from a single primitive living creature, which was itself the product of the action of light and heat upon the chemical constituents of an ancient ocean. From the homogeneous it has assumed the heterogeneous, modifying and developing from its original form into the great variety of plant, animal life distributed over the earth, even emerging into the more varied shapes, till at last they have attained their present enormous variety of tree and shrub, of herb and sea weed, of beast and bird, and fish and creeping insect. Evolution throughout has been one and continuous, from nebula to sun, from gas cloud to planet, from early jelly fish to man or elephant." It is further alleged in substance, that mind has been subject to a similar process of development; the very delicate tissue of the jelly fish slowly but definitely evolved in harmony with the transformation of its physical structure into a nervous system, gradually assuming in its varied cycles of progress finer shades or degrees of feeling until conscience was developed, finally resulting in a thinking brain. Such are the cardinal points of the perplexing theory of evolution.

If all animal life including man, as it affirms, was derived originally from a single creature, which was itself produced by the action of certain agencies, why, upon the same principle and under the same law, could not the great variety of organic life have been produced? Analogy teaches us it would have been just as reasonable and as probable. By this it is not to be inferred that all animal life must necessarily have been produced simultaneously; as a matter of geology the earth in its earliest stage of progress was in such a condition that only the lower forms of animal life could have existed, but the idea is that organic forms made their appearance successively at separate and distinct intervals, only when the physical conditions were compatible to their existence. The unconform-

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ity of the rock and life systems of the earth indicate the probability of an instantaneous destruction and recreation of animal life; for instance, the Mesozoic rocks are nearly universally uncomformable on the Carboniferous. This uncomformity is accompanied by a great revolution in the fauna and flora. So it is highly probable, founded upon the evolution hypothesis of the origin of a single creature, that an infinite variety of life has been produced in the same way only at different intervals. No doubt a great variety of life has ininhabited the earth whose remains through metamorphic action and other agencies have become so completely obliterated, that geology in its present state is unable to detect them.

If the diversity of animals that now exist, not including man, have been evolved from a jelly fish, why at the present time do we not observe those wonderful modifications taking place? But we find that jelly fish produce no other species but its kind, not losing in the process any fundamental part of its individuality. So the parental identity of the whole animal world is perpetuated in the same manner, exhibiting only in a few instances marked degrees of change, and these modifications are peculiar to the frog, caterpillar, and perhaps one or two other forms exclusively.

What does it signify because the fossil remains of an animal (Orohippus) have been discovered among the Eocene rocks, exhibiting on the terminus of its limbs a formation similar to that of the human hand, that is to say, an animal about the size of a fox, having four toes each on its front feet, with the addition of a rudimentary splint, and on its hind feet but three toes each.

Ascending the strata and coming to the Miocene epoch, we discover an animal Miohippus, largely similar to the Eocene type, and resembling in some features the horse. The rudimentary splint has disappeared, and the fourth toe occupies relatively the same position that the fifth did of the Eocene, that is, a mere rudimentary splint. The middle hoof has also become larger. This animal it seems was about the size of a sheep. Climbing up the rugged rocks of the Miocene we are suddenly in the midst of a new world of creation, the Pliocene. Another animal (Protohippus) has been discovered in this formation, approaching nearer the structure of the modern horse. The fourth splint in this animal is completely gone, the middle hoof being still larger. Coming further up the Pliocene we have an animal almost identical with the American horse. Huxley maintains that the contrast exhibited by those animals which he calls the horse, is demonstrative evidence in support of the evolution hypothesis. It would be more consistent to believe that the Eocene and Miocene types are separate and distinct having no relationship to the present horse, that the Pliocene type, being almost identical with the modern horse in its anatomy, is but a sport of nature. We could as consistently believe that man and the gorilla sustain a like relationship, which is far from being an established fact.

It has been maintained by some authorities who have studied the conditions attendant to rudimentary or embryonic development, that the fossil remains that have been found, resembling fundamentally in structure some of the present known animals, but differing in some minor details, are only freaks of nature, and therefore should not be regarded as natural modifications of a primitive stock.

It is unquestionably true that there have existed in geological history a great variety of animals that have become extinct in bygone ages. In the second volume of the great book of geology, that is to say in the reptilian age, we are informed that lizards and other huge monsters ex-

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isted measuring from forty to seventy-five feet in length, which fact is indicated by the fossil remains of these animals that occur in the sedimentary deposits that characterize this period. In the present fauna we find no such forms.

Neither geology nor evolution furnishes any evidence confirming the idea of the transition of any of these primitive types, that the jelly fish produce any other form but jelly fish; that the ape series have lost any fundamental part of their individuality; that man has not always been man from the beginning, therefore the doctrine of the immobility of the species as entertained by Cuvier, seems to be more easily harmonized with accessible data.

In examining the history of the various eras, ages, periods, and epochs of geology from the Silurian or Laurentian of the earliest forms of life, down through the prodigious lapses of time to the Tertiary or age of man, we fail to discover anything that would conclusively establish the evolution of even a single form to an entirely different one. Extinctions or removals of organic forms have undoubtedly taken place as a result of their incompatibility to the introduction of new physical conditions, re-creations have occurred; but the transition or merging of one species into another entirely distinct, is an idea founded upon unwarrantable supposition. It must, however, be admitted that if these new environments precipitated by a change in the constitution of the air, in the composition of the sea, or the amount of heat eliminated from the the sun, are not sufficient to cause the destruction of certain forms of life, they will operate in modifying them to an extent that many features become partially divested of their original character, but the fundamental part of their organization remains materially unchanged, so they are clearly and distinctly recognizable.

Now, in regard to structure, Huxley, who has directed his investigations largely to the ascertainment of the close relationship and important structural similarity existing between man and the ape series, draws the inference "That structural similarity implies unity of origin," and hence, as the resemblance and differences between the lowest and highest order of the ape are no greater than those of man and the ape, it must follow that they are ramifications of a primitive stock. He says further in substance that if any process of physical causation can be discovered to account for the origin of those blurred copies just beneath him, and that approximate him in structure, it would only be reasonable to employ the same cause to account for the origin of man.

Scientists who have made structure a special branch of inquiry, almost invariably maintain that those animals resembling each other in the more important and fundamental parts of organization, must be the issue of an ancient type, therefore classify certain forms under given heads; consequently as man bears a striking sameness to the gorilla, excepting intelligence, "Though every bone in the body of man bears marks by which it can be distinguished from the corresponding bones in the ape," they both must have been derived from a pre-existing species.

Mr. Darwin, in concluding his ingenious argument upon the descent of man, employs the following terms: "We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the old world; this creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed among the quadrumana as sure as the still more ancient progenitors of the old and new world monkeys. The quadrumana and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a

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long line of diversified forms from some amphibian-like creature, and this from some fish-like creature." The great objection to this theory of evolution is that the intercellary forms are missing, leaving unsupplied the links that are indispensable to attach to the theory that significance its disciples claim. True there is no absolutely conclusive evidence sufficient to prove the order or manner of the appearance of organic life on the earth; the question therefore resolves itself into which of the theories that at present obtain is the most reasonable and probable?

The most ancient remains we have of man are those discovered in the Mentone Cave of France. The skeleton is that of a complete man, and differs in no essential feature from the modern man. Therefore the conclusion is, so far as the evidence of geology (the foundation upon which the superstructure of evolution is built) is concerned, there is nothing to support the evolution of man from the inferior animals. If man be surveyed from an intellectual standpoint, he would certainly be classed in a separate and distinct creation of his own, for he is immeasurably and infinitely separated from the animal world, though he passes through analagous transformations. "'Tis he alone that possesses an accountable and immortal soul."

In conclusion, the theory (purporting to be founded on inspiration) that the Biblical pair that were driven forth from paradise descended from one of the heavenly orbs, seems to be at least a possibility, founded upon the present progress and advancement of man. If we accept the splendid achievements he has attained in almost every department of learning during the past century, as a criterion of his future, it would not be an unreasonable exaggeration to picture him in the remote future as a being possessing the qualities and powers of those immortal characters of Holy Writ, navigating the air, en route for some heavenly orb, that forms the object of so much wonderment, and perhaps become another Adam or a God, enthroned in splendor and magnificence, engaged in organizing and arranging element for the formation of new worlds.

So, then, instead of looking for the origin of man on this earth, in view of the inaccuracy and incompleteness of the geological record, let us trace him to another planet, in harmony with a grand theological conception, thus connecting the present and future with the past eternity of man. *Elijah Farr, LL.M.*

A DREAM.

WHILE I lay pondering, in deep solitude, on the events of the present my mind was drawn into a reverie such as I had never felt before. A strong solicitude for my imperilled country utterly excluded every other thought and raised my feelings to a point of intensity I did not think it possible to endure. While in this solemn, profound, and painful reverie of mind, to my infinite surprise, a light appeared in my room, which seemed to be soft and silvery as that diffused from a northern star. At the moment of its appearance the acute feeling I had experienced instantly yielded to one of calm tranquility.

Although it may have been at the hour of midnight, and the side of the globe whereon I was situated, was excluded from the sunlight, yet all was light and bright and warm as an Italian landscape at noon; but the heat was softer or more subdued. As I gazed upward, I saw descending through my bedroom roof, with a gently gliding movement, a per-

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sonage clothed in white apparel, whose countenace was smoothly serene, his features regular, and the flashes of his eye seemed to shoot forth scintillations, to use an earthly comparison, strongly resembling those reflected from a diamond under an intensely illumined electric light, which dazzled but did not bewilder. Those large, deep, inscrutable eyes were presently fixed upon mine, when instantly placing his hands upon my forehead his touch produced an indescribable serenity and calmness, a calmness not born of earth, but at once peaceful, delightful and heavenly. My whole being was imbued with a joy unspeakable. All feelings of sorrow instantly vanished. Those lines and shadows which care and sorrow impress upon us were dispelled as a deep fog before a blazing sun. In the eyes of my heavenly visitor, for such he appeared to me, there was a sort of lofty pity and tenderness infinitely stronger than any such feeling I ever saw manifested in ordinary mortals. His very calm appeared like a vast ocean stillness, at once overpowering to every agitated emotion.

By some intuition, or instinct, I felt he had something to communicate to soothe my sorrows and allay my apprehensions. Whereon, addressing me, he said:

"Son, I perceive thou hast grave anxieties over the perilous state of thy country, that thy soul has felt deep sorrow for its future. I have therefore come to thy relief and to tell thee of the causes that have led to this peril. . Hear me attentively. Seventy-one years ago, after an awful apostasy of centuries, in which all nations were shrouded in spiritual darkness, when the angels had withdrawn themselves, the voice of prophets hushed, and the light of Urim and Thummim shone not, and the vision of the seers was closed, while heaven itself shed not a ray of gladness to lighten a dark world, when Babel ruled and Satan laughed, and church and priesthood had taken their upward flight, and the voice of nations, possessing the books of the Jewish prophets, had ruled against vision and against Urim, against the further visits of angels, and against the doctrine of a church of apostles and prophets, thou knowest that then appeared a mighty angel with the solemn announcement of the hour of judgment, the burden of whose instructions pointed to dire calamities upon the present generation. This, therefore, is the cause of what thou seest and the end of the wicked hasteneth."

My vision now became extended in a marvelous manner, and the import of the past labors of the Elders was made plain to me. I saw multitudes fleeing to the place of safety in our mountain heights. The church was established in the wilderness. Simultaneously the nation had reached an unparalleled prosperity, wealth abounded, new territory was acquired, commerce extended, finance strengthened, confidence was maintained, and peoples abroad pointed to her as the model nation, the ideal of the past realized and perfected, the embodiment of the liberty sung by poets, and sought for by sages.

"But," continued the messenger, "Thou beholdest a change. Confidence is lost. Wealth is arrayed against labor, labor against wealth, yet the land abounds with plenty for food and raiment, and silver and gold are in abundance. Thou seest also that letters written by a Jew have wrought great confusion in the finances of the nation which, together with the policy of many wealthy ones, has produced distress and do presage further sorrow."

Factions now sprang up as if by magic ; capital had entrenched itself against labor throughout the land ; labor was organized against capital. The voice of the wise sought to tranquilize these two powerful factors in vain. Excited multitudes ran wildly about ; strikes increased ; lawlessness

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sought the place of regular government. At this juncture I saw a banner floating in air whereon was written the words Bankruptcy, Famine, Floods, Fire, Cyclones, Blood, Plague. Mad with rage men and women rushed upon each other. Blood flowed down the streets of cities like water. The demon of bloody hate had enthroned itself on the citadel of reason; the thirst for blood was intenser than that of the parched tongue for water. Thousands of bodies lay untombed in the streets. Men and women fell dead from the terror inspired by fear. Rest was but the precursor of the bloody work of the morrow. All around lay the mournfulness of a past in ruins. Monuments erected to perpetuate the names of the noble and brave were ruthlessly destroyed by combustibles. A voice now sounded aloud these words, "Yet once again I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word yet once again signifies the removing of things that are shaken, as of things that are made; that those things that cannot be shaken may remain."

Earthquakes rent the earth in vast chasms, which engulfed multitudes; terrible groanings and wailings filled the air; the shrieks of the suffering were indescribably awful. Water wildly rushed in from the tumultuous ocean whose very roaring under the mad rage of the fierce cyclone, was unendurable to the ear. Cities were swept away in an instant, missiles were hurled through the atmosphere at a terrible velocity and people were carried upward only to descend an unrecognized mass. Islands appeared where ocean waves once tossed the gigantic steamer. In other parts voluminous flames, emanating from vast fires, rolled with fearful velocity destroying life and property in their destructive course. The seal of the dread menace of despair was stamped on every human visage; men fell exhausted, appalled and trembling. Every element of agitated nature seemed a demon of wrathful fury. Dense clouds, blacker than midnight darkness, whose thunders reverberated with intonations which shook the earth, obscured the sunlight. Darkness reigned, unrivalled and supreme.

Again the light shone, revealing an atmosphere tinged with a leaden hue, which was the precursor of an unparalleled plague whose first symptoms were recognized by a purple spot which appeared on the cheek, or on the back of the hand, and which, invariably, enlarged until it spread over the entire surface of the body, producing certain death. Mothers, on sight of it, cast away their children as if they were poisonous reptiles. This plague, in grown persons, rotted the eyes in their sockets and consumed the tongue as would a powerful acid or an intense heat. Wicked men, suffering under its writhing agonies, cursed God and died, as they stood on their feet, and the birds of prey feasted on their carcasses.

I saw in my dream the messenger again appear with a vial in his right hand, who addressing me said: "Thou knowest somewhat of the chemistry taught in the schools of human learning, behold now a chemistry sufficently powerful to change the waters of the sea."

He then poured out his vial upon the sea and it became putrid as the blood of a dead man, and every living soul therein died. Other plagues followed I forbear to record.

A foreign power had invaded the nation which, from every human indication, it appeared would seize the government and supplant it with monarchy. I stood trembling at the aspect, when, lo, a power arose in the west which declared itself in favor of the constitution in its original form; to this suddenly rising power every lover of constitutional rights and liberties throughout the nation gave hearty support. The struggle was fiercely contested, but the stars and stripes floated in the

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breeze, and, bidding defiance to all opposition, waved proudly over the land. Among the many banners I saw, was one inscribed thus: "The government based on the Constitution, now and forever;" on another "Liberty of Conscience, social, religious, and political."

The light of the gospel which had but dimly shone because of abomination, now burst forth with a lustre that filled the earth. Cities appeared in every direction, one of which, in the centre of the continent, was an embodiment of architectural science after the pattern of eternal perfections, whose towers glittered with a radiance emanating from the sparkling of emeralds, rubies, diamonds and other precious stones set in a canopy of gold and so elaborately and skillfully arranged as to shed forth a brilliancy which dazzled and enchanted the eye, excited admiration and developed a taste for the beautiful, beyond anything man had ever conceived. Fountains of crystal water shot upward their transparent jets which in the brilliant sunshine, formed ten thousand rainbow tints at once delightful to the eye. Gardens, the perfections of whose arrangement confound all our present attempts at genius, were bedecked with flowers of varied hue to develop and refine the taste, and strengthen a love for these nature's chastest adornments. Schools and universities were erected, to which all had access; in the latter Urims were placed, for the study of the past, present and future, and for obtaining a knowledge of the heavenly bodies, and of the constructions of worlds and universes. The inherent properties of matter, its arrangements, laws, mutual relations were revealed and taught and made plain as the primer lesson of a child. The conflicting theories of geologists regarding the formation and age of the earth were settled forever. All learning was based on eternal certainty. Angels brought forth the treasures of knowledge which had lain hid in the womb of the dumb and distant past.

The appliances for making learning easy surpass all conjecture. Chemistry was rendered extremely simple, by the power which the Urims conferred on man of looking into and through the elements of every kind; a stone furnished no more obstruction to human vision than the air itself. Not only were the elements and all their changes and transformations plainly understood but the construction, operations, and laws of mind were thus rendered equally plain as those which governed the coarser elements. While looking through the Urim and Thummim I was amazed at a transformation, which even now is to me marvellous beyond description, clearly showing the manner in which particles composing the inorganic kingdom of nature are conducted upward to become a part of organic forms; another astounding revelation was a view clearly shown me of the entire circulation of the blood both in man and animals. After seeing these things and gazing once more upon the beautiful city, the following passage of Scripture sounded in my ears: "Out of Zion the perfection of beauty God shineth."

On this I awoke to find all a dream.

I have written the foregoing, which is founded on true principle, under the caption of a dream, partly to instruct and partly to check the folly of reading silly novels now so prevalent. *Charles D. Evans.*

SPRINGVILLE, UTAH.

Never urge another to do anything against his desire, unless there is danger before him.

Ladies should pass through a door first, but a gentleman is to precede in going up stairs.

It is better to be silent than to say unwise or unkind things.

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FLEETING IMPRESSIONS IN WASHINGTON.

THE city of Washington—center of the political life of this country and therefore Mecca of politicians—holds an engrossing interest for the average American youth. The congregation of the greatest politicians and reputedly greatest statesmen of the nation, the continual associations that cluster around the historical buildings, and the many works of beauty that have been made to add to its attractions, as well as other considerations of ambition that are seldom absent from the mind of the youth, lend to it a glamour that often leads him to give up to the fascinations of politics and to labor in season and out for the privilege of living in it.

First impressions, however, are apt to rob the city of much of its attractiveness. On every hand disappointments await the dreamer whose active imagination has exaggerated the supposed benefits enjoyed. Perhaps, for example, he has heard from those that have been fortunate enough to precede him to the capital, of the beauty of Pennsylvania avenue, and has prepared himself to see a street lined with stately buildings and, like the Champs d'Elysee, making the fashionable parade of the city.

If so, the first view will certainly be a disappointment. "The Avenue," as it is constantly called, notwithstanding the presence of at least a score of other avenues, is neither a fashionable nor a business street; but leading from the Capitol to the Treasury Building and then past the White House and building of the War, State and Navy, it assumes importance politically, and does go into a nice residence portion beyond. But the fact that has given it the reputation it holds is that all parades of any importance always make it the base for the line of march.

Washington is scattered around over so much country that it is difficult for one to presume to make the task of seeking the sights one of rote. Time is requisite to travel from the Soldiers' Home one way, to the Zoological Gardens another and a dozen or two other things in as many directions out of town and that multiplied by ten in town.

The Capitol, however, is generally the first place to be visited unless one is anxious to see the White House and first goes there. Hero worship, though, has not so much of an opportunity at the latter place, and it is generally thrown in the shade. Visitors by the hundreds flock to the great building that can be seen from almost any part of the city and become prey to the guides who approach any one with the appearance of a tourist, with a polite—

"Show you the building for fifty cents."

The wise tourist who wants to see the sights will take advantage of the offer; that is, if he has not a great deal of time. If he does not, he is likely to get lost in some of the labyrinthian hallways of the great building and to wander around until he finds himself suddenly confronted by an impassable door or wandering in a circle. If he wants to climb he will be taken to the dome, from which he can see the surrounding country stretching away for miles in such a rolling way that irrigation is precluded.

Hundreds of objects of interest, too numerous to be classified and appreciated in one day's view, lie around in the different directions. From the inside he can see the allegorical figures in the dome, and the frieze half way down, looking like the work of a sculptor and scarcely distinguishable as painting with even the most powerful glass. In the rotunda are the statues erected by the grateful people in honor of the heroes that have lived, while paintings of events in history are met on every hand.

The patriotic visitor, however,

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generally gives these but a short inspection, hurrying on to see the lions in the two houses of Congress at work. They reach the galleries in big expectation. They believe words that will elevate their souls, make them better citizens because of the pure patriotism poured out, will be heard. What a drop, then, to come into the august Senate and hear one of the august wearers of a toga speaking about a sore toe, or cavilling about what some newspaper has said of him.

Usually the visitor is surprised and shocked at the discourtesy that prevails in this chamber, despite the constant calling up for purposes of debate of the ghost of "Senatorial courtesy." A member will be speaking on some matter, and unless there is unusual interest in it not more than a half dozen or dozen of the members will be listening. Some will be writing, some reading, others chatting, some lounging on the sofas placed conveniently, others standing in the doors of the cloak rooms smoking.

This is the normal condition. Of course if there comes a vote on a party question all will instantly give attention. Pages will be started out for absent members, bells will ring in all the cloak rooms and as the clerk is reading the names one after another of the senators will come in and if their names have been passed, demand that they be called again. After the vote is announced they will go out again to attend to their own business, leaving the party managers for the time being in charge of the affairs of the nation.

During the whole tariff debate in the Senate only a few senators on either side were in the hall during the speaking. Sherman, Aldrich, Allison, or Hoar on the Republican side would keep the lines in order and would be reinforced by such of their colleagues as might be deemed necessary or as had no inclination to leave. On the Democratic side, Vest, Jones, Harris and one or two others were on constant guard. The other senators stayed merely to cast their votes when their names were called and took little if any interest in the speeches that consumed so many weeks.

There is one part of the Senate chamber that is a practical barometer as regards public business. If a visitor notices that the seats in the press gallery are empty he can make up his mind that nothing of unusual interest will transpire for a time, no matter what storms seem to be indicated. Sometimes in the midst of a dull session they will begin to fill up again and then he can look out for something exciting.

On the Senate side the men of the press are given many privileges and their comfort is consulted in many ways. A cooler full of apollinaris lemonade is constantly on tap, cushioned chairs, whose softness invites one to rest, are scattered about, writing materials of the best kind are at hand, while the *Congressional Record* and all other public documents can be had for the asking. These things, however, are not for all correspondents; but only those who do telegraphic work for papers that publish at least six times in a week and who do not work in the public offices.

Taking a cursory view of things, one is not permitted to dwell long on any one point. The visitor is rushed from the Senate to the House, where there is much more of interest on account of the greater number of members. Something exciting generally has the floor and speeches are of a less tedious nature than those in the Senate on account of the necessity for compressing a great deal of fact into a very few words. When a dull speaker does arise, however, he receives no better treatment than that accorded in the Senate.

A vote in this House always causes more stirring than in the upper body, on account of the large

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number of members. A roll call generally consumes forty-five minutes, and an amusing instance of how this fact can be made of use in times is furnished by an incident in the history of Utah legislation.

During the time of Delegate Caine, when there was such a strong effort to push through anti-Mormon bills, he had a great many friends on the Democratic side, who stood against such legislation and promised their aid in defeating it.

"You watch things," they said to Mr. Caine, "and if anything comes up, let us know."

One day at about half-past three in the afternoon one of these measures come up as the next bill to be considered. A bill regarding some harbor expenditures in Texas was under consideration and a vote was about to be taken. At four o'clock the committee on appropriations would have the right of way and if action on the anti-Mormon bill could be put off until that hour it would go over for the session.

Walking over to the friendly congressman Mr. Caine whispered to him the state of matters and asked what could be done.

"That's all right," said the latter.

As the vote was about to be taken this congressman arose and said:

"Mr. Speaker: This bill (the Texas measure) is so important that we should put ourselves on record on it. Therefore I call for the ayes and nays."

He was supported by one-fifth of the House and by the time the roll call was ended the committee an appropriations claimed the floor and the other bill went over.

Anecdotes of this kind are doled off by the guides by the dozen and one soon realizes that there is more in Congress than the news given by the papers. There are undercurrents that never make any showing on the surface and the novice often finds that one who appears to be a prominent man in the councils of the nation has no weight among his associates, while some very quiet man whom the newspapers seldom notice can sway votes on both sides of the body with a very few words.

One fact impresses itself on the philosophical observer—our great men are simply people. They belong to the human race and stand on no higher level than those that wield the pick and shovel. They are ruled by passions, blinded by prejudices, dominated by feelings and often their remarks proceed from disordered stomachs rather than cool heads. Debate that would do no credit to an amateur literary society is indulged in and men who should deserve the respect of their fellow men give forth illogical platitudes that speak ill for their sense if they believe what they say, and greater ill for their honesty if they do not.

Beginning with the attaches of Congress the shame of the patronage system makes itself apparent throughout all the departments. In each of the houses there are so many pages, drawing seventy-five dollars a month for doing nothing but hatch mischief, that they fall all over themselves and each other when a call is made by a member. Doorkeepers, clerks and what not are found by the dozen, while supervisors and superintendents have had offices created by the dozen.

At the boarding house where I have been stopping there is a female clerk in the treasury department who generally comes to the table at half-past eight and gets to work somewhere in the neighborhood of an hour later, according to the state of her feelings. When she arrives at her desk she works an hour and rests two until the day is over and imagines she has done a hard day's work. There are dozens such as this and under a business system the work of ten could be done by an energetic man who worked the hours that are required of clerks and persons in the professions.

A claim on the department of

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justice must pass through at least ten divisions before it can be placed before the House for the amount to be appropriated. As an example of the waste of time; a letter was sent a short time ago to the state department to ask about a certain matter. A reply came back that the subject had been referred to a certain minister; and there were marks to show that this simple matter that could have been done by a fourteen year old schoolboy had been passed through the hands of three persons before the answer was sent.

There is a disposition at present, however, to take off a few of the leeches that are sucking the revenue of the people and being supported for no other reason than they have a pull. Several departments are being abolished and work transferred to others where it can be done without additional clerks.

It is amusing to walk near one of the large government buildings as the four o'clock whistle is blowing. Before it ceases there is a stream of clerks who have stopped perhaps a few minutes before time in order that they might be prepared, and it is hardly five minutes before the great structure is left in charge of the guards and a few chiefs of divisions.

Men who have an idea that the government owes them a living and should collect the living for them abound. Office seekers from the old gray haired woman to the young fellow that has been attacked by the weevil of politics and unconditionally surrendered are in evidence everywhere and everywhere they make the life of a man with a "pull" a misery.

Malaria is one of the disadvantages of life in this city. The stranger who comes into it unawares generally finds it necessary to pass through a siege before he can feel perfectly safe. Low altitude that oppresses is another to one who has been accustomed to the exhilarating mountain air. A comparatively poor system of rapid transit adds to the misery when the weather is very hot or very wet. Boarding houses intensify the feeling on general principles.

These are but passing grievances, however, and one living in Washington for a long time will grow to like it so much that it will be hard to leave it. There is always a feeling that here is the heart of the nation. Nowhere else is the trend of politics appreciated so much. Nowhere do the legends and associations of national life cluster in so great an abundance. To the initiated the winters are never so gay elsewhere. These ideas and scores of others represent the solution of the problem why people who have had a taste of life in the national capital long for a greater draught.

Fleeting glimpses these are of the impressions of a newcomer just entering into the spirit that pervades, hardly conversant with the buildings that care nothing for the avenues, but plant themselves where they will, and avenues that have less care for the streets but run without regard for the rights of these humbler ways, and "Circles" and "Places" that make delightful breaks in both, and entirely unacquainted with the region of romance that lies across and up and down the beautiful Potomac and toward the country that lies in Maryland. *Eugene Young.*

Many a man fights for his creed who never thinks of carrying an umbrella for his wife.

The devil never keeps out of a home simply because there is a handsome Bible on the parlor table.

It won't do any good to pray for the Fiji Islanders as long as you won't speak to the man who lives in the next house.

Build a fence anywhere, and the first boy who comes along will want to climb it.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

THERE is a wonderful anxiety on the part of nearly everyone in these days to amass wealth. This desire is so powerful in the young, we fear, as to influence them very much to their injury in all the affairs of life. Almost the first question which is asked by a person whose services are required in any direction is concerning the salary, and every energy and talent, except in rare instances, is being prostituted to this inordinate love of money. Men whom both God and training have endowed for certain pursuits will neglect the very employment in which they are so successful because the temptation of a greater salary is held out to them. Thus, some of the noblest aspirations are sacrificed to worldly gain.

It is quite proper, of course, that people should desire to progress in temporal as well as in spiritual things, but the latter should always be predominant where only one is possible. If the natural endowments of men lead them in educational directions, whether the taste be for art, science, literature, or any of the other numerous pursuits which add to the happiness and well-being of mankind, these are the directions they should take, and not be swerved from their purposes by every bauble of temporary gain which comes before their eyes.

Will men be rewarded in the future for the amount of means they have possessed? Their names may be remembered in future generations because of their immense possessions, as has been the case with Crœsus and others of ancient and modern times who possessed vast wealth, but of what benefit will such renown be?

Abraham, the friend of God, though immensely rich, is remembered more for his numerous virtues and his noble deeds, than because of his wealth of cattle and land. Some of the poorest men who have lived upon the earth are today held in highest esteem because of the good they have done by their having lived in the world, and not because they were successful in accummulating wealth.

We would like the young men of Zion filled with the desire to first inquire when a labor is required of them, "What permanent good is to come from this to myself or others?" "Will it help to better mankind?" instead of asking, as people often do, "How much money is there in this for me?"

If the present spirit were to continue to grow it would not be long before every man who is called to go upon a foreign mission or to labor in any capacity in the Church, would want to be paid in cash for his services. Those who compose Zion should be above such a spirit. They should feel at all times that whatever labor the Lord requires of them, whether it be in a temporal or spiritual capacity, that their time is the Lord's, and whether they receive much or little, or nothing at all in cash for their services, they should be content to work and lay up riches for a future day.

It will be small comfort to any person when about to pass on the other side to look back upon his or her life and find that it has been spent for the accumulation of property. Such individuals will be much in the position of the man who owned his broad acres in almost every land, and who being seized with a deadly fever, was approached by his little daughter—a wee mite of a thing—who had heard him speak of his possessions in every land. She asked him if he had a palace "on the other side," where the physician had said her father was about to go. It was then he realized

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what opportunities he had lost, and how poor indeed was he, notwithstanding all his wealth of gold and silver, his houses and lands.

If men and women can toil all their days upon this earth, reaping nothing but poverty and suffering, and still acquire in the records of our Heavenly Father a large credit, they will indeed find themselves in the end the wealthy ones, and will discover that their possessions are greater and more enduring than those of many who have perhaps despised them while they traveled together upon the footstool of God.

STATEHOOD FOR UTAH.

THE hearts of all Latter-day Saints should be full of gratitude to the Lord that after so many years of patient waiting and persistent petitioning Utah is now provided with an enabling act whereby our Territory can become one of the States of this glorious Union. So many efforts to secure this boon have been made in the past by the people, and with such discouraging results that we had almost reached a condition where we expected a refusal whenever we asked for such a favor from the Congress of our nation, but just at a time when we seemed to least expect the blessing, and were devoting our feeblest efforts for such a consummation, the bill for Utah's admission passes both houses of Congress, with the least opposition which has perhaps ever been shown towards the admission of any other State, and it received the approval of the President with but little delay.

We must acknowledge in this marvelous act the hand of God, for had it not been for His over-ruling providence, by which power the hearts of men have been softened towards the Latter-day Saints, so that many have seemed to desire to heap special favors upon the people, we would still be suffering from the unjust prejudices of men; but the Lord who has power to even turn stone into bread, has transformed hearts of stone into hearts of flesh and blood, and has filled them with sympathy for an oppressed yet faithful people. To our Father we must, therefore, give thanks for what He hath wrought and for what He alone had the power to accomplish.

The people of the Territory should now be impressed with the responsibilities of statehood. They should make themselves thoroughly familiar with the national questions and issues, and should be prepared to speak as well as vote intelligently upon all matters which come within the purview of a sovereign people. Our young men should learn the duties of the various officers of the government, and should qualify themselves for any duty which the new condition of things will bring upon them. Not that they should be filled with a desire for office, or descend to the low political trickery so common in many of the States. These things should be strictly avoided. The principles which governed our early patriots should find place in the hearts of our people. The office should always seek the man and not the man seek the office. This course pursued, there will be less complaint of the maladministration of the laws; there will be more peace and greater union in the nation.

It is to be hoped that our young men will have sufficient manhood to avoid engaging in political strife, or in disgraceful scrambling for position. They should be filled with a desire to live independent of governmental aid, but should prepare to be called from any avocation of life to positions of responsibility and trust in the municipality, county, state or government, and should be qualified to magnify such callings. We hope this spirit will be characteristic of the youth of Zion. There is generally in the nation an inordinate desire for public position, and some men who have once fed at the public

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crib are thereby made useless for future personal effort and success. They waste their time and energies, when once their terms of office have expired, in trying to obtain other offices, thus humiliating themselves in the estimation of their friends and all high-minded people.

In the Church the failure of a man to obtain an ecclesiastical position may be predicted when once he begins to seek for it. Even if he succeeds in obtaining the position he desires, future events invariably show him to be unqualified for it. The Lord selects His servants because of their humility, and with none others is He pleased. It can safely be said, too, that in public offices the best qualified men are generally those who are the most humble, and who acknowledge themselves as public servants instead of feeling, as many do, that they are the masters of the public.

We trust it may be the future feeling of Utah State's young men to rather shrink from office than to seek it, but to be qualified whenever the offices find them to perform the duties of such callings with fidelity, perseverance and integrity.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

GOSPEL.

LECTURE 26.

RESTORATION I.

Subdivisions:—Meaning of the term restoration (*Wb.*).—Its special Gospel meaning (Alma xli).—Its application as an essential principle of the Gospel.—What has been lost, withdrawn, taken away, divided or separated (See Voice of Warning ch. v, pp. 148–158;) Ref., Book of Mormon, Alma xl, xli; Voice of Warning, pp. 148–158; Spencer's Letters, No. 12, pp. 124–128; Key to Theology, ch. ii and iii; Compendium pp. 164–168; Universal apostasy, (O. Pratt).

Self-review:—1. What is the meaning of the term restoration? 2. What is the extent of the application of the term restoration as a principle of the Gospel? 3. What is requisite in order to understand what is to be restored? 4. Name some important things that have been lost. 5. Name some instances of separation and division to be followed by reunion.

LECTURE 27.

RESTORATION II.

Subdivisions:—What is to be restored; (1) in relation to the earth and its products (Doc. and Cov., sec. lxxxviii, 26, 38; xx; The "Resurrection" by President Young, pp. 2, 3; Revelations xxi, 1; Moroni, Ether, 13; 9)—(2) In relation to animals, (*a*) living, (Voice of Warning, pp. 162–163); (*b*) dead, (CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. IV, p. 174; The "Resurrection," p. 5):—(3) In relation to man, (*a*) living (Voice of Warning, pp. 162–163); (*b*) dead, (Revelations, xx, 12–14; Alma xi, 43–44; Mormon ix, 12–14; The "Resurrection," p. 5; CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. IV, p. 192). Ref. Voice of Warning, ch. v, p. 159 to end; Doc. and Cov., sec. xxix, 23–25; Acts, iii, 21; Spencer's Letters, pp. 127–151; Book of Mormon; Alma, xl, xli.

Self-review:—1. Name some things to be restored. 2. What besides the restoration of the *earth* to the same glorious state in which it first existed is necessary? 3. What is the extent of the work of restoration? 4. What is meant by the great "restitution of all things?" 5. Show the intimate relation between the subjects of restoration and resurrection.

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LECTURE 28.

THINGS RESTORED.

Subdivision: — Divine personal communication.—The fullness of the Gospel.—The Holy Priesthood.—The keys of the Apostleship.—The keys of organization.—The keys of gathering (Doc. and Cov. p. 405).—The keys of blessing (Doc. and Cov. p. 405).—The keys of relation (Doc. and Cov. p. 405).—The keys of true education. Ref., Pearl of Great Price pp. 56–72; CONTRIBUTOR Vol. X. p. 307–311; Doc. and Cov. Sec. 110.

Self-review:—1. Where, when and to whom did God the Father reveal Himself? 2. Relate the circumstances of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood. 3. Where, when and by whom were the keys of the gathering restored? 4. Who committed the dispensation of the Gospel of Abraham? 5. Who committed the keys of the dispensation of turning the hearts of the fathers to the children and the children to the fathers?

BIBLE—OLD TESTAMENT.

(*Mosaic and Prophetic Dispensation Continued.*)

LECTURE 27.

THE PROPHETS.

Subdivision:—The names of the prophetic books of the Bible.—The arrangement not one of chronological order but of the importance of the subject matter contained in each book.—Prophets who prophesied before the Babylonian captivity of the Jews: Jonah, Joel, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, Nahum and Zephaniah.—Those who prophesied during the captivity: Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Ezekiel, Obadiah and Daniel.—Those who prophesied after the restoration or return of the Jews from captivity: Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi.

Self-review:—1. Give the names of the prophetic books of the Bible as recorded. 2. What was the point of consideration in the arranging of the prophetic books of the Old Testament? 3. Which of the prophets prophesied previous to the captivity? 4. Name the prophets who prophesied during the captivity and those who prophesied after the restoration. 5. Give dates of the time of Jonah, Jeremiah and Malachi. Ref., Bible, Bible Dictionary and Helps to the study of the Bible, which are found appended to any teacher's edition of the Oxford Bible.

LECTURE 28.

THE PROPHETS (CONTINUED).

The Prophet Isaiah.

Subdivisions:—The meaning of his name.—The time in which he lived, (*a*) a period of religious decline among the Jews, (*b*) a time of luxury, vanity and idolatry.—The detailed exactness of his prophecies gaining for him the title of Gospel Prophet. See Helps to Bible Study in the Oxford Bible.—Principal subjects of his prophecies, (*a*) the captivity and restoration of Judah and Israel. See xxxix, 6, 7, (*b*) the ruin and desolation of Babylon, Tyre, Egypt and other places. See vii, 1–12; xlvii, 7, 15, (*c*) the conquest and name of Cyrus, xliv, 28; xlvi, 1, 5, (*d*) the Messiah and His mission, xl, 3; vii, 14; xi, 10; ix, 6, 7; viii, 14; xlix, 6; xxxv, 5, 6, (*e*) the latter-day work, already fulfilled, xlv, 8; xxix, 4, 11, 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, (*f*) the second coming of the Savior and the resurrection, xxv, 4; xl, 10; lix, 20; xxvi, 20.

Self-review:—1. At what time in the world's history did Isaiah prophesy? 2. What does his name signify? 3. What was the condition of the Israelites during his time? 4. Quote a prophecy of Isaiah concerning the Jews, one concerning the restoration of the Gospel and one concerning the resurrection. 5. Prove from Church history the literal fulfillment of prophecy made by Isaiah.

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LECTURE 29.

THE PROPHET JEREMIAH.

Subdivisions:—The meaning of the name.—His parentage and nativity.—His unpopular predictions concerning the fate of the Israelites.—His being in Egypt. See Helps to the Study of the Bible and Jeremiah xlii, also Josephus, book III., chs. v, vi, and vii.—His lamentations. See Josephus, book X, ch. v, also Helps to the Study of the Bible.—*His prophecies already fulfilled; (*a*) concerning the captivity of the Jews and the fate of Zedekiah. See Josephus, book X, ch. vii and viii; (*b*) concerning the scattering of Israel xii, 15.—Prophecies being fulfilled; (*a*) concerning the Gentiles, xvi, 19; (*b*) the gathering of Israel, iii, 14, 15; xii, 14, 15; (*c*) concerning missionary work, xvi, 16.—Prophecies to be fulfilled concerning the lost tribes, xxxi, 8, 9.

Self-review:—1. Under what circumstances did the Jews, even during their decline seek for the word of the Lord through the prophets. 2. How came Jeremiah to be prophesying in Egypt? 3. What are the "Lamentations of Jeremiah?" 4. Give the time and name of three noted contemporaries of Jeremiah. 5. Give three of Jeremiah's prophecies one already fulfilled, one being fulfilled and one yet to be fulfilled.

BOOK OF MORMON.

(*Nephitic Dispensation continued.*)

LECTURE 26.

PERIOD OF UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

Subdivisions:—Universal conversion.—Universal peace.—United Order.—Universal freedom.—Marvelous results of the exercise of the functions of the Priesthood.—Great material and social prosperity on the Gospel plan.—The beginning of pride.—Division into classes.—Multiplication of churches.—Wickedness.—Persecution.—Apostasy.—The great division.—The rebellion.—The school of hate.—Secret oaths and combinations.—The Gadianton robbers.—Widespread wickedness.—Hiding of the sacred records by Ammaron. Time, A. D. 36 to 320. Ref., IV Nephi.

Self-review:—1. What was the religious condition of all the people in the year 36 A. D.? 2. What industrial system with its wonderful results was practiced by the people? 3. How did the downward career of the blessed and prospered people begin? 4. What followed the introduction of pride? 5. What was the condition of the people in 320 A.D.? 6. What disposition was made of the sacred records at this time?

LECTURE 27.

THE PERIOD OF UNIVERSAL WAR.

Subdivisions:—Mormon the boy-historian and prophet-general.—Withdrawal of the Priesthood and consequently the gifts and fruits of the Gospel.—The vengeful, idolatrous Lamanites, and the unrepentant Nephites wishing for death but struggling for life.—Years of battles.—Gross wickedness of the people.—Mormon's testimony.—Final rally at Cumorah.—Hiding the records in the hill Cumorah.—The battle of extermination in which two hundred and thirty thousand Nephites fell. Time, 322 to 385 A.D. Ref., Mormon i to vi.

Self-review:—1. Give a short history of Mormon. 2. What was the special mission of Mormon? 3. Describe the civil, religious, and moral condition of the people during Mormon's time. 4. Where is the hill Cumorah? 5. Describe the terrible, final battle which took place there.

LECTURE 28.

MORMON AND MORONI.

Subdivisions:—The lamentations of the aged wounded prophet-commander over his slaughtered

*These are simply illustrative predictions of his great practical prophet.

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people.—Mormon's final testimony, the Lamanites of the house of Israel, they are numbered among the people of the first covenant, they must cease their warfare, they must obtain a knowledge of their fathers, they must believe in Jesus Christ, the resurrection and the eternal judgments, they must repent, they must be baptized, and receive the Holy Ghost, following the example of the Savior if they would be saved, the Gospel to come to the Lamanites through the Gentiles.—Death of Mormon.—Moroni's testimony.—His Israelitish lineage.—His hiding the records, the plates worthless to man but the record priceless.—How the plates are to be brought forth.—Condition of society at the time of their coming forth.—Moroni's warning to the professed Christians. — His catechization of the infidel.—His argument in regard to the fallacy of believing in the discontinuance of communication between God and man.—His declaration as to the language of the record, *i. e.*, the reformed Egyptian, and to the greater purity of the Hebrew.—The object of the records. Time, 400 to 421 A.D. Ref., Mormon vii, viii and ix, inclusive.

Self-review:—1. To what house do the Lamanites belong? 2. Give the substance of Mormon's final testimony. 3. Where, when, and by whom were the records deposited, or hidden? 4. In what characters were the records kept? 5. What was the object of the records?

NEW TESTAMENT.

(*Dispensation of the Meridian of Times, continued.*)

LECTURE 27.

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR (CONTINUED.)

Subdivisions: — Marriage of the king's son; (*a*) illustrating the necessity of preparation; (*b*) place, Mount of Olives. Ref., Matt. xxii.—New cloth on old garment.—New wine in old bottles. (*a*) Teaching adaptation; (*b*) place, Capernaum. Ref., Mark ii and Luke v.—House on the sand and on the rock. (*a*) Illustrating wisdom; (*b*) place, Galilee. Ref., Matthew vii.

Self-review: — 1. Which parable illustrates the necessity of preparation? 2. How is adaptation taught by the parable of the new wine in old bottles and of the new cloth and the old garment? 3. Make an application of the parable of the house on the sand. 4. Name and locate the places in which the parables given in this lesson were spoken. 5. Locate Capernaum, Mount of Olives, and Galilee.

LECTURE 28.

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR CONTINUED.

Subdivisions:—The unjust judge; (*a*) principle taught, perseverance; (*b*) place, Jerusalem. Ref., xviii.—The rich man and Lazarus; (*a*) principle taught, equity; (*b*) place, Jerusalem. Ref., Luke xiv.—The draw net; (*a*) principle taught, the universality of the Gospel call; (*b*) place, Gennesaret. Ref., Matthew xiii.—The wedding reception and the dinner party; (*a*) principle taught, humility; (*b*) place, Jerusalem. Ref., Luke xiv.

Self-review:—1. What is especially taught by the parable of the unjust judge? 2. What is the lesson to be learned from the parable of Lazarus and the rich man? 3. Rehearse the parable of the draw net. 4. How does the parable of the draw net teach universality of the Gospel call? 5. Make an application of the wedding feast parable.

LECTURE 29.

PARABLES OF OUR SAVIOR (CONTINUED.)

Subdivisions:—The friend calling at midnight. (*a*) Illustrating the force of importunity and divine beneficence; (*b*) place, Jerusalem. Ref. Luke xi.—The lost sheep.—The lost

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piece of money.—The prodigal son. (*a*) Illustrating the principle of restoration; (*b*) place, Galilee Ref., Luke xv.—The husbandman's unfruitful fig tree. (*a*) Illustrating intercession for others; (*b*) place, Jerusalem. Ref., Luke xiii.

Self-review:—1. To whom did the Savior speak in parables? 2. What is the chief point illustrated by the parable of the friend calling at midnight? 3. How is the principle of restoration illustrated by the parable of the prodigal son? 4. Wherein is the faithful son more honored than the prodigal? 5. Give a personal application of the parable of the husbandman's unfruitful tree.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

THE court and jury, as well as the spectators, generally enjoy the scene when a lawyer, in an attempt to badger or browbeat a witness, comes off second best in the encounter. A correspondent recalls an amusing instance of this sort, which happened a few years ago in an Albany court-room.

The plaintiff, who was a lady, was called to testify. She got on very well, and made a favorable impression on the jury under the guidance of her counsel, Hon. Lyman Tremaine, until the opposing counsel, Hon. Henry Smith, subjected her to a sharp cross examination. This so confused her that she became faint, and fell to the floor in a swoon.

Of course this excited general sympathy in the audience, and Mr. Smith saw that his case looked badly.

An expedient suggested itself, by which to make the swooning appear like a piece of stage trickery, and thus destroy sympathy for her. The lady's face in swooning had turned purple-red, and this fact suggested the new line of attack. The next witness was a middle-aged lady. The counsel asked,—

"Did you see the plaintiff faint a short time ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"People turn *pale* when they faint, don't they?"

A great sensation in the court, and an evident confusion of witness. But in a moment she answered, "No, not always."

"Did you ever hear of a case of fainting where the party did not turn *pale?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see such a case?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"About a year ago."

"Where was it?"

"In this city."

"Who was it?"

By this time the excitement was so intense that everybody listened anxiously for the reply. It came promptly, with a twinkle in the witness's eye, and a quaver on her lips, as if from suppressed humor.

"'Twas a negro, sir."

Peal after peal of laughter shook the court-room, in which the venerable judge joined. Mr. Smith lost his case, not to say his temper.

THE BRAIN OF THE CHINAMAN.—An interesting contribution to the science of anthropology has been made by Mr. C. H. Bond in his study of the Chinaman' s brain, the results of which are published in the English journal *Brain*. Mr. Bond emphasizes certain well-marked departures of the Chinese brain from that of other people, the most pronounced of which is the inordinately large size of the cerebellum as compared with the cerebrum. The proportion stands in the relation of one to five, instead of one to eight and one-half, as in the average man, and is, therefore, very nearly what is to be found in the chimpanzee. The total brain-weight was found to be one thousand one hundred and eighty-two grammes, or only one hundred and seventy-six grammes less than that of the average male adult brain.

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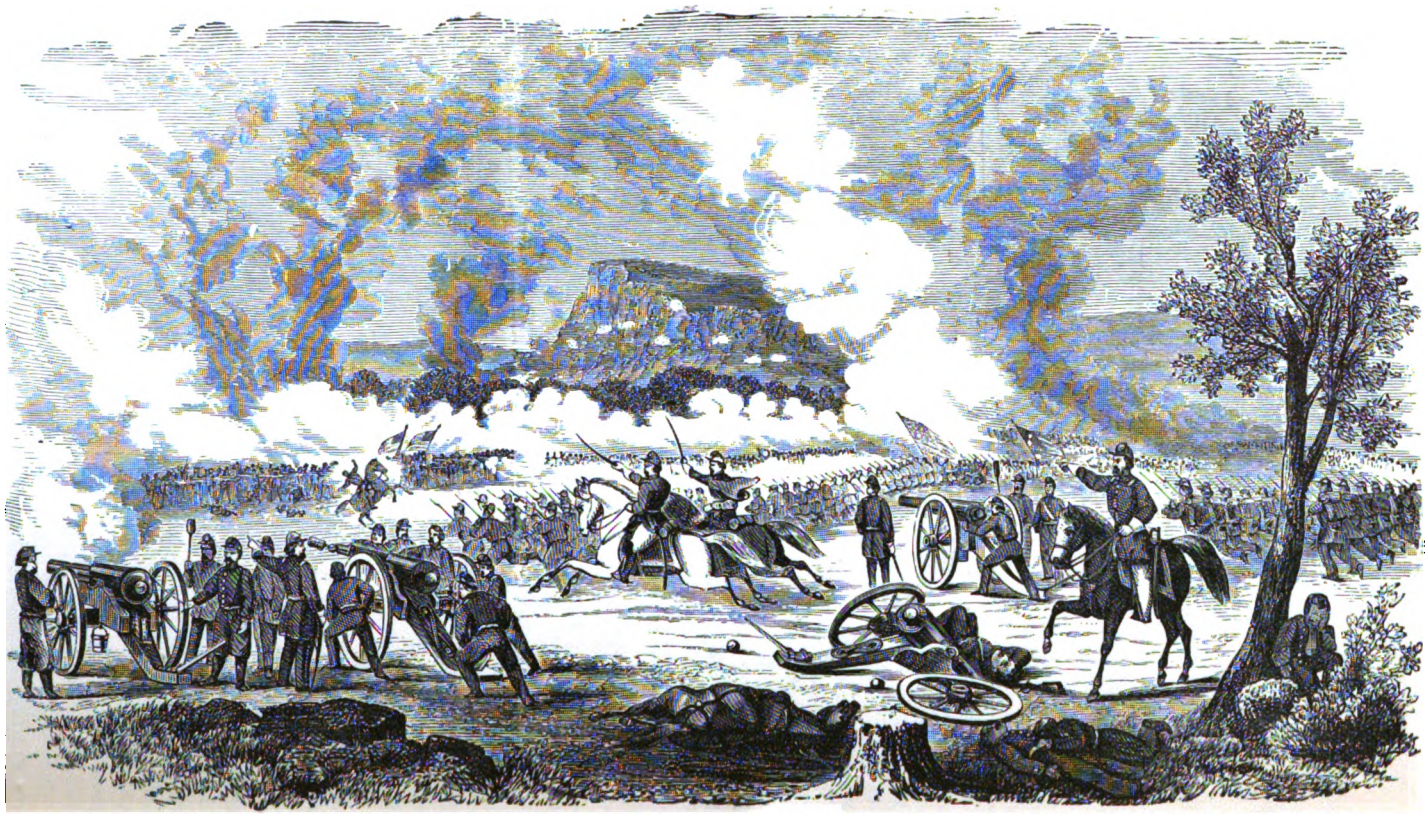

BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

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BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

ONE of the decisive engagements between opposing forces in the great war of the Rebellion was that known as the Battle of Lookout Mountain.

At the beginning of the year 1863 the Army of the West, as one of the main bodies of Union troops was called, was stationed in Tennessee, under command of General Rosecrans. In January of that year it had scored a victory over the rebel forces led by General Bragg. For some time after this engagement, known as the Battle of Murfreesborough, the Army of the West remained comparatively inactive awaiting developments in other places.

Although General Bragg's army had been defeated at Murfreesborough, it was still encamped in the State. In June, however, the administration at Washington urged that the Union Army stationed there take steps to drive the Confederates out of the State. On the twenty-fourth of that month General Rosecrans inaugurated a series of movements to force General Bragg's army to retreat from the position they held. In this he was successful, and the southern army removed to Chattanooga, on the south side of the Tennessee River. Here General Bragg decided to take his stand, and constructed fortifications for the defense of the position. Rosecrans and his army gathered on the north side of the river oppositeChattanooga.

From time to time during the next two months both sides received reinforcements to strengthen their ranks. On the fourth of September a large number of Union soldiers crossed the river and made an attempt to hedge in the Confederate army and cut off communication between them and the country in the rear, whereupon the Confederates abandoned their post and fled to Lafayette, Georgia. At the latter place Bragg set about laying plans to resist the advances of Rosecrans' forces. Here he received several other detachments sent to his aid. The Union army took possession of Chattanooga, and was also strengthened by the arrival of other troops.

These two contending parties were brought face to face, on the nineteenth of September, a little distance from Chattanooga, on the Chickamauga Creek. During that and the following day the battle raged fiercely, and resulted in the Union troops being repulsed. This sharp conflict is known as the battle of Chickamauga. The losses on both sides were very heavy, the estimate being twelve thousand Confederates and sixteen thousand Federals killed.

After this encounter, the defeated Federal army was compelled to retreat to Chattanooga, where they entrenched themselves. Bragg followed them but decided to make no immediate attack. In the meantime he made an effort to shut out their supplies, and the position of the Union army was very critical.

At this late date in the history of

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the war the idea of defeat could not be tolerated by the Unionists. Over eight months had passed since President Lincoln had declared slavery was at an end; the Union had been victorious in many important battles, and defeat now could not be thought of.

When the authorities at Washington learned of the condition at Chattanooga, they dispatched General Grant to the scene, giving him the appointment of commander in the West. Grant had already distinguished himself as a military genius. Besides Grant, Sherman, who had also won fame as an efficient general, was sent to aid in the expected conflict; and immediately additional troops were ordered to the rescue of the practically imprisoned army of Tennessee.

With all the reinforcements received Grant's army was swelled to over ninety thousand men. Bragg's army numbered only about half as many, for while the former's forces were being greatly strengthened by the arrival of new troops, the latter's ranks were somewhat depleted by some of the troops being removed to other points where help was required.

On the twentieth of November the left wing of the Confederate army was stationed on Lookout Mountain a short distance south-west of Chattanooga, and the right wing on Missionary Ridge, a few miles south-east of the city.

Seemingly confident of success, Bragg sent notice to Grant to have everybody not taking part in the conflict removed from the city, as he intended to bombard it. Grant, equally sure of holding his own ground, took no notice of the warning. On the twenty-fourth a corps of Union soldiers under command of General Hooker attacked the troops on Lookout Mountain, while the main army were kept busy in preventing this wing of the Confederate army from being reinforced from the division stationed on Missionary Ridge. With heroic courage Hooker's men attacked the foe and succeeded in routing it, and took possession of the mountain.

The next day the entire army of the Confederates, then concentrated on Missionary Ridge, was put to flight by the combined forces under General Grant. Bragg and his army fled to Georgia. During the two days engagement, seven hundred and fifty-seven Union soldiers were killed and four thousand, five hundred and twenty-nine were wounded; and the number killed of the Confederates was estimated at over ten thousand.

Considering the superiority of the Federal army in point of numbers this victory was no great achievement, although on account of the admirable position taken by the Southern army, considerable ingenuity was required to successfully rout it even by the vast numbers of opposing forces. The action was an illustration of the determination to put down the Rebellion and protect the Union regardless of the cost.

THE FUTURE OF ISRAEL'S GREAT KING.

THE MIND of man has sufficient for its entire occupation in the study of things pertaining to this mundane sphere, without soaring beyond its limits—for not a mind exists that has thoroughly mastered the knowledge locked up in rock, or tree, or the animal life with which we come in daily contact. The contradictions in the conclusions of the scientific world relative to the geology of the earth, show more distinctly the discrepancies that exist in the knowledge and conclusions of men upon this subject, and the vast range for investigation still remaining.

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With the page of nature spread out at our feet so imperfectly studied, yet the mind of man leaps forth into the heavens, and would grasp a knowledge of the great and glorious planets around us. And today, in the very hour we live, our scientists are arranging to flash a message to Mars, our nearest planetary neighbor, and that, too, with full faith of receiving an answering flash from its surface. Nor is the mind of man content with this—it would penetrate the future to know with greater assurance the answer to the question, "Is there life beyond the grave?" Shall that subtle element, the spirit, the life, the breath, that moving vital part of the body return again, and be rehabilitated in flesh and bone, enjoying the full fruition of our most sanguine dreams of acquisition and occupancy of a portion of this earth made glorious, reunited with kindred and friends?

Not only does the mind of man enter into generalities upon this last subject, but selects its loved ones of those that are dead and gone, trying to read their future.

And this David, king of Israel, a man after God's own heart, whose history read and studied, wins for him our love and admiration, and also excites a keen interest to know of his future.

The minds of those who have read David's life go out into the great beyond and would penetrate even to the throne of God to know His mind and will concerning the future of the man he loved so well—and Joseph Smith, our loved prophet, is one of these. In David's ultimate fate a peculiar and strong curiosity exists in the minds of men, whether in sympathy for our own personal weaknesses—of our kindred's—or wholly on account of our earlier born brother, David, I will leave the reader to decide.

Of course the incident of his life, the adultery with Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, and the nature of the punishment for this lapse from virtue, is the point which arouses our curiosity. The keen contrast shown between the fate of the offspring of the legitimate and the illegitimate act, is so finely drawn, so environed and interlaced with the vivid flashes of the sword of justice, intermingled with the softer lights of mercy, as to challenge all competition for comparison.

How the mind wanders out—summoning all its judicial forces to judge this great comparison aright—the nameless bastard, who died at seven days, on the one hand, and the grandeur of the legitimate Solomon on the other. The death of the fruits of the illicit intercourse is at once accepted as just; but it requires greater thought to comprehend the mercy shown so quickly in bestowing upon an adulterer's and a murderer's son such grand and glorious blessings, so that it was said, there was none like unto him or would be again. Whose glory was so great that the Son of God made allusion to it in one of His most sublime comparisons, "Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all glory was not arrayed like one of these."

But let us bring this man we love, to bar: David, the king, arraigned—his accuser the Lord, through His servant the Prophet Nathan; the judge: David himself, who worked up in just indignation, by the ingenious method adopted by the accusing prophet, through the story of the poor man, despoiled of his only ewe lamb, by the rich sheep owner—gave judgment on himself: "*The man that hath done this shall surely die.*" This quick response did not emanate from one totally depraved. How the words of the prophet "*Thou art the man*" smote home to the king's heart, as the prophet rehearsed the crime in detail which David had committed, showing also how abundantly the Lord had blessed him, as to leave him without excuse.

"*I have sinned against the Lord,*"

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was the acknowledgment of David—the prophet told him the Lord had put away his sin so far as the death penalty was concerned, which was then the law of Israel, and proceeded to pronounce the sentence of God upon him as follows: "The sword shall never depart from thy house, the sin with thy neighbor's wife shall be repeated upon thee and thine, in that thy wives shall be defiled by one of thine own household in the sight of Israel and in the light of the sun." And Absalom his own beloved and idolized boy executed this latter sentence, and brought down upon himself through his excesses a violent death at the hands of one of his father's generals; here, then, was the judgment and decision of the greatest tribune of earth and heaven in this matter.

Now Bathsheba was David's wife, the penalty paid in part—and the marriage acknowledged—the second child was born to David of this woman. He called his name Solomon, and the Lord loved him.

In our judgment of the future of David we must remember he was no common man—that is, he was in closer communion with the Almighty than men generally are; chosen a king and leader of his favored people—not only favored of the Lord as one of them—with all this he was a man after God's own heart, and favored above his fellows.

Jeremiah in his thirty-third chapter writing about six hundred years before Christ, and nearly five hundred years after David's transgression, alludes to David, and the great promises made him by the Almighty with full faith in their fulfillment. And Peter in the second chapter of the Acts alludes to David, with all the Jewish pride he possesses, and confidence in the fulfillment of blessings to his race, obtained through David's influence with God. All of which shows that David is in no wise lost or forgotten, but signifies that he is one of the greatest spirits that has tabernacled here, and that he will yet regain a glorious position after he has paid the full penalty for his sins; for men like David will gladly meet the demands of justice no matter how stern, still trusting in the Divine mercy and love.

The penalty for David's sin was awarded by a special visitation, and a separate judgment was given him, showing that the Lord held him under His personal watchcare; with all this, God is no respecter of persons, but He claims the right to forgive whom He will forgive, but to us it is given to forgive all men. Indeed, the Lord out of the great love He had for David, spared Solomon from the full effect of the penalty for his sins, when he had gone astray, induced thereto by the strange women whom he had married of the idolatrous nations. But what of his future? David was thoroughly aware of a punishment awaiting him after death, for he says in the sixth Psalm, in prophetic utterance, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption."

Joseph Smith, whose curiosity was worked up sufficiently to enquire of this matter of his heavenly visitors, tells us that David sought forgiveness at the hands of God carefully, with tears for the murder of Uriah, but he could only get it through hell—he got a promise that his soul should not be left in hell (Gems, p. 283 of Compendium). Again Joseph says, "Peter saw David in hell, and knew for what reason—and that David would have to remain there until the resurrection at the coming of Christ (Gems, p. 289 of Compendium). He also says (see p. 280), "If a man commit adultery, he cannot receive the celestial kingdom of God; if he is saved in any kingdom it cannot be the celestial kingdom." Again (p. 283) Joseph says of David, that he never did obtain the spirit and power of Elijah and the fullness of the Priesthood.

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Our sympathies go out to this man and our hearts beat assent to the refrain, "Saul has killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands," a man after God's own heart, and surely he has ours.

How shall we judge him? What our sentence for his future? Shall he forever be barred from the presence of the great Father and God? No, oh no; but there rises to our view, as if to bar the way, the man Uriah, the stern, brave warrior, staunch and steadfast to his duty.

David, it was a cruel thing to do—true, you had the right to direct the soldier to a position in the assault, but not to retire and leave the brave and honest man a prey to his enemies, outnumbered and outdone by superior numbers; and for the purpose of ridding you of the lawful claimant of the woman whose charms and beauty you had unlawfully appropriated—she yielded to the entreaties of her king—you so perfect in manly beauty and strength of mind—enthroned in all the might and power of the position encompassing a king—she fell entranced and bewildered at your condescension and the magnetism of your grand manly nature.

O shame—disgraced, filled with remorse; thy words now prove it; in vain do you cry: "There is no rest in my bones, because of my sin; as an heavy burthen my iniquities are too heavy for me. I go mourning all the day long." David's lamentation, contained in his fifty-first Psalm, shows his great sorrow and repentance of the offences he had committed, and verifies the saying of our Prophet Joseph, that he sought forgiveness carefully at the hands of God.

But what of his future! We had better leave that with the great Father. Still we may assume this, that the Lord dealt directly with this man, not alone for Israel's good, but for the love he bore David; instructions were given him direct from God; so that David's claim "against Thee and Thee only have I sinned," shows the close communion existing between this man and his Maker.

We must, therefore, judge of his future in accordance with the manner of his life, his position, and his knowledge, and in passing sentence upon him, we must judge how much he has up to the present paid the penalty. The sword was never to depart from his house. His favored son Absalom took up the sword against him, and this same son executed another panalty—the defilement of his father's wives.

We are told that David's wives are taken from him and given to Uriah, all this we can acquiesce in as just, and conditions that in justice David should suffer.

But as David, according to the Prophet Joseph Smith, did not have the fullness of the Priesthood, as committed to man upon the earth in our day, therefore the covenants he was under were not as severe as those that are now placed upon the children of men, whom God has deigned to honor, even us who have accepted the fullness of the Priesthood as now revealed.

The eye for an eye, and the tooth for a tooth doctrine then existed. Later on, in the days of the feudal laws of France, this idea had degenerated into the payment of a certain sum of money for the slaying of a man, with a rising scale consorting with the rank held in society by the deceased. In the days of Israel's early history, life was held in higher estimation than now, still murder was punishable by death, and the adulterer was stoned to death. We must then conclude that David was forgiven the death penalty, but was punished by the ingratitude and wickedness of his own family. The sword did not depart from his house, even down to his illustrious descendant, the Prince of the house of David, Jesus; the sword, or rather the spear, did not spare him.

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But David will come with Jesus at His great appearance, at the first resurrection, when the Saints shall come with Him—David will be there also, and if David shall be with that grand company associated with Jesus, may we not hope that through the great repentance he has made, and will yet make, also through the intercession of Jesus, David may attain the presence of God the Father, and enter into His eternal rest and glory?

Frank Bradshaw.

LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XVI.

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse.

Gay.

HE was not slow to act. Though it was now ten o'clock, he determined to warn the intended victim of his danger. He accordingly hastened to the house of Monsieur Bremer.

In answer to his knock La Verne came to the door. She exhibited great surprise at seeing a strange young man, and her fears were not allayed by the anxious expression of his face.

"Is your father at home?" he asked.

"He has just retired," she replied.

"My business with him is very urgent. May I not see him?"

"Is your business of such a nature that he would not object to being disturbed?"

"I think so. In fact a little disturbance now may prevent much trouble in the near future."

"What do you mean?" she asked in alarm.

"I cannot explain my meaning to you," he answered respectfully. "My conversation must be held with him in private."

"What name shall I announce?"

"Vivian Duruy."

She went to the door of her father's room, told him of the visit, and announced the name of the caller.

"Let him enter," said Monsieur Bremer.

He was sitting up in bed at the entrance of Vivian, who told him to lie down, as his visit would be brief.

"Your daughter has a lover, I presume?" said Vivian, coming directly to the point at issue.

"She has," was the reply.

"Tell me his name and character."

"His name is Eugene Pareau. He is the soul of honor."

"I understand he has some claim upon you, which renders it easier for him to gain the hand of your daughter. Am I right?"

"How did you gain this knowledge?" asked M. Bremer in surprise.

"I prefer not to disclose that. Am I right?"

"You are," said the other, almost forced into the acknowledgment by his wonder.

"Would you object to telling me the nature of that claim?"

"I would object most seriously!"

"It is as well," answered Vivian. "I have guessed what the claim is, and your objection convinces me that I have judged correctly."

"I fear you are a spy," said the old man with trepidation.

"I am to a certain extent," replied Vivian, "but only for your benefit. Now listen to me. Pareau knows of certain securities which you think are destroyed. Do you know them to have been destroyed?"

"The house in which they were concealed was burned."

"Do you know that they were concealed there?"

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The question was so direct and startling that M. Bremer hesitated to answer it. At length he said, "I have great reason to believe they were."

"But you do not know?"

"I do not."

"Then I will tell you what I know of those peaprs. They were not destroyed. They are now in the hands of Pareau, who intends making a vindictive use of them. The plot of this young lawyer and his associates aims at the seizure of the fortune concealed in this house——"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed M. Bremer, starting up in bed.

"Be calm, Monsieur," said Vivian reassuringly, gently pushing him back upon the pillow. "It aims at the seizure not alone of this property, but of your own person, your daughter La Verne to be made the first victim in her inexorable marriage to Pareau."

A smile of incredulity crossed M. Bremer's face, but, rebuked by Vivian's earnestness, it was succeeded by a look of alarm. "What can I do?" he asked.

"Are you willing to place yourself entirely in my hands and follow, without question, my directions?"

M. Bremer hesitated. "How do I know that you can be trusted?"

"I can give you my word alone," said Vivian proudly. "Were I to offer greater assurances, you would have cause to doubt my honesty. Now you have none."

Struck by the nobility and independence of this reply, M. Bremer gave the required promise.

"In the first place," said Vivian. "I must consult with your daughter. Sleep now, for long before the dawn my first orders will be given you. Farewell."

He left the old man and passed into the other room. La Verne was anxiously awaiting his appearance. "What is it?" she asked in deep anxiety.

"I trust Mademoiselle will not consider me impertinent," said Vivian, "but a matter of great importance necessitates my asking a few direct questions, which I hope will be answered as directly."

"To what matter do you refer?" she asked.

"Your father's safety," he answered sententiously. "It is in your power and mine to protect him from great danger. I must ask your complete confidence in my purpose and desires, and true and direct answers to my questions. Your lover's name is Eugene Pareau?"

"You *are* impertinent!" she exclaimed.

"What seems impertinence to you is honesty of purpose and haste in carrying it out. *Is* Eugene Pareau your lover?"

"Yes."

"When is the marriage to occur?"

"Monsieur, I can no longer endure your questions," she cried indignantly.

"You can and *must*," he answered firmly. "Your father's life is in the balance. The property he holds is also in jeopardy. If I, having no interest in the matter, can sacrifice my peace of mind and imperil myself to save a stranger, can you not forget your false modesty for the sake of your father?"

"What do you mean?"

A step sounded on the walk before the house. "I cannot explain!" he whispered breathlessly. "Answer me; when is the marriage to occur?"

"To-morrow morning," she replied, her diffidence giving way to her alarm.

There was a knock at the door. "Postpone it!" exclaimed Vivian. "Make any excuse you can. Plead illness of father, death of friend, anything but the truth."

The knock was repeated. "Have I your promise?" La Verne nodded as she turned to the door and opened it. Eugene Pareau was the visitor.

The two young men looked at each other for an instant, and then came

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mutual recognition. As La Verne introduced them, Vivian extended his hand. It was haughtily refused by Pareau. Vivian bowed with an amused smile. "I demand an explanation of this man's presence," said Pareau in an angry tone.

Vivian, hat in hand, was about to leave the room when this was spoken. Pausing and looking La Verne full in the face, he awaited her answer.

"His visit was to my father," she said quietly.

"And his business?"

"Was with my father, and private."

Pareau did not know how to speak. He dared not betray anxiety, for fear La Verne would suspect him. He dared not demand an interview with her father for the same reason. In his anger and confusion he turned to Vivian. "You are a Girondist?"

Vivian bowed.

"How did you regard the king?" Pareau asked.

"As an unfortunate man who should have been protected at all hazards," answered Vivian.

"Why?"

"Because he was the victim of misfortune, and not a criminal."

"Then you are a friend of royalty?" asked Pareau with a sneer.

"No!" said Vivian. "The people in my village and I, myself, have suffered more from the injustice of royalty than you know or can imagine. I am not a friend of royalty. You know that royalty has been abolished in France, and the king put to death. He has always been unoffending."

"But he represented a class with which we can have no sympathy," said Pareau. "Royalty has been destroyed—its representatives must follow!"

"Would you then destroy men for what they have been and not for what they have done?" asked Vivian.

"Yes."

"As a lawyer, how would you characterize the destruction of a man who is acknowledged guiltless?" As Pareau hesitated, Vivian sharply answered his own question: "It is nothing less than murder! They who perpetrate it are execrable assassins!"

With angry countenance Pareau sprang toward Vivian, who faced him fearlessly. La Verne rushed between them. "Go!" she whispered to Vivian. Then as he hesitatingly obeyed her, she faced her lover, who was still pale with anger. Mastering himself as best he could, he attempted to draw her into conversation upon the subject of their marriage, but she seemed distrait and cold. Suspicious himself, he dared not question her for fear she would become so. Therefore, he had to content himself with a blunt demand that the wedding occur on the following day, as previously agreed.

To this she demurred, and asked for delay. He insisted on knowing the reason for the postponement. She treated the matter somewhat lightly, and chided him for his haste, but he would not be satisfied without her giving a reason.

"Then," said La Verne, "I wish to know the reason for your haste. When I tell you that the delay will suit my convenience, why do you not grant it?"

"I have no reason," he answered evasively, "except that the day has been set and arrangements are made. Delays are dangerous."

"Not so dangerous as undue haste in such a matter," answered the girl. "Is it not enough for me to tell you that I am not prepared for the wedding? I demand a week's delay. Surely if your love for me is as great as you protest, you will not hesitate to defer to my wishes in this most important of all matters."

Pareau knew that in one thing women are peculiar: They will not brook delay when they are inclined to promptness; and it is still harder for them to forgive undue haste when

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their minds take a leisurely turn. Another reason compelled him to refrain from pressing his claim. According to French rules of propriety, the door between the room they occupied and that of M. Bremer was open, and every word was distinctly audible to the parent. Therefore, with ill-concealed vexation he left her.

She went to her father and heard from him of the plot Vivian had discovered. In her heart she was almost thankful that something had occurred to awaken her father's suspicion in Pareau's motives, for she felt the spell he had thrown over her by the use of her father's influence, breaking from her, and with it every tie binding her to her selfish lover.

As for Pareau, much as he desired it, it was too late for him to delay the execution of his plot. He had counted on marrying La Verne in the early morning and removing her to his own home, when he could excuse himself on the plea of urgent business, and join his confederates in serving the execution upon her father, should such a step be necessary in the scheme of extortion.

The next day the papers had been prepared and the party, Pareau leading, proceeded to the house to serve them upon the unfortunate Bremer. Pareau left the others at a short distance from the house, and went ahead to reconnoiter.

Vivian had not been idle during the night. Not long after midnight he had gone to acquaint La Verne and her father with his plan of action. They were both passive in his hands. He urged M. Bremer to consent to the removal of himself and his treasure to a distant part of the city, leaving the house, which was the only thing in jeopardy, to be seized by Pareau. Under cover of the darkness the transfer had been safely accomplished, and the miserly old man, happy in the possession of his wealth, was reconciled to the loss of his comparatively worthless home.

Approaching the gate, Pareau saw La Verne standing there. Breathlessly he ran to her and cried, "My sweet, come with me. An attacking party is coming, and you will have barely time to escape!"

He led her to a neighbor's house a few squares away, bidding her stay until he called for her. Then going to his companions, he led them to the place of plunder. As they entered the house, Pareau called in the name of the court which had issued the decree of execution, for the surrender of the house. No answer came. They passed from room to room, but all was still.

"The treasure is here," said Pareau, passing to the basement. The vault was open. Entering, they found it empty.

"Who among you has betrayed us?" Pareau demanded angrily. "Nothing remains here but a bare and empty house, hardly worth the seizing; for it may be burned to the ground or taken from us in the next brawl. Whose treasonable work is this?"

All were silent. Suddenly a light dawned upon Pareau. With an inward oath he cursed Vivian as the cause of the failure of their scheme. He understood now the delay in the wedding, though he tried to make himself believe La Verne still true to him and not fully aware of his treachery. Turning to his companions, he promised them all they had expected, but asked their patience. They had suspected him at first, but his anxious and nervous manner allayed their suspicion. They departed, while he went to the house where he had left La Verne.

Contrary to his expectation, she had watched the party approach her father's house under Pareau's leadership, thus confirming Vivian's report. She met him at the door.

"Thank God, you escaped!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, thank God, I *have* escaped!" she answered significantly.

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"What do you mean?" he asked in affected surprise.

"I mean, Monsieur Pareau," she said, her flashing eyes adding fire to each word, "that your plot against my honor and my father's life and property has failed. My sense of duty to my father has been used by you to cloak your villainy. Under that disguise you received my promise of marriage. The removal of the cloak shows you in your true light, and that promise is withdrawn. Leave me. I hope I shall never see you again and that you may never know how your purpose was thwarted."

"I know all!" he vehemently exclaimed. "The Girondist has betrayed me. Your first wish shall not be realized, for I shall see you once more, when my revenge against Duruy is wrought. Your second wish is already disappointed."

As Pareau stepped into the street, he met Marie Latour. His look of baffled rage told her that her warning to Vivian had not been vain, though she did not know the nature of his disappointment. He saw her sarcastic smile. He knew he had seen her before, but when or where he could not tell. As he passed her, he instinctively coupled her with Vivian in the betrayal of his purpose. He swore an oath of revenge upon both.

CHAPTER XVII.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's yes:
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.
Holmes.

La Verne understood now the seeming impertinence of Vivian, and she hastened to the place of her father's concealment to assure herself of his safety and to warn their preserver against the threats of Pareau. She found them both anxiously awaiting her return. It had been Vivian's wish that she should witness the treachery of Pareau, since she and her father had hesitated to believe him capable of it. Her account of the transaction removed all doubt, and the gratitude of father and daughter was unbounded.

Vivian was not surprised at Pareau's suspicion of him. Nor did he share the alarm felt and expressed by La Verne. She was extremely anxious for his safety. "We owe you such a debt of gratitude," she said, "as it will be impossible for us to pay. If in addition to this we must assume the debt of your own personal danger, it will be most regrettable."

"My dear young lady," he said, "do not think for moment that my connection with this matter will increase the danger to which I am exposed. Inconceivable perils are before me. With others who have befriended Louis XVI., I will be accused of sympathy with the monarchy, and the determined efforts of the extremists may sweep us to destruction. But come what will, I shall denounce with my whole soul the execution of the king, even to the loss of my own life."

"When will this cruel struggle end?" cried La Verne.

"I do not know," said Vivian. "It is now February 15th. The suffering of the French people will increase during the coming months. Their representatives will use that suffering as a pretense for extreme measures. The Mountainists are determined to rule or ruin. They may do both."

The Girondists had been denounced by the Mountainists, as enemies of the people. The threat had been repeatedly made that the work of the convention would be completed by sending to the scaffold all who had opposed the execution of the king.

Two months had passed since the frustration by Vivian of Pareau's plot. The gratitude of M. Bremer and his daughter had been often expressed during Vivian's frequent

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visits at their residence. He took their protestations of friendship and gratitude in a spirit of becoming modesty, but a feeling was springing up in his heart which he welcomed at first with a vague, indefinite joy, but which afterward became a source of great anxiety to him. He was beginning to love the fair La Verne for her beauty, her nobility of character, and especially her self-sacrifice for her somewhat miserly and selfish father.

When the denunciation of the Girondists on the part of the Mountainists made him acquainted with his full danger, he determined upon the complete cessation of his visits to the Bremers, lest his increasing affection for La Verne should make him less ready to meet manfully whatever fate might come to him through the performance of his duty; and lest the danger confronting him should be shared by her. Therefore, for six weeks he remained at his lodging when not engaged in the labors of the convention.

Each day of his absence from La Verne's side taught him his weakness more and more plainly. Not only was he becoming more strongly conscious of his love for her, but his pride was daily receiving a severe shock from the fact that she seemed not to miss his visits. As is common in such cases, he became moody and disconsolate. His chagrin increased to such an extent that he felt the keenest regret at having continued his acquaintance with her at all.

The turbulence of the convention meetings increased. The severest measures were introduced by the Mountainists to lessen the power of the Girondists. Vivian saw that the destruction of the latter party was merely a question of time and opportunity, and therefore he was prepared for the worst. Several times during this oppressing period Marie Latour had visited him and each visit had carried to his heart a sense of calm and nobility and steadfastness which assisted him mightily in facing the events he now believed inevitable. But while he could recognize the overwhelming love of the girl for him, he felt no recompensing affection for her.

It was now June 1, 1793. The day had been dismal and rainy, and the evening was closing upon the city with clouds and with mutterings of thunder. Oppressed by the stifling air, and with a sense of coming danger, Vivian lay upon his bed, his head buried in the pillows. A light knock sounded on his door, but he did not hear it. It was repeated, but his head was buried in the pillows and the sound was inaudible. The door was slowly opened, and La Verne Bremer entered the room. Hesitating a moment on the threshold, she saw the mournful figure on the bed and hastened thither. Vivian arose as her hand was placed lightly on his brow. She took both his hands in hers and covered them with kisses.

"At last I have found you," she sobbed. "Cruel, cruel to stay away so long! For weeks I have sought you. At the adjournment of the convention I have waited, but each time the sight of Pareau has frightened me away. Why have you not come to me?"

Her arms were about his neck and she was sobbing with grief upon his shoulder. Leading her to a chair and seating himself at her side, he answered her.

"My La Verne, the comfort you have just brought me is like the holy kiss of peace to a condemned man. I will tell you why I have held myself from you, my girl. I saw that my frequent visits to you were arousing within me a love which should not be permitted to grow. I have no right to love, much less to be beloved and to wed. My life is devoted to my country's good. Sweet as wife would be to me, dearer yet is my own land and its people. Knowing that I loved you, I feared that you might be made unhappy by

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learning to return my affection. Therefore my duty prompted me to leave you. Day after day, week after week, I have been in exile. My love for you, instead of diminishing, has increased. But I am thankful that the pain I suffer shall not be borne by you also. Farewell, La Verne. When the knife of the assassin has fallen upon me, forget all my life save its devotion to my country!"

Through her tears she regarded him proudly. "Vivian, if your life is devoted to your country, mine is to you. If difficulty comes to you, let me make it easier to overcome. If death comes, which God forbid, let me share it. I love you. May we not hope that our love will not be vain?"

He shook his head mournfully as he kissed her. "Leave me for the present," he said. "I shall come again to see you. Till then, farewell. It will not be wise for you to stay longer."

Clasping her in his arms again, he led her weeping to the door. Neither had heard the sob which sounded upon the stair as Vivian declared his love for La Verne. Neither had seen Marie Latour, wringing her hands in despair, run down the stairs into the street. Neither saw her press her head against the cool, damp wall, while the rain descended and mingled with her tears. The only light her life had known had gone out forever!

Laertes.

To be continued.

GRUMBLING AND FAULT-FINDING.

I EMBRACED the Gospel when twenty-one years of age and gathered to Nauvoo two months thereafter, in 1841. Having been reared in a secluded rural district, I had little knowledge of men and things. All were strangers to me in the city of the Saints. I was there to learn all I could about the Church, the city, and all connected therewith. I soon made the acquaintance of several persons, some of whom took extra pains to give me their views in relation to the Church, the policy of the Prophet, etc., as I was a new convert and needed information. Among these new acquaintances was a gentleman from my native State. He was of ripe years, a physician, and at one time a preacher in a Christian church, had some knowledge of scripture, and considered himself a man of some ability, which he did not think was appreciated by the Prophet and the Church.

He had been with the Church sometime, and understood the run of things, as he supposed. He represented the Prophet as having a few select men around him, a kind of ring or favorites whom he put forward in all places of honor and trust among the people. They were in the High Council. They were in the City Council. They constituted the officers of the Nauvoo Legion. He would run over the names in each department to show that they were nearly the same all the way round, while other men of ability were passed by and ignored. I heard all this but did not partake of his spirit. I watched his course until he lost sight of the kingdom, apostatized and returned to the world with all his family.

The Prophet was entirely innocent of the inconsistency imputed to him; it might have looked so to a jealous, envious mind. But what were the facts: The Prophet was called to organize the Church and lay the foundation of the great Latter-day work, which was very extensive, including many important positions to be filled by men, and he had no tried material to use. The members of the Church were new and he had to use such as he could get. Nearly one-half of the officers proved unfit,

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turned traitor, and sought to destroy the Prophet and the Church. He narrowly escaped death many times at the hands of false brethren.

At the time my new aquaintance was posting me in the matter of fault-finding, the Prophet had a few men around him whom he had proven, who had stood many tests and could be relied on. Like a wise, prudent man he used them in every place where it was possible to do so, so as not to depend on untried people in important positions, when it could be avoided. He learned the wisdom of this course by sad experience. New material was introduced with caution. But notwithstanding all this precaution he was finally betrayed to his death by false brethren.

President Young pursued the same course, and on one occasion I heard him say, when looking around for men to fill positions, "We no doubt have the men, but we don't know them, they are untried." President Young took the band of tried men the Prophet had trained and formed a nucleus, which gradually increased as the work advanced, and he was not troubled so much by the influence of traitors. He was, however, followed up by fault-finders, grumblers and critics all his days (and that element is still in the land), but those who indulged in that spirit and did not repent of it invariably dropped out of sight and were lost. Some of them thought they were "big guns" and would make a powerful impression. They fired their artillery, burnt some powder and made the atmosphere smell of brimstone for a brief period, but it soon disappeared and the body of tried material stood solid, increasing all the time, standing firm against all opposition.

In 1851 when I returned from a year's mission in the interest of the emigration, I attended a little social party in Salt Lake City, where I met with an old friend who was an Elder of some prominence. He called my attention to the improvements that had been made in the past year, particularly to some paint on the outside of President Young's house. He said he liked that. "I want the man who leads me to set up a high mark and example worthy of imitation." At that time nearly the entire people lived under dirt roofs, and such a thing as paint on a house was almost unknown. This same man filled a public position for many years in Salt Lake City, one of honor and profit enough for a living, but not being very progressive he was superceded and left to exist on his own resources. Not being prepared for such a condition it was a little uphill with him from that time.

Sometime after President Young's death, I met my old friend near Godbe's corner. I had not seen him for years, he looked a little seedy and not so cheerful in his countenance. We had a few minutes conversation, and he called my attention to the changed condition of the people; they appeared to be running after the god of this world. "Our leading men are after it," he said. "It got away with Brigham before his death, and the outlook for Zion is gloomy."

He seemed to be in the fog. There had been a remarkable change in his sentiments. Having been intimately acquainted with President Young's public life for thirty-four years, I was a little surprised to hear him talk so, knowing that he also had been acquainted with President Young during the same period of time. Like the charge against the Prophet this is without any foundation. President Young was blessed with and handled a great deal of means, but he was not a worshiper of Mammon. On the contrary, he used his means and labor for the good of the people, building mills and factories, and making improvements throughout the Territory, giving employment to thousands of men. His employes

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received their pay in full for their labor. He was never confronted with a strike. He founded a college and an academy that bear his name. He used his means in gathering and colonizing the poor, so they could have homes of their own and become self-sustaining. He would visit the settlements every year, give them his personal supervision and wise counsel, like a father. He did not build a $100,000. residence and put $50,000, worth of furniture in it, which he might have done, but he lived and died in unpretentious adobe buildings, which can be seen to this day. He proved himself a great benefactor.

When the handcart emigration was in vogue a sister said to me, "I wouldn't pull a handcart across the plains for Brigham Young." I replied, "I would not either, but if I was at the Missouri River and wanted to come to Zion, and had no better arrangement, I would pull a handcart for myself." She afterwards went to California for fear she would have to do something for Brigham Young.

Murmuring and fault-finding lead to infidelity, apostasy and death. Of over six hundred thousand men who left Egypt under Moses, and witnessed the power of God in such majesty in their deliverance, only two reached the promised land. They were smitten and cut off and their bones left to bleach on the desert, because of their rebellion, murmuring and fault-finding. Their children were led into the promised land by Joshua and Caleb, who did not murmur. What an object lesson for those who feel like grumbling and finding fault! *John Brown.*

PRIVATE PARMELEE.

COLONEL BLACK sat alone in a small room overlooking the parade-ground, varying the labor of inditing an official-looking letter, with momentary physical manœuvers in regard to his position at the window—executed with a view to challenging anything at all suspicious in the way of a breeze which might by chance be loitering about the premises.

It was only the fifteenth of June, but out on the sweltering Arizona plains where the fort was located, with nothing whatever in the way of foliage to shelter the houses from the scorching sun-rays, it might surely have passed for the middle of August.

Leaning his head out of the window presently, a tactic occasioned by the heavy siege of temperature within the room, the commander gazed casually across the parade to the commissary's store, where a rapidly accumulating group of men, gathering on and about the porch, seemed to be participating in some interesting discussion. Such a gathering was not an unusual sight, the location of the telegraph and post-office in the building making the spot a general news rendezvous for the camp; and as the rumor of a sheep-shearing at Crawley's caused an equal show of excitement in the quiet garrison with that of an attack by the Indians, the commander experienced at seeing them only the natural curiosity occasioned by the suggestion of some fresh piece of news or gossip in course of circulation in the camp. As he turned quietly back to his work, a figure left the group and came rapidly toward the Colonel's house.

"What is it, Parmelee?" asked the Colonel as the figure appeared in the doorway.

The trim, good-looking young orderly advanced towards his superior officer with the military salute and a slip of paper.

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"A dispatch, sir, from Fort Walters."

"Indians threatening?"

"No, sir! ladies."

A quick twinkle momentarily located the gray eyes known to be somewhere in covert under the Colonel's bushy brows—as a stray sun-ray sometimes betrays the pool hidden under a shed of willows.

He had a quiet liking for the unexpected humor showing sometimes through the habitual reserve, or moroseness, as some of the men termed it—of his young orderly's demeanor.

After the telegram had been read, the twinkle became focussed on Parmelee's frank eye.

"Only two of the enemy, I see," said the Colonel, "and one of them rendered harmless by having a husband. You young fellows will be the targets for the other, and must look well to your ammunition. By the way," he continued, a sudden thought coming to him, "Colonel Brinton wants an escort of a dozen or more sent out as far as the pass to relieve his guard, and bring the party into camp. Would you like to go, Parmelee?"

The young man hesitated.

"It will be a change," said the colonel.

"I prefer not to go, I thank you, sir."

"Very well, Parmelee; however, if you should change your mind after thinking it over, let me know. The men won't start for an hour."

The inactive life at the fort made any kind of service eagerly welcomed by the majority of the men in the garrison, and a hundred would have been glad of the privilege of accompanying the little expedition.

But Parmelee did not go. It was another of the many instances of retirement and reserve, which had branded him in the minds of the majority of his comrades as being "proud and peculiar."

The Colonel, in fact, was the only one who understood the young soldier's character well enough to make him sympathize with his excentricities. Educated, of good family, and with refined tastes and breeding, the boy had been transplanted suddenly from an environment according with his tastes and training, to the severe discipline of the army, the meagre comforts of a remote western post, and the unsatisfactory, if not absolutely unendurable society of the class of men commonly belonging to barracks.

He had accepted the conditions voluntarily, and held his peace heroically because of it—living up to them with good faith, and trying manfully to harden his sensitiveness even to its most repulsive trials.

The struggle was an unequal one, however, and his fine instincts triumphed, their sinews having a Samsonic strength, wrought by the spell of heredity and training.

What made it worse for him was the stifling monotony of life, in place of the stirring action anticipated. It was the time when the Apache outrages throughout the Territory had roused the Government to the necessity of taking prompt and severe measures for either annihilating or permanently quelling the murderous hordes who were a constant menace to the lives and property of the settlers in the sparsely populated portions of the Territory.

The rumor of the exciting times anticipated for the troops who were to be sent down to accomplish the difficult task, was what had first given Parmelee the idea of enlisting; and there were other weightier motives which tended finally to induce the step. As he had had no military training before joining the army, he necessarily took place in the ranks—a position more endurable during their journey to their destination, with its unspoiled anticipations, than in the routine of camp service, and the inactive garrison life. The bloody battles which had been in prospect were so far

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unfought, the Indians having observed a very circumspect behavior since the arrival of the troops in the region.

Only an occasional "scare" had broken the monotony of their six months' stay, resulting usually in a vain search or reconnoiter. Parmelee was weary of it almost to the desperation of resigning. Only his primal resolution to "stay out" the term of his enlistment under whatever trial, kept him from going; any place where life might hold at least the possibility of endeavor—even if leading eventually to defeat.

The commander, sensing something of the boy's misery, sympathized to the extent of "taking him up," treating him as an equal so far as the military code permitted, and making his life more bearable in many ways.

He had in the first place chosen him as orderly, depriving the office as far as possible, of menial duties, using it as an excuse rather for having the young private continually about him; giving him a room at his own house aud thus taking him permanently away from the barracks. This and other favors were accorded, only the boy's sensitiveness and pride interfering in the iudulgence of the comparative social freedom which it was at his will to enjoy.

With regard to his last freak of reserve, shown in declining a service which the Colonel had reason for believing would be specially grateful to the ennuied young soldier, the commander was at a loss to decide. It was a mystery to which Parmelee himself alone held the key.

The act in reality hinged on an episode which figured as the one romance of his life.

During a summer's vacation (in his college days) spent with a friend in Colorado, he had met a Miss Hubbard (a name which his infatuation gave him good reason to remember) and Hubbard was the name of the ladies mentioned in Colonel Black's dispatch as being on their way to the fort. He could not of course know, until the party arrived, if this Miss Hubbard were *she;* but the thought of it brought a thrill of mingled pleasure and dread to his heart; pleasure at thinking of her as near, and dread at realizing the change which had taken place in his position since he had last seen her, and which would prevent his claiming her recognition or enjoying her society should she in reality appear. For this extremely conscientious young private was a great stickler with regard to transcending the privileges of his position, being violently tenacious of bearing practically in mind the proverb of "knowing one's place and keeping it." Hence his refusal to make one of the escort, lest by so doing he might place himself in the humiliating light of virtually forcing the renewal of an acquaintance, which she, (if it indeed proved to be the heroine of his experience,) might have little desire to continue.

The party whom the United States troops were obligingly escorting through the doubtful region consisted of but three persons; Mr. Dwight Hubbard a somewhat noted war correspondent, who was in the Indian country in the interest of a newspaper syndicate—and his wife and daughter who had been summoned suddenly from "the east" to Arizona by the illness of Mrs. Crawley of "the ranch" near by—the latter lady being a sister of Mrs. Hubbard and desirous of having the presence of her relative at what she believed to be her death bed. As the region between Fort Walters and the place of their destination was supposed to be "infested" with the Indians, it was considered unsafe for the little party to travel without a guard, and Colonel Brinton had volunteered an escort for a part of the distance, telegraphing his brother officer in command at Fort Miles for a relief-guard to meet them at the point designated.

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Crawley's ranch, or "Crawley's," as it was familiarly called, was something less than two miles from the fort.

It consisted of a handsome dwelling house, barns, corrals, and some thousands of head of stock, being one of the largest ranches in Arizona. It was this fact principally which had led to the establishment of a military fort in the locality, the amount of stock kept on the ranch being considered a probable cause of temptation, in case any inclination to further depredations might exist on the part of the Indians.

There had been a number of "scares" at Crawley's, the result of false alarms, occasioned principally by Mrs. Crawley's weak nerves, the lady being afflicted with an hysteric temperament at whose instance the troops had been several times summoned after nightfall to the ranch, to take part in protecting it from a raid which had action only in the ambush of gray matter secreted in the excitable lady's cranium.

The place was, in fact, the best protected in the region, having besides the presence of the troops in the vicinity, the added safeguard of a sound stockade enclosing the buildings and corrals, and also the employment of a large number of men about the place—a fact which perhaps accounted for its having thus far escaped any serious danger. The inmates were thus reasonably secure from peril even if an attack were attempted.

As the advent of visitors, and especially of ladies in the locality was an unusual event, it was determined to press upon them the hospitality of the fort, at least in the way of a dinner—the ranch being far enough distant to favor the idea of their resting an hour or so, before going on, and Mrs. Crawley's improved condition ensuring no necessity for immediate haste.

The reception was to take place at the colonel's house, and the news of it augmented the doubtful sensation which Eric Parmelee's heart experienced at the mention of the name in the telegram. Doubtful it might never have been termed were his position but unchanged since that time he had last met his only flame. Joy alone would have vibrated that sensitized organ, at the thought of a probable meeting. But, what had a private in the army, in common with that happy, aspiring, and confident youth who had walked and talked with the bright girl in the mountains that blissful summer two years ago? How like a nightmare the ensuing time! His father's financial failure, and death; confidence changed to doubt; affluence to poverty and then months of disheartening efforts to obtain work, ending always in failure—till he had come to this! A rich soil certainly for the growth of morbid sensitiveness, though the weed had not killed out his flower of manly courage. Hardship and defeat and danger he could still meet. But Dora—!

He was the first to sight the little cavalcade that crawled around the jut of the distant hills; and recognized her before any of the forms or faces were distinguishable by the others. She was riding in front of the party with Lieutenant Page, who had been sent in charge of the escort; and Eric knew her trim figure and graceful carriage from having seen her often in the saddle when they were together in Colorado. He watched her from the colonel's porch till the party were within easy view of the Fort; then, his heart beating wildly and rebelliously, he went away.

The leave he had asked for, gave him freedom till sunset, and he hoped, and yet half feared, as he returned toward evening from his long ride, that she would be gone. But she was not. The road to the stables led past the parallel line of officers' houses, and as he reached Colonel Black's door, the party of strangers were mounting for departure at the

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porch. Lieutenant Page who was to accompany them, had dismounted and was holding his horse with one hand, trying with the other to tighten the girth of the horse upon which sat Dora.

His eye fell suddenly on Parmelee, and the unneccessarily sharp and commanding tone, always exasperating to the men, rang out abruptly.

"Orderly!"

Parmelee drew rein, instinctively giving the salute.

"Here—I want you a moment." Then, as Parmelee hesitated, "Hurry up can't you? I'm wanting you now; to-night." Every eye fell upon Parmelee.

The hot blood surged for a moment, then left his face.

The next instant the Colonel's voice sounded from the doorway.

"You have made a mistake, lieutenant. Parmelee is not on duty. Let me attend to that saddle."

Parmelee rode on.

Some time later, from his window in the little room under the roof, he watched Dora's lithe young figure, riding jauntily the slim, black creature sent down from the ranch for her convenience; watched it along the road and up the slope of the hillside till it passed from view,—dimmed by the distance and falling night.

For the ensuing week, the arrival of the new-comers at the ranch was the reigning excitement, the ladies and officers of the garrison keeping the road between the fort and Crawley's hard beaten by their pilgrimages to that little social Mecca created by the presence of the interesting strangers within the stockade.

Then, this pleasant and peaceful excitement was supplanted by the sensation of a dispatch from Fort Walters telling the news of a fresh Indian outbreak, carrying various sickening details; and bidding the commander prepare for a campaign whose plan was an unrelenting search for the copper-skinned assassins throughout the region, to the end of engaging them in open and final warfare.

For two days the fort was in the bustle of preparation. Then finally the troops were off, marching by the way of Pym's Pass, to join Colonel Brinton's forces in Red Ditch Valley, some twenty-five miles to the west. They were to scour the mountains rising between the two points, on either side of the Pass, and the slopes of the main range as far as Red Ditch where the chain branched to the north, and there await the coming of Colonel Brinton who was in chief command. Then they would join forces, marching across the divide to accomplish a joint search of the region which was the supposed stronghold of the Apache warriors. The careful scouting east of Red Ditch was seemingly superfluous, as the Indians had been reported, upon almost certain authority, to have crossed the divide. But so often had these eel-like foes slipped through the fingers of the pursuing troops sent in search of them after some similiar attack that Colonel Brinton was determined in this instance to leave no possible loophole for an escape, though feeling that the locality about the fort at least, was secure even to a certainty.

After a fruitless siege of scouting among the shagging brush and timber on the mountain slopes along the way, Colonel Black's command found itself, at the end of four days, encamped at Red Ditch, conscience clear, in the conviction of having fulfilled the commencement of their mission with dutiful success.

Colonel Brinton, who was pursuing equal pains along his route towards the rendezvous, was not due, according to his own calculations, till the sixth of July, leaving the others three days' rest upon the terra cotta sands of the creek which had christened the valley, while awaiting his coming.

The first day in camp was an extremely quiet one. Towards evening, Mr. Dwight Hubbard, who was

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picking up syndicate items with the expedition, rode back to spend the Fourth at the ranch, the almost absolute probability being that nothing of consequence would be on the tapis till Colonel Brinton's arrival at Red Ditch. Lieutenant Page, who had been a constant visitor at Crawley's of late, obtained leave to accompany him, the plea of sending some important telegraphic messages from the Fort giving him excuse for asking the privilege. Eric Parmelee saw the two men ride away with indescribable sensations. All the misery of his half-year of camp life could not compare in intensity with the experience crowded into the past two weeks. He would willingly have endured a decade of loneliness and monotony for the chance of enjoying equal liberty, for one day, with the supercilious fop who was privileged to visit Dora, and yet no sacrifice that he might make could render possible this boon.

It happened, however, that Parmelee also had a holiday on the Fourth. Early in the morning a messenger rode in from Colonel Brinton, having word to deliver that a rumor had reached the latter yesterday from across the divide, that a scouting party of Indians had been seen in the neighborhood of Pym's Pass; a rumor, which, if true, necessitated the immediate return of the troops to the locality from whence they had come, especially in view of the poorly-defended fort, and Crawley's.

Colonel Black laughed at the rumor.

"Go back and tell Colonel Brinton that I have thrashed every inch of rock and shrub and thicket around the Pass, and there's nothing hiding there but ground-squirrels."

"Excuse me, Colonel, I'm not to go back; I'm to go on."

"Go on? Where?"

"To the fort, sir, unless you should choose to send someone in my place. Colonel Brinton's order was that they should be apprised of the rumor, in any case."

"The order shall be carried out immediately. Parmelee, tell Sergeant Wells——"

The orderly's eyes were potent in their expression.

"You don't care to make the ride back, I suppose, Parmelee?"

"If you please, yes, sir."

"Very well. You had better start at once."

"Thank you, sir."

"You will know what to tell them, Parmelee, with regard to our search. There is no need for causing them to suffer alarm."

"Very well, sir."

"There will be no harm in taking precautions for yourself. You may have a companion if you choose."

"Thank you, sir, I have no fears."

"You have every reason for feeling assured of safety. I shall look for you back before midnight."

"Oh, yes, sir."

Once out on the lonely road, Parmelee took himself guiltily to task. Only a weak fool would have yielded to that impulse. What did it matter that the colonel and men knew nothing of the secret which was the half motive for his desiring this errand? Was it not bad enough to acknowledge to himself the power of this unsafe yearning to be back again, if only for a moment, near the spot where someone was staying? He, himself, could scarcely understand the impulse.

He had hailed the news which had taken him away from the fort as something of a providence; and, once out of sight of the familiar roof tops of the ranch-buildings, he had felt as if suddenly turned adrift from home. It was actually true, since she had been there, that his life, deprived, as it was, of all the privileges and ambitions which had been his in those former times, had yet seemed to inhale something of the aroma of the past happy days.

Conscious as he was that he might

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not see her again, an almost homesick desire had taken possession of him to be back once more within sight, at least, of the spot that held her presence. Now that the opportunity had come, he fell to railing at himself as a weakling.

Thus we doom ourselves to fret at seeming mistakes, as the mere maunderings of our uncertain, human will; whilst above the blindness and tumult of our tears and sighs, flies the white angel of destiny, silently guiding us through din and darkness towards the goal of appointed deeds.

Parmelee made a leisurely ride, reaching the fort early in the afternoon. He could well afford the three or four hours of rest there after his arrival, as it was his plan to time his return during the twilight and moonlight, thus avoiding the heat of the day.

His message occasioned some little consternation with the ladies, who were always apprehensive during the absence of the troops from the fort.

Parmelee's report of the thorough scouting accomplished on their way westward, and the impossibility of the Indians having made a detour to the north across the mountains and back since their search, almost wholly restored confidence to the weaker ones; the men, however, having no belief whatever in their being in the vicinity.

"Oive seen the time when a word like that wud a put the hair uv my head on stilts," said Sergeant McFlynn, "but we've had too many calls from Crawley's to scare at the likes of it again. Seein' is believin', is the motto now wid the boys and the redskins, and the next time my hair moves on account of them it'll be with the help of a tommy-hawk."

At sunset Parmelee set out on his return to Red Ditch.

He took the road leading north towards the ranch, purposing to strike the branch road which led from the latter place to the Pass, choosing the ride through the timber skirting the hillslopes, rather than across the dusty plain. Another motive, too, perhaps, had hand in the choice. Not that he ventured to think of seeing her. That, of course, was out of the question. But the yearning and homesickness had grown poignant during the day, and it was something like a devotional pilgrimage which he chose to make to the edge of the premises which enshrined his idol. Once in the shadow of the trees beyond the ranch he turned about, gazing for a moment at the high walls of the stockade which shut from him any glimpse which might have been visible of the sweet girl who had for so long occupied his thoughts—giving wing to all his purest and highest aspirations; then he rode on.

The road ran along the slope of foothills mounting gradually to the peaks of the spur, branched southward across the plain, and where they grew steep, wound down a short incline to the level, thence on to the entrance of Pym's Pass, a narrow gorge cutting in two the mountain arm, which otherwise formed a barrier separating the Red Ditch Valley from the fort.

Reaching the edge of the incline Parmelee suddenly drew rein.

The sun had set behind the peaks, leaving the eastern slopes in shadow; but up over the crests of the thickly timbered hills was a marvelous sky, aflame with reflections from the blood-red disk poised somewhere below the horizon; and Parmelee's pulse quickened involuntarily at the picture made by the stretch of shrubless, twilight desert, with its gorgeous background of hills and sky. Suddenly his gaze became riveted to a certain point. Up near the edge of a slope to the northward, something was moving. The thick growth of trees and shrubs made the object or objects indistinct, though they were not far distant. Obeying an impulse,

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he drew further back where the trees, growing on the upper side of the road sheltered him from sight. The motion was lost as he looked again, but became visible in a moment some distance up the mountain side. It might be some stray cattle, or horses from the ranch perhaps, but Parmelee felt inclined to watch. The sky gleamed brilliant behind the hedge of trees on the near crests, showing patches here and there through small gaps made by some thinner growth of cedars. A mile away these gaps were indistinguishable; here, they were plainly seen.

Parmelee's eye followed the motion towards one of these spaces. Then his heart gave a great bound. Two figures became outlined for an instant against the slender panel of red sky. They were Indians.

He waited a few moments irresolute. Whether to ride straight on to Red Ditch in all possible haste with the news, or back to the fort to apprise them of his discovery, was difficult to decide. Every moment was precious. The presence of the enemy in the locality could mean but one thing; and it were lucky if the absent troops reached the spot in time to avert some tragedy. One could not guess what might happen with the nightfall. On the other hand, warning ought certainly to be given at the fort. But how compass both these errands without serious loss of time! The fort was five miles distant either across the plain or by the way he had come. To traverse the distance twice—ten miles. Wonderfully fortunate thought! Crawley's was but two miles behind him, and one of the ranchmen could ride with the message to the fort. Parmelee turned quickly, putting spurs to his horse.

Outside the enclosure he delivered his news to Hank Crawley, who happened himself to be at the gates. This done, he had turned to go, when the voice of Lieutenant Page, who had heard the dialogue, summoned him from inside. F' 979
and furious for many reas
elee obeyed.

They were all c
Mrs. Crawley, who was recovered; her sister, Dwight Hubbard, Lieutenant Page and Dora. As he rode up to the group, Parmelee glanced at her, raising his hat—then he kept his eyes on the Lieutenant.

"What brings you here, Parmelee?" asked the latter.

Parmelee recited his errand to the fort.

"And this news you were telling Mr. Crawley?"

With emphatic brevity, Parmelee told his story.

Lieutenant Page heard him through silently, and smiled.

"Parmelee," he said, "you're not going to carry this back to camp with you?"

Parmelee stared.

Hank Crawley, who had himself received the story with good-natured unconcern, broke into a laugh. Eph. Trent, one of the hands employed about the place, who had sauntered near, attracted by the new voice, grinned broadly and disappeared around the corner of the house. Mrs. Crawley, whose nerves hitherto had answered spontaneously to any cause, imaginary or real, appealing to her chronic fear of an Indian attack, now displayed an heroic contempt for danger as astonishing as it was entertaining in view of the sensational surrenders, or rather overtures, which she was in the habit of making to such demands upon her credulity.

"You can't frighten us with stories about Indians;" she exclaimed lightly. "We have heard too many of them to be at all alarmed now. It is probably your imagination—that about seeing two of them on the hill. It must have been trees, or cattle. It's not possible the Indians would dare to venture so near the fort. They are too cowardly. I'm not at all afraid."

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Parmelee listened in amazement. Then he turned to the Lieutenant.

"You think, then, sir, that it is best not to have word of this reported at the fort?"

"Not unless you choose to deliver it yourself."

"Very well, sir."

"I for one am rather sorry not to have this taken seriously," said Dwight Hubbard in good-natured raillery; "it spoils a good article for my syndicate. If I hadn't already gotten off my letter stating that I had taken personal part in 'a search so thorough that not the briars of a single bush remained unbeaten,' I should devote at least a column to the story at any rate. When the question of a newspaper correspondent's veracity is at stake, however, everything must be sacrificed."

Parmelee bowed silently, and raising his hand in salute, turned to ride away.

A soft voice sounding close behind him arrested his movement.

"Mr. Parmelee," it said, "I am afraid you are not going to recognize me. We met, if you will remember, in the mountains in Colorado some two years ago."

Dora's hand was stretched up to him and Eric took it, as one in a dream. She introduced him to her parents and then immediately asked:

"Is it not something of a risk under the circumstances to ride back to camp alone, Mr. Parmelee: you yourself, might be attacked."

The Lieutenant, it was, who answered her question.

"There is no possible risk, Miss Hubbard," he said decisively; "and but very little excuse for your having been put to alarm."

Parmelee turned pale. He looked for a moment steadily into the Lieutenant's eyes, then he rode away.

He reached the point where the road branched towards the fort, his heart filled with a dozen conflicting emotions. Rage at the insufferable treatment accorded him; self-reproach at having placed himself in the humiliating position; joy at the unexpected friendliness and sympathy evinced by Dora; all these surged tumultuously. There had been one purpose in his mind upon leaving the ranch; to ride back at once to Red Ditch, without further word either there or at the fort of his discovery of the Indians in the vicinity. Was it not possible, indeed, that the distance had deceived him? At least he had done all that could be asked,—now, if anything came of it, the blame and punishment must fall to those who had chosen to scoff at his warning. He would risk no further humiliation at the hands of his comrades at the fort by the recital of the story. His suffering had already been ample!

But, then,—those helpless ones at the fort,—and the ranch! If his sight and surmise had indeed been true, and a raid were really threatened by the presence of the Indians in the vicinity, personal considerations must weigh lightly against his obligation. It was a bitter struggle for Parmelee, made more so through the doubts awakened in his own breast, by the lightness and unconcern with which his fear had been treated, and yet, deep under it, abided his conviction of certainty. Hard indeed was the conflict between those hostile emotions.

Pride, panoplied in grace of right, and brandishing his spear of wounded self-esteem, fought against duty; and the victory at last won by the pale opponent, was the brightest of any field, wrought as it was by prowess of innate good.

Parmelee's mood impressed the men at the fort with instant seriousness, and before he went away they were at work, taking extra precaution for defense in case of sudden attack.

The ride across the desert to the Pass seemed an endless one to Eric, darkened as it was with unpleasant memories of the last few hours.

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Yet through the gloom of these filtered a slender ray of light, wrought by the thought of a certain gleam of tenderness which had looked out at him through the friendliness of Dora's eyes.

As he reached the mountains, he turned to look back.

Far away, the lights from the fort and Crawley's were like tiny yellow dots in the darkness—solitary signs of habitation and humanity in the threatening loneliness of desert. Unsafe havens, surely, from cunning and cupidity, inspiring to action countless savage hearts!

With an involuntary shiver Parmelee turned his horse's head towards the Pass.

"It's all right, old fellow," he said, reassuringly to the horse, tossing his head stubbornly at the entrance to the yawning darkness.

The next moment he drew rein, listening intently.

From the other side of the gorge came the sound of hoof-beats—not single, but successive, as of many feet.

Could it be the troops returning? They might, indeed, have learned already what he was on his way to announce, and were retracing their steps, hoping to entrap the enemy. Or, could it be—

A clump of tall shrubs some little distance up the slope, offered a temporary refuge and vantage spot, and gaining it, quickly and quietly, Parmelee laid a tight hand on the bit and waited.

Somewhere below the foothills lying beyond the fort, the moon was hiding—another hour promising the cue for her appearance. But the hint of her light was already on the landscape, and into it, from the shadow of the gorge, Parmelee saw presently file a seemingly interminable procession of Apache warriors.

They were in double line, and his heart sickened to see the length of it stretching gradually out upon the plain.

They moved slowly, probably from motives of stealth; and to Parmelee, almost mad with impatience, it seemed that the last pair would never issue from the defile.

Once they were all out, and a safe distance between them and the echoing gorge, Parmelee spurred into the darkness.

A few yards beyond its further entrance his senses were paralyzed by a sudden shrill whoop sounding close in front.

Then, with a wild dash, he swept through the half-dozen yelling Indians closing about him, and sped on, the shots, and hoof-beats of his pursurers' horses beating hotly after him upon the road.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the little group whom Parmelee had encountered at Crawley's were still upon the porch.

Lieutenant Page's leave extended until the next day, and he had been urged to spend the night at the ranch —an invitation which he was glad to accept, in anticipation of the delightful evening to be spent in a certain charming presence.

They had waited up to see the moon rise over the desert—a view which had since held them enchanted; the slow ascent of the silver globe from the low hills toward the zenith, carrying some new and strange phase of beauty to the landscape at each succeeding stride.

"It had been worth losing sleep, to see," said Dwight Hubbard, as they all arose at length to go into the house, and pausing to look out once more upon the stretch of silver flooded plain.

"Yes, if Dora had only had her muffler," said Mrs. Crawley.

The fidgety invalid had made repeated attempts to transform her niece into the indistinguishable shape produced by her own multiplicity of wraps,—during the evening, regardless of that young lady's personal

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inclination or temperature, of mind and body.

"You can't expect to doctor other people for your own complaint, Emmie," said her husband good-naturedly, "Dora don't mind a little breath of fresh air."

"You must all notice that phrase—he applies it even to cyclones and blizzards. Of course it's all in a joke, but I detest jokes. I believe in taking life seriously, I'm sure I have reasons to; it's been serious enough for me. I've often told Hanley—if he'd gone through half what I have in this world, he couldn't regard things as lightly as he does. But this it just a sample of how he treats everything. The last time—that is once—when I was somewhat alarmed about Indians, he told me the trouble was that I wanted to be scalped, so that I could enjoy telling it over with my other ailments. I told him I had as quick a sense of humor as anyone, but I couldn't see the joke in that. One wouldn't be apt to talk much about *any* ailment after being scalped by the Indians."

"I'd be willing to wager the ranch, Emmie'd live to tell it." laughed her husband conclusively. "What is it, Eph?" he said to a man who at the moment came hastily around the corner to the porch steps.

"There's been a fire brand throwed from outside onto the roof of the barn," said the man excitedly. "It's there now." Hank Crawley sprang to his feet, and walked to the end of the porch, the rest of the group following.

Down in the north-west corner of the corral stood a great barn sheltering some thirty or forty head of blooded stock, a space of some hundred feet separating it from the outer wall of the stockade; and rising above the ridge, from the further slope of the roof, a little curl of red tinted smoke was seen—the flame wavering suddenly as they looked, and disappearing from view. Hank Crawley muttered something under his breath.

"Did you see where it came from?" he demanded of the man.

"From the direction of the timber yonder. If I ain't mistaken there'll be another in a minute."

As he spoke, a jet of flame shot through the air, lighting and sending its little column of red smoke above the ridge of the barn as before.

Hank Crawley gave a savage chuckle.

"They'll find out it's hard work lighting up a zinc roof," he said grimly.

The experience of other ranches had taught the owner of Crawley's a fortunate lesson in inducing him to have his building fire-proof, a precaution which present circumstances eminently justified.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Crawley?" asked Dwight Hubbard.

"It looks like Indians. That's their usual tactics. They set fire to the buildings to keep the people inside busy while they batter down the gates; but they're fooled once I guess. Maybe we can fool 'em about the gates, too," he continued. "Go and tell the men to arm and get around here," he said hastily to Eph. Trent. "I guess we'll be apt to hear from 'em outside there, when they find out that their fireworks are a fizzle."

He went into the house and was back again in a moment with a rifle, and down to join the dozen or more "hands" gathered outside the barn, leaving his wildly hysterical wife to the mercies of the others—Dora and her mother vainly essaying to sooth her, Dwight Hubbard and the Lieutenant endeavoring to persuade her to be led into the house. The latter task being finally accomplished, the two men joined the others who were gathered in a council of war outside the barn. All was quiet, not a sound breaking the stillness of the placid night."

"We'll hear noise enough in a

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moment," Crawley was saying. "They wouldn't be here except in full force, and we've got to keep them out of the stockade, if we want to live over night."

"We will probably need help to do that," said Lieutenant Page, glancing towards the fort.

"I guess they'll need help themselves down there, before morning," answered Hank, interpreting his look. "There's only a handful of men, and those women and children."

"Would there be a possible chance for getting word to the troops?" asked Dwight Hubbard.

"Not unless it's carried from outside."

"I'd like to attempt it," said the correspondent.

"It's too late," returned Crawley decisively. "You can be sure they've got us hemmed in tight."

"They will of course attempt to scale the walls," said the Lieutenant.

"They won't make more than one trial on those spikes," answered Crawley.

"There! see that!" exclaimed Eph. Trent excitedly. Another brand had whizzed through the air, falling this time on the roof of the dwelling.

"When that goes out they'll try the gates," said Crawley. "Keep in the shadow, boys," he said to the men, "and get to work at the wagons. Step quick or we sha'n't have time. You will find guns and ammunition in the house," he said to Hubbard and the Lieutenant, "and while you're there, just see to the doors and windows in case we should be driven inside."

The two men hurried in, Dwight Hubbard leading the way to the store room in which a stock of arms had been carefully stored for emergencies, the present one proving the wisdom of the forethought.

Then, having seen the efficient security of the fastenings about the house, Hubbard stopped for a moment to drop a reassuring word to his wife and daughter, who, assisted by the rest of the household, were still vainly trying to check the frantic hysterics of Mrs. Crawley. As often happens in such cases, in endeavoring to sooth the fears of some weaker one, the others had kept up a certain amount of courage in themselves, a gift which the cheerful confidence evinced by the men aided materially in strengthening; and leaving the little group to nurse the faint spark of hope and comfort fanned into glow by their words Hubbard and the Lieutenant returned once more to the yard.

Crawley and the men had been quietly at work rolling the two wagons which belonged to the place to a position in front of the gates; turning the boxes sideways on the ground against the wheels, which served the purpose of a support, and piling the former up with matresses from their beds, making an effectual barricade from which they could command the one entrance to the place.

This consisted of double gates of iron—the twelve-foot vertical bars crossed closely by horizontal bands; and these, with the high, dangerously spiked stone walls surrounding the yard, and the system of night-watches kept about the place, made the ranch in reality as well guarded against attack as the fort itself.

Whether the little band of men inside the stockade would be able to protect the entrance against the onslaught of the savages, would depend perhaps upon the number who would sacrifice themselves in an attempt to batter down or scale the gates, the open framework of the latter making an inevitable target of any who should attempt either task. The use of every strategy could be depended upon, since the attack had been undertaken; whether of an overwhelming rush upon the gates or some secret and unthought of method—time alone could determine.

During the fifteen minutes in which

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the men had been at work, all outside had remained still. Crouching now behind the wagons, they eagerly watched the spaces between the bars of the gate.

Not an object could be seen.

Suddenly, from the direction of the fort, came the sound of firing.

Then, close outside the stockade, as at a signal, rose a hideous din of yells, and against the gates swarmed a host of figures, their axes and guns clanging against the bars.

"Go it, boys."

The dozen rifles spoke almost simultaneously, their effect telling in the howls of rage and agony rising amongst the horde outside. Then, the clamor augmented, the heavy axes wielded with superhuman strength, beat with thunderous noise upon the iron gates. Again the men did good work. Two or three figures which reached the top of the gates, toppled headlong and heavily inside the yard, lying like logs in the moonlight. A number of others who had climbed in some way to the top of the walls, fell back screeching crazily, their hands cut by the sharp spikes.

Again and again the attempt was repeated, to end as before. Then bullets began beating in through the bars, the Indians in the rear firing at the barricade from behind the bodies of the bolder ones who ventured against the gates.

They fell harmlessly. Those outside knew, so far, the only fatal result of the ceaseless firing—and this result, according to the repeated exposures in attempting to scale the gates, must have been already serious.

Presently there came a lull. Withdrawn from the gates, and the range of the barricade, the Indians remained strangely silent.

"It's deviltry, now, boys," said Crawley. "See that you keep wide awake."

Inside the house the women kept still as death.

Mrs. Crawley, who had had opiates administered, as the only means of keeping her from carrying out her threat of rushing out alone to seek shelter at the fort, when the first firing commenced, lay in a kind of dose on the sofa, rousing only occasionally to whisper reproaches against those around her for detaining her to a cruel death. Mrs. Hubbard and Mrs. Dubois the housekeeper, sat beside her, seeking to stifle, in their little acts of ministering to the hysterical woman, the terrible fear in their own hearts, and Dora and Minna, the latter an intelligent servant employed about the place, sat on a rug at their feet, holding each other's hands, and listening in silence to the yells outside.

It seemed ages ago, since the first sound of it had come, and none could guess if the shots had been fatal to those dear ones.

The silence coming after the long siege of firing, was worse than all. Dora, who had nursed her patience so far, arose suddenly, to walk restlessly about the room.

She would have given worlds to look from the window at that conflict going on at the other side of the yard, but her father's word to them had been peremptory with regard to exposing themselves thus to flying bullets, and she was forced to content herself with straying through the two rooms opening from each other on the east.

In the rear room the blinds were up, and as upon this side of the house there had been no firing—she stepped to the window and looked out.

A large space outside the house, was clear, the corrals and sheds being in the north corner of the enclosure; and the white moonlight unbroken by a shadow, made the place as light almost as day.

On both sides of the house was silence, as deep as that beguiling peace which had been about them when they sat upon the porch.

Looking out across the yard Dora's

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heart suddenly gave a great bound. The poles of a rude ladder appeared suddenly at the top of the wall in the corner beyond the sheds; then a figure vaulted quickly over, clearing the spikes and lighting on the low sheds beneath. Then another and another appeared, leaping quickly to the ground, and skulking along behind the sheds into the shadow of the wall. Paralyzed with fear, Dora stood unable for a moment to speak or move. The full sense and horror of it was with her—the silent forms creeping upon the unconscious men, shut from view of them by the intervening house! She must cry out—do something to warn them.

She turnd to fly out to the porch, when suddenly a pistol-shot sounded and the foremost of those skulking figures in the yard sprang high into the air with a yell, and fell prone upon his face. Then from every side of the house came a pandemonium of shots and cries. Over the wall, like animals trained in a trick, came the leaping figures—some, struck by balls whizzing from behind the house, falling dead in their tracks; but more, bounding to their feet, and forward, to join the horde of yelling comrades swarming over the gates.

Dora hardly sensed the swift events transpiring in that brief time of fright and horror. The flight of her father and the men into the house; the barring of doors and windows; herself and the rest of the helpless, terror-stricken women, carried almost bodily up stairs from danger of swift bullets crashing through panes of glass; the view from the window of the moonlit yard, swarming with the yelling, blood-thirsty demons—all seemed like a dream. Only when they heard outside the enclosure, the shouts of the troops, entering almost upon the very steps of the triumphant warriors, and pouring thick shots nto the midst of the entrapped hordes, did she experience a renewal of anything like her sane consciousness. But when it was ended, the remnant of escaping savages flying before the roused and relentless soldiers—and her father and the rest of the men who were unhurt, searching amongst the bodies for those of the soldiers who had fallen outside—bore past her into the house the unconscious body of Eric Parmelee, Dora fell upon the floor in her first swoon.

At the fort all had not fared as fortunately as had those at Crawley's.

Though the division sent by Colonel Black across the plain had reached there in time to avert an overwhelming entrance and massacre, several of the brave men had given up their lives in the defense of the fort. But the victory gained by the troops over the great band, surprised in their attack upon the two places, was decisive in quelling any inclination for further uprisings in the region for years to come.

"A lucky thing for me," said Hank Crawley, "that that little reception occurred on my premises, or I never would have had a chance to realize the investment made in all my military implements and appurtenances around the place. The Injuns'll never want to take all the trouble I put 'em to to get into my society again, and next spring I'm going to take down the wall and put up a picket fence. Of course," he remarked to Parmelee, who lay on the bed in the best spare room at the ranch, white and thin from a six weeks' siege with his wound, "if you hadn't got the troops there on time, we'd probably have held a little sociable with them in the parlor, but it's all right as far as I'm concerned. The only one that's disappointed about the way that affair turned out is Emmie. She aint got anything to show for her part in the reception, and she's just got to go on with the same old stories of influenzas and chills, and nervous attacks. It's kind of hard on her to miss such a chance, and I don't wonder she's laid up over it."

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Hank had been stubborn in his determination to keep Parmelee at the ranch during his sickness, spite of the objections made by that young gentleman, in his few lucid intervals.

"It's little enough for you to let us do for you after that affair," Crawley pensively said. "When I think of our tickling ourselves to death guying you for having gumption enough to scent that raid, I feel so foolish I almost wish I'd been shot. And with that, and getting the troops here on time, I think you'd ought to be willing to show a little consideration." So Parmelee stayed.

His recovery had been very slow, a fact as inexplicable to the doctor as it had been maddening to Parmelee. To Dora, since he was out of danger, it was an unconcealed satisfaction.

One day a letter came from Judge Ford—one of the lawyers who, since his father's death, had been trying to straighten out the muddled affairs of the estate. It brought news that an insignificant mining claim in Colorado which had been the one thing saved to Eric out of the wreck of his father's fortune, had recently developed a vein, which, in the judge's estimation, was important enough to warrant his offering thirty thousand dollars for his young client's share.

The next day Parmelee was able to sit up.

A week afterwards, when he was downstairs, Hank Crawley, congratulating him on the news which had become known to the rest of them through Dwight Hubbard, offered some frank advice to Parmelee in regard to his future business prospects.

"You'll want to be turning your money as soon as the deal's settled up," he said, "and I'll tell you, you can't do better than to put it into a ranch out here in Arizona. There's plenty of unsettled land out here, and all you've got to do is to take it up and buy your cattle. You're bound to do well, as to profits—and then, there's the dry climate. An invalid like you couldn't do better than to make his home here."

"Don't dare to broach such a scheme before me!" spoke Dora suddenly. She sat in the bay window sewing, and with the speech turned on her uncle a blazing and indignant eye. "I can assure you that I should never dream of living on a ranch after that awful experience."

"I don't just catch the connection of Mr. Parmelee's living on a ranch, and you're not wanting to," said Hank.

Dora said nothing. Her cheeks were red, and she sewed a little faster. Hank Crawley rose suddenly from his chair and went over and kissed his niece's flushed cheek. Then he shook hands with Parmelee.

"There aint a bat in any country blinder than I am, where there's a love affair, but I'll say this—that I don't know of any one I'd rather have her, than you."

Josephine Spencer.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

XI.

THE SERMON.—THE SUBJECT SHOULD NOT BE TOO BROAD.

IN MY last article I gave the two prevailing instances in which speakers violate unity. The first, wherein the swinging from one thing to another results from poverty of ideas, or inability to round up ideas, is by far the more common. Before this series closes, I shall devote a special chapter to the means of improving this kind of mind. The second, wherein want of unity results from inability to control phantasy, is rare, because it goes generally with a highly-cultivated but erratic imagina-

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tion. Want of unity ought alone to condemn such vagrant posy-gathering. But it comes under even severer criticism as overloading the style with metaphor. But of this I shall speak more at length under the head of imagery and illustration. I have now to name an additional essential of a good subject, the violation of which not only destroys the unity of the discourse, but leaves even the detached fragments vague, hazy, and indistinct as a vanishing cloud. It is this:

A subject must not be too broad. Let me draw an illustration from school-life. Young teachers, like young preachers, are terrified at the thought of running out of material. Especially is this true in the training school, where the lesson is supposed to be a model of preparation and presentation. Thus to be stranded before a class, and have nothing more to say, with a critic teacher in the back-ground taking notes — is a dilemma which embryo teachers instinctively fortify themselves against.

How? you are ready to ask. By refusing to commit themselves to anything more specific than "arithmetic," "geography," "reading," "U. S. history," etc. I call vividly to mind the consternation of a young teacher at the way I handled a plan which she presented for my inspection. Her exercise was in geography, and she had chosen the subject: North America.

"My dear young lady, what can you possibly say of North America? That is a half-year's work. Choose a more specific subject."

"Well, the United States, then."

"Too broad still."

"Will the New England States do?"

"Hardly; the subject is past all bounds yet. Remember, you have but half an hour. Besides, would it not be well to select something nearer home?"

"Oh, teacher, I dread running out of something to say. How would Utah do?"

"Well, Utah would be a good subject if you had five weeks at your disposal. But you have only half an hour."

This colloquy lasted half an hour, for the critic desired this young aspirant to discover for herself the true principle of human interest. She chose successively, the land surfaces of Utah, then only the mountains, then a part of the mountains, the Wasatch range, and finally was permitted to select from Mount Nebo, Utah Valley, the alkali desert, and similarly specific subjects. So, also, descending from the general subject: water surfaces, she was led in the same way to arrange a series of specific subjects such as Utah Lake, Jordan River, the Hot Pots at Midway, etc—any one of which was alive with interest. So of the vegetation of Utah, the animals of Utah, the political divisions of Utah, the occupations and material improvements of the people, etc. Each great head was sub-divided until the point of sparkling interest was reached.

"Now Miss R——," said I, "you seem to be as puzzled as before by the variety of subjects from which to choose. Let your pupils decide. Remember, you have a class of boys from eight to twelve years of age, and this is the spring of the year. Now, think what part of Utah geography these boys are at present most interested in, and when you have done so, bring me your plan."

The next morning she brought me this subject well worked out: "Trout-fishing in Provo River." It is needless to say her class bubbled over with enthusiasm. Each boy was eager to contribute what he knew, and from her vantage ground of wider information, she could supply many things that he had not observed. Five minutes did not elapse till there transpired what is the very acme of successful primary

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teaching. Both teacher and pupils forgot that they were in a school, forgot that a critic teacher was taking notes, forgot that time was passing till the half-hour ring broke the spell. The teacher looked disappointed; so did her boys. It was a charming vexation all round. Had I been one of those boys, I should have gone fishing that very afternoon, just to verify with my own eyes the new things the teacher had taught me.

Looking over the pages of manuscript that this illustration has taken up I was about to start an apology for my own want of unity; but rereading it I am convinced that this whole incident in the teacher's experience is germane to the thought under discussion. If any one doubts this, I give him leave to substitute *pr* for *t* wherever the word teacher occurs, and I agree to defend the principle involved by the change in each statement. For what is preaching but one of the inferior ways of teaching?—a condition in which the mind is passively engaged (if I may use such apparently contradictory terms) in recording impressions.

The young preacher dreads equally with the young teacher to be "gravelled for want of matter," and, with the same poor judgment, seeks to fortify against the weakness by placing a continent of theology between him and his congregation. As in the case of the teacher, he will fail in arousing interest. He is too far away from his hearers. Like the snow on top of the mountains, his theology must flow miles downward ere it can touch thirsty human lips. If he would warm the hearts of his congregation and cause their eyes to sparkle he must imitate the teacher. For as regards the laws of human interest, what are his most sedate hearers but bearded boys and wrinkled girls—a sort of children that have ceased to romp and giggle and chew gum? Somehow, he must keep sub-dividing his theological continent till he get where the people live, and then make such applications as touch their most vital interests.

To take an actual case in point: At a certain conference in the Southern States, I listened an hour and a half to a typical general sermon. The Elder took for his subject the Kingdom of God. A kingdom must have a king. He explained, therefore, our idea of the King. There must be officers. He gave the list. There must be laws. He dwelt upon faith, repentance, baptism, and laying on of hands. There must be privileges and blessings. He illustrated how signs followed the believer. These signs had ceased. He gave a history of the apostasy. An angel was to come again. He gave an account of the restoration, and closed with a sermon on the authenticity of the Book of Mormon!

His fellow-Elders gasped at the longevity of his memory. They wondered whether he would leave them a single patch of Orson Pratt's Works. He didn't. He put his foot into every subject within the covers of this most excellent treatise. True, he took huge strides disdaining to touch any but high points. Like some airy giant, his mind stepped quite over the valley, where lived the hearts of the people, and touched again on the opposite mountain top. All that lay between could of course be discussed by his companions when their turns came, but somehow they felt exasperated that he had thus straddled over it all. For if the truth must be confessed, they were not any more familiar with specific fields of thought than he. These were the very points they would have taken.

Happily he was quite consistent: he took up all the time as well as all the subjects. Night came on and sleep would undo the mischief. In a few hours preaching might begin again as if nothing had been said. But very few fragments of this extenuated,

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loose-jointed sermon would remain upon the memory next morning. For if five thousand years' study of psychology has made anything clear, it is the utter futility of attempting to plant islands in the human mind. Growth can occur only by accretion. The new can remain in the mind only as it is attached to and absorbed by the old. In the missionary field, so small is the basis of the old, so few the associations to which the new can be attached, that the Elder who takes a hop, skip, and jump through the scheme of salvation needs never fear—nor hope either—that the impressions he makes will last over night.

When conference assembled next morning President Morgan arose to speak. As if to rebuke this cataloguing style of preaching the spirit led him to choose a very small subdivision of the subject of repentance. This he spoke of in terms with which the people were familiar, drawing his illustrations from their daily lives. Every eye was upon him, every ear was alert, and every heart was stirred as by something human. His manner was gentle, his words direct and unaffected. I shall not soon forget the effect produced upon me by this unostentatious discourse, nor the impression left upon this simple-minded people. To this day they remember Elder Morgan as a "pow'ful fine preacher."

I was then able only in a vague way to understand why this sermon was so much more effective than the other. It did not convey a hundredth part the number of Gospel truths that the first conveyed; yet as a means of converting minds and hearts, it is no exaggeration to say it did a hundred times the work of the first. So manifest was this difference in general effect, that it set me to thinking and observing; and now I know the reason why one was futile and the other fertile in reclaiming souls.

Setting aside what was lost through delivery by the first who spoke to a few hundred cubic feet of air in which people happened to be, and setting aside likewise what was gained in delivery by the second, who spoke directly to human ears while he looked into human eyes—I say, setting this aside for discussion in a later chapter, there was enough difference in the matter treated to account for the almost opposite effect produced.

Think of it! the first speaker went over twenty subjects each one of which, if carefully and logically subdivided, would furnish matter for ten sermons. Yet here sweeping generalizations one after another were hurled upon the audience in breathless haste, and then in the vain hope of fastening them upon the mind—if we may suppose so much thought to have been taken as to result—each general dogma was cunningly "nail't wi' scripture," as Burns would say.

How could the results be otherwise? Such generalizations can be of vital interest only to men familiar with all the intervening ground. The reading of an index often suffices the mind of a scholar as to the contents of the volume, but to the uncultured mind it is utterly meaningless.

Now the second speaker took into account the kind of people he was about to address, the bias of their minds, the weakest point of attack—in a word he sought the directest route to their hearts. Thus, realizing that he had infant minds to deal with, he took but a single truth and spread it out so widely in illustrations that the weakest could not fail to digest it. And it gave immediate pleasure. Nothing gives keener pleasure than mental digestion. Just as nothing will more quickly sicken the soul than mental indigestion.

It is the case of teaching over again. Whenever you carry principle into the domain of personal experience, men, like children, are in-

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terested at once; and this because they become judges, able to verify for themselves the truths presented. But until you do come thus within that magic circle, which varies in diameter with every human being, your words will remain vague, meaningless, incapable of arousing interest.

Here then our Elders should learn a profound lesson. Instead of loading our minds with passages of scripture and firing them indiscriminately upon an audience, we should make a mental analysis of our hearers. What do they know already? What principles guide them? What prejudices blind them? In a word, how wide is their mental horizon, and what are the objects within it?

These questions answered, we are ready to proceed. Keeping in view the fact that the unknown can be apperceived or assimilated only as it is directly accociated with and absorbed, so to speak, by the known, all our truths will be clothed in the mental experiences of our audience. We need not be mistaken as to the right direction, if we but keep our wits about us. As long as we are giving new, fresh truths and are within the mental horizon of our listeners, their eyes will sparkle with the same interest that aroused the boys to enthusiasm in the lesson on fishing. When we get beyond their mental horizon, or when we are repeating hackneyed truths, their eyes grow lackadaisical, even though their attention remain apparently respectful.

But do our Elders make such a study? What are the facts in the case? In very many instances they have but vague notions of the Gospel they set out to proclaim. Thrown into the labor with such ill preparations, their first thought is to get thoroughly acquainted with the principles they are to preach. Too often this comes to be the only thought. They load themselves up on the Bible and Orson Pratt's Works, and preach what clings to their memory—which, as we have seen in the case cited, is the high points only. They must hold out a certain time; they have not the mind-power to think in detail; so there is nothing to do but to pass from subject to subject. No attempt is made at unity, unless it be the unity of chronology. Sometimes the order in which the passages have been committed to memory furnishes a kind of link to chain together the fragments.

When all is said, however, the sermon is made up of a succession of subjects, each one of which is too broad to arouse human interest. But what is worst, human interest, that is, the people addressed and the occasion, is not taken into account at all.

What is the result? No impression is made. The Elders are not invited home. They trudge on in the middle of the night, believing that there are no honest hearts in this region, no one in whose veins flows the blood of Israel!

The fact is, my dear brethren, we swallow in haste unmasticated mouthfuls of the Gospel, and then literally "take no thought," (by which I mean we do not stop to digest mentally), but with a blind fatuity trust that the Spirit will arrange it all in our heads while we sleep. But it comes out of our heads just as crude and undigested as we stowed it away there; for God is not so poor a teacher as to put a premium on laziness by doing our work for us.

What a mockery it is then to judge as if we were perfect and all the fault lay with our hearers! Just apply this thought to teaching. Let a teacher be as crude in his method of presentation as are many of our preachers, and he would stay no longer in a place than they often do.

One word more in this connection. Let us never become so wise in our own conceit that we cannot learn a

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lesson from *everything*. Above all, let us cease ridiculing the success of sectarians in making converts. I do not say we shall imitate them. Far from it. But let us study their methods of reaching the human soul. If men can be won to such doctrines as are often preached by them, then surely the merit must lie in the method of presentation: it cannot be in the thing presented. Let us not be caught by external trumpery, such as anxious seats, mourners' benches, tamborines, drums, and hallelujah excitements. Let us rather watch by what avenues the human heart is approached. I think we shall discover that we disdain any other than the intellectual avenue, which in nine cases out of ten is closed. But are not the emotions as God-given as the intellect? Must all be damned save those who are reached through our dry reasoning on doctrine?

Think of this a moment. We do not succeed by it even in the few we actually convert. In a majority of cases our proselytes are first interested in the Gospel through their emotions. It is because they have learned to love the Elders, not because they are struck with the principles they advocate, nor with our manner of advocating them, that they first begin to investigate. How often the remark has reached me—in a few instances made by men who afterwards were baptized: "Nelson is a fine fellow, but d—— his doctrines!" (It will be seen from this remark that I have been making a righteous judgment, that is, I have been judging my own mistakes.)

But, after all, what is all this but saying in a specific way that it is as much a missionary's duty to study the people as to study the Gospel. For his presentation, if it is to do any good, must take into account the conditions in which his listeners are placed. In other words, he can reach the human soul only through the channels that are open. To ignore this fact is to make his sermon thrice a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," which leads me to remark that the sermons first to be thus condemned are those preached from subjects too broad: for they do not even get down to the regions where people live, let alone find their way to men's hearts.

The defect I have been criticising is technically called extension. The virtue I would have our preachers cultivate is intension. The latter may also be carried to a ridiculous extreme. It is said of a noted professor of theology in a German university that he preached fourteen sermons on the first verse in Genesis! But we are in no danger from this extreme, nor shall we be for years to come. I know of only one speaker in the Church who is guilty of it. His mind becomes so intense when it reaches some important phase of a subject, that it frequently refuses to move forward for a whole hour together; but in the midst of the general tendency to roam and get over ground, this is a most refreshing fault. *N. L. Nelson.*

A MARVELOUS HEALING.

ALFRED JOHNSON, of Vernal, Uintah County, met with an accident last fall which two skilled doctors said would result fatally. He was engaged in gathering cattle on the mountains, and went to a spring one morning to wash for breakfast. As he stooped to put his hands into the water his pistol, which was in his scabbard by his side, fell, and the hammer striking a rock, it was discharged. The bullet passed through his body, piercing the right lung and being extracted from his back just below the

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shoulder blade. He was twenty-five miles from home and had nothing but a buckboard on which to ride. He was placed on this and one of the boys who was with him took the lines while another stood up behind and held him the whole of the distance home through a scorching hot sun.

A local physician was called and he examined the wound, giving him less than twenty-four hours to live. The father, not satisfied with this diagnosis of the case, sent to Fort Duchesne, twenty-five miles distant, for the army surgeon, who speedily came and confirmed, without hesitation, the statement of his brother physician, Therefore to all human probability the death of the young man was assured; but the father and friends were not willing to give up even in the face of such testimony. They accordingly administered to the young man repeatedly. Not a day was allowed to pass without his receiving the administration of the Elders.

Astonishing to relate the pain caused by the wound was comparatively slight, and his recovery was the cause of wonderment to all who witnessed it.

The young man's parents and all who watched the case, are convinced that it was only the power of God, which resulted through the exercise of faith, that saved the life of this young man. He is now almost entirely free from the effects of the accident. The only difficulty he experiences at all is in the raising of his arm, the muscles of which were pierced by the bullet, above his head. The strength of this arm, however, is equally as great as the other in lifting, or in any ordinary work.

This young man is not a member of the Church though he was born in it. He has been a diligent and progressive student in the Church Academy in Vernal, and there is every probability that his faith will lead him to become a member of the Church in which faith brings so many blessings to the children of God.

Sunday morning August 19th, 1894, he bore this remarkable testimony in Sabbath School: "In the past I have been inclined to make light of religion, but since my life was so remarkably spared I have been studying the matter very seriously, and I come here this morning with a firm conviction of the divinity of the Gospel and a determination to obey the same. I could not have believed it possible for anyone to realize the joy and consolation which I have experienced in the study of this matter. I feel that God spared my life that my spiritual being might be brought to a knowledge of His great work." *C.*

THE CURSE OF THE DRAMSHOP.

In a lonely little valley in the mountains in the west
Where all nature teems with grandeur and the eagle builds her nest;
In a cottage by the roadside dwelt a man and maiden fair:
He was strong and bold and fearless; she had beauty choice and rare.
They had both known many comforts with their parents kind and true,
Yet they longed to leave their old homes, in the West to find a new.

All the joys of home and comfort had no charms for her, when he
Whom she loved ha l said so fondly, "Darling, won't you go with me?
I will take you to the mountains, you shall be my lovely bride—
Trust me, dearest, you shall ever be contented at my side."
They received a father's blessing, mother's tears and fond caress,
As they left the dear old homestead for the valleys in the West.

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Oh! this journey to the mountains was so pleasant all the way,
Hopes of future wealth and greatness filled their hearts by night and day.
Soon a cottage was erected by the husband's faithful hand,
While the wife by love and labor made this new home seem quite grand.
Children came to bless and comfort those two hearts that beat as one;
Loving words and true devotion found a place within this home.

Other people came and settled near this cot so neat and clean,
Till at length the railroad passed there hissing forth its breath of steam;
Then a dramshop was erected with its gilded walls of sin,
Brilliant lights and gay companions tempting all to enter in.
Now a change came o'er this household, where had been such peace and joy,
And it seemed that this foul demon all their pleasure would destroy.

Then the fond wife saw her husband, whom she loved so tenderly,
Spending time in idle pleasure at the bar-room in high glee.
One by one the many comforts they had known in former years,
Were removed and sold for liquor, heeding not his loved ones' tears.
See this home once filled with plenty, now grown empty and forlorn,
Nothing left to cheer or comfort—no kind acts at night or morn.

Loving words were no more uttered, in this hovel by the road,
Neighbors pitied wife and children, only few their mercy showed.
Oh, how sad to see those children, once so happy and so gay,
Sit and cry with cold and hunger, for they had not heart to play.
Hear those darlings plead in anguish for a crumb or two of bread,
While the mother worn with sickness was compelled to take her bed.

Now she offers up a prayer, "Father, hear my children's cry,
God of mercy look in pity, for no earthly help is nigh!"
As the mother speaks, the children crowd around the bedside low,
And the eldest boy said softly, "Mamma, we can't let you go;
We have wandered in the village, up and down the busy street,
Seeking food from friends and strangers that you might have bread to eat.

"The rich owner of the dramshop called us beggars, and he swore;
Said we all should go to prison if we did not leave his door.
We have heard you pray to heaven that the Lord would let you come,
But if you should go and leave us, where, oh, where, would be our home!"
Then these darlings, cold and hungry, fondly kissed their mother's cheek,
As she pressed them to her bosom, full of grief she could not speak,
While her tears, like gentle raindrops falling from the clouds above,
Told those little starving children that they still had mother's love.

Hark! a footstep in the hovel in the darkness of the night—
All is silent save the moaning of the children in their fright—
For they feared papa was coming, reeling homeward, wild with drink,
Should it be this cruel being from his presence they must shrink.
It is true, 'twas father's footstep, in the room he enters now,
Grasping in his hand a weapon—there is blood upon his brow.

He goes reeling to the bedside—all the children seek the door—
As he drags that helpless woman out of bed upon the floor;
And with many oaths and curses, savagely he beat her there,
While she lay all torn and bleeding, begging him her life to spare.
"O, my husband, do not kill me!" were the words the fond wife said—
All in vain, one blow he struck her, one long gasp and she was dead.

When the cries of those poor children brought some neighbors to the door,
They beheld the mother's body lifeless on the cottage floor;
And the drunkard filled with terror at the deed which he had done,
Plunged a dagger in his own heart, and his earthly race was run.

Charles A. Welch.

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AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

In such a populous city as Paris, ground room naturally becomes valuable so that the interior of blocks are used for dwellings; they generally surround an open court which has a hall-way outlet to the street. In some instances short alleys penetrate into, or cut through business blocks, along which are private dwellings. Those places are generally tidy and comparatively free from street noises. In one of those alleys known as 8 rue Boisonnade on the third floor of an aged sculptor's home, four of the Utah colony of art students occupied an atelier and suite of rooms; where they slept and practiced the culinary art to the extent of their bodily needs, and mended their own clothes. A peaceful quiet place this was. Excepting the proprietor and his family, we were the only occupants of the place. Across the alley lived a young American artist and his wife who were just as kind to us as any one could be, rendering us assistance as interpreters many times, which, I assure you, is very valuable service under circumstances where one cannot understand the language of the people. Brother Lorus Pratt was presiding Elder of the Paris colony of Latter-day Saints. We had one of our rooms set apart for Sunday School and meeting purposes. We held Sunday School in the forenoon and sacrament meeting in the afternoon; occasionally holding meetings at the home of Brother and Sister Clawson. We thus derived much joy and consolation through partaking of the sacrament, singing the endeared songs of Zion and listening to testimonies and words of counsel.

Such privileges are more appreciated out in the world than at home. The contrast between our belief and that of the world intensifies that appreciation. Also, under those circumstances a person positively learns that the Lord has really blessed the land of Zion and the people that dwell in it; because one is in that part of the globe where the absence of that blessing is keenly felt; consequently love for everything connected with the work of God becomes stronger. Before leaving home, my unbelieving friends frequently assured me, with an air of superior wisdom, that if I would only go out into the world and study art, see the fine paintings and wonderful accomplishments of men, I would soon get above the absurdities of Mormonism; but the sights and scenes of the world, great and wonderful as they are, inspired no desire in me to discard the Gospel; on the contrary, when contemplating the works of genius, the fruits of untiring industry and ingenuity, I felt to bow in humility before the throne of grace from whence emanates all intelligence, and implore the Giver of all gifts to animate my soul with the same noble desires and aims which actuated the spirits of those great benefactors to whom the world is indebted for its thousands of blessings. The Gospel gave us all confidence, courage and hope. When I beheld the grand boulevards and avenues of Paris, lined on both sides with shade trees as far as the eye could see, or strolled in the paradisiacal parks among a profusion of flowers, sparkling fountains and marble statuary of history's eminent characters, or gazed upon the magnificent architecture of the Louvre, Madeleine, Notre Dame, Pantheon and other notable buildings planned by the world-famed architects, all so beautiful that language fails in description, did I lose interest in the Gospel? No. For the Lord has predicted greater things than these for Zion; then it is we realize what a great work there is before us. It fires our being with ambition. No, my kind but mistaken friends. You think Mormonism is a fraud, but it is not. It is the truth, and all the noble accomplishments in the arts and sciences only implant the truth deeper

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in the human heart. It is not the grand achievements of man that destroy faith in what is termed Mormonism, but intemperance, indolence, and sin of every kind which characterize the bad side of civilization.

I wish with all my heart that our young people could behold the great works of the world's mighty intellects; then they could comprehend in a degree the gigantic task before them. Just think of it. Zion is to become so glorious that the Gentiles will be attracted to her light and the kings of the earth to the brightness of her rising. Paris enjoys, in a measure, the distinction which the forepart of this prediction of Isaiah conveys; but all her glory and renown are not sufficient to induce the kings of the earth to descend from their thrones and come to the brightness of her rising. Yet when her intellectual attainments, and that of the world in general, is compared with our own humble surroundings and position intellectually, we will realize with force the necessity of educating ourselves, of wasting less time and caring more for high and noble attainments than the acquisition of property or the excessive pursuit of pleasures. It is not only our duty to wake up to these matters by cultivating our talents, but it is a grand and glorious cause to be engaged in; for, inasmuch as the works of genius yield an elevating and refining influence upon the minds of such of the human family as are groping in spiritual darkness, how much more good will result from the same influence upon the minds of those whose spirit is lit up by the sunshine of the Gospel. Besides, let Zion's intellectual light shine, and it will attract the attention of thousands of intelligent men and women, who will begin to see virtue and divine power in Mormonism, which will lead them to investigate. The same class of people could never be reached by the imploring voice of the Elders of Israel. This idea was firmly impressed upon my mind through observing the character and disposition of the more enlightened portions of mankind.

It is pleasing to notice that system is laying hold of the various organizations of our Church, and that education, in general, is receiving an impetus which bodes good for the cause of education. But we should watch with a jealous eye the trend of modern education, and trust only to the Spirit of God for guidance. We would be led to receive much good anyhow from the great educators of the world, and at the same time avoid the danger of adopting the same methods and aims as the world, because our foundation and the destiny that awaits us are entirely different from those of the world. The education of today is entirely realistic and practical; and I believe suited to the condition and age in which we live, for the apostate Christian world is so full of immaterialism and superstitions that the hand of God is visible in the introduction of a negative power through the medium of education. But the commonwealth that is being reared in these mountain vales is founded upon the solid rock of revealed truth. The difference between the two might be illustrated by incidents that came under my observation several times. Parents having a wayward boy tried, repeatedly, by reasoning and coaxing to get him to attend the B. Y. Academy; they were certain if he would obey, that a turning point in his life would be an assured thing. We are in the academy, and the wayfaring world is not. The Lord is shaping things with a view of getting them there. Now what kind of a training do we need; that is, educationally? Does the finger of prophecy point us out as a commercial or bartering people, like the ancient Phœnecians or the Hebrews of today, without a particle of artistic refinement in their character? Not so. All will agree that the fine arts will occupy a prominent

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position in the Latter-day Zion. But whoever thinks of that condition dropping down from heaven, instead of exertion on our part to bring it about? The doors of some of our Church schools have been thrown open to music, but to art, well, I was going to say they are closed, but one or two of them have offered a room for art to occupy, in the spirit of "catch if you can." Is not the time here or in the near future when those arts will constitute a part of our scholastic education? The Gospel brings mankind nearer to God. Music, poetry and painting are heavenly, and therefore the proper kind of influence to surround such a people.

Just such thoughts are suggested to one's mind by the art feeling in the city of Paris. One becomes convinced there, that art don't grow like mushrooms; and also, without what the fine arts have done for it, the city would not be worth seeing.

John Hafen.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

AFTER the Pioneers had entered this valley and were returning to the East to arrange for the further emigration of the people, President Woodruff and Luke Johnson started out one morning early to procure some buffalo meat for the camp. After traveling some little distance they saw a herd of several thousand head contentedly grazing near the foothills. The hunters cautiously approached so that the buffalo sentinels which were stationed some little distance from the herd, might not discover them. In order to conceal themselves they made their way along a dry gulch, the banks of which were at first a little above their heads, but gradually became lower, so that it was finally necessary for them to crawl along in order to be unobserved.

While they were going in this stooping posture a rattlesnake, which had been unnoticed by Brother Johnson, suddenly struck at him and barely missed his nose by about two inches. Before the serpent could again make an attack, he was killed by Brother Johnson.

The brethren, when within about two hundred yards of the herd, which was gradually moving towards them, sat down to await the approach of the animals. Suddenly the earth seemed to tremble, and on glancing in the direction of the herd, they discovered that the buffalo guards or sentinels had noticed their presence and had given the alarm. The whole herd was now in motion and moved with tremendous speed toward the very spot where the brethren were concealed. It seemed as though inevitable death awaited them. They sprang to their feet and shouted and gesticulated wildly so as to turn aside the maddened beasts.

Brother Johnson fired fifteen shots from a rifle at the approaching throng of animals, but without any noticeable effect upon them. To the great relief of the brethren, however, and to their astonishment, when the herd was within a very few feet of them, it veered to one side and just missed them.

When the larger part of the herd had passed, one animal came very near to President Woodruff, who, with a well-directed shot, brought it to the ground, and this was the only critter from the immense herd which was slain. The brethren, however, were very thankful for their marvelous deliverance, as it seemed to them for a few moments as though they could not escape a terrible death.

President Woodruff also states that before reaching South Pass, on their way west, the Pioneers passed a herd of these migrating animals,

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going toward their grazing grounds, which required three days' travel for them to pass, the animals traveling in one direction and they in the other. The buffalo were so closely packed that the utmost vigilance was needed on the part of the traveling brethren to protect themselves from destruction. One can well imagine how many thousands or perhaps hundreds of thousands of animals there must have been in such an immense herd. They extended on either side almost as far as the eye could reach.

It is one of the most remarkable things how these animals have become extinct in so few years. It can only be accounted for upon the theory that both Indians and white men have mercilessly destroyed them, not to satisfy hunger, but merely for the sport of shooting them down. Many thrilling and exciting adventures are related by the Saints who in early days crossed the plains, but none will perhaps exceed in exciting interest that which is related above from the experience of our beloved President.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

WHAT MAKES MEN.—It is not the things that we call best that makes men; it is not the pleasantest things; it is not the calm experience of life; it is life's rugged experience, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life was here good and there evil; here trouble and there joy; here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alterations of one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man, in distinction from an animal which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his head the marks of a struggle which he has undergone.

The best sailors come from the roughest seas, and the bravest soldiers from the hardest fights. They who seek to avoid care and labor, and who choose for themselves an easy path, are simply defrauding themselves of the noblest qualities of manhood, and making themselves like mushrooms grown in the shelter, instead of oaks which have wrestled with a thousand storms, and which still lift their giant arms and sun-crowned heads triumphant toward the skies.

It is not wise for us to seek trial or hardship, lest we miscalculate our strength and suffer defeat; but it is right for us to accept without a murmur what the Lord appoints, and calmly, bravely and manfully meet the varied trials of our earthly life, knowing that God's grace is sufficient for our every need, and assured that those things which try us most severely are wisely ordered for our benefit, and are working for our strength, our profit, and our salvation in the kingdom of our God. *C.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—In personal appearance and habits, much of our success in life depends. There have been many instances where the soul shining through a maimed and deformed body, has conquered the adverse circumstances. This is far easier to do than to overcome an offensive or disagreeable trick of behavior—society will accord its pity and sympathy to natural defects, but for acquired ones it only reserves its disgust.

Every reader will call to mind some person toward whom he or she has felt a repugnance almost unendurable merely from an offensive habit such an one has formed—sometimes a mere turn of the lip, a cast of the eye, or a peculiar inflection of the voice. Often a practice has been formed of clearing the throat, or

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spitting profusely about, or picking the ears or some other vulgar habit. These things will create a distaste for such persons in a fastidious mind; and, deny it if we may, or call it "squeamish" or "silly," we are all of us more or less fastidious.

It is the duty of every person to make himself agreeable to others. Most of these peculiarities of manner which create aversion are spontaneous in their origin, but become so habitual that we are unconscious of them. Many of them are formed in childhood — habits not easily removed in after years. While we cannot like everybody, or be loved by everybody in return, still we can take especial care that we do not make ourselves personally offensive by habits and ways that shock the delicate fastidiousness of those around us. *M. C.*

YOUR MORNING MOOD.—Have you never known a whole family set "at odds" of a morning, simply by the entrance of the cloudy member "of the household." All may have been pleasant and bright in the breakfast room, the children chatting cheerfully about the fire. But when that scowling brow dawned upon them, when the door gave its accustomed slam, and the hand or sharp voice gave its usual order, or administered its rebuke, the whole scene changed. The frown was contagious, and worse still, the spirit that prompted it was quite as catching. Children were ready to find fault with one another, and to be disobliging in small matters. The meal was taken in silence, except a few curt remarks, which did not help digestion or fit anyone for the day's duties.

Such a way of setting out in the morning is a real social crime. Where it becomes habitual, it engenders a spirit of disregard for others that often leads to grave crimes.

How much better to leave your room with a cheerful spirit if you can, and if not able to compass that, at least with one of peace and good will to all around you. This should be within reach of all. The spirit of benevolence should reign in the heart whatever the misfortunes and trials that press us down. If the law of love and kindness reigns in the heart, we shall gladly do all we can to make others happy. In doing so we shall insensibly find all our own burdens lightened, for nothing makes us happier than trying to do good to others, in even the smallest way. We have the assurance, too, that no such efforts are left to pass unnoticed, for even "the cup of cold water" shall not fail of its reward.

BE WILLING TO LEARN.—A man progresses just as long as he is willing to learn, but progression ceases whenever he reaches that point where he places his knowledge in the balance against that of all other men. Strange as it may appear, there are a good many just such men as this in the world. Some cannot be taught anything, no matter to what branch of human knowledge it belongs. Others are perfect only in one thing, and that relates to the business they follow. It is here that this egotistical importance works the most mischief, for it always cripples a man's usefulness in life.

There is another class of persons who will accept knowledge only from those whom they acknowledge as superiors. They must know the source of every item of information, and it is rejected as error, or accepted as truth, accordingly. They never think, reason, or experiment for themselves, and hence their belief and practice exhibit a strange mixture of the practicable and impracticable, of truth and error.

The truly progressive class accept truth wherever they find it, and reject nothing because of its source. A hint dropped from the beggar's lips is just as valuable as though it came from royalty itself. These are the men who do think, reason and ex-

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periment for themselves. Like the miner, it is the gold they are after, and like him, they never reject it because it is associated with dross and dirt, but go resolutely to work to separate the pure from the impure, retaining only the former.

THE POWER OF A GREAT EXAMPLE.—There is nothing that will let the light into the soul like personal influence; nothing that can lift one up out of the darkness, and lead one into the divine and quickening light, and baptize one into the spirit of faith, hope, love, and charity, like the magic power of a great example; nothing that can inspire, exalt and purify, like the magnetic rays of healing and helping that beam out of the eyes of noble men and woman. If your life has been deep and broad in its experience then you have seen lives that were better than yours; lives whose pure light shone upon you from a serener height than you could reach, and touched you and warmed you through and through, just as the drooping flowers, some chilly morning, have looked up through the thick fogs and caught a glimpse of the bright sun, which scatters the mists and opens the glad blossoms to the warm, life-giving light. Whose life is not, sometimes, wrapped around with fog? Who has not looked up from his little life-work and seen no cheering sun above him—nothing but a heavy, leaden sky hanging over? And then, perhaps, you have almost doubted the sun itself—doubted goodness and doubted God—until you have seen the clouds break away, the fogs lift, and doubt vanish before the beautiful radiance of some shining example. I tell you that I believe, more and more, that what the world needs to reform and redeem it is not so much a sound theology, or a profound philosophy, but holier, purer, diviner lives—lives that shall be the light of men.

HOW TO MAKE WORK EASY.—Every new business which a person undertakes, seems awkward in the start. "How shall I ever acquire skill and care in the matter?" is the inquiry which perplexes every beginner. The young musician watches, with a feeling akin to despair, the rapid and brilliant execution of his master; the aspiring young artist loses heart as he stands before some grand painting, while the stammering school boy orator listens with longing enthusiasm to some eloquent speaker, who carries all hearts with him.

When a great singer was praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, he answered: "Ah, you little know with what difficulty this ease has been acquired." It was only by repeated and long continued practice that this skill had been achieved.

So, too, Sir Joshua Reynolds, when asked how long it had taken to paint a picture, replied, "All my life." The training of all his past years had been brought into that canvas.

Henry Clay, "the old man eloquent," had not come forward all at once the finished orator, who could so sway an audience. He tells the process by which he had developed what gifts he had in that direction. He commenced in his early manhood the process of daily reading and speaking upon some historical or scientific book. "These off-handed efforts," he said, "were made sometimes in a cornfield, sometimes in the forest, and not unfrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and the ox for my auditors." He ever regarded this early practice, and the stimulus that came with such an exercise of his powers, as that which had moulded all his subsequent destiny.

Whatever your calling, practice will make the most difficult efforts easy. The danseuse did not gain her dexterity all at once. Long and wearisome hours of hard practice, week by week, and year by year, were needful to give her limbs that suppleness and grace. There was

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many a fall and bruise, and weary hours of pain to be endured before she gained that airy lightness of motion which so astonished her audiences. If she could endure such "hardness" for so low an end, surely those who seek a better service should not shrink from a measure, at least, of her diligence.

"With hand on the spade, and heart in the sky,
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry,
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed,
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done."

INTEGRITY IN BUSINESS. — A handsome young boy of my acquaintance had been employed for some time in a drug store, and his pleasing address and smiling face won many friends. He had lately left for another situation, and it was with deep regret that I learned a short time since that he had been arrested as a thief. His trunk was crowded with handsome toilet articles he had purloined from time to time, in such profusion it would seem hardly possible he could ever use a tithe of them—handsome cigar cases, bottles of perfumery, kid gloves, silk handkerchiefs by the score, and all the elegant trifles that came with his reach, that would by any means come useful in a young gentleman's outfit. His old employer was sent for, and identified one hundred and fifty dollars worth of his own property, and others came in for the rest.

Poor, disgraced Alfred. How one's heart aches for the boy, whose fond, widowed mother was counting so happily on his rising to honor and usefulness in the world. Now, all her hopes and fair prospects are forever blighted. It is a rare thing for a youth of his age to recover his lost standing, when it has been so undermined. And for what a paltry consideration has he brought on this ruin? Only for a few coveted luxuries, as yet beyond his means.

Alfred's first wrong step was mixing with young associates which he knew were not of the right stamp—fast young men who spent their leisure at the billiard tables. They dressed in a flashy style, and he speedily learned to imitate them. He began his thefts by handing out a cigar from his employers' stock to one crony and another, as they lounged on the counters of the drug store, when the proprietor was absent. They soon learned where to go for supplies, and the cigars began to disappear very fast. Soon after the young man changed his situation and not long after the hour of detection came.

The strictest integrity, in the most trifling matters, is the only sure foundation for a man or boy to stand upon in his business relations. We need more of the spirit of that staunch old government officer, who, when his nephew took a half a sheet of paper from his desk, commanded him sternly, "Put that back, young man. That paper belongs to the government of the United States."

It is quite safe to say the old man's mantle has not fallen upon all the government officers of our land. Hugh Miller speaks of the mason of whom he learned his trade, as "a man who put his conscience into every stone he laid." That is what you need in all your dealings with others. Put your conscience in your work, and you can stand up fairly and look every man in the eye. The fortune you build may grow slowly, one stone at a time, but it will be a structure that will stand like the hills.

J. W.

If you do not desire God's kingdom, do not pray for it; but if you do, you must do more than pray for it—you must work for it.

When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

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APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION,

AS CLAIMED BY THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE Roman Catholic Church is recognized as the oldest Christian church in existence. Its history dates back to St. Peter, and he is canonized as their first saint. It is upon the assumption that Peter transferred his authority to their first pope in the city of Rome, that the Catholic church bases its claim to apostolic succession. If this belief can be successfully established that Peter did this most important work, and that his authority has remained with them to the present, it will prove their authority legal, and their church to be of God. But if it can be truthfully shown that there are many obstacles and objections to this belief, both historical and doctrinal, it will tend to make us question the claims of this most powerful organization. There is much too little known of the workings of the early Christian church, especially about the time St. Peter was imprisoned in Rome. It is almost an unanswerable question whether Peter did or did not appoint his successor before his martyrdom. He was aware that he would shortly leave the earth, and the conclusion is forced upon the mind that he made provision for the appointment of his successor; if there was no one then in existence holding equal authority with himself, and who could fill his presidential chair. We have a record handed down to us of the ordination of the first Twelve Apostles, of Matthias to fill the vacancy left by the apostasy of Judas, and of Paul and Barnabas to the apostleship, of Timothy to the bishopric, but we have no record of the first pope (Bishop Linus) being ordained to the leadership of the church by Peter, and if the Roman church can produce no such record, and we doubt her power to do so, then her claim to apostolic succession is preposterous and her position as such is false.

The martyrdom of Peter occurred about the year 65 or 66, and at that time all the apostles were living with the exception of James, and none of them have left us any record of a successor being appointed. The Apostle John wrote three epistles thirty years after Peter's death, and yet he makes no mention of anyone having the leadership conferred upon him. Thirty-six years after Peter's death John wrote his Revelation, without making record of such an important fact, on the contrary he denounces the church of Rome as the anti-Christ. Peter wrote his second epistle probably in the winter of 65–6, as his death is put on the twenty-second or twenty-fourth of February, 66, and in that epistle he does not mention the fact of ordaining anyone else to this important office. Jude's epistle written A. D. 66, does not mention it.

Paul's second epistle to Timothy was written at Rome in 66, when in prison with Peter, and there is strong presumptive evidence that they were in the same prison for some time. That Peter died before Paul is generally acknowledged as correct. Is it reasonable then that at such a time, when death was staring him in the face, that Paul, the prison companion of Peter, should not mention the ordination of someone to the all-important office of leading the church? On the contrary, he warns Timothy against false teachers. According to this second epistle to Timothy, Paul says he had been forsaken by his brethren, and only Luke was with him. He tells Timothy to make all diligence to come unto him and bring Mark with him. Where was Peter? If he was not with Paul, he must have been dead, or Paul could not say:—"Only Luke is with me." Paul, Luke, and Mark, three of the twelve, were assembled at Rome after Peter's death. Now, if St. Peter had

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ordained anyone in his place, one of these men would surely have mentioned the circumstance. But they have failed to do so. Again, if Peter had appointed some one in his place, Paul could not say: "Luke only is with me," because the man appointed would have been with him, as well as Luke.

There is a most important passage in Peter's second epistle, wherein he states: "I think it is meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance; knowing that shortly I must put off this tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ has showed me. *Moreover, I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance.*" It is clear from this passage that Peter would make some provision for the church, and if he was not dead when Paul wrote to Timothy that he had only Luke with him, and asking for Mark to be brought, it was in order to have Paul, Luke, and Mark with him, to give them instructions respecting the ministry of the church. On the other hand, if Peter was dead, as is clear from the language of Paul, he had left instructions with Paul, and Paul was anxious to communicate them to Luke and Mark, knowing that his death was also at hand. If Peter had appointed and ordained his successor, certainly one of these apostles would have recorded it. That Peter never gave authority to anyone is plain. Peter was the head; he held the keys and powers of the kingdom. But the fact that Peter was given the keys and powers is not sufficient reason for anyone to claim the same keys and powers, and if people do claim the same, it is no proof that they are in possession of them. It is admitted that James and John stood next to Peter in the holy apostleship. James, Peter, and Paul being dead, the authority was vested in the remaining apostles, with John at their head.

In the year 90, or twenty-four years after the death of Peter, John wrote a general or catholic epistle to the church, showing that *he* had authority and was the head of the church. At that date (the year 90 A. D.), the Roman Catholics had had *two* popes in succession since Peter's death. Their names were Linus and Anacletus. We do not see either of them recognized by the Apostle John, on the contrary, he denounces the church at Rome as anti-Christ. In his first epistle, second chapter and eighteenth and nineteenth verses, he says: "Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that anti-Christ shall come, *even now are there many anti-Christs.* . . . They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us they would no doubt have continued with us, but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us." We can see by this that John knew of the false teachers and usurpers that had arisen, claiming equal authority with himself and St. Peter. As further proof that the Apostle John was the leader, prophet and revelator to the church, we find the Lord, thirty years after the death of Peter, verifying the words of the Prophet Amos to the church, wherein he says: "Surely the Lord will do nothing, but He revealeth His secrets to His servants the prophets." In the year 96 John was inspired to write that most wonderful of books, the Apocalypse, or the Book of Revelation. Here the Lord revealed to His prophet what should come to pass until the winding up scene. John saw what should transpire throughout the whole world from his day till the end of time. Herein the Lord recognized and honored His prophet on the earth. Can the Catholics show such a recognition for their first three popes after Peter, and if not, why not?

Let us read a portion of this revelation of St. John. In the first

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chapter, tenth and eleventh verses, we find: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, and what thou seest write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea." Why is the church of Rome not mentioned? If the Lord had had a church there, would He not have desired His word through His prophet to reach them also? Certainly He would. But the Saints of wicked Rome had all been put to death during the violent persecutions there. Paganism swallowed up Christianity, and the Roman Catholic church worship is only Paganism in another form. John in his revelation gives an exact description of the Roman Catholic church thus: "And the woman (or church) was arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand, full of abominations and filthiness of her fornications: and upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the great, the mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth. And I saw the woman drunken with the blood of the Saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. . . . And here is the mind which has wisdom. The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth." You will find this passage in the seventeenth chapter of the Revelation. Let us analyze it. The popes are dressed in scarlet, and the cardinals in purple, and they officiate in garments covered with gold and precious stones, with golden cups in their hands. History tells us that they had persecuted the Saints, yea, have made themselves drunken with the blood of millions of noble martyrs. Where is there another church whose head sits in a city on seven mountains but the Roman church? The revelation says the "seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman (church) sitteth." Rome is built on *seven* hills, and in Rome is the head of the Roman church. How exact is the description. It savors more of an actual knowledge of the workings and ways of the church, than a mere vision.

And further, if the Roman Catholic church had received authority from Peter, God would most certainly have given the revelation to Clement, the third pope in succession, instead of the Apostle John. John wrote his epistle in the year 96, and Clement was then holding the papal office in Rome. Is it not rather remarkable that this apostolic church with its apostolic head, should be so ignored? Is it not a silent rebuke to usurped authority? Is the conclusion not forced on the mind that the Almighty thought more of the beloved disciple than of the infallible pope. Is not arrogance tacitly condemned?

If it can be proved that the apostolic office has continued, then a great deal of King James' translation of the Scriptures, as well as the Douay translation, must be spurious. Both versions plainly teach the falling away of the church, the driving of the woman (church) into the wilderness, and the taking of the man child (the holy priesthood) into heaven. They inform us that Satan should overcome all nations, all people, all kindreds and tongues, and that the earth would be covered with darkness, and gross darkness should prevail in the minds of the people. The laws should be transgressed, the ordinances changed, and the everlasting covenant broken. Men would heap to themselves teachers, and some would say they were of Paul, some of Apollos, and some of Cephas.

But these things have transpired, and are plainly visible not only in the Catholic church, but also in every

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organization that has grown out of her. Ever since the days of Constantine the Great she has been bringing forth harlot daughters that have corrupted the nations of the earth with their damnable heresies and doctrines of devils.

Constantine, as is well known, transferred his imperial residence to Byzantium, and there founded the new city of Constantinople. He designed to make this city a new Rome and endowed it with all the privileges, honor and elegance of old Rome. In doing this he raised a feud in the church that was the means of a split in its ranks. The Bishop of Constantinople, or the new Rome, finding his city made the imperial residence, desired to be in every particular the equal of the bishop in old Rome, and in fact to have the precedence of all other bishops. This caused so much ill feeling between the respective bishops of Rome and Constantinople that the church was divided and was the cause of the Greek church becoming an independent organization with the bishop of Constantinople at the head. The church at Rome was afterwards known as the Latin church, with the Roman pontiff at its head. Which of these two popes or bishops held the true authority, and which fell from his position by reason of ambition? Or had both fallen?

John Hayes.

PART OF A JOURNEY.

THE September sun was slowly sinking behind the Wasatch mountains, spreading gold on the dancing waves of Green River and illuminating the surrounding landscape, one evening thirty-one years ago, as a company of Latter-day Saints had successfully crossed the clear, cool stream. The tired men and animals were making for the camping ground hard by, and driving up in the customary circle the teamsters unyoked their oxen, and the spirits of the emigrants began to revive at the prospects of supper.

It was wonderful to note the alacrity with which these people, men and women, took hold of the preparations for the night, considering that they had traveled over twenty miles that day in the broiling sun, barefooted many of them, and worn out with the fatigue of a journey such as they had undertaken. But here they were, pitching their tents in no time, making their fires, getting out their few cooking utensils, while some ran for water and others gathered sticks, or whatever could be procured that would burn. The pots were put on, the bread was stirred, bacon was fried, children were running to and fro, mothers were mildly scolding, boys were laughing, men were whistling, some of the girls tried to sing a little but ceased and began to groan at the recollection of their own most deplorable or at least very shabby, dusty, untidy, but on the whole not unpicturesque appearance. In short it looked for half an hour or so not unlike the confusion at Babel. And with a little imagination one could almost fancy it was the same, to hear the many different languages spoken or shouted.

At last when the bread was baked, the rice done, the pork fried, and sundry other delicacies ready to dish up, the hungry, worn-out Saints gathered around their respective— no, not tables, but what served for such. In most cases the ground, a bucket turned bottom-side up, the lid of a box or the meat pot itself, around which the members of a family would gather, and each one help himself, after a short blessing had been asked.

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While the evening meal is being eaten, in some cases almost devoured, look at the picture and wonder. For anyone who wanted to study life's changing phases here is variety. What volumes could be written were each one to tell his story.

Here is a weather-beaten face under a south-west, the only remnant from the north sea, where its owner has spent his life fishing. He is proud of his south-west. It has stood many a blast on the briny sea and it has outlasted all the other hats in the company.

Here is a peaceful-looking tailor in buckskin shirt, moccasins and buckskin pants like a complete Indian, swinging the ax fearfully—getting tomorrow's kindling.

Yonder sits a schoolmaster of many years' standing grinding beans for the breakfast coffee. His head tied up in a handkerchief; his pantaloons in a most grievous condition and his temper ditto, for right by him sits the talkative Sister Lesner, rehearsing for the hundredth time that no one had ever sung at her cradle that she would live to see Mount Zion, nor even the outside of the island where she was born and bred. And the poor schoolmaster on pins and needles because he fancied he saw Bertha Petersen and the German painter go off together after water.

Yonder on a turned water bucket sits a boy in blue who is in a soldier's blue coat, which he has purchasd on his journey, and which is all there is about him to remind one of a soldier. His hat—or what is left of it—for the brim has withdrawn its allegiance from the crown altogether—is pushed low on his forehead, and while he clasps one knee with both hands, he is balancing on his toe the last sad-looking remnants of his boots. It is more than a week since the other was discarded and he has changed about with this one. But now this too, must be abandoned as unable to hang on his foot any longer and he will have to enter Zion barefooted. There is a swelling in his throat at the thought of this, he is but a boy and the son of a wealthy farmer in Norway.

Somewhat sequestered from the rest sits an old lady in a faded sunbonnet of curious shape, munching her supper in silence, while a young woman is waiting on her from time to time. The old lady is blind, but she is one of the most patient of the lot, and has borne the fatigue of the journey like a Saint. She has been the mother of a large family, the last and only one of which is traveling with her to Utah. All her life she has struggled with poverty and sickness, yet with undaunted spirit, she has set out for Zion to lay her bones where the Saints dwell, as she herself expresses it. She is continually asking her daughter about the scenery, and the Elders how much further it is to Zion.

Over to the left, surrounded by her son, his wife and six grandchildren, Grandmother Meyer reposes. She is seventy-five years old, is the mother of sixteen children, and has traveled all the way across the plains on foot. Always starting out ahead of the rest of the company, and then waiting for them to catch up with her. Her face is like a piece of parchment, where time has written the story of a hard life, now nearing its completion.

But I cannot point out each remarkable figure in the picture. Here are men and women in tatters, with blistered hands and faces sunburnt till they are brown as mulattos, dressed in the most diversified pieces of clothing, and sore-footed, lame and shoeless. Yes, they present rather a melancholy spectacle; but what would you kind reader? They have been, at least some of them, nine months on the journey. The Scandinavian Saints left Copenhagen in December the previous year. They weathered it on the Atlantic

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Ocean fifteen weeks, laid over in the roughest places and have now been wandering in the wilderness many months. What wonder that their appearance has suffered as well as the temper of some of them!

But now the shadows of evening are descending and supper being over everybody is busy with preparations for the night and the coming day. The children are being brought to bed, dishes being washed, some of the women have gone down to the river to wash some clothes; and at last the day's work is over. Some of the men have congregated in groups, the old ladies have gone to rest, and the younger people are preparing to do the same. A few young people have gathered round the musical genius of the company, a young-looking, old man, who sitting on a rock vigorously pulls at a dilapidated accordion. The strains seem to linger on the air and tune the young hearts with hope of happiness in the promised land, while the older members listen to the music with a sigh at the recollection of friends left behind. The musician strikes up a lively waltz, but the tired feet remain passive, at the most beating time to the music. Before the waltz is fairly ended the rusty old brass bell sounds for prayer, the young saunter slowly towards camp and the humble supplications and thanksgiving of the multitude go up to the throne of Grace for His protecting care so far, and ends with a petition for further help on their wearisome way. The voice that spoke rang out loud and clear, echo repeats the solemn words and with a whole-souled amen the people arise.

Peace and quiet reign supreme, the moon comes slowly creeping up over the hilltops and smiles her pleasantest on the scene beneath. The oxen are grazing a good way off, the night-guards are sauntering forth and back, each clasping a gun in his folded arms. The monotonous sound of the rushing river forms appropriate music for the quiet scene; now and then a hawk starts up with a hoarse shriek and flies away over the distant hilltops.

From one of the tents the door is softly lifted, and the figure of a woman is seen emerging cautiously for fear of waking some one. She stops outside the tent and peers anxiously about; no one in sight, she ventures timidly outside the row of tents and wagons. The full light of the moon falls upon her and shows the agile limbs and rounded form of a young girl. Her feet are bare and her long light hair falls loosely over her shoulders, the homespun dress skirt reaches a little below the ankles, and the well-worn waist is too short and the sleeves are patched at the elbows. Her features are regular and pretty, though browned by the sun and wind. Once outside the camping ground, she walks rapidly down to the river, and seating herself on the bank, puts her tired, swollen feet into the clear rippling water. She shudders a little, pulls them back and then dips them in again, little by little, till at last she sits with lifted head and folded hands, and with an agreeable sensation feels the cooling water ripple over the smarting members. Not used to being idle, she shakes out her hair and begins braiding it in two plaits. This done she still lingers, watching the drifting skies and the agitated face of the moon in the water. An owl claps its wings overhead, she turns and her eyes follow the direction of its flight. Oh, to be able to travel with the birds and get to Utah in a day or two, instead of journeying at this snail's pace, leaving the graves of kindred and dear ones behind to mark the way across the plains! She breaks down at this thought, for has not she buried her dear old mother only a few weeks since in the burning sand? The kind, loving mother, who had striven so hard and waited so patiently to get to Zion? She

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had to lie down by the wayside, and her daughter cannot even have the comfort of caring for her grave. She is alone now among strangers and going to a strange land, where she knows no one, where no one cares for her or what becomes of her! In her sorrow the young girl painted the picture with the darkest colors. She repeated the words over and over again: no one to care for her in the wide world; as if her sad heart took delight in its own misery.

If there were no one to care for her, she cared for some one, some one she had loved for years—long, long before he had married the pretty, frail, brown-eyed girl, the mother of his little boy. Poor Gerda, her happiness had been of short duration! She had died when her first-born was a year old, and Anna (that is the name of our young friend) had begun to hope again. They had lived in the same town in Denmark, had associated together, but he had never shown any signs of a liking for her, beyond that of a friend and a sister in the Gospel. They had traveled together now for months, he with his little delicate boy and though she had tried in a modest way to be of help to him and his child, he was the same to her. She was beginning to despair now—presumed he never would love her. She began to cry again. Why couldn't he love her? She knew she wasn't bad looking; some people even thought her quite pretty; she was sure of that. She knew she had always behaved well, and she was quite sure she would make an excellent wife, yet he seemed to be blind to all her good qualities. Perhaps it was because she looked so shabby now; but he had seen her when she had been always neat and well dressed. "But just wait till we get to Utah; I'll marry the first one that asks me, see if I don't. Then he can marry any one he's a mind to, I'm not going to grieve myself thus over anybody!" With which spiteful conclusion young Anna arose and started toward her tent or the one she occupied with several others.

In passing one of the outmost wagons she stepped softly and listened. It is his wagon and she hears the low pitiful moans of little Axel. He is worse then? She clasped her hands. She knows he cannot live very long, his little wasted body and big strange eyes told her plainly this evening. A soothing voice speaks a few caressing words. It is the voice she knows and loves so well. Ah, that she dared offer her help without fear of betraying her love! That she might hold his dear little child in her arms while he goes to sleep forever! But what will he think, if she comes now; and fearful of betraying her secret she hastens onward to call an elderly sister, in whose company she travels, and tell her that Brother Carstensen's child is worse.

But inside the wagon sits Brother Carstensen on a low stool resting his back against a barrel and holding his little boy in his arms. A lantern hangs on the side of the covering and sheds a dim light on the nearest objects. In the farthest end an old couple are soundly sleeping after the heat of the day, all unconscious of the fact that death is hovering near and that a poor young father is wrestling with God to let his child live. But the dear eyes are growing dimmer the moans lower and the father clasped him closer.

"Are you going to mamma, darling?" he whispers huskily.

The child tries to say something, smiles and its little head falls down on the father's bosom. Brother Carstensen jerks the little body nearer the light in wild fear; but the pallor of death is upon the face, and he knows that his child has gone to its mother. He glances helplessly about and calls out with trembling voice: "My child—oh, Sister Olsen, my child is dead." But both the old people are very hard of hearing, and sleep on undisturbed.

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The father presses the little form closer, and bending low over it weeps till his frame trembles. Alone in his sorrow, without a woman's gentle hand to perform the last kind office to his little one. He closes the dear eyes and a fresh attack of weeping seizes him. A hand is laid on his shoulder, he looks up and finds a kindly sister urging him to let her relieve him of his burden, and he yields and goes out to the river, where half an hour earlier the lonely young girl sat.

Early the next morning little Axel is buried. The whole company is in sympathy, for the pretty little child was loved by everybody. He is dressed in his best clothes, and Anna has brought a large, white, embroidered silk handkerchief, with which she decks the little corpse. Brother Cartensen sees it, and sends her a grateful look; he knows she loved the child, and that she brings it as a last loving tribute.

The company is on its way again. Old Mother Meyer has started out ahead as usual and one of her grandchildren calls out mischievously after her: "Good-bye, grandma, tell them we are coming as fast as we can."

The blind sister, her staff in one hand and a string tied to her daughter's waist in the other, trudges off, good-naturedly chatting about the weather and off and on asking her daughter in a whisper if her head gear is on straight. The younger woman smiles and assures her it is all right; but has not the heart to tell the particular old lady that the rest of her habiliment is in a woeful condition. As they travel along the schoolmaster, who is not as young as he once was, is learning from an old Swedishman to make baskets, as a last desperate effort to win Bertha's heart, for he intends to present her with his masterpiece as soon as it is finished.

One sister, who has a few skimmings of night's milk in a bottle goes along shaking it vigorously to get butter for dinner. Now and then she stops to remind her cow, which she is driving, that she'll have to move on or they'll never get to Zion.

Here and there are women knitting, darning stockings and the like. One mother who has seven little ones, the youngest of which is seven months, and was born on the journey, she carries on her back Indian fashion while she is patching a pair of what she calls panties for one of the boys. Our friend, Anna, is taking turns with a young mother who has twin babies two months old, healthy and lively as little ducklings, and almost copper-colored. Brother Carstensen, who, by the way, is a good-looking young man of some thirty years, is driving up beside her and asks if she doesn't want a lift; he is not overloaded, but Anna declines with thanks, but begs him to take a feeble woman, in delicate health. He stops and does as she says, and while Anna is helping the lady in, he whispers: "I learn that it was you sent Sister L. to me last night in my trouble. Thank you, Anna."

He turns away his face to hide the tears and tries hard to steady his voice. Anna blushed and stammered something consoling. "Little Axel is better off than we, Brother Carstensen."

He clears his throat and says, "yes but I wanted to keep him so——he was such a——." He stops unable to speak and Anna bursts out crying partly from sorrow over the little one, partly and mostly because she saw him weep. They walk on in silence.

Anna's arms are aching with her burden. Brother Carstensen sees it and takes the child, without asking; she does not decline now. The sun is high in the heaven, the ground seemed scorching hot and she is almost famished for a drink of water.

It is nearly two o'clock and they have not yet reached a place where they can halt for dinner. Some of

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the women and children are being helped inside the wagons, unable to walk farther; some are trying to outdo each other in patience; some are grumbling a little and others are grumbling a good deal; but those are the ones that have grumbled all the way, whether they had cause for it or not. They are half-hearted and regret that they have left the flesh-pots of Babylon, consequently find fault with everything and everybody, spreading discontent among others as well.

A few days later, when our friends were camping not far from the mouth of Echo Canyon, where the mid-day meal had been taken, Anna Larsen was busy helping the mother of the seven children make sandals of braided rags, sewing them like people sometimes nowadays make braided door mats, only just large enough to cover the sole of the foot and tying them with strings crossed round the ankles, something happened that set a good many hearts beating in fear.

The meal was over, and the company was preparing to break up and proceed with their journey. Some, loathe to leave the cool, shady place, lingered over their dinner, while others, snatching the few moments of expectant rest, finished up little jobs that had to be done in these intervals, such as mending the footwear, sewing up rents here and there, and binding skirts, sometimes with strips of old overalls, or whatever else could be had. Old Father Jones, a venerable Englishman, who was ever observing nature, and who seemed never to weary of contemplating the grand mountains, stood, leaning both hands on his long stick and speaking to some younger people about the wisdom and forethought of the Lord in bringing His people out of Babylon into the chambers of the mountains, away from the snares of Satan, stopped short in the middle of a sentence to gaze more intently on an object he fancied he could see on a hilltop not far distant.

"Now, look here, sonny," said he to a young man. "Speaking about the evil one—don't that look like the veritable devil himself standing on top that hill? My sight is failing me; but I could almost swear to it that it wasn't there when I looked before."

The young man looked and an exclamation of astonishment sent all eyes in the same direction. It was a man—an Indian on horseback, and as the people looked in wonder there kept coming up from behind the mountain one after another of the same type till there was quite an army of them. A few moments consultation and a good deal of gesticulation went on among them and then like a whirlwind they all came charging down the hillside, making for camp with fearful speed.

There was many a pale cheek and quivering lip at that dreadful sight, and the people stood irresolutely waiting for what was coming. Surely the Lord would not let them be masacred now, so near their journey's end.

Some comical exhibitions of fright were afterwards remembered and laughed over, though no one took much notice of such things now. The musician in his excitement got his accordion out and started to play frantically, perhaps with an idea that he might charm the wild men with his strains. Mothers gathered their children closely about them in the apprehension of danger. Anna involuntarily looked about for Brother Carstensen, and seeing him not far away she timidly drew nearer that they might die together if the worst came to the worst.

But the Indians drew up in line and then forming a semi-circle they dismounted and fell on one knee resting an elbow on the other and leaning the head in the left hand—their favorite attitude. The chief then began negotiations with the captain of the company, who understood them pretty well, and the

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Saints were asked to furnish them with something to eat, which was accordingly done. Afterwards the Indians scattered about and offered for sale their wares, moccasins, buckskins and blankets; which were traded for what the Saints could give in exchange; such as handkerchiefs, different pieces of ornament, rice and whatever else they could spare of provisions. Anna had a black bead neck lace, for which she purchased a pair of moccasins which she was much in need of. The farmer-son from Norway procured covering for his feet also, so that he was spared the humiliation of entering Zion barefooted—a thing that had troubled him considerably. The "peace-loving tailor" purchased a highly-colored blanket which he afterwards delighted in hanging about his shoulders of an evening to the amusement of the schoolmaster, who declared that nothing but his sandy locks might prevent him from passing for an Indian.

Thus what at first looked like a trouble was turned to a blessing for the wandering people.

One evening when the company had camped earlier than usual about two or three days' journey from Salt Lake City, at the Weber River, Brother Carstensen came up to Anna, who was mixing bread, raising it with sour dough, which she intended to bake very early next morning, and asked her if she would milk his cow for him, as he was going on a hunting expedition. She promised readily and he walked off.

When Anna had finished milking, and stood stroking the old cow lovingly on the back, the tailor who, by the way, was a widower, came up, very gracefully draped with his blanket, and offered the astonished girl, in an off-hand manner, to marry her as soon as they should reach Salt Lake. Anna told him that she had never dreamed of his caring for her, but he assured her he had "had his eye on her" all the time, and now that they were nearing their destination he would like to have someone to cook for him and keep his home in order. Anna was wondering to herself if that was the sort of wooing she would have to be content with, and if that was all a man wanted a wife for, simply to keep his home and do his cooking. She had forgotten the tailor, and stood silently looking at the ground. Her suitor thinking she was weighing the pros and cons in this matter, watched her anxiously.

At last she looked up and seeing the man remembered the question. "No," she said, "you will have to look for some other cook, Brother S——, I am sorry to disappoint you; but I couldn't think of living out for life with some one I know so little of."

The tailor took it in good part and asked her if she could recommend anyone else; but Anna would have nothing to do with his plans of matrimony, and the tailor walked away in low spirits. Anna sat down outside the tent where she had strained the milk, thinking of the dreadfully helpless position of girls in general and her own loneliness in particular, till she began to weep in sheer self-pity. The night was quiet and beautiful; most of the emigrants were going to bed, here and there a group of three and four were talking low and hazarding guesses as to when they would be able to get to Salt Lake.

Over by the big bonfire, where some of the sisters had been doing their washing, sat the German painter darning his socks by the light of a twig or two he had thrown on, while singing at the top of his voice:

"O Babylon, O Babylon, we bid thee farewell.
We're going to the mountains of Ephraim to dwell."

Someone thrust his head outside the wagon-cover and asked the singer to give them a rest, whereat the painter felt much offended and vowed that he wouldn't sing again till they had

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reached Salt Lake, as these people didn't seem to know a good thing when they heard it.

Two of the night-guards, elderly men, have sat down on a rock to rehearse some of the difficulties they have passed through together on this journey; lamenting the fact that so many have fallen away of the number that left Denmark nearly a year ago. Some were buried in the ocean, a few have been laid to rest on the prairies, some—and that is the saddest of it—have dropped off and stayed in the different places the company has passed through. Some of them became faint-hearted at the prospects of the wearisome journey before them; some were tempted by a few pieces of gold offered them for work, to forsake the good cause and try their fortune in the states rather than take up their cross of poverty with the rest of the Saints in Utah. And some had stumbled over trifles till they fell away from the Gospel at last, dissatisfied with themselves and everybody else. They had forsaken home, friends and everything they held dear in their native home, where no sacrifice was too great for them and where it seemed that nothing could tempt them from the path of right, but now they have allowed the most insignificant things to throw them off the track.

"Ah," concluded one of them; "Paul says that the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong but to him who perseveres to the end. But let others do as they will, as for me and my house we will serve the Lord!"

"Let us say, by God's help, Brother Peter," put in the other.

And well he might say so, for even this man, who wanted to serve the Lord and who had stayed faithfully by His people in many of their trials, drifted away into unbelief years afterwards when prosperity came to the Saints. But that does not belong to this sketch.

Three days later the emigrants entered Emigration Square at nightfall, worn out and tired to death, yet ready to take up the struggle for existence, which began at once. Some wept for joy, others with disappointment, and friends who had become near and dear to each other on the journey prepared to part.

Alone on the box which contained all her earthly belongings, sat Anna, struggling with her tears and waiting for the man who had promised to come and take her to his home. Brother Carstensen was going out in the country to make his home; he had said good-by to most of his friends but her. But of course he would come and bid her a last good-by and then—. The tears came in spite of her—she could have sobbed aloud. Then she saw him coming and she broke down entirely.

He did not appear surprised at her weeping, but asked softly: "Do you cry now that the journey is over and we are safe in Zion, Anna?"

It was some time before she could answer, then she said, "I am afraid the journey was but child's play to that which is coming."

"Was that the cause of your tears? Are you afraid to take up the burden before you?"

She nodded. "I am weak," she faltered.

He smiled. "You are stronger than most girls. But suppose we take it up together, Anna?"

She looked up quickly and surprised, but she read the meaning of his words in his kindly face and cheerfully laid her hands in his. Life had lost its dreariness all of a sudden. The German painter and Bertha Petersen were married last evening, and the schoolmaster has given his basket to a widow with four children, to whom he is going to be married shortly. *Sophy Valentine.*

Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying pshaw.

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GOSPEL CRITICS.

THERE have been some, though we hope the number is very few, of our young people who have received instruction in our Church academies who have taken it upon themselves to criticise some of the teachings of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles. These students have carefully studied the principles of the Gospel as found in the Bible and our Church works, and have formed their judgments of all doctrines by the passages therein contained. It is of course quite proper for the Latter-day Saints to study carefully the word of God as found in Holy Writ, but it is very improper for anyone to condemn the spirit while clinging to the letter of the law. "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive." This fact should be firmly impressed upon the minds of the young, so that they will accept the word of God as given in this day through the living oracles as that which is to be believed and practiced.

The conditions which prevail at the present time in the Church are altogether different to those which have existed in the past, consequently a difference of teachings will be found necessary, and, as the occasion demands, the Lord will make known His will through His authorized mouthpiece for the good of the people. These revelations may seem at times to be inharmonious with those which are written. Nevertheless, if the Saints will accept them in the proper spirit and follow the advice which God gives, they will invariably find that such doctrines have been for the advancement of the people and development of the work of God, and when understood they will also be found to agree with the written word of God.

The Lord will undoubtedly reveal many things in the future which are today unexpected. Thereby the faith of some of the people will be tried. Still, nothing will be announced but what the Latter-day Saints will be able to understand and know to be the truth, if they will seek diligently for a testimony concerning its divinity. Our Father will not allow His children and Church to be led astray. Whoever attempts to do such a thing, however high his position may be, will certainly fall, even as Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, fell through his opposition to the correct plan of the Father for the redemption of His children.

We urge our young men not to set themselves up as the oracles of the Lord, nor to allow their minds to be so set upon their understanding and explanations of doctrine that they cannot be taught by those who are sustained as the Prophets of God. Those who entertain this spirit must repent or lose their faith. The Church of Christ is a progressive one, and the conditions surrounding the people will vary as they progress. Hence, how necessary it is that the Lord should guide His people by continued revelation, always making known to us such principles as are a little in advance of our present conditions, so that we may always have something ahead towards which we are looking, and for the success of which we are working.

Should there be times when principles are revealed which any of us do not thoroughly understand, let us not form hasty judgments or conclusions, but rest contentedly with the assurance that God will direct all things for good, and if we are faithful we will eventually be given the knowledge of everything that is necessary for our temporal or spiritual salvation. To criticise either men or principles in connection with the Gospel is generally a bad prac-

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tice, as it very often leads to evil. To inquire is proper, that we may understand the truth, and live continually by it.

A PROFITABLE LESSON.

On the sixth of June, 1882, a young man who had learned the business of a baker in the city of London, arrived in Salt Lake City with a company of emigrants. He had a small chest containing a few articles of clothing and was possessed of only two cents in money. He had emigrated from England through love of the Gospel and from a desire to associate with the people of Zion in their home in these mountains. The hardships of the journey, which were not a few, did not dishearten nor discourage him. He had but fifty-two cents left in his pocket in Liverpool after buying his transportation to Salt Lake City. He obtained his food on the ocean by working in the kitchen of the vessel, and his food during his journey from New York to Salt Lake City was provided with the fifty cents.

On his arrival in Salt Lake City there were no friends to meet him, as he was almost entirely unacquainted, except with the members of the company with which he had journeyed. He was accustomed, however, to hard work, and immediately sought employment. He found an opportunity to labor in a bakery in Salt Lake City, where the proprietor said he would not promise him any wages more than his board, as he was afraid the young man would not be able to do the work satisfactorily. The newly-arrived emigrant was pleased with the bargain. When the month had elapsed the proprietor gladly handed the young man twenty dollars, and offered him thirty dollars a month for his future labors. Gradually the youth worked his way up until he received sixty dollars per month for his services, and, according to the testimony of the man who employed him, was giving entire satisfaction.

Up to this time our young friend was not married. Finding a thrifty young woman, however, he married, and together they started for one of the outlying Stakes of Zion within Utah, with the intention of building themselves a home.

They arrived in a small settlement of the Saints with nothing but two small boxes containing all their earthly effects. Through the kindness of some of the Saints they were allowed to occupy a small log room, where they obtained plenty of fresh air from the wind which blew through the chinks of the logs and through the broken windows. They were happy, however, in the prospect of securing some government land, upon a piece of which they soon located and fulfilled the requirements necessary to obtaining title.

Without money to hire a team, our friend was for awhile at a loss to know how to cultivate his homestead, but finally he gave a day and a half of his labor for the loan of a neighbor's team and wagon for one day. The day on which he had the use of the team he worked upon his own land and gradually brought some of it under cultivation. Thus the young man and his wife continued to work along together with great industry and economy until now they have a comfortable house of four rooms, and seventy acres of land well cultivated, planted in grain, lucern, fruit trees, vegetables and smaller fruits. Their property is continually increasing in in value. They have cows and horses, and have also been blessed with a nice, healthy-looking, good family of five children.

This example is one which many young and middle-aged people might follow with profit. The present inclination of the people is to congregate in cities, and it is proved by statistics that country places are gradually being depopulated, while there is a steady increase in the num-

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bers of city residents. This is, as a general thing, a mistake which the present hard times are having a tendency to reveal. The comfortable people of late have been those who own their own land, free of encumbrance, from which they have been able to provide the necessaries of life so far as food is concerned. The farmers have been, are and will be in the future, the stable members of the community. It is unfortunate that in the present depressed condition of trade in our larger cities that more of the able-bodied brethren do not locate in our Stakes where there is so much land yet needing cultivation, and which will in time become very valuable, not alone because of its productiveness, but because of the future scarcity of unoccupied land in these mountains.

Of course we will find difficulties in farm life, and there will be many things to discourage, but with economy and determination there is no reason why any man of ordinary intelligence, united with the exertions of a faithful wife, should not attain independence by pursuing the course adopted by the young man whose case is here mentioned. Those who undertake such a thing, however, must be prepared for hardships, but should be filled with the determination not to be overcome by difficulties.

The experience of a gentleman who made a trip through the Dakotas might not be without its lesson to those who contemplate such a movement as is here suggested. We consequently append his experience herewith:

I came upon a woman who seemed to exemplify what may be termed true grit. It was near noon on a hot July day that I rode up to a cabin door to inquire my way. "Poverty and yet thrift!" I said to myself as I glanced about. A woman with a child in her arms answered my knock.

Something in her voice prompted me to say, "You're from New England?"

"Yes, but we've come West to grow up with the country," was her cheerful answer.

"You like Dakota?"

"Yes, or I shall when we get started," she replied. "We have been here three years. The first season the frost killed the wheat. The next year 'twas the drought spoilt fifty acres of as fine wheat as I ever looked on. 'Twas hard, for we had to mortgage a part of the farm, to keep above board. We've got a good crop in this year, but what'll happen we can't tell," she concluded, with a smile.

"You keep up a brave heart," I remarked.

"Oh, that isn't all our ill luck!" said the woman. "Our team horses died this spring. John, my husband, gets a little blue sometimes. But I tell him we're well off; we've both got our health, and we've a roof over our heads. If we prosper, we'll be out of debt in a year or two."

"You've no doctor very near in case you were sick," was my remark.

"Not within twenty miles; but we never get sick, you see; we're not able to," she added, lightly.

"You must miss the social privileges of your early life," was my next remark.

"We're too busy, I guess, to be lonesome," she said, "and then there's John and the three children. I should be ashamed of myself to be lonesome with them."

"I suppose there may be a school and church near?" was my query.

"Twenty miles away; and that's the nearest," she said. "But I teach the children, and we have services at the house every Sunday. John reads a sermon, and he and I sing and read from the Bible and pray. We like to do it; and then it's good for the children."

"Don't you sometimes wish to return to New England?" I asked.

"Oh, no" she laughed, "we've come here to stay, and we shall stick

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to Dakota. Our luck will turn if we hold on. You may hear of us yet among the noted citizens of the State."

I rode away pondering. "With such a wife, what may not a man accomplish?" was the burden of my thought.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

CHURCH HISTORY.

(Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, continued.)

PERIOD II.

LECTURE 1.

ENTRANCE OF THE PIONEERS INTO THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Subdivisions:—The number of the company and their perfect organization. (See Whitney's History of Utah, pp. 300–305; also Brief History of the Church, p. 118.)—The fit-out of the company. See Brief History of the Church p. 118.)—The time: year, month, day, day of week and hour of the day that the leader and colonizer Brigham Young entered the valley. (See Life of Brigham Young, p. 83; also Brief History of the Church, p. 119.—The memorable expression, "This is the right place." (History of Utah p. 324; also History of Brigham Young, p. 83.)—The various opinions expressed concerning making a home in the valley. (See History of Utah, p. 328.)—The first Sunday in the valley: (*a*) date; (*b*) number of meetings; (*c*) themes or subjects spoken on. (See Brief History of the Church, p. 119, and History of Utah, Vol I, pp. 332–333.)—The plowing and planting on Saturday, the 24th, and Monday, the 26th. (Brief History of the Church, p. 119, and History of Utah, p. 336.)

Self-review:—1. When President Young set eyes upon the valley of the Great Salt Lake he said, "This is the right place," as though he had seen it before; what was the basis of this assured declaration? 2. Give the date, day of the week and the hour of the day that the last of the pioneers entered the valley. 3. Describe the site of Salt Lake City as it appeared on July 24, 1847. 4. Present a one minute word picture of the Sunday scene of July 25, 1847, in Salt Lake Valley. 5. Contrast the first settlers of Utah with the first settlers of America.

LECTURE 2.

EMIGRATION.

Subdivisions:—The P. E. Fund in keeping the promise made at Nauvoo. (CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XIII, pp. 80–85.)—The handcart companies. (CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XIV, pp. 65–68 and 134–141; Whitney's Utah, pp. 555–565.)—Relief trains. (CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XIV, pp. 157–161.)—A journey from Europe to Utah before the building of the transcontinental railroad. (See some one who made the trip as an emigrant and condense his story.)—From Europe to Utah now, 1894.

Self-review:—1. Explain the perpetual quality of the emigration fund. 2. What was the chief cause of disaster among the handcart emigrants? 3. On what plan were the relief trains gotten up and sent out to aid the poor emigrants? 4. What was the average length of time taken in a journey from Europe to Utah in 1849 or 1850? 5. What is the average time and expense of emigrating from Europe to Utah now?

LECTURE 3.

EDUCATION.

Subdivisions:—Education essential to salvation.—The Saints' idea

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of education.—Early efforts at true education.—The classes in Kirtland. —The Nauvoo University. — The classes in the "Old Fort," Great Salt Lake Valley.—The University of Deseret.—The Sunday Schools.— The early District Schools of Utah.— The Mutual Improvement Associations; (*a*) Young Men; (*b*) Young Women.— The Brigham Young Academy.—The Brigham Young College.—The Primary Associations. —The Latter-day Saints' College.— The Stake Academies. Ref., Compendium, pp. 274, 276; CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. XV, pp. 585–586; Whitney's Utah, Vol. I. pp. 433–435; Cannon's Life of Joseph, p. 343; Whitney's Utah, Vol. II, pp. 294–300; Ibid, pp. 832–838; Brief History of the Church, p. 158; CONTRIBUTOR, Vols. I and II; Historical Record.

Self-review:—1. Show that education or the gaining of knowledge and wisdom is essential to man's salvation. 2. Formulate a definition of true education. 3. Give historic proofs of the early efforts of the leaders and the people to promote universal education. 4. Give a short account of the University of Deseret (Utah). 5. When was the Brigham Young Academy formally opened? 6. What is the aim of the Mutual Improvement Associations.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 5.

COLONIZATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Division 1.—Plymouth Colony (1620).

Subdivisions:—Lack of religious liberty in England.--Emigration of the Pilgrims.—The compact.—Governor Bradford. — Town meeting. — The Pilgrims buy out the English company.—Greatness of the Pilgrims.

Division 2.—Massachusetts Bay Colony (1630).

Subdivisions: — Governor Winthrop's fleet.—Settlement of Boston. —Government of Massachusetts.— Religious fanaticism.—Beginning of our school system.—Harvard University.--The New England confederacy. —The Friends or Quakers.—King Philip's war.—The Salem witchcraft. —Massachusetts loses her charter. Ref., Montgomery's American History.

Self-review:—1. What led to the colonization of Massachusetts? 2. Who were the Pilgrims, and in what were they great? 3. How did the government of Massachusetts differ from that of Virginia? 4. What was the beginning of the common school system of the United States? 5. What were the objects in founding Harvard College?

LECTURE 6.

COLONIZING CONNECTICUT AND MARYLAND.

Subdivisions:—Connecticut settled 1634, by the Dutch from New York and the English from Plymouth.— War with and destruction of the Pequod Indians. — Connecticut drafts and adopts the first written constitution known in American history.— Inconsistent adoption of Jewish laws. —Giving protection to fugitive patriots from England.—The memorable "Charter Oak." — Maryland settled by Catholic pilgrims or Separatists.—Religious freedom given to all Christians.—Fighting over English affairs.—Catholic worship forbidden by order of the English Commonwealth under Cromwell.—Maryland becomes a royal province under William and Mary.—Church of England established in the colony.—Surveying of the noted Mason and Dixon's line. Ref., Montgomery's History of America, pp. 96–106.

Self-review:—1. Give the location of Connecticut and Maryland, and the time of their first being colonized. 2. What trouble in England caused division and strife among the people of Maryland, and on what political lines were they divided? 3. For what is the colonial constitution of Connecticut famous? 4. Wherein was the folly of adopting the Jewish laws for the government of the

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colony? 5. Explain the Mason and Dixon's line.

LECTURE 7.
COLONIZING RHODE ISLAND AND DELAWARE.

Subdivisions:—Rhode Island settled 1636, by Roger Williams, fugitive for conscience' sake from Massachusetts.—Rhode Island the first to extend religious freedom to all men. —The charter government true to "soul liberty."—On the lead in furnishing men for the Revolutionary War. — Delaware settled by the Swedes in 1638.—The Dutch invade and take possession of the colony.—The English take the colony from the Dutch and sell it to William Penn.—Delaware the first State to adopt the Constitution of the United States. Ref., Montgomery's American History, pp. 106–111.

Self-review:—1. What were Roger Williams' religious views for which he was banished from Massachusetts? 2. What great American principle of government was first put into practice in Rhode Island colony? 3. Explain the circumstances that led to Providence and Newport both being capitals of the state. 4. When and by whom was the colonization of Delaware begun? 5. Why can Delaware be properly called the eldest of the sister states?

LECTURE 8.
THE CAROLINAS.

Subdivisions:—The immense grant of land by Charles II. of England to eight noblemen.—Settlers from Virginia and England found Charleston. —The Huguenots of France seek and find religious liberty in Carolina.—The attempted imposition of Locke's "Grand Model" on the colonists.—The division of the territory into North and South Carolina.—Introduction of rice, indigo and cotton culture. Ref., Montgomery's History of America, pp. 111–115.

Self-review:—1. What was the original extent of the Carolinas as granted by Charles II? 2. What form of government had the colonies of the Carolinas? 3. Who were the Huguenots? 4. Explain the "Grand Model" of the philosopher Locke. 5. What are the chief sources of the material wealth of the Carolinas?

LECTURE 9.
PENNSYLVANIA (1681).

Subdivisions:—The Penn grant. Motives of William Penn.—His faith in the Golden Rule.—Possession of the vast estate.—The "Great Law." —The "Great Treaty."—Philadelphia's importance. Ref., Montgomery, pp. 116-120.

Self-review: — 1. How came William Penn to obtain possession of the vast estate of forty-eight thousand square miles fronting on the beautiful Delaware? 2. What is meant by the "Holy Experiment?" 3. Describe the ceremony of taking possession of his estate. 4. Name the provisions of the "Great Law." 5. What was the "Great Treaty," and how long did it last?

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

LECTURE 1.
AIR.

Subdivisions:—Evidence of its existence.—Its properties, (*a*) impenetrability; (*b*) weight; (*c*) elasticity; (*d*) pressure.—Expansion of air by heat.—Supporting power of the atmosphere; (*a*) the sea level; (*b*) above sea level. Ref., Talmage's Domestic Science, chap. 1.

Self-review:—1. Give three practical proofs that atmosphere exists. 2. What is proved concerning the air by the law that "No two things can occupy the same space at the same time?" 3. Explain the relationship between the expansion of air by heat and the phenomena of winds. 4. What is the supporting power of the air at the sea level? 5. Why would a person in a high altitude require a greater lung capacity than one living on the sea level to obtain the same amount of vital support from the air?

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LECTURE 2.
AIR (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions:—Constituents of the air.—Diffusion of gases.—Uniformity of atmospheric composition.—Nitrogen; its preparation.—Relative amounts of oxygen and nitrogen in the air.—Some properties of nitrogen.—Preparation of oxygen.—Some properties of oxygen.—Oxygen and nitrogen compared.—Carbon dioxide; its preparation.—Some properties of carbon dioxide.—Carbon dioxide from fermentation.—Tests for carbon dioxide.—Watery vapor in the air.—Capacity of air for moisture; saturation.—Air overcharged with moisture.—Summary. Ref., Talmage's Domestic Science, chapter iii.

Self-review:—1. What is a chemical element? 2. Name the substances present in the air. 3. How would you separate nitrogen from the other atmospheric ingredients? 4. How would you prepare oxygen for experimental purposes? 5. Make a drawing of the apparatus you would use. 6. How would you prepare carbon dioxide for experimental purposes? 7. Explain dew point.

LECTURE 3.
AIR (CONTINUED.)

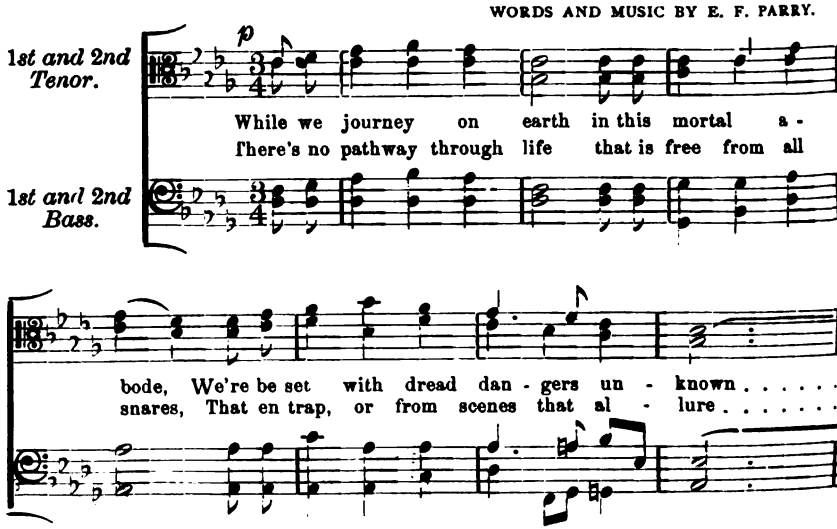
Subdivisions:—Permanency of the atmosphere.—Effects of respiration on air composition.—Oxygen supplied to the air.—Carbon dioxide removed from air by plants.—Chlorophyle-bearing plants: Fungi.—House plants.—Agency of plants in drying the soil.—Carbon stored in the earth.—Carbon dioxide removed by certain animals.—Mutual dependence of animals and plants. Ref., chapter iv.

Self-review:—1. Describe the change through which the atmospheric constituents are constantly passing. 2. How is the supply of oxygen to the air maintained? 3. What is your opinion of the good or ill effects of keeping plants in living rooms? 4. Show the effects of corals and mollusks in removing carbon dioxide from the air. 5. Show the mutual dependence of animal and plant life.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

MALE CHORUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.



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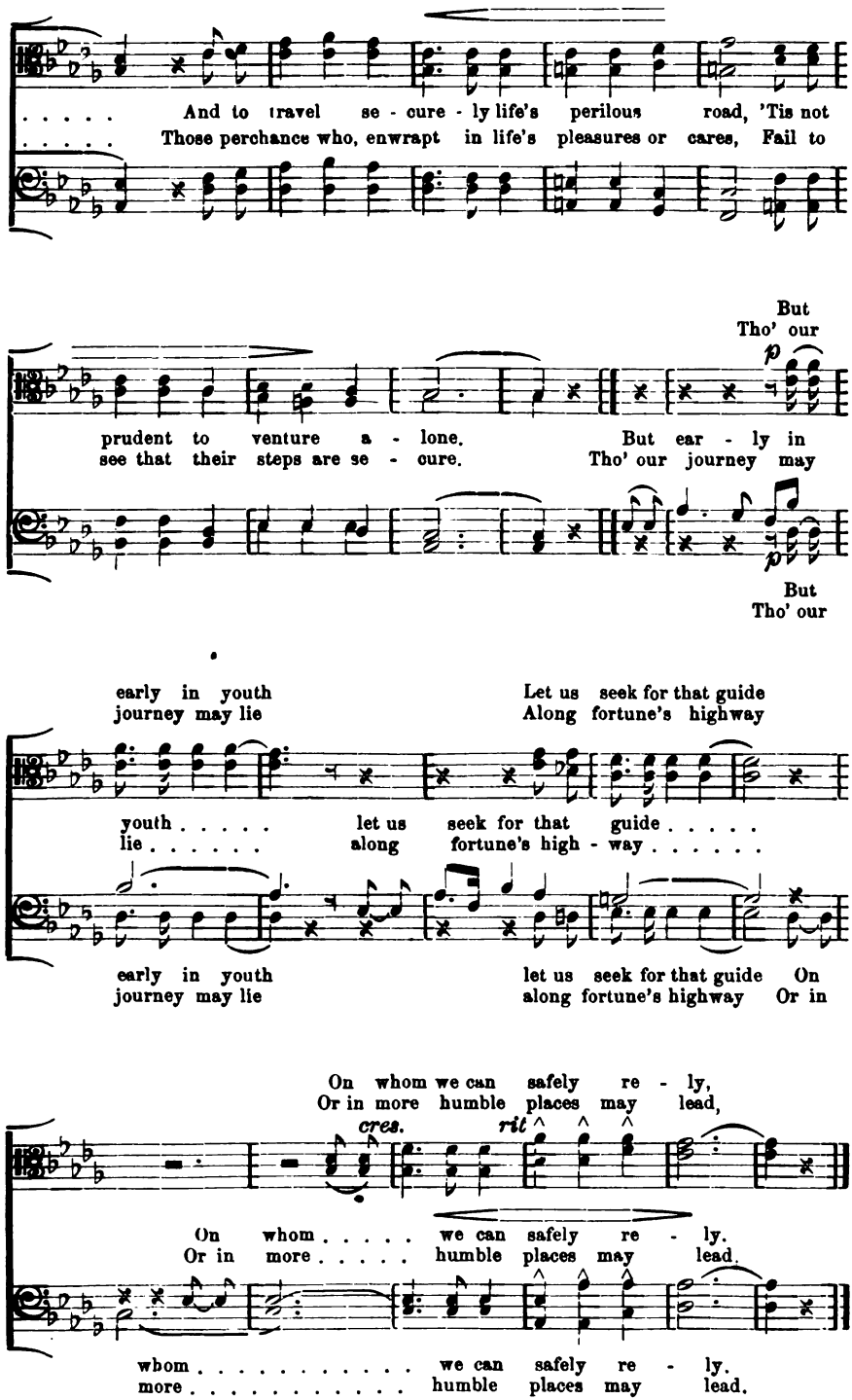

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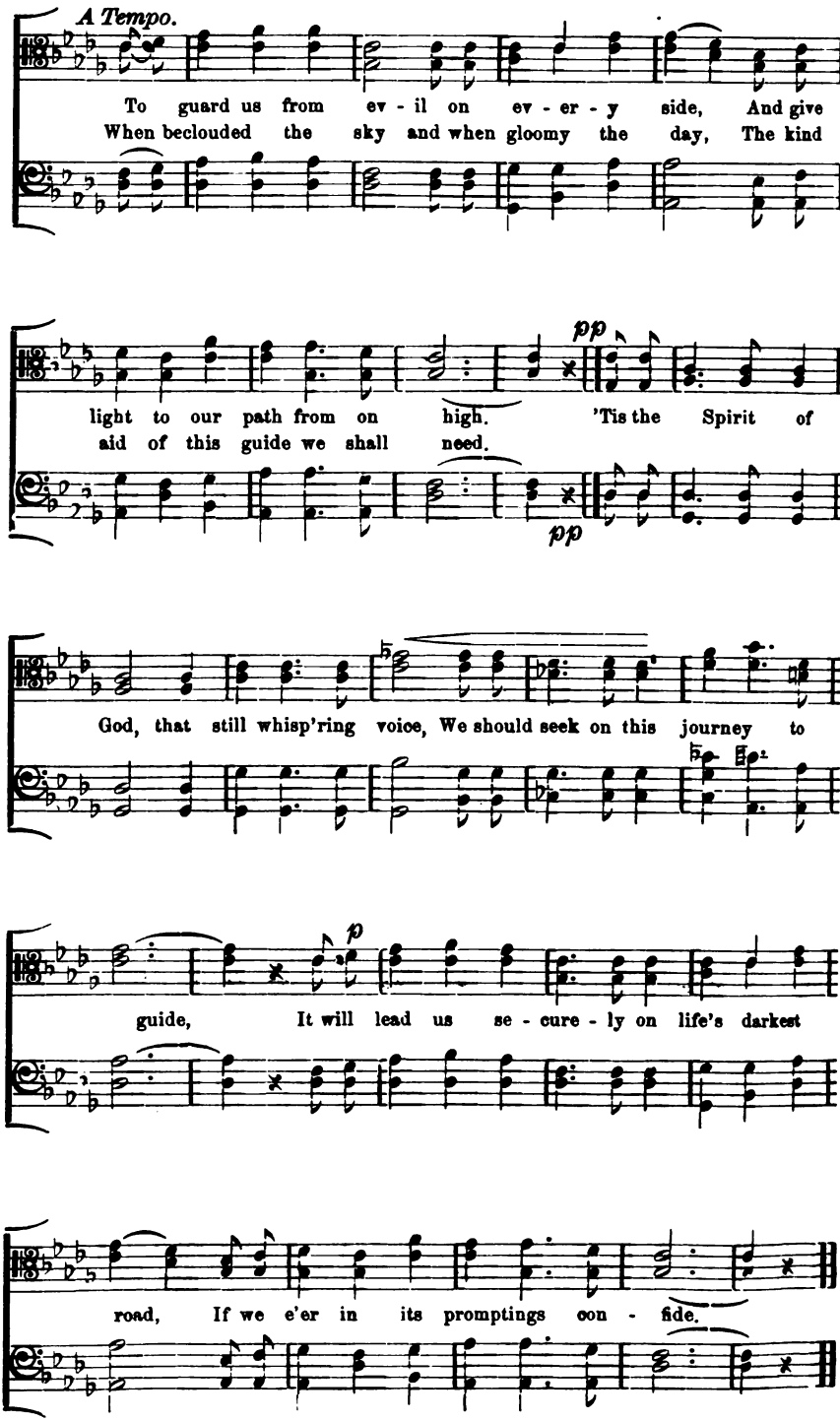

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MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XV. OCTOBER, 1894. NO. 12.

THE LESSONS OF A LIFE.

THERE are but few lives of which history gives any account that show more plainly than does the life of Thomas à Becket what possibilities lie within the reach of men of determination and perseverance, nor do we find many recorded experiences wherein the fatal results of unworthy ambition are more pointedly portrayed. Becket was a man who during his lifetime scarcely knew what it was to be defeated in his purposes. Among great rulers he seemed to be the greatest, and yet he was one who had risen from what was then known as the lowest ranks of society.

Thomas à Becket was a son of Gilbert Becket, a peasant of the Saxon race. This Gilbert Becket was born in London just previous to or during the reign of King Henry I. His real name is said to have been Beck, but was changed to Becket by his Norman lord. Gilbert Becket went with his master, in the beginning of the twelfth century, to the Holy Land, where he served in the crusades against the Saracens. In one of the engagements near the close of the struggle, he was made a captive and was reduced to slavery. While serving in this capacity he became acquainted with the daughter of a Saracen chief, who first noticed and then fell in love with him. By her help he was enabled to escape the galling bondage which was wearing out his life, and he sailed for England, leaving her in the land of her birth.

She found it impossible to live without him, and herself took passage one day on a vessel which was conveying pilgrims and traders to Britain. She knew but two words in the English language—London, the place of her destiny, and Gilbert, the name of her lover. Reaching England's great city she passed from street to street, speaking aloud the name of Gilbert, to the astonishment and sometimes amusement of the people, who thought she had lost her reason. Her persistence, however, resulted in the discovery of the man she sought, who received her tenderly, and after obtaining permission from the clergy for her baptism, made her his wife, giving her at this time the name of Matilda.

The result of this union was the birth of Thomas about the year 1119. The son early showed great ability and to prevent his being handicapped in the race for fortune, he was sent to France to acquire the graces, accent and language of the people whose habits the Normans of England were trying to imitate, and without which acquirements he could not hope to rise. After a few years residence in that country he returned possessed of all the accomplishments which seemed necessary to his advancement in his native land. He gained favor with a Norman baron

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living near London, through whose kindness he was brought into the society of many great people of the realm, whose favor he easily won by his ready wit and his obsequious demeanor, which he sought diligently at all times to cultivate. He also came under the notice of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, who took him into his service, making him the archdeacon, and using him frequently in his negotiations with the Holy See.

In the reign of Stephen, the predecessor of Henry, the pope's prohibition of the intended coronation of the king's son was procured by Becket. This order of the pope removed a seemingly insurmountable obstacle from the path of Henry to the throne. Stephen's eldest son dying sometime thereafter, it was then agreed that Stephen should retain undisputed possession of the crown until his death, when Henry was to ascend the throne unmolested. This event occurred on December 19th, 1154. Becket's connection with the matter and the services he rendered by means of his influence upon the pope, were mentioned to King Henry, whose favor for the archdeacon was thus gained. The king conferred upon him many favors, which placed him not only in the way of great wealth, but almost unlimited power. Archbishop Theobald, because of growing age, also felt to resign into Becket's hands the management of many matters pertaining to his ecclesiastical office. These dignities, to which were added the appointment by the king to the chancellorship of England, warden of the Tower of London and Berkhampstead, as well as placing in his care the education of the heir to the throne, were honors which Becket bore with becoming modesty and with apparent humility.

The revenues derived from these various appointments made immense sums, and enabled their holder to live in great splendor. He kept a large retinue. It is said that he had regularly in his pay seven hundred men-at-arms, well mounted and equipped. In the wars on the frontier of Normandy he maintained during forty days twelve hundred knights and four thousand of their train at his own cost. It is related by his secretary, "That when the chancellor proceeded on his embassy to Paris, he was attended by many barons and lords, and a large body of knights, besides a great number of attendants and serving men. His passage through France resembled a triumphal procession, and the train of sumpter horses and wagons, the hounds and hawks, the falconers and pages, seemed worthy of some powerful king. When he entered the town, two hundred and fifty boys went before him singing songs. These were followed by huntsmen leading their hounds in couples. Then came eight wagons each drawn by five horses and attended by five drivers. And these were succeeded by twelve sumpter horses, on each of which rode a monkey with a groom behind. Next to the sumpter horses came the esquires each carrying a shield and leading the horse of his master. Then the youths of gentle birth, who were also esquires, but were exempted from the more menial duties of that office. Then the priests and officers of the household; and lastly the chancellor himself attended by his friends. As this procession passed through the town, the people looked on with wonder, asking each other what manner of man the king of England must be, when his chancellor traveled in such magnificence."

At this time there was no noble so wealthy or exalted in the English realm who did not feel honored in associating with or partaking of the hospitalities of Thomas à Becket. Even the king himself lived on the most intimate terms with him, and

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they together engaged in the sports common to gentlemen of that day, in which the ecclesiastical office of Becket did not forbid him participating. It is related that on one occasion when the chancellor was riding at Henry's side in stormy weather through the streets of London, there came towards the royal party a poor old man in tattered clothes.

"Would it not be well," the king asked, "to give that poor man a warm cloak?"

The chancellor responded: "It would, sir, and you do well to turn your eyes and thoughts to such objects."

The king quickly rejoined, "You shall have the merit of this act of charity," and thereupon seized hold of a new cloak lined with ermine which was worn by Becket, and endeavored to pull it away from him. Resistance was offered for some time, until the struggling parties had nearly fallen from their horses, when the chancellor wisely released his hold and the king gave the cloak to the beggar, who went away in surprise and delight.

Every act and word of the archdeacon at this time indicated that he was devoted to the cause of his king. He often took sides with his temporal lord against the clergy, whose power at that time in England was very great, and whose abuses of their power were sometimes alarming.

At the time of the war against the Earl of Toulouse, the clergy refused to pay the tax of scutage which was due from persons who possessed a knight's fee, or the authority which would maintain a man-at-arms, provided he failed to present himself at any stated time with his escutcheon or shield upon his arm. Becket compelled the payment of this tax, thus winning the favor of Henry, but creating violent opposition against himself among members of his own order.

Reforms of various kinds were instituted by this powerful man, many of which were of great service to the kingdom and the people. At the time of the Conquest, laws were passed by the Conqueror which placed the trial of clergymen under the direction of ecclesiastical officers. The result of this order of things was that the priests committed many crimes which remained unpunished, through the leniency of their own brethren whose favor they had won or could purchase. It is said that from the time of the accession of Henry II. to the throne until the year 1161, no less than one hundred homicides had been committed, and the perpetrators still remained unpunished.

This and other abuses of the priestly power, prompted Henry to place the clergy under civil jurisdiction. In this labor, however, he needed the assistance and sanction of the archbishop of Canterbury, whose power was only second to that of the pope of Rome, and in some things was superior to that of the king of England himself. It must be remembered that in the time of which we are writing, the pope not only assumed control of religious matters, but also presumed to dictate concerning the government of empires and who should rule among nations. Such was the respect shown to the great ecclesiastical head that when Henry of England and Louis of France met his holiness at the castle of Torce on the Loir, they both dismounted to receive him, and each taking one of the reins of his horse's bridle in hand, thus humbly conducted him into the castle, scarcely daring to lift their eyes to his countenance except as he gave them permission. So great was the power which had been acquired by the see of Rome during the past centuries that he was indeed a brave monarch who would oppose the behests of the pope; hence it was that Henry felt the need of the as-

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sistance of the great English ecclesiastic and archbishop of Canterbury in his intended changes.

Theobald about this time died through old age, and Henry thought he saw in Thomas à Becket a man who would support the measures he intended to adopt. He consequently placed him in nomination, but to his surprise found the unanimous vote of the clergy opposed to Becket's appointment. More than this, other influential men in the kingdom and the king's own mother protested against the selection. This unexpected opposition resulted in a delay of thirteen months in filling the vacancy, at the end of which time Henry sent a peremptory demand to the prelates that they should unite with him in the selection of Becket for the position. It would have been folly for them to oppose this command. Therefore, in 1162, the archdeacon was made a priest and the next day he was anointed archbishop.

It was not thought possible for such a complete transformation to occur in any individual as that which was manifested in Becket after his confirmation. Either because of hypocrisy or conviction, he regulated his life according to the then prevailing notion that an ecclesiastic should continually deny himself the pleasures of life that he might enjoy future bliss. He threw aside his gorgeous apparel and dressed in the coarsest clothing. He ceased to spread his table with costly viands, but lived himself upon herbs and water. The expensive furniture with which his house was filled was disposed of, and he lived in the humblest possible manner. Instead of continuing his associations with the rich and the highborn in the nation, he sought out the poor and despised, and the humble Saxons for his companions.

He also became extremely jealous of the rights of the church. Instead of being the tool or accomplice of Henry in the proposed reforms, he became his violent opposer, and would not yield, except as he was forced to do, any of the authority or privileges pertaining to the ecclesiastical office. This change in his conduct met with the hearty approval of the poor and the inferior clergy, but roused the greatest antagonism on the part of the king and the nobles.

Henry immediately began to deprive Becket of offices which had been conferred upon him in his kingdom, and required from him an accounting of the monies he had received as chancellor, as warden, and as overseer of other public properties. The result of these demands was that Becket was charged with misappropriation of forty-four thousand marks, which amount, together with fines imposed upon him for contempt of the king's authority, laid a heavy burden upon his shoulders. The weight of anxiety caused by these oppressions prostrated him for several days, but speedily recovering his wonted vigor and determination, he strode forth to meet the king and his nobles who were in council, where he absolutely refused to yield to the wishes of his temporal master, but appealed to the pope for the vindication of his conduct. He had also laid claim upon various estates and castles in England in behalf of the church, he asserting that they had belonged to the see of Canterbury in former times, and that no legal transfers to the present holders had been made. Thus bitter enmity sprang up between the ecclesiastical and secular authority which threatened great trouble, but so severe was the pressure upon Becket that he left England and went to France, there to await the decision of the pope in his appeal, and also to enlist in his own behalf the services of Louis, the ruler of France. The night before his departure he caused the halls and rooms of his home to be filled with tables bountifully spread with the

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most tempting viands. He then called to this meal the beggars, outcasts and forsaken of humanity from the streets, he himself presiding at the feast. The same night, accompanied by two friars, he took his departure from the land of his birth.

His hopes of the favor of the pope and Louis were not in vain. They both declared in his favor; Pope Alexander III. because he could not belittle the authority or power of so great a prelate as the archbishop of Canterbury, and Louis because he was pleased to cause annoyance to the English king. This united opposition, however, did not daunt King Henry, who, upon hearing of Becket's flight, passed sentence of banishment against all his kindred of both sexes and all ages.

Troubles within the British Isles, especially with the Welsh, now engaged Henry's attention for some time, but in 1166, his interests required his presence upon the continent, whither he went with his retinue. As soon as Becket heard of his arrival he proceeded to assail him in his public speeches. He also pronounced sentence of excommunication against any and all who should keep possession of property belonging to the see of Canterbury. In his anathema he mentioned the names of several nobles, and did not hesitate to measurably condemn the king himself. When Henry heard of this, he became violently enraged and acted almost like a madman. He threw off his cap and clothes, rolled himself in the bedclothing, which he tore with his teeth, and in other ways seemed almost upon the verge of insanity. When he recovered from his passion, he began to devise means to withstand the forces which were being marshalled against him by his enemies, but through the interposition of the pope and Louis of France, Henry and Becket were brought together on French soil on July 22nd, 1170, at which place and time terms of peace were arranged, and the king and archbishop apparently became reconciled. The kiss of peace, however, which was common in those days at the conclusion of a truce, did not pass between them. "For," said the king, "we shall meet in our own country and then we will embrace." Becket thereupon bent his knee on parting from his sovereign, and the king returned the courtesy by holding the stirrup of the man whom he had refused to kiss.

Notwithstanding the professed establishment of friendship between these two rulers, Henry did not design to submit to the demands of Becket, but took steps to bring his haughty spirit into subjection so soon as the prelate should place foot on British soil, which it was understood he soon would do. Becket was informed that he was then to be slain. Nevertheless, he would not remain in France, but made his way to his native land, sending before him, by a trusted messenger, the bills of excommunication given by the pope against some of England's most powerful nobles. This was to give these men who had been placed under the ban, the notice of their sentence.

If plans were devised for Becket's destruction at this time, no attempt was made to carry them into effect; possibly because of the favor shown him by the poor people who flocked to meet him when he landed. No sooner had Becket arrived in England than he found that the mandates of the king, looking to his restraint and injury, had preceded him. He was to be confined to his own diocese, and any person who looked upon him with favor was considered an enemy of the king and the country. He was forbidden to even meet his former pupil, Prince Henry, the eldest son of the king.

It was about this time that Henry II. decided to have Prince Henry as-

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sociated with him in royalty, and had him crowned king by Roger, archbishop of York. This was to insure the succession of that prince to the throne in case of any misfortune occurring to the royal person. Notwithstanding the secrecy which was to surround this act, it became known to Becket, who succeeded in gaining the pope's sanction to his own command that no prelate in England should be allowed to acknowledge the service which the archbishop of Canterbury had come to think it was his prerogative to administer. The king of France also interposed an objection to the coronation because the princess, his daughter, did not at the same time receive the royal unction. King Henry tried to pacify the offended ecclesiastic, but Becket felt the effront too great to be lightly excused, and he spared neither king nor noble in his denunciation of the act. Many of those wealthy ones with whom he had formerly associated, looked upon him with disfavor, and treated him with contempt. It was not difficult for him to surmise what such treatment contemplated, and on Christmas day, 1170, he preached to a large audience in Canterbury Cathedral, taking for his text the solemn statement, "I have come to die among you." After portraying in vivid colors to the assembled multitude the dangers to which he was exposed, and threats which had been made against him, he issued orders of excommunication against several persons who had insulted him since his arrival in Great Britain.

About this time the three bishops, whose letters of excommunication had been issued by the pope, and had been forwarded by Becket through his trusty messenger to England before his own arrival in that country, began to feel keenly the disgrace to which they had been exposed, the cause of which they considered to be the archbishop himself. They therefore hastened to Normandy and there demanded of King Henry a redress of their grievances. They said, "We entreat you in the name of your kingdom and of its prelates. This man is setting England in flames. He marches with a number of armed men, both horse and foot, going about the fortresses and endeavoring to obtain admission into them."

When Henry heard this statement, he gave vent to a violent fit of rage, and cried, "A man who has eaten my bread—a beggar, who first came to me riding a lame pack horse with his baggage on his back—shall he insult the king, the royal family and the whole kingdom, and not one of the cowards who eat at my table will deliver me from such a turbulent priest?"

Such an expression was sufficient justification for four knights who heard it to seize their arms and immediately withdraw to fulfill the king's mandate, as they claim to have understood it. These men, Richard Brito, Hugh de Moreville, William Tracy, and Reginald Fitzurse, bound themselves by oaths to support each other to the death in disposing of Thomas à Becket.

On the fifth day after Christmas they proceeded with twelve men to the archbishop's apartments, where they abruptly entered his presence and sat gazing at him without replying to his inquiries as to the cause of their visit. After a time Reginald Fitzurse said that they were come from the king to demand that those persons against whom the order of excommunication had been issued should be restored to their positions, and that the many nobles charged with offenses should be absolved; also that Becket himself should answer before the king's court to the charge of treason which was made against him. In response the archbishop said that not he but the pope had excommunicated the bishops, and he alone could restore them. The refusal of Becket to submissively yield

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to their wishes so enraged the knights that they withdrew for a moment to prepare to enact their murderous work. Becket was urged by his attendants to take refuge in the church, but refused to do so. When the sound of the vesper bell was heard, however, he arose and proceeded to perform his usual devotions. While he was ascending the steps leading to the altar, the door of the church was thrown open, and the knights entered clad in coats of mail, brandishing their swords above their heads. Becket was urged to conceal himself under the winding stair which led to the roof of the building or in the underground vaults, but he refused to thus seek safety, and fearlessly awaited the onslaught of his assailants. The shadows of night had already made the cathedral dark, so that the conspirators on entering the building could not see the aged prelate standing near the altar. "Where is the traitor?" cried a voice, and no answer being given, the question was asked. "Where is the archbishop?"

"Here am I, but here is no traitor. What do ye in the house of God in war-like equipment?" was the response.

One of the knights thereupon seized his arm with the statement that he was a prisoner, and then asked him once more to absolve those who had been excommunicated. He refused, whereupon Fitzurse struck at his head with his sword, but the blow was averted by the arm of one of the prelate's servants, who stepped forward to protect his master. The attack was now unitedly made, and covered with wounds, the aged man sank dying to the floor of the church.

The murderers hastily left the church and escaped from the city before the knowledge of the crime reached the people. As soon as the news of the dreadful occurrence spread, the people flocked to view the remains of the archbishop, and to mourn over his death. With conflicting feelings was the knowledge of the murder received by the people. Some who had been his opponents felt that it was a just visitation of God upon the man for his numerous crimes, or his abuse of power. Others felt it was the persecution of the wicked, which thus sent before his time into eternity a great and good man.

The king of France urged upon the pope the punishment of those who were guilty of the deed, and felt that the king of England himself was in reality the cause of the dastardly act. It still remains an unsettled question as to whether or not Henry was accessory before the fact to the murder. It is fully believed that Henry was not unwilling for Becket to be removed from his path, as he was a continual thorn in his side, but the manner of his death could scarcely meet with the approval of the monarch, who was forced, either from motives of policy or sincere repentance, which we are at this late day unable to determine, to do the severe penance required of him by the ecclesiastical authority.

In 1172 a council was held at Avaranches, where the king was summoned to appear before the legates of the pope. Here in the presence of the vast multitude of the clergy and the people, the king swore that he had no concern in the murder of the archbishop, nor did he desire his death. This relieved to some extent the monarch from the threatened papal ban. But an anathema was issued against the actual murderers and abettors. Henry himself was ordered to do penance for permitting such a crime to occur in his dominions.

In 1174 when he landed at Southhampton he rode all night without rest in order to reach Canterbury Cathedral. When he came in sight of this structure he immediately dismounted from his horse, threw from him his shoes and royal apparel, and walked barefooted along the stony

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way to the cathedral. On his arrival at the building, he descended, in company with a large number of abbots and monks, into the crypt, in which the corpse of Thomas à Becket was laid. Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, then addressed the audience in this wise: "Be it known to all who are here present, that Henry, king of England, invoking for his soul's salvation God and the holy martyrs, protests before you all that he never consented to nor desired the death of the Saint, but as it is possible the murderers availed themselves of some words spoken imprudently, he implores his penance from the bishops present, and is willing to submit his naked flesh to the discipline of the rods."

The king then kneeled upon the stone of the tomb and exposed his bare back to the scourge. Each of the bishops took one of the whips with several lashes, those instruments of torture, which are used in monasteries for penance, and struck the king in turn several times on the shoulders, saying: "As Christ was scourged for our sins, so be thou for thine own." The monks to the number of about eighty, who were present, also took the whips and administered vigorous blows upon the already lacerated back of the kneeling monarch.

This punishment, however, did not complete his humiliation. Henry remained prostrated a day and a night before the tomb, partaking of neither food nor drink. The result of this penance was a sickness from which the king only recovered after many days. His apparent humiliation and sorrow, however, worked favorably upon the hearts of his subjects and brought him favor with European ecclesiastics.

The murdered prelate was enrolled in the year 1173 among the martyrs, or glorified saints of the highest order, and from this time forth his tomb was a spot to which many great and wealthy people brought their gifts of love and devotion, and offered up their petitions to the throne of grace, thus hoping by the intercession of the canonized martyr to obtain forgiveness of their sins, and to place themselves in favor with God. Thus during the centuries which passed until the reign of Henry VIII. many devout Catholics brought their presents to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, which was bedecked with jewels, and covered with costly ornaments until its value from a monetary point of view was almost beyond computation. Henry became covetous of the wealth of the monasteries, and of the graves of the so-called saints, and took steps to remove from them their treasures. Though he had himself, in his youth, made pilgrimages to the tomb of Becket, he seemed in later years to have acquired a violent hatred for him, and declaimed loudly against his resistance to kingly power and authority. He determined therefore to inflict a signal punishment upon him. Though his bones had been mouldering in the tomb for nearly four hundred years, the place of interment was opened by order of the king, and the regular court process was served upon the remains of the martyr, summoning him to appear in court to answer to the charges of rebellion, treason and contumacy against his sovereign lord, the king. Thirty days were given the dead prelate in which to answer to these charges in Westminster Hall.

Becket failing, of course, to appear in person, a sentence of condemnation was passed by Henry's order against him, and his property was ordered confiscated. To complete the farce, Becket was granted counsel to plead for him, and the regular course of procedure was gone through, ending in the seizure of all his wealth. This decision being announced, Cromwell sent down his commissioners to the shrine of the saint and stripped it of all its gold and jewels. These treasures filled

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two immense chests, which were so heavy that they required eight men each to lift them. One jewel of remarkable beauty and value, which had been left by Louis VII. of France, Henry appropriated to his personal use and wore it upon his thumb. To further complete the degradation of the archbishop, Henry proclaimed that it had been clearly proven on trial that Becket had been killed in a riot which his own misdeeds had occasioned, and that he was no saint at all, but a rebel and a traitor; therefore all pictures and images of him should be destroyed, and his name should be removed from all books and calendars, under penalty of the displeasure of the king, and imprisonment at his command.

At this day we can look without prejudice upon the life of this eminent, though in some respects, unscrupulous man. He was doubtless possessed of many virtues, but also yielded to many vices. His inordinate ambition made him commit many sins totally unworthy of a saint. Nevertheless, considering the time in which he lived, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, his was a most remarkable life. Worthy of emulation indeed was his perseverance and his zeal, which raised him from the low ranks of a despised yeomanry to the second position in a great and mighty nation. His self-restraint, his humility of life, after his appointment to the ecclesiastical office, are traits which would be more admired if his previous career had not been so chequered with crimes, which in those days were considered mere frailties of noblemen, but which every professed ecclesiastic must have known were contrary to the will of God as given in Holy Writ. To be condemned, was Becket's desire for power, which he sought not for the purpose of elevating and blessing the whole human family, but for the gratification of his own ambition and to benefit the obsequious members of his own church. Many qualities found in the man may be profitably cultivated by young men of the present day, and it is these qualities which should be studied and acquired, reading only of his vices and crimes that they may be avoided.

H. A. C.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

XII.

THE SERMON—TRITENESS AND INDEFINITENESS.

THE size and quality of the pattern must largely determine the kind of garment made of it. So well is this fact recognized, that our sisters often exibit a recent purchase as a new "dress" ere the cloth has been touched by the scissors. In a similar sense, the sermon is largely made when the subject is chosen. If a subject is not chosen, there will be no sermon, any more than there would be a dress without a pattern. There may be a wandering talk, just as there might be an aimless clipping and stitching of scraps; but nothing in the former could possibly compare in utility with what *may* be the product of the latter—the crazy quilt; for the reason that ideas will not lodge in crazy-patch fashion in the fabric of the mind. I have devoted one paper exclusively to the necessity of choosing a subject, and three papers to principles that should guide us in such a choice. The importance of a correct selection of this pattern for a sermon, must be my apology for devoting one more paper to the essentials of a good subject. Besides being a unit, and not being too broad,

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A subject should be fresh. Stale ideas knock at the mind, just as stale food approaches the palate—necessity not interest open the door to them. In the case of food there is often the necessity, in the case of ideas, rarely; for rather than entertain such humdrum guests, the mind instinctively chooses the alternative of wandering in the fields of fantasy, or of taking a nap.

It goes without saying, therefore, that he who preaches upon a stale subject preaches in vain. No amount of sophistry about its being good for us to hear these things often will alter the facts. Minds do not accommodate themselves to theories contrived as apology or justification for mental laziness. Such an aftertalk by a Bishop may soothe the vanity of an Elder who is conscious that his hackneyed sermon has interested nobody; but it will not recall the yawns that have escaped during the dull hour, nor will it bring anything but a pitying retrospect to the minds of the congregation.

This is what it will do. It will make coming to meeting seem a duty in the sense of not being a pleasure. It will stultify all vigorous mind-activity, and throw a flavor of goody-good insipidity over things religious. In the minds of young people, it will make the exclamations, "Oh, he's too religious!" and "He's too soft!" mean about the same thing.

Young people do not have the charity for platitudes that their parents exhibit—which on the whole is to be counted a promise of better things. Till better things come, however, the blatherskite infidel and the mystic conjurers of occultism, now so numerous among us, will gratify their craving for the new, the fresh and the vigorous in mental activity. The library of fiction and the pleasure resort will capture that portion who have not a strong intellectual bent. The class that remain then, the class that go to meeting with their fathers and mothers, certainly deserve praise for filial obedience, but are they the flower of Zion? They will be the fruit, certainly, for the bloom of the others will be blasted; but in the sight of heaven, which gave the greater promise? Hitherto we have located the blame for going astray entirely on one side—the side of those that go astray—assuming perfection in those who have the care and feeding of the flock. Will it not be a healthful thing to reverse this judgment for a season?

When I consider that we have the whole world of truth to choose from, and have the spirit of truth moreover to guide us in this choice, I have very little patience or charity for an Elder that inflicts the threadbare sermon of bygone days upon his congregation. He does not deserve letting down easy by the presiding officer. Nothing should stand between him and the disgust he has called up to the faces of his hearers. Not until speakers are thus made to feel what a contemptible advantage they take of fellow beings temporarily placed under their voices, shall we have Elders striving to prepare themselves with something fresh and interesting to say.

It may not be unprofitable to consider some of the tendencies that lead to the iteration and reiteration of sermons and parts of sermons that have long ago departed this life. This phase of the subject has already been touched incidentally a number of times, notably in connection with the discussion of the wide-spread tendency among our Elders to gather thought ready-made, rather than think. Where we have speakers of this kind, the inevitable result is a repetition that grows more and more stale and fragmentary with the years

It is inconsistent perhaps to expect anything fresh and interesting from a preacher that has not acquired the habit of thinking. For he that gets his thoughts from others must at best be second-hand in giving

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them again. If he be a great reader, however, he may still escape triteness, and may even be interesting. But when, as is too often the case, his mind has had a period of growth and ceased years ago, and become case hardened, it plays thereafter but one wearisome tune; a tune that grows more wearisome as the chords of memory snap one by one, and the mannerisms, feeble at first, become more pronounced and offensive.

It is related of a certain Bishop that he had half a dozen Elders of the latter kind who for a period of fifteen years spoke by turns on the Sabbath day.

No sooner was the preacher for the occasion fairly started than the good old man sat back in his easy chair and snored complacently till the sermon was done. Then, aroused as by the sudden ceasing of a familiar lullaby, he would get up and repeat by way of endorsement the leading points set forth.

This ability to sleep and at the same time keep track of the speaker often puzzled visitors. But to regular attendants it was not an astonishing feat. They could all do it. They need not even be present. They might on a Sunday afternoon take their naps on the more comfortable lounges at home, and yet so potent would be the speaker's influence that his name had but to be mentioned to bring all the points of his sermon to mind.

Was not Sunday a day of rest? What more ideal way of observing it than to sleep and yet lose none of the Gospel truths set forth!

So, evidently, thought the good father of the flock, for he rarely permitted a man afflicted with fresh ideas to take the stand. It made him uneasy, and seriously disturbed the Sabbath day for him.

These are fossils. That they have an orifice whence sound issues, indicating an interior not yet ossified, does not change the facts—they are fossils still. Had they been no more progressive and alive in material pursuits, they would have starved to death long ago. In preaching they scrupulously follow the rule: "'Take no thought,' the Lord will do it all." Why not apply the same rule to plowing, or building houses, or hauling wood from the canyons?

Oh, what sins of omission we shall have to account for because we fondly believe ourselves the pet children of the Almighty!

In a former article on "Thinking versus Thought Gathering," I have sufficiently discussed the chances of improving this class in native thought-power; which power, in its relation to the subject now under consideration, means the chances of getting something fresh from such minds. They are small, indeed, and charity should deter me from alluding to these cases at all, did I not see the fossilizing process going on every day in the case of young men right in the Improvement Associations. We can afford to let the few or the many of the older preachers who are thus hide-bound speak their stereotyped sermons in their stereotyped way, but let us have no servile imitators among the young.

But it is not alone those whose minds years ago closed in, like a net, on a single haul of ideas, that give us stale food on the Sabbath day. Men of scholastic attainments who are ever alert to the recent and fresh in science and art, have, on the subject of religion, permitted stationary habits of thoughts to entrench themselves. Their sermons often remind one of the primitive lamp-post with its coal oil wick still aflame but darkened by the intense glare of the brush-light overhead, as it feebly dances to the rumble of electric cars! On the material achievements of this marvelous age, their minds flash and scintillate, but when called upon for religious ideas, they merely flicker with the light of bygone days. These men are never idle. Four-

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teen hours a day they are delving for the treasures of science and art. Days and even weeks they do not feel are thrown away on the merest detail of their favorite subjects. Special preparations are made to contribute something fresh and interesting whenever they have an opportunity to appear before their fellows by address or essay.

Nor are the relationships which the people bear to these investigations neglected. Mankind is studied from the standpoint of politics, sociology, and political economy. Books are read, magazines scanned, original theories made. Every new discovery is tried mentally upon society. Enthusiasm is aroused. Men become interested in men as well as in things.

This I call genuine study. This is investigation which touches fresh things and arouses human interest. But how much of such study is devoted to religion? Do these men read the revelations of God daily, and ponder how the truths of the life eternal can be adapted to the varying needs of humanity? Are the people studied from a religious point of view? Do these men spend days and weeks gathering fresh and interesting material to impart to religious gatherings?

Alas, *their* rule is also, "Take no thought." From a political, a social, an economic standpoint *we* must take care of ourselves. From the standpoint of religion we belong to the Lord, and the Lord will take care of His own. This is the logic of their actual practice, whatever be their conscious theories.

Thus when they arise to speak the chances are ten to one that they will choose a hackneyed subject, and perhaps treat it in a hackneyed way. But generally, being accustomed to thinking, they will get beyond hackneyed lines; which means that they will begin thinking on the subject perhaps for the first time as they stand before the audience.

But even such an effort disproportioned, loose-jointed, full of repetitions and other crudities of the work-shop as it must inevitably be—is a genuine relief to a congregation that has resigned itself to its fears of a trite sermon.

How humiliated would these same men feel, however, if they acquitted themselves no better before a literary or a scientific society! What apologies they would deem it necessary to make if they were caught so unprepared in a lecture or an address! Yet from the Sabbath meeting they go home quite undisturbed in their feelings. Perhaps this is to be explained by the supposition that the evil one is persuading them that they have done extraordinarily well!

These then are some of the general tendencies that lead to triteness in the choice of subjects for sermons. I need not have enumerated them. There is really but one cause. We make no study of preaching. Our only resource in such a case is to imitate. The natural instinct in man as in animals is to follow a trail. In most of our preaching one Elder copies from another both as to matter and manner. This being the case, it would be as idle to look for freshness in these reiterated sermons as to expect dew drops to glisten on a dusty trail.

Ere this prime requisite of a sermon can be reached we must prepare ourselves for preaching from two sides: from the side of the subject matter that we may have something interesting to speak about, and from the side of the people, that we may know how to preach, what to preach, and when to preach. The latter is a most vital consideration. It is not ten days since I heard a splendid sermon wasted because the speaker did not take into account the mental calibre of his hearers.

While the general means of avoiding triteness must be the accumulation of a large and varied store of information on the one hand, and on the other, the forming of a nice

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judgment, by a careful study of the people, as to what is best to present on a given occasion, it may be remarked that want of freshness, like want of unity, may often be avoided, by avoiding indefiniteness in the subject, which brings me to the consideration of another essential, viz:

A subject should be clear. To be quite clear concerning a subject is to know its limitations, exactly what it includes and what it excludes. It will thus be seen that unity in one sense depends upon clearness, for manifestly one cannot make a unit of a subject whose limitations are not known. So, too, insisting upon clearness enables a speaker to avoid subjects that are too broad; and since making a subject clear is tracing in outline where the discussion of it will lead to, a speaker thus forewarned is assisted by having a clear subject to avoid that which is trite and stale.

Take for illustration the oft-chosen topic, "faith." As here stated, it violates all the essentials of a good subject. First, it violates unity. Life is not long enough for any one being to develop, co-ordinate, and subordinate all the relations of which "faith" is the grand unit. The entire scheme of salvation is nothing but a grand unity of which "faith" is the center. God only can preach a sermon on "faith," as the word thus stands alone; and He requires for the effort all that grand period which spans the chasm between the two eternities—the chasm which we call time.

The life-time of man, and all that transpires upon the face of the earth in one generation, is but a single paragraph, perhaps but a single sentence, in this eternal theme. If unity may be compared to a tree, then mortality has not soil enough to ground the roots nor atmosphere to feed the leaves of the tree of which "faith" is the trunk.

What would be thought of the man who started to build a house large enough to lodge the inhabitants of the earth? Yet his mind would be no more Quixotic than that of the Elder who expects to preach a sermon having unity on the subject of "faith."

Second, the subject is too broad. This point need not be discussed in view of what has been said in the previous paragraphs. It is because it is too broad that it has no unity. Ten quarto volumes might touch some of the more prominent relations wherein "faith" affects human relations, but no man that knows what he is about will try to bestride the subject in one short hour.

Third, the subject is trite. Although this topic is so often chosen in just this form, no Elder, as a matter of fact, ever speaks upon it, as it stands thus alone and unqualified. An analysis of any sermon on this subject shows that although the great whole is before the mind of the speaker, he can touch it only by speaking of some infinitessimal part, as a definition of it, circumstances under which it is manifested, its power in healing the sick, etc.

Now this is the very place where triteness comes in. Each speaker makes the same mistake of trying to cover the grand whole, which, of course, leads to triteness in opening remarks. Then as each finds the task impossible, there is nothing to do but make a running comment on the salient aspects of the subject. But this leads to a sameness in treatment, for leading features strike nearly all preachers alike. The result is a sermon on "faith," which one feels like running away from.

If it will make my thought clearer, suppose we substitute "the Earth" for "Faith." I choose this grand globe because one can put his arms around the equator just about as easily as his mind can reach around "Faith."

Conceive then a man—say an Enochite—a few hundred miles out in space viewing the earth as it revolves beneath him. It is his

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business to describe what he sees to his fellow-citizens of the translated city—if my readers will indulge my use of the pretty fable. Now, if he have one of the mental weaknesses of his untranslated brethren, he will entitle his lecture "*the Earth*"—taking the whole globe at one swoop. Of course he can say nothing specific on so broad a subject, unless celestial hours are longer than terrestrial. What will he do then? If he be mentally lazy like some of his brethren below, his lecture will be a skipping comment on ocean, island, and continent as they pass by—with perhaps now and then the mention of some such striking phenomena as a snow-capped peak or lurid volcano.

Now if his listeners have the charity of mortals for such an effort, he will repeat it and eventually make it the tune of his life. Then imitators will spring up all over the land and spread the affliction. Week after week, year after year, the wretched, loose-jointed thing will be reiterated. And when the audience shows signs of impatience, the speaker will appeal to their long-suffering by urging that he has nothing new; what he is about to give they have all witnessed and could themselves give as well as he; but, nevertheless, it is good to hear these things often by way of stirring up remembrance, etc.

The dose is thus swallowed again. But at each successive time that it goes down, the soul gets sicker. At last a general weariness spreads over the land. The sight of the lecturer starts mental nausea, and at length the conclusion is reached that the fault lies chiefly in him, and not in his listeners.

The conviction is now forced upon a man here and there that perhaps the old way is not the best way to lecture.

The earth is scanned anew. Marvels unheard of burst upon the view. Telescopes are invented. The details of terrestrial life are studied. A new science, Earthography, is invented. Ten thousand books are written about the wonders of the new world. The records of Enoch are searched and it is discovered that this is the identical planet from which their city was taken. Interest is stimulated a thousand-fold by the prediction that the city is to be restored, that this world is to be their future heaven!

What a revolution has taken place in the domain of mind simply because men began original investigation, instead of waiting to catch echoes from one another! No subject can now compare in popular interest with the once wearisome theme.

Perhaps I should beg pardon for my too thinly disguised illustration. I am certain that I should apologize for attributing the plodding qualities of earth to translated beings, however valuable the lesson to be taught thereby. But after all is said is not my simile true? Is not much of our preaching quite as crude as the lecture I have described? Are its effects not the same? And may we not predict just such universal interest in our religion, if it be but studied aright? Nay, *must* not such methods prevail, ere Zion's pre-eminence will be recognized in the world?

Recurring to the topic, "faith," I remark:

Fourth, the subject is not clear. It is impossible to say what part of "faith" will be treated when the whole is thus taken as a subject. One thing only is certain: the whole will not be treated. The chances preponderate that no one part will be treated. The sermon will be made up of the superficialities of many parts without definite order.

It is this very want of definiteness in the subject that is so perplexing and misleading. As before remarked, want of clearness leads to want of unity, to triteness, and to undertaking subjects that are too broad. Let a preacher realize clearly the extent of "faith" as a subject, and he will

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not blindly launch out upon it. On the contrary, he will divide it and subdivide it till he gets a subject of which he perceives the limitations. Where a preacher knows beforehand just what to exclude and what to include, there is little danger that he will fail to interest and instruct his hearers, for no man willingly bores a congregation. When this happens it is through ignorance or want of preparation; and nothing more evidently shows ignorance or want of preparation than blindly hacking away at an indefinite subject.

Subjects that are indefinite may generally be known by the fact that, like "faith," they stand alone, as: "virtue," "honesty," "tithing," "baptism," "truth," etc. Such subjects may be made clear by adding words to qualify their meaning, as: "No greatness without virtue," "A virtuous character necessary to the enjoyment of the Spirit of God," "Honesty in the home circle," "It pays to be honest in dealing with the Lord," etc.

It will be seen that making clear any of the usual subjects of the Sabbath day, means nothing more than applying abstract principles to definite relations of life. Now this is the very thing that gives freshness and arouses interest.

It will also be seen that every clear subject is a proposition to be proved, or a relationship that requires definite explanation. Clearness in the subject is thus a powerful aid to the speaker in preventing mind wandering and in rounding up ideas. Like a lantern in a dark night, such a subject keeps his attention in one definite direction. He has but to keep the light in view and follow the bent of his thought in order to say something progressive and coherent from start to finish. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."

This finishes the discussion of the essential qualities of a good subject. It may be well to recapitulate:

I. In order that a subject may be suitable to a congregation: 1, *It must be interesting;* 2, *it must be timely;* 3, *it must be in keeping with the intelligence addressed.*

II. In order that the preacher may make the most of a subject: 1, *It must be of special interest to him;* 2, *it must command his implicit faith;* 3, *it must not be above his powers.*

III. In order that a subject may be appropriate in itself; 1, *It must have unity;* 2, *it must not be too broad;* 3, *it must be fresh;* 4, *it must be clear.*

With these ten points it will be well for every young Elder to become familiar as with his fingers. Let him think about them till he feels the full force of each, and he will not fail in time to become an interesting speaker. Nor are they of benefit to the preacher alone. They apply as well to the essay, the story, the address, the lecture, the oration, as the sermon. No man ever succeeded, or ever will succeed in influencing his fellowmen for good save these principles.

These are not all the essentials that go to make a good preacher, but they constitute a splendid start. In the next volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR I shall consider the principles involved in the style or composition of a sermon, the merits and defects of delivery, and those graces and qualifications that constitute a fine bearing and magnetic personality in a speaker. *N. L. Nelson.*

THE LADDER.

I count this thing to be grandly true
That a righteous deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a clearer view.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit *round by round.*

—*J. G. H.*

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LA GIRONDE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER XVIII.

O liberty! liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name! *Madame Roland.*

ON the following day, Vivian sat again in the convention. An ominous stillness had succeeded the turmoil of the past few weeks. Something seemed impending, but none of the Girondists knew its nature. As business proceeded, however, the turmoil returned and became intensified. At last, one of the Mountainist leaders arose and addressed the convention:

"All the nations of Europe," he said, "have leagued against us. In spite of the vast army we have sent into the field, defeat is attending our efforts. Even the inspiring Marsellaise is not capable of arousing our soldiers to victorious valor. But worse than all these opponents are the enemies of France within her own borders. Some of them are before you now. The Girondists have opposed the execution of the tyrant. They have tried to prevent our use of the property of the wealthy for the support of the government. They are traitors to France. To death with them! Down with the Girondists!"

At that moment Pareau, who had been absent from the session during the morning, appeared at the door. "Come out," he cried, "and view the majesty of the people!"

Crowding the windows and doors, the deputies saw a sea of white and angry faces. The rabble of Paris, eighty thousand strong, had come to the support of the Mountainists!

A murmur ran through this great assemblage, and soon extended to a menacing roar. Then came the cry, "The Girondists! They are enemies of France. We demand their arrest!" In obedience to this shout, armed men rushed in and seized the luckless Girondists, who were pointed out by their opponents. Vivian was among the first seized. As Pareau pointed him out to his captor, he cried, "Duruy, the vengeance I promised has come. You will never know freedom!"

"Nor you honor!" retorted Vivian calmly. The Girondists were hustled off to prison. The reign of terror had begun.

The less said about the few months following the better. The so-called committee of public safety, including Robespierre, Danton, Marat and others, under pretense of getting rid of those who were dangerous to the republic put to death the rich man for his wealth, the nobleman for his position, personal enemies for the sake of revenge.

The European powers which had combined against the French republic, now proclaimed Marie Antoinette's eldest son king of France. This act kindled afresh the fires of indignation against the royal family. The queen was arrested, tried, condemned, and———; that she was a woman counted nothing: that she was the widow of the king counted everything, and that against her. Her head, covered with hair prematurely gray, fell into the basket. The prince disappeared. Hereditary royalty was no more in France! A worse despotism had taken its place!

Two weeks after the execution of the queen, Vivian sat, moody and disconsolate in his cell. It was the night of October 29, 1793. He had been in solitary confinement since June 2, and the change from his former comparatively free and active life was telling severely upon him. He looked haggard and worn, and the uncertainty of his fate heightened his despairing mien. As he thought of mother, home, friends, trying to picture himself as the free and happy youth of a year ago, he was aroused from his reverie by a light step be-

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fore his cell door. He placed his ear to the keyhole and heard a shrill whisper, "Vivian Duruy is doomed to die tomorrow."

"Who are you?" he anxiously inquired.

"Thank heaven, it is you!" came the fervent response. "I am Marie Latour. I have found my way into the prison without the knowledge of the guards. You are doomed to die tomorrow. God help you. Be courageous, and I will try to save you." She paused for a few moments. Then with sobs she cried: "O Vivian, Vivian, though you love another, say that you do not despise me now, that you have forgiven and forgotten my past."

"Despise you, my girl? No, Marie, your past is forgotten; there was nothing in it for me to forgive. That forgiveness must come from God, and I know you have received it. God bless you and make your future happy."

"Thank you, dearest one," she answered, gratefully. "I am about to do an act this night which may bring upon be the severest punishment. Yet will I not hesitate, for love and duty prompt my action. Adieu, Vivian, God help me to protect you!"

She waited without the cell door for the guard, who, according to custom, was to indicate upon the doors of their cells the next day's victims of the guillotine. Before he came she tried the outer doors of all the cells, to see if they could be opened. Only one obeyed her strength. It was Vivian's. As she threw the door open, she perceived that the inner one was closed. She tried it, but it held firm. In mingled despair and hope she pulled upon it with all her strength. It still resisted. Then an inspiration came to her. With a smile of satisfaction she left the outer door open and hid herself in a sheltering alcove opposite, where, unobserved, she could watch the coming guard.

His feet sounded on the floor of the corridor. With list of numbers in one hand and paint-brush in the other, he approached the first door. The fatal cross was inscribed upon it. The next was missed. Then came Vivian's cell. Marie's heart beat so loudly she fancied the guard might hear it. The paint-brush was raised and another cross made. He passed on to the others. Some were marked, others were omitted. The guard returned and left the corridor. With an exclamation of joy Marie sprang to Vivian's door and whispered, "You are saved, and my duty is done!" She closed the outer door, and the fatal cross was hidden from view.

On that fatal October 30th, twenty-one of the Girondists were led to execution. Vivian escaped by the mere chance above related. Some, through weakness, had to be carried to the scaffold. Others, overcome by the thought of their terrible fate, fainted on the way, and were brutally pricked with bayonets until consciousness returned. Still others, more bold or less sensitive, sang the Marsellaise during the entire walk.

Hesitating and timid, La Verne stood at the side of the road, eagerly scanning the faces of the prisoners. As she saw that Vivian was not among them she clasped her hands, and turning to her father exclaimed: "Father, our preserver and my love is not there. Heaven be praised! Vivian, I shall see you again." Marie Latour stood at the speaker's side and heard her words. Gazing long and earnestly into the beautiful face to impress it upon her mind, the unhappy girl turned away with a sigh, while the mournful procession moved on to the guillotine.

The scene there depicted was characteristic of France's reign of terror. The guillotine, a huge wooden frame with heavy sliding knife suspended at its top with a cord, was the most prominent object. Grouped around this were seats,

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arranged in tiers, whereon men, women and children sat as at a play. As one after another was fastened by the neck in the lower part of the frame, and the knife released to perform its deadly work, the plaudits of the crowd arose, while the women pleasantly wrought at their needlework and knitting. As the strains of the Marsellaise were heard, the spectators turned in the direction of the sound, and recognized the Girondists. A shout of approval went up from the throng.

The crime of the coming prisoners was imaginary, but it was as unpardonable as if real. They had dared to stand against the murderous demands of the extremists for the life of an innocent man. In the inflamed state of the public mind, this was equivalent to befriending royalty, and the friends of royalty must perish. "*Vive la Republique! A bas les Girondins!*" shouted the crowd. The singing of the Marsellaise was not interrupted by the cry. It continued as the guillotine began its work upon the Girondists. Fainter and fainter it grew as one after another was pushed beneath the knife. At last but one remained, and from his lips ascended the song until the ax fell and his voice was hushed forever.

There is no wonder that Madame Roland, when a few weeks later she met the same fate, looked up at the statue of the goddess of liberty which overshadowed the place of execution and cried: "O liberty! liberty! How many crimes are committed in thy name!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"Murder may pass unpunished for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime."
Dryden.

Such scenes were common during the reign of terror, which lasted a little more than a year. Thousands upon thousands of the people of France lost their lives. Before the execution of the Girondists, Marat had been stabbed to the heart by a girl named Charlotte Corday, who had atoned for her act under the knife of the guillotine. Instead of her deed stopping the carnival of murder, as she confidently hoped it would, "her poniard appeared to have opened the veins of France." Herbert, Danton, and Robespierre were the leaders in the work of destruction. Trials were not necessary. Orders for execution were sometimes signed in blank, and then filled out with the names of the victims.

Each of the three men named above was the leader of a faction of the Jacobin party, Herbert being an extremist, Danton a moderate, while Robespierre occupied a position midway between these two. Herbert was the first to be brought to the scaffold. Then Danton attempted to enforce moderation, and immediately his head fell. For nearly four months Robespierre stood alone. He was not a bloodthirsty man. Mild, gentle, and refined, he had been placed through force of circumstances in a position where to save his own life he must sacrifice the lives of others. Yet, because he did not rise above these circumstances, but perpetrated the ruthless and wholesale massacre of innocent persons, to appease the wrath of the people, his name has become the synonym for cruelty and political assassination.

Vivian had remained in confinement during the whole of that period. His constant expectation and dread of death had made him apprehensive and nervous. Every sound outside his cell renewed his fear. Only his youth, his strength, and his Christian resignation prevented his suffering the fate brought upon many during that terrible time—insanity.

He had received no direct visit from La Verne, but messages came from her as frequently as was possible under the circumstances, each bearing assurances of her undying devotion to him. A firm friendship

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had sprung up between La Verne and Marie Latour, which was cemented and increased by the love both bore Vivian. This love was no secret between them. Each confided in the other, and the one who possessed his love was not jealous, neither did the other manifest any envy. La Verne sympathized with Marie in her unrequited affection; Marie pledged her best efforts to restore Vivian to freedom and happiness with La Verne. Friendship like this could be produced only by perfectly unselfish love. Of such love Vivian was worthy.

On July 28, 1794, strange rumors were flying around the prison where Vivian was confined. The day before an exciting scene had been enacted in the convention. Men had become weary of the slaughter which for more than a year had disgraced and terrorized France. The members of the convention felt that Robespierre's name had become so closely connected with these scenes of murder, that the only thing to staunch the flow of blood was the life of the tyrant himself. As this truth came home to the deputies in the convention, it was accompanied by the no less important one that they, the representatives of the people, so long as they were inactive and permitted such things, were guilty of the blood of innocence, and amenable to God for the crimes by Robespierre committed. Acting upon these thoughts, one of the deputies, on the floor of the convention, had dared denounce Robespierre as a traitor to France, and his executions as unnecessary and cruel. This broke the spell of horror by which all France had been bound. Another and another arose in his place and brought accusations against the unfortunate Robespierre. The power of the man was destroyed.

These were the tidings passed from cell to cell and from man to man in the gloomy prison, and as the fear of death departed from them and the hope of liberty shone upon their spirits the prisoners uttered cheer upon cheer of joy and thanksgiving. Such shouts were echoed by the two hundred thousand captives confined in the various dungeons throughout France.

And now Vivian was sitting at his window, gazing through the close gratings upon the narrow view without. Two women came in sight and walked rapidly to the nearest point commanding a view of his cell. Here they paused and the foremost waved a handkerchief. Vivian replied with a similar signal. The distance was too great for voices to be heard. The woman, taking one of the folds of her flowing dress in one hand, pointed at it significantly with the other. Then taking a stone in her hand, she held it up to view and pointed as before. Then she rapidly passed her finger across her throat, and imitated the falling of a head into the basket of the guillotine.

The meaning of her pantomime flashed upon Vivian. Her dress, "robe;" the stone, "pierre;" Robespierre beheaded! For a time he was dazed with the glorious news. Then in a voice of deepest joy he shouted to the other prisoners, "Robespierre is dead; the reign of terror is ended!"

As that cry was echoed in the prison walls, so was it echoed throughout all France; so has it come down through the succeeding century of history. Robespierre's name will ever be (perhaps unjustly, at least partly so,) inseparably connected with the bloodiest period in French history or the history of the world.

CHAPTER XX.

> For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft is ever won.
>
> *Byron.*

A few weeks after the death of Robespierre, the door of Vivian's cell opened, and the jailor, accompanied by La Verne and Marie,

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entered. He handed to the prisoner a sheet of parchment, with a great seal attached, while the girls showered congratulations upon him. It was an order for his immediate release, and an invitation for him to resume his seat in the convention. He turned to La Verne. She threw herself into his arms, and tears of purest joy traversed cheeks so long accustomed to the waters of sorrow. Then turning to Marie, "God bless you," he said. "But for you, my life would have been sacrificed." Sobs shook her frame as he took her hand and pressed it gratefully to his lips. With praise to God, the three, and scores of others, stepped forth into the glad air of liberty.

In anticipation of their release, hundreds of their friends had gathered about the prison, to give them greeting. As Vivian eagerly scanned the faces, he saw many of his former associates, who came forward and grasped his hand.

"Let me come nearer!" said a pleading voice, which went to Vivian's heart. He pressed through the crowd, and with a cry of joy his mother rushed into his arms. "Thank God, thank God," she murmured; "my boy, my handsome boy!"

Proudly and joyously he led her to the two girls. "My mother," said he, "my friends and preservers. Come, we will go where the crowd cannot intrude, and there recount the dangers of the past, enjoy the peace of the present, and anticipate the happiness of the future."

They went to La Verne's home. There the four told the story of the fourteen dreadful months just past. Scenes of blood were depicted of which Vivian had not even dreamed, and accounts were given with shudders of men who had gone insane, and others who had suicided through the fearful anxiety. Scarcely less vivid accounts were given by Madame Duruy. Even the little village of La Brede had had its reign of terror, and Vivian bowed his head in grief and shame as she told him of her own sufferings and the murdering and despoiling of hundreds of his former friends. Death from anxiety and miserly apprehension had come to La Verne's father, and his vast wealth was intact and in her possession.

"My son," said Madame Duruy, in deep anxiety, "can you not return with me? Have you not suffered enough?"

"Mother," he replied, "I may have to suffer more. My duty calls me to re-occupy my seat in the convention. That duty I must not and cannot shirk. There we shall have the difficult task of settling upon the form of government best adapted to the wants of the people. It *will* be difficult. So many factions, with vivid memories of past sufferings, will oppose changes too radical, and will not be satisfied with those not radical enough. I feel, however, that the main danger is past, and that you need have no fear for my safety. I return to take my seat tomorrow."

In response to the invitation before referred to, Vivian went next day to the convention, while his mother remained in Paris under the protection of La Verne and Marie. The reforms enacted in the convention were sweeping. All the political prisoners were ordered released, the churches were opened, the worship of God reinstated, and those who had been driven from France during the reign of terror, were invited to return. These included the priests and the nobles whom the commons had hunted down until they were forced to seek safety in exile.

Encouraged by the success of the French armies in different parts of Europe, the deputies determined upon establishing a form of government which seemed the most stable possible under the circumstances. They announced to the French people that the legislative power would be vested in two bodies, the Council of Five Hundred to propose laws, and

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the Council of the Ancients to enact them, the latter body embracing two hundred and fifty members, each of whom must be fifty years of age or upwards. The executive power was to be vested in a directory, consisting of five persons.

The provision that two-thirds of each legislative body must be made up of members of the convention, aroused the bitterest hostility of the terrorists, who, depending upon their former popularity with the masses, incited the rabble to an attack upon the convention.

Unknown to her friends, Marie Latour had mingled with the mob sufficiently to gain a knowledge of the intended attack, its time, its nature, and its purpose. She did not acquaint Vivian with her information, but attempted by various means to induce him not to attend the convention on the day of the attack, October 5, 1795. In this she was unsuccessful. Without telling anyone of her intentions, she followed him to the convention on that day, and remained outside the palace of the Tuilleries, where the convention met.

She saw that the movements of the rabble had been anticipated by the officers of the government. The troops had been called to defend the convention. Heavy guns were brought up and stationed in such positions as to command all the approaches to the palace, and a pale young man, about a year older than Vivian, slight and short of stature, but with a strikingly forcible cast of countenance, hurried with perfect calmness hither and thither to superintend their movements.

Some of the boldest members of the convention came out of the hall as the mob of forty thousand men and women approached it. Among these was Vivian. He attempted to persuade Marie, who was in one of the most exposed places, to retreat, but she refused to go unless he accompanied her. This he would not do. As the attacking party approached, both simultaneously recognized one of the leaders as Pareau. He was pale with excitement, and his voice trembled as he called to a little squad of men, "Yonder is a Girondist who through treachery escaped the death pronounced upon him by the committee of public safety. He is Vivian Duruy. I command you to fire upon him!" In perfect unison five muskets came to shoulder. Vivian stood with arms folded in perfect calmness, awaiting the volley. As the report rang out, Marie sprang before Vivian and received the five balls in her body. With a sob she fell into his arms. Looking into his face with whispered blessing and expression of deepest love, she died.

"Back, back!" shouted the artillery commander. All who were in line with the muzzles of his guns obeyed. Instantly the terrible boom! of the cannon sounded upon the air. Another and another followed, and all were echoed from the other approaches to the palace. So skillfully had the guns been stationed and aimed, that the entire mob was dispersed, leaving five hundred of their number dead upon the ground. Among these was Pareau. The slight young man who had trained the guns was Napoleon Bonaparte. Thus ended the last street tumult of the Revolution.

Sorrowfully Vivian bore the body of Marie Latour to the home of La Verne, where, amid the tears and lamentations of that young lady and his mother, he related the story of her devotion and heroic sacrifice. The next day she was interred in a romantic part of the churchyard, where her ashes, freed from the stain of her only sin and hallowed by her wonderful love and sacrifice, have since rested in peace.

The convention remained in session about three weeks longer, at the end of which time Vivian settled the

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affairs of La Verne's estate, and then took her and his mother to La Brede. There he changed and fitted up the cottage in which his father and mother had passed the brief months of their married life, and made it convenient as a dwelling place for the three. It was Madame Duruy's wish that the wedding of Vivian and La Verne should take place in the church where she had been married, and on the anniversary of that event. Accordingly, on June 8, 1796, the two were conducted to the little chapel, where amid the same scenes and with the same songs which had accompanied the marriage of Claude and Jeanne, they were united for life.

But little need be said of the subsequent history of France. The directory placed Napoleon Bonaparte in command of the army, and so successful was he in his campaigns in Italy, Austria, and Egypt, that he was able on his return to drive both legislative councils from their halls and establish in effect a despotism. Amazed and delighted at his military skill, the people of France submitted to his unjust usurpation of authority, and the sun of his power, which arose brightly in Italy and Austria, traversed with broad sweep the firmament of France's history, to the noontime of Austerlitz, the decline of the Russian campaign, the eclipse of Leipsic and the exile at Elba, the sunset of Waterloo, and the midnight darkness of St. Helena. Since the time of Napoleon, France has passed through many governmental changes, but she now stands as the leading European exponent of the principles of popular liberty, inaugurated so successfully on this continent by the United States of America. The bloody French Revolution has accomplished its object.

As for Vivian and La Verne, nothing stood in the way of their happiness. The youth of Jeanne Duruy seemed to be renewed as she held on her knee the babes which blessed the home of her son. The wealth commanded by Vivian through his marriage with La Verne was used to alleviate the wants of his poor neighbors, and he lived to see the common people of France raised to the sovereignty predicted for them by his father. During that time he occupied many offices of trust, performing their duties to the benefit of France and the honor and glory of his department, LA GIRONDE.

Laertes.

THE END.

AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

V.

THE French people are very fond of flowers. In the city of Paris there are hundreds of business firms dealing exclusively in flowers, and there are also numerous flower vendors. The grandest floral sights that I ever had the pleasure of seeing, however, are the Paris flower markets which take place early in the year and last during the entire season. There are several places in the different sections of the city where such displays take place. The flowers are brought upon the grounds designated for this purpose early in the morning, twice per week. At noon of these days they are all again removed. Our course to school took us through one of those places. The nucleus of this grand display was on a square of about two acres of ground, which was all covered with plants excepting narrow passages for visitors and purchasers to move about. From here they extended for blocks along wide sidewalks and across two bridges of the Seine River. All the flowers in this extensive display seemed to be in the

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most perfect state that cultivation could bring them. We Utah people do not know how beautiful asters and chrysanthemums are until we see them in France.

In the country this love of flowers is also discernible. Wherever there is a front yard there are flowers in it, and window sills are full of them. In some instances where there would not be sufficient space about the premises for their cultivation a corner in the field would be devoted to that purpose.

In harmony with this pleasant feature is the prevailing order and neatness about the houses; they are generally whitened on the outside, and although they are not so elegant and pretentious in design as they are in our country, yet those simple moss-patched, tile-roofed houses are in such harmonious contrast with nature that they always draw forth the admiration of an artistic soul, for in the humble simplicity they seem to acknowledge the superiority of nature surrounding them, and serve well as a gentle accent to the colors of the landscape. Few travelers who simply pass through Paris and admire its beautiful clean-swept boulevards and excellent sanitary conditions, or its lovely parks or gardens, are aware that those conditions are but a reflex of the French homes—the homes where the statesmen and legislators have been reared, and hence where their characters have been formed.

Let us look inside those homes and see what may be learned there, bearing in mind that we are examining the fruits of many centuries of experience through all the vicissitudes of life and social conditions; where the density of population has brought about a necessity for great domestic economy. We will, however, only refer to that which brings about the comforts and decorative parts of a home. Windows are much larger than they are in our homes; and open like double doors swinging upon hinges on the sides. Instead of the housewife raising a thirty inch window sash about six to eight inches, as is commonly the case here, to let in a little hint of fresh air, the French housekeeper swings open a five by seven foot window, hangs the bedding over the sill, that the air and sun may penetrate every nook and corner of her domain. This to begin with greatly reduces the expences of a family physician.

But, don't the sun completely ruin the carpet? No: they don't use carpets. Carpets are disease germ and dust traps. Instead thereof the floors are made of tile in ordinary houses; and of polished wood or stone where richer furnishings are desired; those are exceedingly fine, durable and therefore economical. They are much more appropriate as floor decorations. Floral designs upon a floor, such as our carpets are patterned with, are very improper and in direct violation of laws governing the decorative art.

Upon such floors as we describe rugs can be placed here and there in rich contrast to the glittering floor. These rugs can be taken up, shook and aired frequently. The floors thus polished are much easier cleaned than are carpets.

The observance of these few things which I have noticed in French homes will admit of constant pure fresh air and the healing, life-giving rays of the sun. Then if the occupants will live in harmony with the Gospel, the Spirit of the Lord will indeed be pleased to dwell there. My observations in France led me to see that there is much room for improvement in the art of intelligent home embellishment. We do not lack ambition in that direction; on the other hand a little retrenchment would not be amiss; but in the tone or application of our ambition is where reformation is needed.

Every science is governed by law. If we wish to apply any of the sciences to our comfort and well-being

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we should heed and study those laws upon which that art or science is based. Instead of doing this we too often blindly follow silly fashions, habits or customs.

It is not within the scope of a writing of this nature to enter seriously into an explanation of laws and principles embodied in the art of decoration, but sufficient may be said to convey some idea of the grounds upon which this charge is made. It is a common practice when we wish to furnish a house to go directly to the dealer in household furnishings and select a certain pattern of wall paper. Why? O because everybody has it. Next a carpet is selected, for the same unthoughtful "because" it is used to cover floors and it looks nice. So on throughout the entire catalogue of furnishings. Sometimes fifteen or twenty thousand dollars are squandered in this fashion in the furnishings of one residence. How much better would it be to investigate the numerous ways in which walls are finished by the various nations, and even in the different ages of the world's history; likewise the management of the floor, etc. In cases where this art is not so extensively used and such a general investigation would be unwarranted, why not consult some artisan friend and get his ideas? Or follow some original idea you may have. It would most likely be far more sensible than to follow fashion. Manifest your individuality in everything you do in decorating "home sweet home." Don't imagine that this subject is too common-place. Home, the cradle of geniuses, statesmen and philosophers, is worthy of our deepest thought and consideration. It should be the most delightful place on earth.

John Hafen.

MY BANISHMENT FROM GIBRALTAR.

On the eighth day of March, 1853, Elder Edward Stevenson and myself landed upon the Rock of Gibraltar, having taken vessel from England to that point whither we had been sent to labor as missionaries. On our sea voyage we became acquainted with the dock foreman at the Rock of Gibraltar, he having taken deck passage with us from Southampton to his home. By an unusual and unexpected occurrence we were enabled to enter the fortress without our arrival becoming known to the officials of that place, through the kindness of this dock foreman. When we alighted from the ship a cart was brought to him for his luggage, and he invited us to place our baggage in the same conveyance with his and accompany him to his home. As we were entirely unacquainted in that fortress, we were glad to accept of the invitation. We passed through the gates without being questioned as to our right, he having been recognized and it doubtless being supposed by the guard that we were his friends for whom he would be responsible.

Eight days elapsed before our presence in that garrison became known to the officials, and then the knowledge was imparted to them through our commencing the distribution of tracts, and through our application for the permission to preach. We were immediately summoned before the chief magistrate, who inquired as to our business and our intentions in visiting the Rock. We informed him that we were ministers of the Gospel, but when he learned that we were Mormons it was very evident that he was not in sympathy with our efforts. He gave me a permit to remain fifteen days in the place, and wrote at the bottom of this permit in red ink that it was not to be renewed.

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Brother Stevenson was situated somewhat differently, he having been born in Gibraltar and claiming the privilege of spending whatever time he desired in his native place, could not be banished. The time allotted me for remaining I occupied with my companion in distributing tracts and in teaching the truths of the Gospel so far as opportunity was presented.

As the day of my forced departure approached, I tried to devise some means to relieve myself of the necessity of going, but it seemed impossible to avoid doing so. I applied to the American consul, a Mr. Sprague, offering him my papers the contents of which he acknowledged on my statement without examining them. At his request I applied to the chief magistrate for the permission to remain longer, but he would not grant it. I then demanded of Mr. Sprague, that he make application in my behalf, as an American citizen, which he also did, but without avail.

In conversation with the consul, I learned that the cause of my banishment was the distributing of tracts. I said, "Mr. Sprague, I am not aware that there is any law forbidding the distribution of the word of God, as contained in the Holy Scriptures," at which remark he seemed very much confounded, but finally said, "It is not that, Mr. Porter, but you know the cause of your banishment."

I replied, "Yes, I do. It is because of religious prejudice," in which view he acquiesced.

He spoke very kindly to me, and regretted the necessity for my departure. To remain beyond the time fixed meant that I should be transported to Spain, and in that country I could expect no mercy, as the Catholics held almost unlimited sway and they would show me no mercy in the preaching of the word of God. I therefore went down to the harbor, and there saw a packet which had just arrived from Constantinople and was about to start for Southampton, England. I applied to the ticket agent to learn the cost of transportation. His reply was that £9 would be the fare. I said, "My friend, my unfortunate circumstances will not allow me to pay such an amount," when he interrupted me with the remark, "If you want a passage, say so, you cannot get any cheaper fare than £9."

My reply was, "Well I shall be unable to obtain a passage and I cannot go."

I turned sadly away, but had gone only a few steps, when I heard a voice speaking in the kindest manner, asking me to return, and turning about I saw the man who had addressed me so gruffly a moment before, motioning me to come back. I retraced my steps and received from him an apology for his rudeness. He then asked me to take a seat and in a moment or two he would listen to what I had to say.

When he had attended to some business, he sat down and quietly listened to my whole story, at which he expressed his sincere regret, and spoke to me in the kindest possible manner. He then informed me that there would be an opportunity to take deck passage to Southampton, if I so desired, the fare being four pounds. This amount I was able to pay and still leave some means for Brother Stevenson, who was to remain and preach the Gospel in Gibraltar. Deck passage means that one shall have the privilege of the deck but no bedding or food, such as the crew have and which are furnished by the ship company.

It was with a sad heart that I bade Brother Stevenson good-bye, after my persistent, yet vain efforts to obtain permission to remain in my appointed missionary field.

I set sail about 1 o'clock on the 1st day of April, 1853. When we got beyond the Straights of Gibraltar and into the Atlantic the wind became quite chilly, and as all the bedding had been left with Brother Stevenson for his use, I began to

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wonder what I should do in order to make myself comfortable during the night. With a prayerful heart to the Lord, I approached the ship's cook, telling him of my circumstances and my mission. He listened respectfully, and when I completed my narrative said he would speak to the chief steward concerning my case, though he knew it would be impossible for me to secure a berth, as himself and the steward, because of the crowded condition of the vessel were compelled to make their beds on the table. He gave me my supper, however, and subsequently in my absence told the steward of my condition.

About 9 o'clock I was called from the deck and shown a bed made on two benches placed together, which I was told I could occupy during the voyage, and could receive my meals in the cabin with the other passengers and be treated like them with this exception, that I could not be allowed liquors. I thanked my friends most heartily, and told them that this exception would be no hardship whatever to me, as I never used strong drinks.

After thanking the Lord for the manner in which He had softened the hearts, first of the shipping agent, and then of the cook and chief steward, I went to bed. My place of repose was almost as soft as down, and I slept as comfortably and as sweetly as I have ever done in my life. The kindness of my new friends continued until I reached England, in which country I spent four years and a half in preaching the Gospel, thus completing my time in a way that I hope resulted in some good to myself as well as others.

Gibraltar proved to be a very unfruitful field. Notwithstanding the earnest efforts of Brother Stevenson, little results availed his efforts. It seemed as though the hearts of the people were as hard when the Gospel was preached as was the rock upon which this almost impregnable fortress is built. *N. T. Porter.*

THE STRIKE.

CHAPTER I.

CAPITAL VERSUS LABOR.

IT HAD been a very extraordinary day in the usually quiet little mining town of L——. The morning train brought up four car loads of foreigners to take the place of the striking miners who held out for the old price of three dollars a day, which, owing to the decline of silver, the lessees of both the Hollenden and the Gibson mines refused to pay.

The excitement ran high and at one time a riot seemed inevitable in spite of the presence of the deputy marshals who came up with the new hands. Better counsel prevailed, however, and as darkness approached and light after light shone through the windows of the many little cabins, except for several little knots of men gathered in front of the one little store which also did duty as post office, there was naught to indicate the presence of the much despised aliens.

Steve Holden had finished supper and sat in front of his little cabin thinking over the events of the past few days during which he and his fellow workmen had refused to work under the new schedule of prices, and wondering what his poor old mother would do now that there was no prospect of a compromise with the lessees of the mine.

Ever since Steve could remember he had been following mining, helping his father when a boy, and since whose death which was caused by an imperfect shaft, taking his place and

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supporting his mother on the money received from his daily labor. And now just as he had the prospect of the superintendency of the Gibson Mine, and sweet Marian Saunders, daughter of the minister in charge of the little parish where his mother lived, had promised to cast her lot with his the following spring, he had joined his fellow workmen in the strike against the reduction of their wages, and instead of being made superintendent at an advanced salary, he must seek elsewhere for work.

"Well, it can't be helped," he soliloquized half aloud as he rose to go into his cabin, "I suppose we'll all have to make the best of it."

"Make the best of what?" inquired a voice almost at his elbow, which Steve recognized as belonging to Luke Staley, a fellow workman and an unsuccessful aspirant for the position Steve had been promised before the strike.

"D'you think we're a lot of chumps to allow these cussed dagos to take the bread outen our mouths? D'you think as a honest man'll stand by an' let these macaroni eaters walk away with his earnin's? Not by a d——d sight!" and Staley swore a horrible oath. "Tell you what Steve Holden, there's trouble brewin' an' it'll go hard with them 'ere fellars afor' mornin'. Are you with us?"

"Not in any violence," replied Steve, eyeing the man before him suspiciously. "It's a free country, and if our employers refuse to consider our demands and fill our places with cheaper labor we must look elsewhere for work. Good night; I'm going to turn in."

"I'll get even with you yet, you chicken-hearted, psalm-singing hypocrite," muttered Staley as he turned on his heel and started towards the post office. "It's a long lane as has no turnin', and I'll turn these 'ere mountings inside out but what I'll be foreman of the Gibson Mine."

Steve was uneasy at what he had heard and resolved to take a stroll down town before retiring, in order to see if there was any truth in Staley's threatenings.

He was a general favorite in the camp and it was his loyalty to his fellow workmen that induced him to sacrifice his bright prospects and join them in the strike. As he emerged from his cabin door into the peaceful quiet night, he stood for a moment contemplating the beauty of the scene before him. On all sides winking and blinking like so many miniature stars were the lights from scores of miners' cabins. At the lower end of the town the new workmen had pitched their tents and lighted their fires to prepare supper. High above all rose the mighty peaks of the mountain range, their tops bathed in a flood of glorious moonlight. The ripple of the canyon stream came to his ears like the sound of soft music as it flowed along its pebbly bottom swishing and swashing against the big stones rising in its path and gurgling in its sheer descent over some miniature waterfall. Steve almost forgot his troubles under the influence of this lovely night, and buttoning up his miner's coat to keep out the cold, he made his way down the one little irregular street the camp boasted, toward the post office.

He found nothing especially alarming in the scene around the store where many of the striking miners were congregated. True there was some excited talk and occasionally some hot-headed individual would slip an oath and shake his fist in the direction of the newcomers' tents, but Steve could see no symptoms of an outbreak among the men, and after joining in some of their arguments and advising a conciliatory policy, he turned towards his cabin resolving on the way to pack up and leave the camp in the morning to hunt for work in some other place.

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CHAPTER II.

THE EVIDENCE OF GUILT.

How long Steve had been asleep he could not tell, but he suddenly started up with a vague idea that something was wrong. As he listened intently he could hear the sound of many feet hurrying to and fro, and distinguished the low but excited voices of men engaged in heated conversation. He jumped to his feet. There was mischief brewing sure enough. Hurriedly donning his clothes, he pushed his miner's hat over his ears and rushed out into the night. The shuffling of feet had passed on down the canyon towards the place where the foreigners and deputy sheriffs were encamped, and as Steve hastily followed in their wake, a sound he did not like, the subdued but angry hum of many voices gradually increasing as it neared the foreigners' tents, was borne to his ears on the night wind causing him to make all the more haste in his endeavor to overtake the men and reason with them before it was too late.

His efforts, however, were in vain, as the men were already at the encampment when Steve had crossed the little foot-bridge over the canyon stream at the foot of the hill, and by the time he had made his way to the top, the scrimmage was on and several shots exchanged, the miners, however, meeting with a resistance that surprised them, and being slowly driven back at the muzzles of a dozen Winchesters in the hands of the deputies. Steve made his way through the thickest of the fight and was nearing the front as a pistol shot rang out on the air and the leader of the deputies fell to the ground.

The others hesitated before returning the fire and in the interval the cry of "run for your lives" caused a stampede among the miners, the deputies recovering only in time to send an ineffectual volley after them.

As the mob turned to flee, some one jostled roughly against Steve, and at the same time he felt something thrust hurriedly into his pocket. Instinctively he made a grab at the flying figure but caught only his coat pocket which tore out leaving the ragged piece of cloth in his hand, the culprit meanwhile disappearing in the darkness. Steve stopped short and putting his hand in his pocket brought forth a heavy revolver still warm from recent discharge. As he stood for a moment rather bewildered, he heard the hurrying of feet behind him, and, in a moment more he was surrounded by the remaining deputies and placed under arrest.

It was not till now that Steve realized his dreadful position. In the clash between the old and new workmen there had been several shots fired and two or three wounded, but here was the only direct evidence of individual guilt, the others making good their escape.. His face grew ashy pale as he looked first at the revolver, then at the men before him. Partially recovering himself, he said in a firm voice, handing the revolver to the man nearest him, "Gentlemen, I'm not the one you want; I was on my way to pacify those companions of mine. This weapon was thrust into my pocket by the shooter as he fled. Here is the piecc of cloth I tore from his coat as he passed me."

"That's all right young fellar," remarked one of his captors, "You'll have a chance to tell all about that down at Perryville afore Judge Daly, if we can git you thar 'thout bein' lynched. Y'see the rest on us here's got to do our duty an' take you down safe t'jail, but we dont feel any too friendly tow'rds you for the killin' of our pard."

CHAPTER III.

A FELON'S CELL.

The next day the news of the trouble up at the camp spread like

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wild-fire and the people of Perryville flocked to the jail where Steve had been remanded without bail. Among the first to visit the unhappy man was Colonel Penfield, one of the lessees of the Gibson and heretofore a staunch friend of Holden's.

He was brought to Steve's cell by a turnkey and looked at him long and earnestly without speaking a word. The latter was too engrossed in his own sad thoughts of mother and sweet-heart to take any notice of his visitor and only looked up when he heard him say, "Holden, I'm sorry for you; you're the last man I should expect to find at the head of a mob, be your cause either just or unjust. The last man I should have deemed guilty of such a crime."

Holden fixed his eyes full upon the Colonel and once more the realization of his situation struck him with full force. Colonel Penfield believed him guilty? Well, why not? Was not the evidence of guilt found in his hand? Was not the ball extracted from the dead man's breast identical with the remaining five in the revolver found in his possession?

He covered his face with his hands and sank down on the rude couch. If Colonel Penfield believed him guilty, would not also his mother and Marian share that belief? No one but himself and the real criminal knew the facts; there was nothing about the revolver to identify the owner; the only clew was the torn piece of the coat, and every miner wore the same kind.

Penfield turned aside to hide his own emotion. He had thought everything of this young man now behind the bars. What could have tempted him to join an angry and irresponsible mob?

"Well, Steve," he said, starting to move away, "no matter how much I condemn your action and deplore its results, I shall do all I can to save you from the gallows."

The gallows! Steve sprang to his feet, every fibre quivering with suppressed pride and emotion. "One moment," he called in a passionate voice to Penfield. "Do you believe I had anything to do with this shooting?" Penfield looked around in surprise. "Do you suppose irrespective of my own feelings, that I'd bring any reproach on the dear old gray hairs of my mother? That I'd forfeit the love and respect of my promised wife, my beloved Marian?"

Something rose in Steve's throat and choked his further utterance while Penfield walked slowly back to the bars.

"Listen to me Colonel Penfield," he continued, recovering himself with an effort, "and I'll tell you how it happened." And Steve related the events of the preceding night.

"All I have," he said in conclusion, "to identify the real criminal is the piece of coat which the marshal has in his possession, and that, as you can see, is almost a hopeless clue, as all of us wear the same kind of clothing."

"This is most extraordinary!" remarked the Colonel as Steve finished. "Whatever could have induced the man to place a noose around your neck, instead of throwing the revolver away? No matter how hard pressed, it is only reasonable to suppose he would drop the weapon as he ran."

Penfield was thoughtful for a moment, then suddenly turning he thrust his arm between the bars and said, "There's my hand Steve. Depend upon it there's some rascality at the bottom of this and I'll never rest till its ferreted out."

Steve's whole soul was in that hand-clasp.

"I'll go over to Rugby now and bring your mother here and then I'm off for the mountains. Cheer up my boy. It's a sore trial but keep a stout heart and we'll prove your innocence yet. God bless you!" And turning he hurried away from the cell.

He believed the young man innocent, but how could it be proved? Only by finding the real criminal,

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and that seemed an impossibility. He called at the office for the piece of the coat, and hiring a rig drove over to Rugby to break the news to Mrs. Holden and the Saunders.

It was a sad meeting between Steve and those he loved. The Colonel had explained everything to them, and after the first convulsive embrace, the sheriff having kindly allowed them all to enter the prisoner's cell for ten minutes, Steve once more related the episode of the previous evening, giving the minutest details of everything connected with the attack and repulse, and his subsequent arrest and imprisonment.

The time flew all too fast, and it scarcely seemed possible that the ten minutes had already passed as the turnkey appeared and announced that they must quit the cell.

Steve embraced his mother affectionately, telling her to be of good cheer—all would yet be well, then turning to Marian he clasped both her hands in his, exclaiming, "Dearest Marian, now that I know those I love best believe me guiltless, I am perfectly content. If my innocence cannot be proven at my trial, I shall meet my fate like a man, and carry my case to a higher tribunal."

"O Steve!" she exclaimed, placing her hands on his shoulders and gazing up into his face with an expression partly of admiration, partly of terror, "O dearest Steve, do not speak of such a thing. The Colonel has promised to procure the ablest counsel in the land, even if he has to send to New York, and dear old Judge Lockner will plead your case with all the eloquence of the life-long friend that he is. Dearest heart, do not lose courage. You shall be free. I pledge my life to your cause."

The man strained her to his heart, while the turnkey softly touched her shoulder to remind her that she must go. And so gently disengaging herself from her lover, Marian placed her arm supportingly around the mother's form and slowly passed from the room, while Steve was again locked in his cell to await the cause of justice.

Justice! Could he ever obtain justice with such strong circumstantial evidence staring him in the face?

"O Marian!" he murmured as he was once more alone, "Is it thus that the hand of fate is to part us? Must I, an innocent man be sacrificed and your life be blighted forever?" And as if in reply, her last words came back to him; "I pledge my life to your cause." "Dear Marian, if you can do nothing else for your lover, you can at least keep the spark of hope kindled in his breast, and save him from despair."

CHAPTER IV.

SEARCHING FOR A CLUE.

During Steve's long confinement in the jail awaiting the day of his trial a host of friends were constant visitors, among them many of his former co-workers at the mine, who had kept shady until it was officially announced that none of them would be prosecuted for their part in the fatal encounter. They knew nothing of Steve's innocence, however, this being a closely guarded secret in the hopes of obtaining a more definite clue.

The Colonel kept his word, and not only engaged two of the best attorneys from the East, but re-employed Staley as assistant superintendent at the Gibson, where he was under the constant surveillance of private detectives disguised as miners. Every spot in and about both mines was carefully searched for the missing coat, but all in vain.

"He's burned it, of course," remarked one of the detectives in conversation with the Colonel. "That man's no fool. Whenever we bring up the subject of the strike, he's as close as a clam and only prates about his 'surprise as bein' a honest man that Steve Holden, who he allers thought a kind'er church-goin' feller'd git his dander up an' plug a

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hole through a deputy marshal. But y'cant allers tell,' he says, 'these fellars what read their prayer-book so rigelarly's get the very devil in'em at times. I reckon as how he was desperit, se'en as he's got a gal down thar at Rugby wot he wanted to git married to.'"

"It's very evident nobody knows nor suspects anyone but Holden, although I hear nothing but surprise that he should have been mixed up in such an affair. Poor lad, I'm afraid there's little hope for him. Keep your eyes wide open boys. There's only a few more days, but something may turn up." And with this Colonel Penfield dismissed them, and taking up his hat made his way to the jail to see Steve.

The Colonel was not alone in his efforts to ferret out the real criminal. Marian Saunders worked with a courage born of desperation to find some clue which would lift the burden of guilt from her lover. Every subterfuge she could invent was brought to bear that she might spend as much time as possible at the mines without arousing suspicion. In this she was ably seconded by her father. Together they made arrangements with the Colonel to hold two meetings during the week at the camp on which occasions all the miners were invited to hear the good Dr. Saunders read from the scriptures, and Marian sing for them. The music always insured a good attendance and the girl succeeded in touching a chord in many a gruff miner's heart and making a host of friends. She had no definite plan for obtaining a clue, but kept her eyes and ears open, and during her stay, under the pretense of being very much interested in the mines, would, under Colonel Penfield's guidance, explore every nook and corner, but all to no purpose.

Among the audience who came to hear the Doctor and his daughter, the Chinaman, Wong Kop who presided over the culinary department at the camp, was always an attentive listener. It wasn't the scriptures he cared for, but the music, and often forgetting his duties in his eagerness to hear the fair singer, he would be rewarded with a volley of oaths and a kick from some hungry miner's boot for neglecting to prepare the supper on time.

One evening as they were just about to step aboard the train, Marian felt a tug at her dress, and, turning, beheld Wong Kop with a face wreathed in smiles. He held in his hands a little bunch of blue bells gathered from their nestling place among the rocks, and presented them with the grace of a drawing-room gallant.

"Bely good sing," he said. "Wong Kop heap likee."

She accepted the flowers with a pleased smile, and was about to thank him when the Colonel interrupted her saying, "Be careful Wong; you mustn't lose your heart to the lady; she's already engaged."

Wong's face lit up intelligently, and he shook his head vigorously up and down. "Wong Kop sabbe. He alle samee heap good fiend. Bely fine sing; bely fine pleach; Wong Kop no more swear, no more dlink; bely good." And with these words the Chinaman hurried back towards his quarters, no doubt having vividly in mind the impression of a big number ten miner's boot giving him a lift if he tarried longer. Marian called out, "Good bye, Wong," and the Colonel helping her on the car, the train pulled slowly out of the depot for Perryville.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

At last the case of the "People versus Stephen Holden" was called. It was a bleak cold day in October, but the court-room was crowded with town's people, some of whom came out of mere curiosity, but most of them through friendship and sympathy.

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All eyes were on the prisoner as he entered the room in charge of a deputy marshal and took his seat next to his mother and sweetheart. His long confinement had told severely upon him, but he had lost none of that manly bearing which was a part of his character, and a murmur of admiration for the sturdy lad swept like a wave across the audience.

The court rapped for silence and the work of impanelling a jury was proceeded with. It was far into the next day before twelve men satisfactory to both plaintiff and defendant were selected, and the prosecuting attorney opened the case for the state. The evidence presented was brief and to the point, the prosecution establishing the facts clearly and pointedly from the time the miners first went out on the strike to the shooting of the deputy marshal and the arrest of Holden with the smoking revolver still in his hand. The cross examination developed nothing in the defendant's favor, and the prosecution rested with a strong case against the prisoner.

Then Judge Lockner arose and stated the case for the defense. They proposed to show that in spite of the strong circumstantial evidence, the conduct of their client during the strike and immediately preceding the conflict between the miners and the new workmen was such as to preclude the possibility of his having taken part in the affray. Witnesses would be forthcoming to prove that not only had he figured conspicuously in averting a riot during the day, but the last thing before retiring that night had made a special point of going down town and advising his co-workers to accept the situation and make no violent demonstration whatever.

As Steve took the stand, and was sworn by the Court, a death-like silence prevailed. He proceeded with his testimony in a clear, firm voice, repeating his conversation with Luke Staley and his subsequent uneasiness and resolve to satisfy himself as to the chances of an outbreak before he retired for the night. Of his being awakened by the noise of the mob passing his cabin; his pursuit and arrival at the encampment just as the shot was fired and the weapon hurridly thrust into his pocket.

The piece of coat was here shown the jury, and Steve proceeded with his testimony, giving the details of his arrest just as he took the revolver from his pocket.

The direct examination brought out the fact that Luke Staley had been an applicant for the position of superintendent of the Gibson at the time it was promised to Steve, but had shown no ill-feeling at the latter's success. The cross examination only strengthened Steve's testimony and he was excused.

Several witnesses were put on the stand to testify as to his conciliatory policy throughout the whole trouble, and then Luke Staley who had been subpœnaed by the defense, was called to the stand. His was anything but a prepossessing presence as he stood awkwardly in the witness box shifting from one leg to the other and casting a surly glance around the room as if to say, "By wot right is a honest man like me put up like a Jack in a pulpit to be stared at and a questioned on, wen he don't know nothin' about this 'ere affair!"

Being sworn he was at once on the defensive, weighing every utterance carefully, and cunningly contriving to make it appear that Holden's reply to his inflamatory remarks at the cabin was simply a cloak to cover his subsequent actions.

In the direct examination he screwed himself about uneasily, now dodging behind his evasion, now twisting around that one until as one of the eastern attorneys was closely questioning him regarding his part in the encounter with the deputy sheriffs, he broke out with a snarl

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that, "Them as had the right had said as how nothin'd be done agin any one as took a hand in the fight with the new men that night, exceptin' the prisoner at the bar, and consequently he objicted to bein' subjected to these 'ere peramerlations."

The court instructed him to answer all questions without any remarks, and his examination proceeded, the defense failing, however, to bring out anything which would directly effect the evidence as it stood and so, after the prosecution had put a question or two, he was excused and lost no time in climbing awkwardly down from the stand and making a hasty exit from the court room, glancing ever and anon behind as though expecting to be recalled.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VERDICT.

The case had now been so long under consideration that the court decided to hold evening sessions and the testimony being all in, the prosecution at once took up the opening argument, and, although the prosecuting attorney had known the Holdens from childhood, the facts in the case were such as to force him to present it, in the full strength of its dreadful aspect. The deed was done; the instrument of death was in the prisoner's hand when arrested; the prisoner was one of the striking miners. Nothing in the evidence for the defense had made any break in the direct testimony submitted. The defense could not sustain the statement of the prisoner that the crime was committed by some one else and the weapon transferred to his pocket. The facts presented to the learned jury were *prima facie* evidence of guilt and the verdict must be in accordance. The argument lasted far into the night and court adjourned until 10 o'clock the next day, when counsel for the defense proceeded with their summing up. The attorneys from the east made a strong plea in behalf of the prisoner, calling attention to the fact that although the weapon was found in his hand, no one had actually witnessed the shooting, and his statement as to the facts in the case were just as much to be relied on as the circumstantial evidence introduced by the prosecution. The character of the defendant; his conservative policy previous to the affray; nothing that the experienced lawyers could introduce to the jury in his favor was overlooked, and Colonel Penfield, himself somewhat reassured, whispered comforting words to the mother and Marian, as the court took a recess preparatory to Judge Lochner's final plea for the defense.

A more eloquent address had never before been heard within the four walls of that court house, and there was many a tearful eye as the judge closed his argument with a fervid appeal to the jury to remember that although this lad was but a working man, earning his living and supporting his dear old mother by his daily toil, his life had been an example to the world. He stood today even though under the shadow of guilt, one of nature's noblemen. Not a soul who had been present during this fearful ordeal but believed him innocent of the terrible crime charged against him. The truth of his testimony was stamped indelibly on every feature, and, if they disregarded the promptings of their own hearts, of their own beliefs, even though the circumstantial evidence offered was not in his favor, and found him guilty, the very heavens would cry out against them.

Twilight was deepening into the dark shadows of night as the Judge finished, but no one thought of stirring. Lights were procured, and the prosecution delivered the closing address to the jury and then amid a death-like stillness, the court proceeded with what was, to the presiding Judge, being as he was a lifelong friend of the Holdens, the hardest task he'd ever been called

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upon to perform since his admission to the bar, the charging of the jury—the charging of the jury strictly according to the letter of the law and the evidence, when his whole heart went out to the young man and his loved ones. He had an almost irresistible impulse to rise up and shout, "Gentlemen of the jury—he is innocent—innocent as the unborn babe. He is incapable of committing a crime." But this was impossible. He was there representing the majesty of the law and his duty allowed him no choice. Whatever his belief; however hard the task, there was no alternative. As he commenced to speak by calling the attention of the jury to the fact that this was a most extraordinary case, the old gentleman's lips quivered and his voice trembled, while his auditors leaned intently forward as if hanging breathlessly on every word he uttered. After reviewing the testimony and telling the jury it was their duty to arrive at a verdict according to the evidence submitted, at the same time he could not refrain from paying a glorious tribute to the character of the prisoner and impressing them with the necessity of carefully considering the prisoner's own defense and the circumstances surrounding the events immediately preceding the encounter, and above all his irreproachable life.

As the court concluded, and the jury retired, not even a whisper disturbed the awful silence. Steve sat between his mother and Marian, their hands tightly clasped. They had already nerved themselves for the verdict, and since Judge Daly's charge to the jury, were prepared for the worst. Through all this fearful ordeal Marian, however, had never completely lost hope, and had been the one power that sustained poor Mrs. Holden from despair. Even now while the twelve good and true men were deciding Steve's fate, there was something which kept whispering, "Courage my soul; he will be saved."

A knock at the door, and Marian sprang to her feet. It was only the jury wishing to ask a question. "Patience," she said to herself, "it is not yet, not yet." Steve pressed her hand and looked sorrowfully at her as she sat with eager and excited attention. "Poor girl" he thought. "It's too much for her; why don't they hurry and have the thing over with."

Once more a knock at the door, and the jury were ready to report.

The supreme moment had arrived. Every nerve was strained to its utmost tension as the men returned to their seats, and the clerk after polling them inquired in a ringing voice.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman, at the same time handing it to the clerk.

The silence of death pervaded the room as the clerk slowly began unfolding the paper. Every one leaned forward in anxious expectancy, and Marian half rising in her seat strained her ears to hear—not the sound of the clerk's voice but a far-off, indistinct clatter that was caught up by the night wind and wafted to the court room, seemingly for her ears alone. She clutched Steve's shoulder convulsively and leaned forward—nearer and nearer the sound. She had risen upright, her whole body quivering with intense excitement. Nearer and nearer—right close now—it's the clatter of horses' hoofs. Everybody, the clerk included, had forgotten the verdict, and were held spell bound by the girl as she swayed back and forth, her senses seemingly deserting her. But all had now caught the sound. There was a galloping of hoofs, a suppressed clamor of voices as the horses drew up outside. Then those in the hall-way fell back before the cry of "Make way, make way!" The next moment the door burst open

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and Marian with a loud triumphant cry of "He is saved, I know my darling is saved," fell down in a swoon, whilst a party of four miners appeared, carefully supporting between them the Chinaman, Wong Kop, his face and clothes covered with blood and he himself apparently but little better than a dead man. In a moment the whole house was in an uproar. The court rapped in vain for order. Everybody stood up in their seats and confusion reigned supreme, until one of the men held up his hand for silence, and in a solemn voice addressed the court. "May it please your honor, we four and Wong here'd like to be sworn."

For the first time in his life the Judge seemed nonplussed, and looked from the newcomers to the clerk, the jury and then at the crowd in the courtroom.

"It's concernin' this case of Holden's," the man continued, "and if you don't hurry Wong 'll perhaps be too far gone t' say what he wants to."

The Judge recovering himself, told him to proceed, but he couldn't swear any one on the case now as it had already gone to the jury.

"Well, I reckon as how that don't matter. Here Wong, take a sip o' this and let's hear what you have to say. 'f any one 'd be so kind 'sto loan us a bit of a rag to tie up his wound we'd be obliged. Y' see he's carryin' a bullet in that head o' his'n and 't kind o' interferes with his English."

A dozen handkerchiefs were profered, while Marian, who quickly recovered from her swoon, was at his side in a moment assisting the men in binding his head and making him as comfortable as possible by piling up overcoats and wraps on the largest chair in the room.

The Chinaman was weak from loss of blood, and he seemed unable to collect his thoughts, but when his eyes rested on Marian, his face lit up intelligently and reaching his hand beneath his tunic, he brought before the astonished gaze of all the charred remains of a miner's coat, and holding it up, made a feeble gesture, indicating to the girl that he wished her to take it.

She handed it to Judge Lockner, who, examining it closely, exclaimed excitedly, "Your honor, the pocket's gone."

Immediately there was another uproar, which the court with difficulty suppressed, and then addressed the audience saying that order must be maintained or the room would be cleared.

"The dignity of the court must be preserved," Judge Daly continued. "It is only the extraordinary circumstances that induces the court to allow this interruption."

"Can't you make out to say somethin', Wong," said the man who had first spoken. "D' you want some more brandy?"

The Chinaman shook his head in the negative, and then as the audience settled in their seats in quiet expectancy, spoke as follows:

"Wong Kop no muche talk. Today Luke Staley come 'long bollow coal oil can. Look heap dlunk. Wong Kop sabbe no good, so follow. Pletty near dark now. He go in cabin and make fire. Lookee lound room, takee board out floor and flind coat. Pletty dlunk man—fall once, twice, many time. Puttee oil on coat—not muche—more go on floor. He cusse bely much Holden. When he light fire he say, 'thele go the lope can hang me.' He feel neck and cusse heap more Holden."

The Chinaman was exhausted and could not proceed. Stimulants were applied but he was too weak to speak above a whisper, so the miner took up the tale, explaining that the Chinaman, comprehending that Staley was burning the coat to conceal some villainy, waited until he reeled out of the cabin, and rushing in pulled it from the flame before it was fairly ablaze. As he came out

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of the door, he almost ran into Staley who was returning for some reason or other. The latter made a grab for Wong, but did not catch him, and as the Chinaman ran off Staley pulled a revolver firing several shots in quick succession, one of which took effect and brought him to the ground.

"The shootin'," continued the miner, "brought a hornet's nest about Staley's ears, several of us swooping down on him just as he'd reached Wong here and was about to brain him with the butt end of his gun. He was pretty drunk but he backed up agin a stump and stood us all off until some one sneaked around behind, and, tripping him up, presented a revolver at his head, at the same time holding a piece of torn cloth before his eyes and exclaiming, "D'you you see this Luke Staley? It's the pocket belonging to that coat you tried to burn. I'm a United States detective (showing his badge) and I'll give you just one minute to confess the murder of the deputy marshal, and if you don't I'll turn you over to these men hare, who'll hang you to the highest pine tree on the ridge. The cowardly whelp was so afeered of hanging, that he begged for mercy, acknowledging that he did the shootin' and afterwards put the revolver in Holden's pocket."

At this point in the miner's story, the crowd could not be restrained. Those nearest to the prisoner made a dash to where he was sitting to shake his hand, whilst those in the rear left their seats and were scrambling and pushing to reach him. Four enthusiastic men caught him up on their shoulders and were moving towards the door—the court meanwhile making frantic efforts to stop them, finally succeeded in pushing his way through the crowd and heading them off, shook his gavel vehemently before them shouting excitedly that "order must be maintained, the dignity of the court was being abused; the prisoner was not discharged; he would fine every one in the room for contempt of court;" then raising his voice still higher, he called loudly to the clerk to read the verdict, and in the lull that followed, the clerk mounted a chair and read "We, the jury, find the prisoner at the bar NOT GUILTY."

Such a shout of triumph as went up—such a rushing and tumbling over benches and chairs. Nothing could stem the tide of that rejoicing multitude, as they followed the hero of the occasion into the open air.

And Wong Kop—was he any the less a hero as he lay stretched on his improvised cot with his life fast ebbing away? *H. R. B.*

A MORAL.—A nut dropped by a squirrel fell through the opening in the middle of an old millstone which lay upon the ground, and, being thus protected, grew into a thriving sapling that shot up through the opening. In a few years it had increased so that it filled the space and was firmly wedged to the sides of the heavy stone. Still it grew, and in a few years more, little by little, it lifted the entire weight clear from the earth, so that a man could sit beneath it. All was done by atom after atom, borne by the sap to the growing trunk. Think of this, my little man, puzzling over "long division" in arithmetic; little by little of thinking and working will take you through fractions, rule of three, and those terrible problems at the end of the book, by-and-by; but be sure that the little by little is not neglected. And you, hard-working lad on the farm, or in the shops, look at Franklin, Watts, Field, and thousands more who have lifted the weight of circumstances that would hold them down like millstones, and who have by their steady perseverance risen above their fellows, easily bearing their burdens, and "keep pegging away." *F.*

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COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

INTRODUCTION.

It has been the custom for some time for schools of high standing to publish magazines embodying their educational ideas and aims. A number of these periodicals have been issued in the Territory with varying degrees of success, financial and professional. Among these was *The Idea*, a bright, original paper, published for six successive months in 1893 by the students of the Latter-day Saints' College in Salt Lake City. During the school year of 1893-94, it was thought well, in consideration of the financial depression, to suspend the publication of the journal, and when the matter of reviving it was discussed, it was found practically impossible to insure the payment of printing expenses. In further view of the fact that so many publications in the territory are languishing through lack of financial support, it was wisely decided to let *The Idea* remain defunct for an indefinite period.

Feeling that the school should not be without the prestige which a regular publication of its thought and work gives an institution, the principal of the college suggested to the editor of THE CONTRIBUTOR the advisability of establishing a "College Department" in this magazine; contributions thereto to be made by teachers and students, and to reflect the highest thought and best work of the institution. The proposition was favorably considered by the editor, who rightly concluded that the prestige gained by the college would be reflected upon THE CONTRIBUTOR, to its great advantage. Not only this, but the college being now named as the leading theological institution of the Church school system, it was thought that the spirit and nature of its work will react upon the religious susceptibilities of the youth of Zion, who are preparing for the important duties of Church membership, causing them to think long and deeply of the vast preparation needed, and the best way to secure it. Accordingly, we present in this issue the introductory contribution to this department, which it is hoped will always contain items of profitable interest to our readers.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES, AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, JUNE 7, 1894.

To the graduate, Commencement Day is a most interesting occasion. It is to him what the ceremony of knighting was to the mediæval squire. By the process of step by step graduation, he has come up at last to the door of the great temple of learning, where the flight of stairs is endless, the graduating process of constant recurrence eternally. Although the mind is infinite in its capacity for development, its limit of growth never having been reached, yet so far as this life is concerned, conditions render the fullest possible development but meager indeed. The great Newton, discoverer of the law of gravitation, of prismatic refraction of light, and writer of the Principia, professed just before his death that his work had been but child's play along the shore of the yet unexplored ocean of knowledge. Truly, then, you have hardly made a commencement, indeed I hope your true, independent, manly and womanly endeavor will commence from this time. The term "commencement" is, therefore, beautifully suggestive in theory; may it be equally so in your practice.

Many questions will confront you now that your feet are beginning to tread the sacred ground of self-guided endeavor, questions which you alone can answer. Perhaps the most important is, What shall be my price for labor performed? What my remuneration? The shores of time are strewn with the wrecked lives of men and women who have

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not been able to answer this question aright. One has bartered his God-given heritage for gold alone; his bark is splendidly bespangled with jewels, but it lies broadside against the reef of selfishness. Another has scorned the price to be measured by earthly dross; his frail canoe, weather-beaten and torn to shreds, lies at the foot of the cliff misfortune, with naught but the memory of unselfish acts to preserve it from decay.

Would it pay for one to be a Croesus, a Midas, a Gould, a Russell Sage, if even he possessed the power? Could he afford to partake fully of the unpractical, unthrifty spirit of a Burns, a Socrates, a Goldsmith, a Sheridan, even though he possessed all the traits which have made these men famous? Would it not be better for him to combine the poetic, the philosophic, the military, the patriotic genius of a Shakespeare, a Pericles, a Caesar, a Washington, with the practical ability and sterling judgment of those immortals? Shall one not strive to control the fire of talent, which, untrammeled, will consume all that is stable and conservative within him? But at the same time shall he not allow the spiritual and the intellectual to rise within the mass of physical, stolid power, like the leaven which imparts lightness to the lump?

Another question will confront you; nay, it has confronted you in all your preparatory work. It is the question of the past speaking to the present, and sending its prophetic tones to the future. You are called upon to temper the idealism of the past with the realism of the present —the present self-development with the past ascetic self-sacrifice. One fact is now worth many theories—in the past one theory was esteemed above many facts. The intrinsic value of systems and men is sought for now, in the past the height of the ideal, no matter how impractical that ideal, determined its own worth and that of its exponent. The question with the Platonic philosopher was, What are its essentials? What is his ideal? The modern Baconian asks, What is it worth? What can he do? The knowing and the feeling of the Greek, mingled with the knowing and the doing of the American, will form a temperament best fitted not only for the broad duties and labors of this life, but also for the larger knowing, feeling, and doing of the life to come; for the best preparation for the world beyond the vail is the greatest possible tact and thoroughness in the performance of the manifold duties of this. And when, unaided, you have developed your own individual powers to the highest possible point, remember that you can push them several degrees higher by an apparent sacrifice of those powers to the good of another. The cup of water you give to the humble, elevates you far more than does the nectar you receive from the fairies of elfland. No man ever yet attained, he never can attain true egoism without a healthful, intelligent exercise of the fundamental principles of altruism. The one is the proper complement of the other.

Therefore, when you take from my hand the roll of paper containing the certified results of your year's labor, remember that from that moment you stand in a double sense as an exponent of your *alma mater*. Upon you rests the responsibility of proving the advantage of such a course of training as is given here. Hundreds have attested it, hundreds are attesting it, both at home and abroad; the self-reliance, the humble manliness, the reverence for things sacred, the love of all honorable labor, whether of the head, the heart, or the hand—by all these we shall expect you to attest the benefits you have received here. Remember, the composite love for self, for man, and for God, each tempered by the other, must be the touchstone to try our lives.

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The pictured lamp upon your certificates is an emblem which I trust all will take to heart. From the altar in the temple of learning, on which burns the perpetual fire of knowledge, each of you has lighted his lamp, as the colonists departing from their loved Rome carried with them to their new homes a taper from the altar of the household goddess Vesta. The bright man burns himself out for the illumination of others, the fire of his talent usually consuming him long before the allotted time of his life has expired. May it not be, shall it not be, that those who now leave this institution for the broad field of human endeavor, will carry a torch with them to illumine not only their own feet but the feet of all who come in the way with them? The sphere of a school like this would be narrow indeed, were its benefits restricted to those who have immediately partaken of them. No. Like the traveler who dug a well by the wayside, hung a cup beside it, and went his way, not hearing (we cannot say not feeling) the benisons of the thousands of weary souls who found refreshment there, so I hope you will consciously and unconsciously, but withal unselfishly, bestow the benefits of your unwearied labors upon all who tread the highway of your lives. With this wish and my sincere congratulations, I present your certificates. *Willard Done.*

A SCOTCH WEAVER-BOY.

The indigo planters of India raise the plant and manufacture the dye. The process by which the indigo leaves are turned into the indigo cakes, known to commerce, is carried on in a large factory. It is a process requiring skill, judgment and incessant watching, and in which one blunder may cost hundreds of dollars.

Among the planters it is a common saying that if a Scotchman is given any position in a factory, no matter how subordinate, he will soon become the superintendent, and, in a few years, the proprietor.

This fact is creditable to the business sagacity and the "push" of Scotchmen. But it is also complimentary to the parish schools of Scotland, in which every Scotch boy, no matter how poor he may be, can obtain an education.

At the close of the last century there died in Virginia a Scotchman, Dr. Greenway, whose life illustrated the characteristics of his race and the influence of Scotch schools.

He was the son of a poor weaver, living on the border between Scotland and England. His father sent him to school and taught him his trade. At school he became a good Latin and Greek scholar, and learned the rudiments of French and Italian.

By his trade he earned sufficient money to carry him to Virginia. There he set up a hand-loom, and supported himself by weaving, while he prepared to practice medicine.

During his preparatory studies and after he became a country doctor, he kept on reading Latin, Greek, French and Italian works. His Homer, Horace, Pliny, Rabelais and Dante were enriched by marginal notes showing his industry and scholarship.

A few years of medical practice brought him sufficient money to build a flour-mill. Withdrawing from practice, he gave himself to the study of natural history. He collected a herbarium of forty folio volumes, which contained specimens of all the principal plants of Virginia and North Carolina, described in English and Latin.

An incident will show the pluck of this Scotch weaver. After he became wealthy, and the father of a family, he was anxious that his daughters should receive a musical education. Living more than twenty miles from the nearest town, he found it impossible to hire a teacher of music.

Most fathers would either have

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given up their purpose or sent their daughters to town. The indomitable Scotchman did neither; but bought a guitar and harpsichord—pianos were then unknown—and taught himself how to play on them.

Then he taught his oldest daughter their use, first making her promise that she would not marry until she had instructed her next youngest sister. The father also taught his only son to play on the flute and the violin, and in this way, one member helping the others, the whole family became good musicians.

This weaver's life should be mused over by those boys whose ambition is stimulated by the common remark, "There's always room at the top."

Dr. Greenway found "room at the top," because he worked long and well at the bottom. The apex of the pyramid is in the clouds. But it stands there because its base has been built broadly and solidly. Many persons fail in life from imitating the Turkish carpenter, who begins his house at the roof. That which is to stand and bear up, be it a house, a character, a trade, or a profession, must have a foundation.

T. C.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

A MODEL SPEECH.—During a senatorial contest in West Virginia, Major Hotchkiss, of Staunton, made a sensible speech. He said: "Gentlemen, if no one will make a speech, I will, and I will stop when I get done. Citizens of West Virginia, if you would all take the same interest in developing the resources of your country by opening your rich mines, cultivating the soil, improving your stock, and cultivating habits of industry, that you take in hunting public offices for yourselves or friends, you would soon have one of the first and best states in the Union."

The people of Utah would realize a fulfillment of this promise, if they would follow the advice.

DON'T HURRY.—What is life, if we are continually in a hurry? A fearful proportion of men kill themselves while pursuing the bubble of wealth. This rush and worry day after day, this restless anxiety after something you have not got, is like pebble stones in machinery—they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off. Pull in the strings. Contract your business. Take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down on your head. Stop thinking of business and profit. Stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times than these in this doomed world. Your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is today. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of His own world.

A LONG TIME TO WAIT.—About two years ago there died in New York City a well-known citizen, whose wealth was estimated at $5,000,000. He had commenced life poor, and was literally a self-made man. The basis of his fortune was made in the manufacture of cordage; but judicious investments in real estate gave him the bulk of his wealth. He had several daughters, who, unlike their parents, received liberal educations, and shone forth at Saratoga and elsewhere as belles of the season. He had two sons also, who took to billiards and "rapid transit" (that's what they call it here when young men affect fast horses) more enthusiastically than to the sordid occupation of earning their own living. In due time the daughters and one of the sons married, and

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there were great expectations of the money "the old man" would leave his heirs. When he died his will was found, and a very simple document it was. One-fifth of the income was to be paid to his wife and each of his children during their lifetime. Upon his children's death, if they had issue, the income was to be paid to them until his youngest grandchild attained the age of twenty-one, when the estate was to be divided. Great was the lamentation and sorrow. The great expectations passed away like a shadow at night-fall. *G. B.*

LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME.—You cannot make people honest by paying them large salaries. Our public servants were less suspected, and a less number were guilty, when the salaries were smaller than now. It is living beyond income that has been with most defaulters the first step, and we say in all earnestness that in every case living beyond income was needless and criminal. The great body of the people are in no mood to be trifled with by puerile pleas about social position and beautiful extravagance. That kind of life is essentially vulgar because it lacks the highest culture, which is self-control and self-denial.

GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.—How many lives are, so to speak, mere relics of an ended feast, fragments which may be either left to waste, or to be taken up and made the most of! For we cannot die when we wish it, and because we wish it. The fact may be very unromantic, but is a fact, that a too large dinner, or a false step on the stairs, kills much more easily than a great sorrow. Nature compels us to live on, even with broken hearts, as with lopped off members. True, we are never quite the same again, never the complete human being; but we may still be a very respectable, healthy human being, capable of living out our three score years and ten with tolerable comfort after all.

These "fragments" of lives, how they strew our daily path on every side! Not a house do we enter, not a company do we mix with, but we more than guess—we *know*—that these our friends, men and women, who go about the world doing their work and taking their pleasure therein, all carry about them a secret burden—of bitter disappointments, vanished hopes, unfulfilled ambitions, lost loves. Probably every one of them, when his or her smiling face vanishes from the circle, will change it into another, serious, anxious, sad—happy if it be only sad, with no mingling of either bitterness or badness. That complete felicity which the young believe in, and expect almost as a matter of certainty to come, never does come. Soon or late we have to make up our minds to do without it, to make up the fragments of our blessings, thankful that we have what we have, and are what we are; above all, that we have our own burden to bear, and not our neighbor's. But whatever it is, we must bear it alone; and this gathering up of fragments, which we are so earnestly advising, is also a thing which must be done alone.

C. A. M.

WALKING.—Since the days when Adam perambulated the garden of Eden, this exercise has been criticised and descanted upon by hosts of writers. Yet, who is there of late years who thoroughly understands how, and when, and where to walk, and to thoroughly be benefited by the exercise? Perhaps, here and there, the reader of Thoreau or Taylor has charmingly slipped into their ways, and like them, endeavored to become great.

We all know that walking with the mind loaded down under a press of business affairs is tiresome. Throw it off at once, and take a straight stretch for an hour out through the confines of your city. Two hours consumed in this way each day of

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your young manhood will add a dozen years to your natural existence. Take an easy gait, expand your chest, so that the pure air may penetrate your lungs, throwing off all foul breath in its free course, and making you feel a hundred per cent. better.

What untold beauties and subjects of earnest thought lie in the ever-changing foliage! Even the birds sing in praise of the glorious sunshine, while afar the glint of water between the trees but allures us on to explore its source.

A good walk is over the nearest road to the country. Perhaps, ere the city house-tops shall have faded from view the allotted hour will be up. Then, right about face, and back again.

You young men and old, as well as ladies, who have not walked for pleasure, let me recommend a beginning at once. Abandon horse cars on fine days, and take to sidewalk—especially you that work in crowded shops and murky garrets. Persevere in this, and in the end you will see the benefit of it. *J. T.*

A DRUNKEN FARM.—Often and often, while riding through the country have we passed farms whose history we could read at a glance. The door-yard fence had disappeared—burnt up in the shiftlessness born of drink. The house was unpainted and battered; broken panes of glass were stopped with rags or old hats; the chimney stood in a tottering attitude; the doors swung in a creaking condition on one hinge; the steps were unsteady like its owner; everything was dilapitated, decaying, untidy, cheerless. A single look showed that its owner traded too much at one shop—the rum shop. The spirit of thrift had been killed by the spirit of the still. Fresh paint, repairs, improvements, good cheer and beauty for the home—had all gone down the farmer's throat. Outside matters were the same. The barn-yards were wretched styes; the doors were off, the roof leaky, the gates were down, the carts crazy, the tools broken, the fodder scarce, and the stock poor and wretched. Neglect, cruelty, wastefulness, ruin—all had come from drink. The farm showed the trail of the same serpent. The straggling and tumbling stone walls, the rickety-fences, the weed-grown fields, the sparse and half-headed crops, the dying orchard, all said to the passer by: "Whisky did it." Drink had given the plaster of a mortgage instead of labor; unthrift in the place of care, and demoralization in lieu of system. The farm was drink blighted, and advertised its condition as plainly as its owner did when he came reeling home from the town. One of the most impressive temperance lectures, for the young farmers especially, is a good look at a drunken farm.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

I DO not put the name Lord Macaulay as the heading of this paper, for the reason that the great author had done all his best work before he was made a peer of the realm.

It is not easy even now to speak of *Lord* Macaulay as the writer of the "Lays of Ancient Rome," or of the world-renowned paper on Warren Hastings. I never think of *Lord* Macaulay in connection with those clever young men who, fifty years ago, were writing poems and criticisms in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, and among them "a short, manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat pocket;" a young man with a rather homely, rugged face, but with a countenance lighted up by every joyful and ennobling emotion.

"T. B. Macaulay" was the rather

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commonplace way we had of designating the author of those vigorous productions which were coming from the press when some of us were boys and earnest students of modern English literature.

Macaulay all his life regretted that he had not when a lad given more attention to athletic pursuits. He neglected to learn the arts of swimming, rowing, skating and riding, during his youth, but he always practiced walking to an almost unlimited extent.

Open air was a great delight to him, but he took it only one way—on his legs. When I first went to London, I used to see him plunging along in the direction of the British Museum, and it was a pleasure to watch him come out of his club, "The Albany," and go down Piccadilly on a fresh spring morning.

Mr. Alexander Dyce, the learned editor of Shakespeare, and Beaumont, and Fletcher, pointed him out one day to me on London Bridge, looking fagged, and as if he had been on a long pedestrian jaunt.

Macaulay's boyhood was unlike that of most growing urchins. He seems to have been a great reader from the start, and used, when a child of three years old, to lie on the rug before the fire with a book in his hand.

His memory from the cradle onward was prodigious. His quaint little manners in childhood amused all who came near him.

Being taken out on one occasion to see the collection of wonderful things at Strawberry Hill, a servant who was waiting on the company accidently slipped some hot coffee on his legs, scalding him sorely no doubt.

After a while the hostess, who was all compassion and kindness, asked him how he was feeling.

"Thank you, madam," said the little man, most gallantly, "the agony is abated."

He was fond of cultivating a minute plot of ground at the back of the house where he lived when a five-year-old stripling, and it is remembered that when the maid threw away as rubbish the oyster shells with which little Tom had marked the garden as his own, he marched straight into the drawing-room where his mother was entertaining some visitors, and solemnly exclaimed,—

"Cursed be Sally! for it is written, 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark!' " He astonished his mother one day by announcing this sentiment, "Industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter!"

At a very early age he wrote no end of poems, long and short, which probably were no better or worse than such juvenile things usually are. Mrs. Hannah More helped him to select proper books to read in his childhood, and did him a world of good, no doubt, by restraining his too-forward habit of rhyming.

It was a good sign that he enjoyed "Plutarch's Lives" when he was thirteen years old almost more than any other book. He strengthened his extraordinary faculty of memory every day by new tasks imposed upon it, determined to let nothing he read worth memorizing slip away from him.

When he was eighteen years old he went up to Trinity College in Cambridge, and through his whole after life loved that spot with deep and tender affection. There he really began his brilliant career as a debater, poet, essayist and historian. Twice gaining the chancellor's medal for English verse, he established a firm reputation in that department of culture.

Other prizes fell to him during his college terms, and various honors, growing out of diligent application, were showered upon him. I hope he was modest and reverent towards his superiors during all these trials of a young man's humility; for nothing is more prejudicial to character in youth than self-assertion and conceit.

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Self-knowledge, mental accuracy, habits of reflection and perseverance, —these are what tend to the making of a scholar. It is a poor figure which any college student presents when he is forth-putting and contemptuous in his daily manners. It is self-annihilation to be filled with self-assertion and undue self-appreciation. It is the heart within the head that should prompt our highest faculties, and regulate all our endeavors after true fame.

Macaulay, like Choate, believing that words are powers, studied oratory and rhetoric during his college life to that extent that he accomplished wonderful results. Cicero, Tacitus, Milton, were his masters, and formed his opinions as well as his style.

Their thoughts invigorated his young mind, and fired him, at the age of twenty, with ardor to be good and wise. To employ an expression of Edmund Burke, he was "never afraid of being too much in the right."

Believing that a dry and prosy manner is a preliminary impediment to imparting knowledge, he strove with a scholar's zeal to learn the art of interesting his listeners as well as his readers; hence his magnetism and extraordinary success, even while under age.

He always had opinions of his own, and counted an *Anythingarian* the poorest kind of creature that talks or acts on the planet which sustains him. Masters of misinformation he despised with a healthy hatred and demanded proof on all occasions when statements were thrust forward as facts.

Men of multifarious manœuverings had no sort of chance when they opposed Macaulay, for he knew their vulnerable spots, and put in his spear with a logical intrepidity which gave him easy victory everywhere. Sydney Smith said that Bishop Berkley had destroyed the world in one octavo volume; young Macaulay could pulverize an opponent with a sentence. And the secret of all his conquests was this, he had *prepared* himself thoroughly for victory.

Achilles, you remember, was invulnerable, but he never went into battle without being completely armed. It might also be said of Macaulay, as it was of Francis Horner, that he had read so much and so well that he was a contemporary of all men and a citizen of all states.

Some youths scramble over knowledge as boys scramble over a fence; but there was no uncertain motion about Macaulay's mind, even when he first entered the fields of learning. Employment was his rapture, and he no doubt thought, with Goethe's Iphigenia, that "a useless life is an early death."

I like to hear of his becoming a patient, pains-taking teacher at the age of twenty-two, that he might relieve his father from the burden of his Cambridge expenses.

When he was called to the bar, he set about his profession like a man in earnest, although he never intended to be a lawyer all his life. Literature was to be his vocation, but he believed a man of letters should know as much of law as possible, and so he burnt long candles every night over his legal treatises.

Pretty soon Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, found him out among the young men who could write, and henceforward the law was set aside for literature.

In August, 1825, appeared his famous article on Milton, he being at that time twenty-five years old, and that essay made him at once the most conspicuous contributor to the renowned *Quarterly*. The publication of that paper on the great poet launched him into London society, and he was hailed with a welcome everywhere.

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A change in his father's affairs now threw the whole responsibility of supporting the family on him, and he quietly accepted the burden. His affectionate disposition made easy work of the care he had assumed, and nothing in literary history is more delightful than that chapter in Macaulay's life which chronicles his domestic tenderness.

How he loved and watched over his two sisters through years of hard work and frequent political and pecuniary disappointments, how he strove to help forward all who needed assistance, his nephew has told in a most interesting memoir of his uncle.

Macaulay's popularity and universal currency are wonderful. "The three books in every squatter's home in Australia," says a recent traveler, "are the Bible, 'Shakespeare' and 'Macaulay's Essays.' I have found sailors in the forecastle absorbed in reading the 'History of England,' and you cannot travel out of the range of Macaulay's influence. His opinions we may not all agree with, but his magical power of grappling to the reason has rarely been surpassed."

If a young person wishes to see what a writer can accomplish by a perfect art of putting things, let him or her read, for example, the famous article on Warren Hastings, which came out in the *Edinburgh Review* nearly forty years ago, and which will continue to attract readers for generations to come.

I have heard an old English poet, Mr. Rogers, describe that famous trial in Westminster Hall, as he saw it going on from day to day in 1788; but Macaulay's pages depict more vividly the scene where those consummate orators, Burke, Gray, Windham, Fox and Sheridan assembled to take part in a national drama that never will be forgotten while England holds her place on this planet.

There is a paper on the "Life and Times of Addison," which no young student ought to be ignorant of, for it contains the marrow of twenty ordinary histories of that period, one of the most interesting in British literary annals.

It is an interesting fact that England's queen habitually consulted Macaulay with reference to her own reading. When Mr Abbott Lawrence was our minister to the Court of St. James, he was present one evening when Victoria asked the historian what new book he would recommend to Her Majesty as an interesting and valuable work for her perusal; and Macaulay, on that occasion, suggested that she should send for Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature," then recently published.

Among the great conversers of this country, Macaulay will always be remembered. I have heard Mr. Summer, Mr. Dana, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Ticknor and many other American notabilities, describe his powers in that line, and they all agreed to his supremacy.

His talk had none of that *irresolution* in it which Carlyle imputes to Coleridge, but flowed on and on, with no deviation into the regions of uncertainty or irrelevancy. "Macaulay rarely spoke, either in public or private," said Thackeray, "without conveying information," a tribute to his *full mind* by an eminent judge of colloquial excellence.

Happy the young person whose tastes have been cultivated to that degree which will enable him or her to enjoy "The Critical and Historical Essays" of Macaulay; for then there will be sure to follow a desire to read Trevelyan's "Life and Letters" of the eloquent author, a memoir which adds another triumph to biography, incentive to industry and scholarship, and a substantial benefit to all who read for something better than the vapid wish to "pass away time."

J. T. F.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR
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USE MODERATION.

A POLITICAL campaign which gives promise of being a very vigorous one has now began in this Territory. Both the Democratic and Republican parties are confident of success, if their own statements can be accepted. There is no probability that any effort will be spared by these two parties to attain success, and inducements will be presented to many voters, by the manipulators of election matters, to tempt them to vote this or that way, according to the wishes of the one who is making the advances. Both parties have doubtless selected that candidate which it is supposed will be most popular, to represent Utah in Congress; and as for the commissioners who are to be elected on the same day, they are men who are qualified to perform successfully the duties of their offices.

The CONTRIBUTOR has no political preferences to express, and we only refer to the election and its preceding campaign for the purpose of urging all our readers to use moderation in their utterances and actions, that they may do nothing which will afterwards cause them sorrow, or that will wound the feelings of any persons whose views are different to their own. Quite a time has elapsed since the division on party lines occurred, and if during that time some study and attention have been paid to the principles of the national parties, nearly all will have discovered their preferences. This being the case the citizens should seek by all proper methods to sustain their party and its principles; not to do so, however, at the great cost of loss of friendship, brotherly love, or faith in the Gospel. Better leave politics alone entirely and never cast a vote for any candidate, than that the results should lead to such disasters as these. Animosity should not result from political differences. Men view matters from different standpoints, and with their different views may be equally sincere. The Gospel should teach us to be considerate of the feelings of others, and not to allow us to make ourselves the censors of other people's opinions and views.

When our missionaries go into the world as bearers of the Gospel, they are warned to preach our pure principles and to avoid making attacks upon the religions or beliefs of other people. Where missionaries disregard this advice and give voice to a tirade of abuse or to sarcastic remarks concerning the religious opinions of others, they generally find persecution following them, and they do the cause of Christ but little good. The preaching of the truth is sure to win the hearts of the honest, and no others are we seeking to convert.

This same advice might apply with equal force to expounders of political doctrines. Leave the opinions of your opponents alone, and explain in as forceful language as possible your ideas of what will do the most good to the people of the nation, leaving your audience to ponder and decide for themselves which principles they will adopt. In both parties there is much good, and there is much which could be profitably eliminated. But whatever differences may exist between Republicans and Democrats, there is nothing that will justify rancorous feelings, personal attacks and vilification among the Latter-day Saints. To him who has the cause of Zion at heart it will make but little difference who fill the offices so long as the officials are God-fearing and upright men; but when the wicked rule, the people mourn.

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THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

IT is doubtful if there ever has been a time in the history of the world when there was more sin or a greater variety of evil than exists at the present time. It seems as though the moral sensibilities of mankind have become blunted, and wickedness is the rule instead of the exception. The newspapers of the day teem with accounts of crime, and abominations of all kinds seem to be multiplying.

One of the principal reasons, as we view it, for this astonishing increase of sin, is found in the leniency with which criminals are treated, and the ease with which the corrupt are able to escape punishment. It has come to a point where many think that if a man guilty of transgression has money or influence, however great his sin, it is to be condoned and the guilty one shall remain unpunished.

We have almost reached a point, it seems, where we are ready to add the Eleventh Commandment to the great decalogue which the Lord gave Moses upon Sinai, which shall read: "Thou shall not be found out;" for it seems as though the sin is not in the act itself, according to modern ideas, but lies in the discovery of wrong doing.

A few years ago the constant teaching of parents to their children was, and the same principles should now prevail, that they were to despise sin for the sake of sin itself, and should be just as careful in the observance of the laws of God when no eye could see them but that of the Lord, as they were if observed by a whole congregation of people. People were then taught to have their consciences clear. In these days, however, when men have come to justify themselves in doing many wrongs if the results will only bring them wealth, modern consciences are becoming seared and too many parents feel like giving the advice which one man did to his son who was about entering upon his business career: "My son, get money. Get it honestly if you can, but in any event be sure to get money." If this feeling is entertained, is it any wonder that stealing, embezzling, defrauding, and even murder are so common? There will be no improvement in mankind so long as such a spirit as this prevails.

The people of Zion should call a halt to such a feeling, and show the world by their conduct that they are above the spirit of the world; that they will do good for the sake of their own consciences, and because it is more happifying even from a worldly point of view, to be virtuous, pure, upright and holy, than to be the opposite. With such principles impressed upon the hearts of the youth of Zion, there will be no need among us of the adoption of the Eleventh Commandment in the code which Latter-day Saints observe.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

CHURCH HISTORY.

(Dispensation of the Fullness of Times, continued.)

PERIOD II.

LECTURE 4.

COLONIZATION.

Subdivisions: — General line of early settlements: Salt Lake, Davis, Weber, Utah, Tooele, Sanpete, Iron, Beaver, Millard and other counties. —Special aims in location and application of the mountain streams, then much smaller than at present.—The general plan of colonization; (*a*) sending out exploring parties; (*b*) calling missionary colonists; (*c*) compact or close settlement in view of protection and education; (*d*) wise distribution

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of land in small lots by drawing, as did ancient Israel.—Social purity and material prosperity under ecclesiastical leadership and direction. Ref., Brief History of the Church, pp. 127 to 154; Whitney's History of Utah, p. 375; Life of Brigham Young, pp. 100 to 103.

Self-review:—When were the following named counties first settled: Weber, Utah, Sanpete, Iron, Millard, Bear Lake, Wasatch? 2. Mention two of the chief aims at the early extended colonization by the Latter-day Saints in the valleys of the mountains. 3. What steps were taken by the Church to discover and permanently occupy the places suitable for settlement? 4. When and for what special purpose was the so-called "Dixie" colonization? 5. Show the great wisdom in not permitting one man to monopolize large tracts of land in the time of colonization.

LECTURE 5.

REVELATION ON THE ETERNITY OF THE MARRIAGE COVENANT, INCLUDING PLURALITY OF WIVES.

Subdivisions: — Revelation concerning, received 1831. — Application.— Revelation written 1843.— Law publicly proclaimed 1852.— Anti-congressional enactment 1862. — Anti-Law 1882. — Persecutions 1884–1890. — Manifestoes 1890. — Amnesty 1893. Ref., Doc. and Cov., sec. cxxxii. Whitney's Utah, Vol. I., pp. 210–216; Vol. II., pp. 66 70, 440-486, 490-494; CONTRIBUTOR, Vol. VI., pp. 168-274; History of the Mormons (pamphlet); "Bible and Polygamy," p. 140; "Why we Practice Plural Marriage," p. 56.

Self-review: — 1. Where, when and to whom was the revelation on the eternity of the marriage covenant given? 2. When was the revelation written? 3. When was the law first applied or entered into? 4. When and how was the law publicly proclaimed? 5. What is the force or efficacy of the "Amnesty?"

LECTURE 6.

THE "MOVE."

Subdivisions:—What the so-called move was.—The causes; (*a*) renegade official misrepresentation; (*b*) the Buchanan blunder. The object of the move.—The effects; (*a*) arresting the attention of the world to Mormon heroism; (*b*) securing an unprejudiced investigation of Latter-day Saint loyalty; (*c*) bringing an arrogant administration to terms of compromise. Ref., History of Utah, Vol. I., pp. 460 to 477, and 567 to 688, also Brief History of the Church, pp. 142 to 149.

Self-review:—1. When and what was the extent of "the move?" 2. In what way did the Judges Brocchus, Drummond and others aid in bringing about the move? 3. Why can the so-called "Johnston army" invasion be appropriately called the Buchanan blunder? 4. Who was the mediator between the Mormons and the misled administration during the troubles of '58? 5. What were the terms upon which the Johnston army was permitted to enter the valley and find it inhabited?

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 10.

GEORGIA, THE LAST OF THE THIRTEEN ORIGINAL COLONIES.

Subdivisions: — General James Oglethorpe, (*a*) his character and position, (*b*) his motives, (*c*) his project.—The settlement at Savannah, (1733).—Silk culture. — Restrictions on the colony.—The Wesleys.—Whitefield.—Restrictions removed. — Financial success. — Resources of Georgia. Ref., Montgomery's Leading Facts of American History, pp. 120–124.

Self-review: — 1. What objects prompted the settlement of Georgia? 2. What particular class of people was to be benefited by the settlement of Georgia? 3. Where and by whom was the first settlement made? 4. Name the restrictions imposed on

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the colony. 5. What noted religionists interested themselves in Oglethorpe's project? 6. What are the resources of Georgia?

LECTURE 11.

FRENCH EXPLORATION AND COLONIZATION.

Subdivisions:—The Jesuit missionaries and their marvelous missionary work in the north and west, (*a*) establishing a friendly relation with the Indians along the St. Lawrence; (*b*) the work along the Mississippi by Marquette and La Salle. —The first of the French and Indian wars called King William's War, (*a*) cause; (*b*) duration; (*c*) incidents; (*d*) results.—The second contest, called Queen Ann's War, (*a*) cause; (*b*) duration; (*c*) leading incidents; (*d*) effects.—The third war, (*a*) time following a period of thirty years rest; (*b*) cause; (*c*) effects.—The fourth or final struggle known as the French and Indian War, (*a*) the cause of the war; (*b*) the numerical advantage of the English; (*c*) the material advantage of the French in having Indian allies and a line of sixty forts from the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south; (*d*) the Ohio company scheme; (*e*) Governor Dinwiddie's messenger, young Washington; (*f*) the Albany convention; (*g*) Braddock's defeat; (*h*) Pitt's victory; (*i*) capture of Fort Duquesne; (*j*) fall of Quebec; (*k*) the peace treaty by which the supremacy of the English was recognized and ratified.

Self-review:—1. What was the nature of the French missionary work among the North American Indians? 2. What was the aim of the French in exploring the west and establishing the great line of forts from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Mexico? 3. How came the French to have so many Indian allies? 4. What was the chief cause of these wars between the French and English, and between what two dates did they all occur? 5. What was the main political and social result of the last of these wars?

LECTURE 12.

GENERAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY PRECEDING THE REVOLUTION.

Subdivisions:—The thirteen colonies in 1763; (*a*)their language; (*b*) religion; (*c*) social rank; (*d*) cities; (*e*) trade; (*f*) government; (*g*) law; (*h*) unity; (*i*) rural life; (*j*) city life; (*k*) travel; (*l*) letters; (*m*) hospitality; (*n*) severity; (*o*) education; (*p*) books; (*q*) men of letters (Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin).—Growth of the country. —Number and character of the population.

Self-review:—1. Name the thirteen original colonies. 2. What can you say of the language, religion and social rank of the people at this time? 3. How did the colonies differ in their governments? 4. What was the literary condition of the colonists generally? 5. Give a general summary of the thirteen original colonies up to 1763.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

LECTURE 4.

AIR (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions: — Contaminations, (*a*) by closed rooms; (*b*) human beings; (*c*) by emanations; (*d*) by cellars; (*e*) by combustion.—Rate of contaminations by respiration.—Amount of pure air required.—Amount of space required.—Respiration, (*a*) process; (*b*) apparatus. —Aeration of the blood.—Morbid effects of vitiated air.—Dust in the air.—Household dust.—Dust traps. Dust holders.—Poisonous wall-paper. Ref., Talmage's Domestic Science, ch. 5, 6 and 7.

Self-review:—1. What are the principal sources of impurities in the air of rooms? 2. Give illustrations of the rate at which contamination of air progresses in closed apartments. 3. Show the hurtful effects of

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placing cellars beneath dwelling rooms. 4. Describe the organs of respiration. 5. Explain the physiological effects of foul air upon the brain. 6. Give instances of the effects of inhaling poisonous dust. 7. Show the effect of carpets as holders of dust. 8. State the principal properties of a good wall-paper.

LECTURE 5.

VENTILATION.

Subdivisions : — Methods. — Requirements.—*Aids to ventilation depending upon temperature changes,* (*a*) currents produced by changes of temperature; (*b*) opposite currents essential; (*c*) Lyman's ventilator; (*d*) fires; (*e*) chimneys; (*f*) registers; (*g*) steam warming.—*Mechanical aids,* (*a*) currents from fans; (*b*) pipes as inlets; (*c*) window currents. Ref., Domestic Science, ch. 8.

Self-review:—1. What is meant by ventilation? 2. Explain the two general modes of purifying the air of rooms. 3. What powers are commonly employed in changing the air of rooms? 4. Explain the need of double passages in the case of a candle burning within a lamp chimney. 5. Explain the ventilation of mines. 6. Name the principal mechanical aids in *ventilation.* 7. State the essential features of a good inlet for air for a room.

LECTURE 6.

HEAT.

Subdivisions:—The nature of heat. —The expanding power of heat; (*a*) the force of expanding bodies; (*b*) the effects of heat on pendulums; (*c*) the effects of heat on liquids.—The prometer; (*a*) definition; (*b*) description.—Thermometer; (*a*) Fahrenheit; (*b*) Centigrade.

Self-review:—1. In which ways can you prove that heat is a force? 2. Give an illustration of the expanding power of heat in solids and in liquids also. 3. Will a rise in temperature cause a pendulum clock to gain or lose time and why? 4. Explain the thermometer and its use. 5. What are the chief distinctions between the Fahrenheit and the Centigrade thermometer?

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

PART II.

LECTURE 2.

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.

Subdivisions:—Definitions, (*a*) a knowledge of political principles as related to the government and the governed; (*b*) the study of man as a citizen; (*c*) the science of civil and political rights.—Society, (*a*) sociability a human instinct; (*b*) the family the foundation of all society.—The origin of the state.—The two-fold office of the government, (*a*) furnishing rules and regulations for the protection and progress of the society; (*b*) execution of these rules and regulations.—Relationship of government to the governed, (*a*) the government is for the people; (*b*) the state is for the man.—Kinds of government, (*a*) theocracies, laws direct from God, as with the Israelites under Moses and the Nephites from the time they left Jerusalem until the choosing of their first king; (*b*) monarchies, government by *one;* (*c*) democracies, governments by the many, as Athens and the early pilgrims; (*d*) aristocracies, government by the best or few (such was Venice at one time but there is no pure aristocratic government now); (*e*) mixed governments, (i.e. those having in them the elements of two or more kinds, such as England and other constitutional monarchies; (*f*) republics or representative governments, as the United States, Switzerland and France; (*g*) confederate governments, those in which the union is entirely optional with the component parts of the government; such was the United States under the articles of confederation; (*h*) federal governments, those in which a coercive power to union is vested in the

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government, such is the United States under the constitution.—Rights, (*a*) civil rights, as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness along the line of non-interference with others; (*b*) political rights, as franchise and office holding.—Constitutions, (*a*) the unwritten; (*b*) the written.—Modes of improving governments, (*a*) evolution; (*b*) revolution. (See Declaration of Independence.)

Self-review:—1. What is political science? 2. Mention the two-fold offices of government. 3. Show that man did not originate society. 4. What is the distinction between a civil and a political right? 5. Name two methods of improving governments and give illustrations of each. Ref., "The American Government" by Hinsdale; introduction.

The making of the American Government.

LECTURE 2.

THE THIRTEEN ENGLISH COLONIES PLANTED.

Subdivisions.—The right of discovery, (*a*) ideas embraced in the right of discovery; (*b*) early European possessions; (*c*) important fact.—The first division of North America.—The London and Plymouth companies.—Colonies planted by companies.—Colonies planted by proprietors.—Voluntary colonies.—The agency of the home government, (*a*) grants of land; (*b*) grants of commercial privileges; (*c*) grants of civil rights and political powers.—Classes of Colonists.—The controlling idea of the English colonists.—Guarantee of the rights of Englishmen.—The Southern colonies, (*a*) Virginia; (*b*) Maryland; (*c*) the Carolinas; (*d*) Georgia.—The Northern colonies, (*a*) Plymouth company; (*b*) Plymouth; (*c*) the Plymouth compact; (*d*) Massachusetts; (*e*) Connecticut; (*f*) Rhode Island; (*g*) New Hampshire.—The Middle colonies, (*a*) New York; (*b*) New Jersey; (*c*) Pennsylvania; (*d*) Delaware. Ref., "The American Government," by B. A. Hinsdale, pp. 22–32.

Self-review:—1. What ideas are embraced in the expression "Right of Discovery?" 2. What three things limited the agency of the home government? 3. State the general idea of the Spanish and the French colonists. 4. What was the controlling idea of the English colonists? 5. Write the original thirteen colonies in their three groups.

LECTURE 3.

HOW THE COLONIES WERE GOVERNED.

Subdivisions:—The three classes of colonial governments; (*a*) charter, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island; (*b*) proprietary, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland; (*c*) the royal or provincial, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.—The English element predominating in all the colonial governments; (*a*) as a natural consequence of the colonists or the predominating part of them being English; (*b*) required subordination of colonial laws to the laws of England.—Rights of the colonists; (*a*) political rights; (*b*) civil rights; (*c*) religious rights.—Unsuccessful experiments in colonial government; (*a*) the local council at Virginia; (*b*) the Plymouth and Massachusetts democracy; (*c*) the commercial credit system of Virginia; (*d*) the benevolent system of Georgia, all failed in consequence of not being in keeping with the political habit of the age.—Duality of the colonial governments; (*a*) the right of the colonists to participate in the affairs of the government; (*b*) the right, or reserved prerogative of the king to extend his authority over the colonies.—Gradual growth of the colonial governments.—Comparison of the colonies with those of France and Spain; (*a*) the independent spirit of the Eng-

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lish colonists; (*b*) the dependent spirit of the Spanish and French colonists.—The slave question; (*a*) the colonial sentiment against slavery as evinced by the many statutes found on their books for limiting and prohibiting the slave trade; (*b*) the support given to slave trading both by British traders and the English government.

Self-review:—1. Name and explain the three forms of colonial government. 2. Mention the thirteen original colonies and give the form of government predominating in each. 3. In what respects were the colonial governments subordinate to the English government? 4. What was the relation of a colonial proprietor to the king and to the colonists? 5. What special political spirits not found in the French and Spanish colonies, characterized the English colonists?

CHRIST AND THE POOR.

Have you heard the legend told
Of the monk in convent old,
  Who at quiet even-tide,
As he bent in silent bliss,
Tear-stained, golden cross to kiss,
  Saw the Savior by his side?

In his cold and narrow cell
Streamed the light ineffable,
  As the vision brighter grew!
Haloed brow and smiling face,
Arms held forth to him embrace,
  'Twas the Son of God, he knew.

Hark! that moment pealed the bell—
Could he longer raptured dwell
  On the sight that moved his soul?
"No!" the good monk softly said;
"I must feed the poor instead,
  They are waiting for their dole."

But one sparkling tear-drop fell
As he left his quiet cell;
  For the touch of Christ he yearned!
In the light of setting sun.
All his humble duty done,
  Blessed and glad, he then returned.

Lo! with added glory smiled
He the holy, undefiled,
  Who had lingered fondly there;
Then were sweeter odors shed
Round the old monk's silvered head,
  From his lips sprang fervent prayer.

And the Master gently said,
"Hadst thou staid I must have fled,"
  And He touched him with His palm:
While outside, the parting throng
He had fed, burst into song,
  And one star rose white and calm.

George B. Griffith.

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A REMARKABLE COMPOSITION.

In many settlements of southern Utah a striking melody is used to the hymn! "O My Father, Thou That Dwellest," etc. The origin of this tune is given as follows by Brother Thomas Durham, of Parowan:

"In a dream, in the year 1880, I stood at the head of a large river which was running toward the west. A narrow strip of land, about two rods wide, projected down the river a distance of about ten rods. I was looking, in my dream, for some of our people to come up the river, and while I was thus engaged I heard a rustling noise behind me in the underbrush, the country back of me to the east being heavily timbered. As I turned I saw a young, tall, slim-built Indian coming towards me.

"I turned around again facing the river and saw two of the brethren whom I knew who stepped down to the water's edge, where was floating an Indian blanket. These brethren stepped on the blanket and an Indian pony came from under it. By this time the young Indian had come, and he took the pony by the mane and led him out of the water. I smiled because I thought this was the way in which they tamed their ponies. As I was thus pondering he cast a rather severe look towards me, as much as to say that it was none of my business what he was doing. When I looked again in the direction of the brethren who had stepped on the blanket they were gone, as was also the young Indian, and I was again left alone.

"I turned my eyes toward the east and was astonished to see about twenty-five or thirty good-looking Indians coming in my direction. They passed onto the neck of land near which I was standing, and formed a circle. The chief stood on the east side and beside him was a young, fine-looking Indian with a brass horn in his hand. The chief pointed his finger at him and he stepped out to the west end of the land near the water, where he played a tune, and then came back and took his place in the circle. Then the chief pointed to another Indian who had a rifle and he stepped to the same place and fired the rifle, the noise of which awakened me.

"For a short time I lay and wondered if I had not better arise and go to the organ and play the tune which I had heard. It had made such an impression on my mind that I felt confident I could do so, and was afraid that should I go to sleep I might forget it. While thus reflecting I fell asleep and heard the same tune again played, but did not see anything or anybody. When I I again awoke I arose, dressed myself, went to the organ and played the tune. The act of playing over a tune always makes such an impression upon my mind that I never forget what I once play in this manner. I afterwards arranged the tune for the choir and it has been sung in many wards.

"The above incident is the fulfillment of a blessing given me under the hands of Elder C. H. Wheelock in England in the winter of 1851. He told me that heavenly messengers would reveal music to me in my sleep, and that I should write and sing the same to the Saints. I have seen this promise come to pass. I have five or six other tunes in addition to the one accompanying this article which I received in dreams. I afterwards wrote them out and we now sing them in our meetings.

"In the year 1884, Elders Daniel Tyler and C. H. Wheelock were visiting at my house. Brother Wheelock requested me to sing a verse of the dream tune, which I did. Brother Tyler then said he had seen all my dream and more, whereupon he commenced to speak in tongues in the Nephite language. He also gave the interpretation of my dream. He said the tune I had heard was a song of lamentation which the Nephites sung each evening at sundown.

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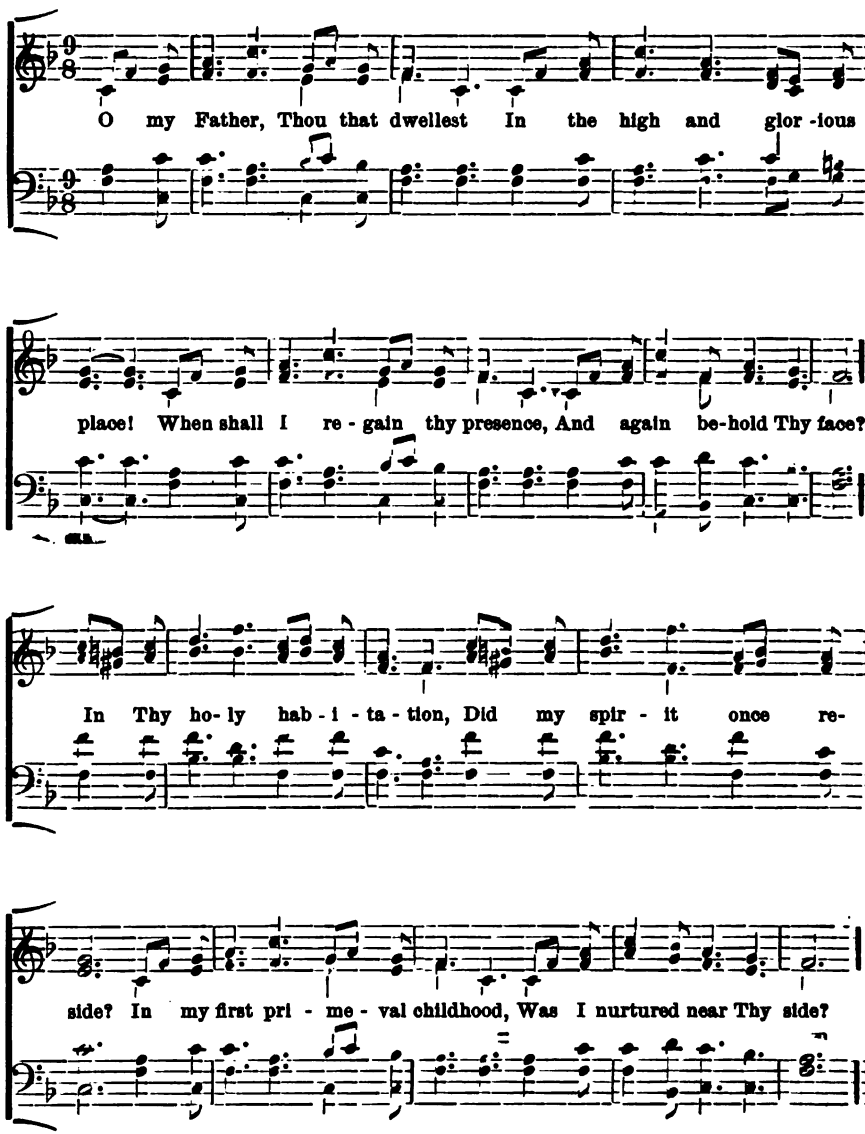
And when the tune was ended the chief would address the assembled throng and condemn them for their disobedience towards the Prophet Mormon. These events, as he informed me in his remarks, occurred just previous to the extinction of the Nephite race from this continent.

"*Thomas Durham.*"

It is not at all unreasonable to believe that many things concerning the ancient people who dwelt upon this continent will be revealed. Not only their written words, but their melodies may yet find happy acceptance among the Latter-day Saints. No doubt many of their productions were most excellent.



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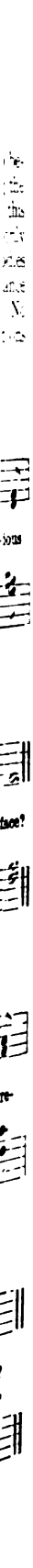

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